

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

Catholic Novelists—Some Features of Their Recent Works.

An Interesting and Timely Opinion in Relation to an Old Usage—Not on Magazines for the Month.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 27, 1897.—With the return to the working year—as we all feel it to be after the last days of August and the summer holidays—there comes a new interest in the work which we had almost laid down during the "hated term." Stores and offices were passed with supreme indifference some weeks back are now, in the imagination, bright and busy once more, and the publishers, the editors, the book makers and the book advertisers are a living presence to those who are interested in literary work, whether as producers or consumers. Already there are whispers of new things in store for the latter, and from the sources we have learned to value.

Maurice F. Egan has found time amid his heavier studies to weave new garlands of fiction and, I hope, of poetry, to use the old, fanciful name. His "Jasper Thorn" is making new conquests all the time among the boys, who really do like "Jasper" to speed the heavy hours to the waiting messenger, and no boy who drops in on me ever complains or "wriggles" with "Jasper" as a companion. But there is a new volume for older readers promised, and as Dr. Egan gains with each new story, it will certainly bring us pleasant hours. Still the cry is that we need "better fiction," but we have made an advance in the last two years that promises to "change the tune." Christian Reid is soon to have "The Man of the Family" in book form, and those who followed the fortunes of that most original and unreal gentleman through the pages of the Ave Maria, in instalments of curious interest and glowing description, will be as eager to renew their acquaintance with him as the utter strangers. It is a glimpse into a new world that Christian Reid gives us here. Hayti is not a worn-out field of adventure, romance and observation. With more failings than any other of her books, the writer has given us a good novel in every sense. The story is strained and unnatural—impossible, indeed—but in no manner can we have had presented to us so vividly much valuable information gathered from many sources and from close study. Why is it that Catholics do not read the masterly productions of Christian Reid? Non-Catholics are delighted with them. No writer of our day can so truly and so charmingly portray a pure, noble, unselfish and refined woman. Her young girls are so exquisite in every sense of the word, so lovely of heart and mind, of soul and body, that they cannot but influence a reader for good. The older readers, at least, regret—with a whole-some sorrow—that there have been wasted days in their past when they were not—as they might have been—living as her girls live the life that belongs to those chosen souls who are "ladies by the grace of God!"

That reference brings me to a delightful subject, the reinstatement of the dear, beautiful words "lady" and "gentle man" in their old places of honor. Their banishment has been a piece of ridiculous vulgarity and snobbery. Rest assured that no one decried their use from a super-reverence and regard for the "holiness" of the name woman—as some of them have put it. It has been a "lad" and it is passing. But there has been a gap in the language ever since they were cried down and put aside with such affectation of many meanings. There are women who are ladies, and there are men who are gentlemen—no other term can exactly describe them—and they are the noblest and the loveliest of their kind. They are born, not made, like the true poets, and they are to other men and women quite what a poet is to the Boudier and the Gracings of Dickens' bittersweet in "Hard Times." It is useless to talk of the greater nobility, the greater strength of the words "man" and "woman." "I would rather be a woman than a lady" has been a common and senseless piece of bombast for some years. And its fellow has been the supercilious declaration: "I am a man, not a gentleman." Exactly so with both sides. Man and woman they are, whether they like it or not, but a lady and a gentleman are so unconsciously, and the evidence that these have given the matter thought enough to speak of it, bars them at once from the right to the titles they decline. At first the thing was simply amusing, but it has become disgusting and absurd. Not long ago the daily papers chronicled the death of one of the loveliest characters, one of the truly honored and the most influential of her age, in the end of the century mode of expression, as "Death of an Old Woman." That was an insult. True, she was a woman and she was old—in both particulars she was on a par with any forlorn wretch (and there are such)—but she was a lady "by the grace of God," and as far removed from the degradation to which so many women bring their common name as are the heavens from the earth. I do not forget that Our Blessed Mother was a woman, and that we are by that very fact enabled as women, but in her character of benefactress, of model, of gracious helper, she is Our Lady—the fairest and fullest example of the difference made by the possession of all graces between the woman and the lady. A lady must be born, not "in the purple," but "in the spirit." The sales-lady and the wash-lady and the scrub-lady notwithstanding, it is a blessed thing to be "a lady." Two things are proved by the very misuse of the title. Every woman among us longs for the charm that only a lady possesses, and those who do not recognize the "fitness of things" thus enter their ignorant but sincere protest against "the barring out" from it, and their faith in the beautiful truth that there is nothing in their calling

that can prevent them from being ladies in the spirit. I'm sure I hope the day is not far off when they shall be ladies, indeed. In the meantime, there are some of us who have silently resented the abasement of the ideal in the ridiculous effort to banish the words. And what I have said of "ladies" I mean of "gentlemen."

