

(editor's note: This paper was transcribed from a handwritten cursive copy with various difficulties. For a perfect rendition, the reader might wish to consult the original, itself a copy, in the volume entitled *Literary Club Papers I*, 1885 – 1886 Oct 3, '85 to May 29, '86) The original is very badly faded.

The Arch-bishop's Creditors

The appearance of another of those crazy Jeremiads which are emitted by the Hibernia Hall gatherings moves me to say something about this foolishness. Every Sunday afternoon, a beer-hall across the canal is filled with a load of those deluded people who unhappily tried to combine the saving of their dollars with the saving of their souls, in loaning their money, without security to the good old man who, for forty years administered, by their aid, the bountiful charities of the Catholic Church of this diocese; and it would seem from the proceedings at their meetings, that having lost their dollars, they are determined to lose their souls also, whenever this may mean.

These poor creatures, led by a vagabond lawyer and militia captain, and militia captain, pay an admission fee to get in to the hall and then pay for beer enough to make them very indignant with everybody, and pound the tables with their glasses when the committee delivers itself of its weekly installment of driveling abuse.

After exhausting its choice, but limited vocabulary upon the Pope, the Archbishop, and the church in general, the committee was given renewed vigor of vituperation when the assignee's defalcation was confessed; and having spent its adjectives upon him, it recently has begun to vilify Mr. Lincoln and poor Judge Hoadley who are guilty of having done their best with a novel and difficult question of law; the former endeavoring to preserve the church property to religious uses, and the latter to devoted to the payment of the claims of the very men who now traduce him.

That the Commercial Gazette should publish this stuff, furnishes a fair commentary upon the fine sense of decency possessed by the average modern journalist. The inane ravings of any adjudged lunatic so long as it was directed against a most respectable and well-known citizen, would apparently be accorded double leaded space with displayed head-lines in the columns of this excellent family newspaper.

The Probate Judge has appointed two most trustworthy gentlemen as trustees to succeed the assignee but I wonder at there courage, since they must see what is in store for them.

The committee and the Hibernia Hall meetings seem to think that the payment by the assignee's bonds-men of the amount of his defalcation would furnish funds for a handsome dividend. The fact is, that Mannix never collected enough to pay over 3% on the general indebtedness of the Archbishop. This debt with interest added, amounts now to about six and one half million dollars. While, accounting for all the assignee ever received, the fund for division would not amount to two hundred thousand dollars, over necessary and proper expenses. Therefore, when it turns out that the trustees, Messrs. Miller & Tafel, can not, after the bondsmen have been held liable, (assuming that this can be done), make a large dividend on all claims, the interest in the Hibernia Hall meetings will revive, and the committee will renew its eruclatations.

One gleam of humor beams through all of this said business. The aforesaid lawyer and military man, who has been Dustin' around so vigorously in aid of these meetings has shown a fierce business sense in it all. The proprietor of this hall and the adjoining saloon was induced to give him the use of the hall free for these meetings in consideration of their worthy object, as well as of the amount of beer they would absorb. Having secured the hall gratis, our gallant champion of the unfortunate, advertised mass meetings of the Archbishop's creditors and charged every anxious creditor 10 cents admission. At even this moderate price he did a very profitable business for several months; but when Mannix's transactions were exposed, the interest so increased that the frugal militiaman raised the price of admission to half a dollar, and still has had full houses.

Speaking of the Archbishop reminds me of a story he used to tell of Dr. Lilienthal, the late Rabbi of this city. It happened that all the ministers of the city were having a dinner together on one occasion and the Rabbi Lilienthal had a small table apart from the rest, where he was served with the consecrated food of which alone he could eat. After coffee, Purcell, who was a great friend of Lilienthal came over to where he sat; and putting his hand on his shoulder said "My dear doctor, how long will you keep up this foolishness? When will you sit at the same board with the rest of us?" To which the doctor replied graciously, "At Your Grace's wedding."

Charles B. Wilby

Budget
Hinman, editor
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