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart for October is a splendid number. It is fine in so many ways that not even a breath of fault-finding shall follow it this time. The illustrations are equal—nay, they are superior to anything of the same kind in other quarters. The head of Father Damien, which accompanies the poem of "E. B. E.," is a surprise when placed beside the image present in so many thoughts of that wonderful man. From such a youth as that portrays, he went to such a death! The poem was an understanding and sympathy that is touching and impressive. It is strong and warm, but redolent of the divine patience which our Lord lends to His own in fitting them for companionship with Him. Every character presented to us in the number by the way of sketch or history is of the kind that moves to greater efforts after holiness, and yet the magazine is not dry or heavy. Mr. Furey (Francis T. Furey) continues the "New York Diocese, 1826-1834," in an interesting manner that we enjoy as the work of a Philadelphian of whose knowledge in historical matters we are sure. That kind of work is what we hope to call forth by the efforts of the American Catholic Historical Society, of which Mr. Furey is an old and active member.

SARA TRAINER SMITH.

ECHOES FROM NEW YORK.

The Mayoralty Struggle.

Hon. Bourke Cockran on the Situation—Preparations for the Ninety-Eight Celebration Now Going on—Religious Notes.

NEW YORK, Sept. 26.—A scandal threatens to wreck St. Stephen's Protestant Episcopal Church, in Tottenville, L. I. The church already is divided into factions, one supporting and the other opposing the rector. The trouble was brought to a crisis recently by the dismissal of two teachers in the Sunday school by the rector, followed by the resignation of the Sunday school superintendent, Gilbert S. Barnes; the librarian, William Meyer, and a teacher, Miss Minnie Sligh. The teachers who were dismissed were Mrs. Charles Higbie, the wife of a prominent jewelry salesman, and Miss Emma Herrell, the daughter of Jacob Herrell, one of the largest merchants in the village. The pastor, Mr. Frederick Whelan, is unmarried, and a certain set in the congregation thinks he should do nothing but make special calls with a view to matrimony. They think if he remains a celibate much longer he will join the Church. Mr. Whelan, who is of a studious disposition, prefers the quiet of his own study to the chatter of gossiping women and hence the trouble.

PRISON MADE UNIFORMS FOR SOLDIERS.

There is great excitement among the New York State Militia over the decision of Attorney General Hancock that the National Guards must wear the products of Sing Sing and Auburn. The sentiments of those who had heard of it were expressed by General Howard Carroll, who said:—

"The National Guard of the State of New York exists for the suppression of criminals. It would therefore be a strange anomaly if the guard is required to wear clothing made by criminals." Brigadier General Louis Fitzgerald and Lieutenant Colonel Olin were both out of town last night, as were most of the colonels of the different regiments. Subordinate officers whom I saw declared that the decision, if enforced, would be bitterly resented by both officers and men. They declined to be quoted, but said the suggestion that guardsmen be clothed in prison-made garments could not be regarded by them except as insulting and humiliating.

They added that the effect of such a requirement on the morale of the State troops would be detrimental, and there would be difficulty in maintaining the strength of the regiments.

THE MAYORALTY FIGHT.

Our mayoralty fight is on in great style. Bourke Cockran has thrown his strength, which is not a little, against Seth Low, and in an open letter in the Herald scores him with trenchant pen. He pins his opposition to the President of the State University on the fact that he was a Bryanite, and therefore unfitted to guide the baby steps of Greater New York. Mr. Cockran says:—

"While I regret that our views should differ as to the duty of the citizen in the forthcoming election, I rejoice that we concur in believing that the election to the Mayoralty of any man who supported the Chicago platform would not merely be a municipal discredit, but a grave national calamity."

"If Bryanism be tolerated, much less encouraged, in the great city which Bryan himself has described as the enemy's country his supporters will remain in undisputed control of the Democratic organizations, and the campaign of devastation and disturbance through which we passed in 1896 will inevitably be repeated in 1900."

"If Tammany Hall would reaffirm now any one of the platforms which she adopted from 1885 to 1894, no honest Democrat could refuse to support her candidate. If she ratifies passively or affirmatively the Chicago platform, she cannot justify her conduct by platitudes about party loyalty."

'98 IN NEW YORK.

Irishmen in New York and throughout the United States are making extensive preparations for the big '98 centennial celebration next year. They will join with the Irish themselves in observances

of what promises to be the most dramatic affair in the history of Ireland. The celebration will be in the city of Dublin, and it is expected that thousands of Irishmen from all parts of the world will be in attendance.

A fleet of steamers carrying Irishmen from America will sail out of this harbor in May. Already several ships have been chartered for the purpose. Committees of Irishmen have been organized in all the large cities of the Union and the enterprise is being prosecuted with great vigor.

THE WORK OF THE CAPUCHINS.

A special to the Journal from Washington says:—The Franciscan Capuchin Fathers have purchased forty-four acres of land near the Catholic University for \$44,000. The purchase was made through St. Lord, a lawyer of New York.

This order is historic in the Catholic Church. It was founded by Pope Clement VII. in 1526 and has several thousand members in Europe. The Very Rev. Martinus Fiege and R. v. John M. Finigan arrived in the United States last week to consummate the arrangements.

It is proposed to erect a novitiate school and college, affiliated with the university, for the training of priests of this order. This foundation will be the mother house in this country.

THE SHINE WAS UNINJURED

Rocco Senise, an Italian butcher, who lives at No. 45 Oliver street, is loyal to his patron saint of the same name. Every day of the 365 Rocco has a lamp burning in front of the shrine of the saint, and to this persistent devotion he attributes much of the good luck that has favored him during his five years in the land of the free. The shrine is a glass enclosed altar of white plaster of paris, mostly, with the habiliments of the saint of bright colors. St. Rocco is represented as appealing to the heavens. The lamp was burning brightly yesterday when Rocco Senise returned to his home for lunch. The family were gathered around the table when the lamp lit in the saint's worship exploded. Marvellous to relate, the glass of the little sanctuary, although within an inch of the exploding lamp, was not broken. The curtains on the window near the carpet on the floor and some articles of clothing in the room were consumed, but the little shrine was never touched. Rocco, in terror lest the saint should suffer, gathered the burning articles in his hands and threw them out of the window. His big moustache was burned at both ends and his hands so badly burned that he could not go back to his cleaver.

MRS. SADLER TESTIMONIAL.

Subscriptions may be addressed to the chairman, Sir William Hingston, M.D., Montreal, P.Q.; or the secretary, Mr. Justice Curran, Montreal, P.Q.; or to the treasurer, Mr. Michael Burke, 275 Mountain street, Montreal, P.Q.

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THE SIXTH CENTENARY

Of Blessed Thaddeus Observed With Special Ceremony.

From the Irish Catholic of September the 18th we reproduce the following sketch of the life of Blessed Thaddeus McCarthy, whose sixth centenary is being observed with so much ceremony in Ireland. His beatification is of recent date and the honor conferred on his memory by Pope Leo may be considered an honor to the Irish, in the service of whom he lived and died.

Of the Royal line of McCarthy, Thaddeus was born in the territory of the Sept some time in the year 1455. His father was Lord of Muskerry, and an adherent of the house of Lancaster during the disastrous "Wars of the Roses." His mother, daughter of Fitzmaurice Lord of Kerry, was an amiable and God-fearing lady, and from his tender years she lost no opportunity of impressing on the mind of her son the lesson that true nobility and dignity consisted more in practices of virtue than in prowess in fight and dexterity in feats of arms, so great a desideratum in these days of turmoil. No record is now available to us of where he received the rudiments of learning, but it is safe to surmise from the fact that his ancestors had frequently endowed such famous seats of learning as Killeen and Ballinacorney that his first years of study were spent in one or other of these places, probably at Killeen. In any event, however, it is indisputable that his advancement in secular and sacred science was extraordinary, and this circumstance suggests the fact of his having visited some of the universities on the Continent. A strong sympathy existed at the time between Ireland and France, and considerable intercourse was carried on. Moreover, a maternal kinsman of his occupied a chair in the University of Paris, and as a natural sequence he might be expected to have finished his education there.

ELEVATED TO THE SEE OF ROSS.

In 1482 the See of Ross became vacant, and by special dispensation Thaddeus was appointed to the Bishopric, being then only 27 years of age.

The canon law forbade the consecration of one so young, but the shining abilities of Thaddeus, the lustre of his sanctity, and his noble descent pleaded powerfully in his favor, and his succession was confirmed by Pope Sixtus IV. And then commenced the long series of misfortunes which, borne with saintly fortitude, must be looked on more than anything else as contributing to his ultimate beatification. His predecessor had applied to Rome and was granted a coadjutor—Odo O'Driscoll, Canon of Ross—but this divine relinquished his position in order to enter the cloister of Friars Minors. Before his probation was ended he forsook the convent and resumed his former duties of the episcopacy. The deceased Bishop had commissioned his assistant to proceed to Rome and lay his claims to the Bishopric before the Holy Father, but before he arrived there Thaddeus was canonically appointed, and this appointment Odo determined to combat.

In the sea of civil turmoil which at this time deluged England consequent

on the rival claims of the Houses of York and Lancaster, and which was not at all unmet in Ireland; the Geraldines and McCarthy espoused opposite sides. As each party gained the ascendancy their opponents were treated with extreme cruelty, and when the star of the Yorkists set the cause of the Geraldines was lost. The spectacle of an adherent of the Lancastrians availing the crossier of the diocese of Ross was too much for them to bear, and they secretly vowed that it should not be. They accordingly seized the temporalities of the See, and in every possible way thwarted the administration of it by the rightful Bishop. Dark rumours were set afloat and constant intrigue was resorted to to discredit Blessed Thaddeus in the eyes of his superiors, and with so much pertinacity and success that in August, 1488, the then Pontiff, Innocent VIII., issued a sentence of excommunication against him.

HIS INNOCENCE WAS VINDICATED.

Smarting under the pain which this measure of the Pope occasioned him, the chief of which was that he had intruded himself into the See by false representations, he determined to proceed to Rome and lay the true situation of affairs before the Holy Father. In this action he was supported by Edmund De Courcy, Bishop of Clogher, and William De Roche, of the vast See of Cork and Cloyne. After two harassing and anxious years spent in investigations the innocence of Thaddeus was vindicated, and William De Roche resigning his Bishopric in the meantime, he was appointed to the See of Cork and Cloyne, while Odo was allowed to resume possession of the disputed See of Ross.

But no sooner had Thaddeus returned to Ireland to take charge of his new diocese than he learned that his old enemies, the Geraldines, had forcibly possessed themselves of the temporalities of it, and had closed the gates of his cathedral against him. With aching heart he resolved to visit Rome once more in order to secure the mediation of the Sovereign Pontiff in his new extremity. He was received with open arms by Innocent VIII., who granted him a brief threatening the usurpers with the extreme penalty of the Church if they did not give up the property they so wrongly became possessed of. The aid of the powerful Earl of Kildare, Lord Deputy of Ireland, was solicited in his behalf, as well as that of his kinsmen of Desmond. Armed with this recommendation he set out in the garb of a pilgrim on his return journey to the land he was destined

NEVER AGAIN TO BEHOLD.

On the evening of the 24th October, 1492, all worn with fatigue, he claimed and was accorded hospitality from the Monks of the Convent of St. Bernard at Ivrea. The good monks ministered to his wants, and he lay down to take that sleep which was to be his last on earth. In the morning the attendants found him still in death, while a halo of light shone round his humble pallet.

Among his scant worldly possessions were found his episcopal ring and cross and the Bull of his appointment to the See of Cork and Cloyne. He was buried with every tribute due to his exalted character and station, and through the long space of 400 years which have since elapsed the people of Ivrea and district

have preserved his memory undimmed, and reverence as sacred the dust wherein he was laid.

Though only 37 years of age at the time of his death, his appearance bore unflinching witness to the anxieties through which he had passed. His hair was flecked with grey, and a long white beard descended to his breast. In 1742 his tomb was opened, when his body was found to have undergone no change.

On the 26th of August, 1895, the Holy Father confirmed the decree for his beatification, and on the 12th 13th and 14th of September, 1896, it was promulgated. The scene of rejoicing which marked this celebration is an event in the history of Ivrea, and is still fresh in the minds of the people.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.

At a meeting of No. 1 Division Ladies' Auxiliary of the A.O.H., held in St. Patrick's Hall, September 12, 1897, the following resolution was passed:—

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God to take from this life the husband of our beloved sister, Mrs. Sarah Costigan, we, the members of this Division, extend to her our most tender sympathy. We pray the Giver of every good and perfect gift to send her consolation. May the Sacred Heart of our dear Redeemer comfort her and her fatherless little ones.

Further resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be published in THE TRUE WITNESS and St. Mary's Calendar, and a copy also sent to our bereaved sister.

Committee—S. Sutherland, president; Ellen Watson, vice-president; Kate Collins, treasurer; E. J. Traynor, recording secretary.

He who sincerely desires to become lowly of heart must not be ashamed of performing any outward office such as the worldly heart thinks mean and humiliating.

Wisdom is of the heart rather than of the intellect; the harvest of moral thoughtfulness, patiently reaped in through years.

DIED.

DOHERTY.—At Point St. Charles, on Wednesday morning, the 25th of September, James Doherty, of Nenagh, Co. Tipperary, Ireland; late Beef and Pork Inspector, Montreal.

Funeral will take place from his late residence, 56 Sherbrooke street, on Friday, October 1st, at 8:30 a.m., to St. Ann's Church, and thence to Gate des Neiges Cemetery. Friends and acquaintance are respectfully invited to attend.

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