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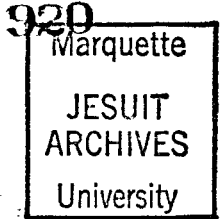
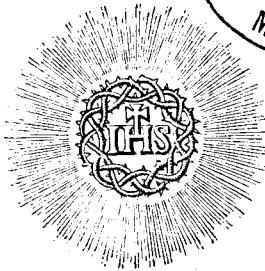
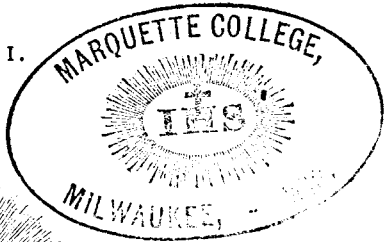
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# WOODSTOCK LETTERS

A RECORD

*Of Current Events and Historical Notes connected with  
the Colleges and Missions of the Soc. of Jesus  
in North and South America.*

VOL. XVII.



WOODSTOCK COLLEGE

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# WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. XVII, No. I.

CHAPLAINS FOR THE MEXICAN WAR—1846.

*Correspondence.*

FR. REY TO FR. McELROY.

COMARGO, August 16th, 1846.

*Rec. dear Father in Christ,*

P. C.

I had nearly determined to start this afternoon for Matamoras, to see you once more before marching to Monterey; but as some of the regiments that are here are soon to start for Monterey, several Irish soldiers wish to go to confession before entering the field; hence I thought it would be *ad majorem Dei gloriam* to stay here with them. . . . You know, by your own experience, that there is very little to do in Matamoras, hence your absence will not be much felt there, and the army will be large enough to keep us both busy. Should you come here, I would go forward with the first regiments that march, and you would accompany the main army with General Taylor and his staff, and, very likely, be in Monterey before the end of September. There our presence may be very useful for the object of our mission, which is to help our Catholic soldiers, and to endeavor to procure peace and friendship between the two fighting nations. However, I leave the whole matter to your prudent consideration.

I arrived here on Saturday, August the 8th, at 8 P. M., hence I was able to say Mass on the Sunday following, but

privately, having had no occasion to announce my arrival to the soldiers. As I found no tent for me in town, I could not join General Taylor's staff in camp, but got a small room in the house of the pastor of this place, with whom I am on friendly terms. . . I had a very large congregation at Mass to-day. The church, which is built in the shape of a cross, like St. John's at Frederick, is one hundred feet long and is without pews or seats. It was crowded to excess by our soldiers, regulars and volunteers. After Mass, I preached on the Assumption of Our Lady, and finished by ten o'clock. I have chosen nine o'clock for my Mass, as that hour will be most convenient for both parishioners and soldiers so that neither party will interfere with the other. I heard nearly a dozen confessions, and, no doubt, I will hear many more now that all know I am in town. . . The general and his officers are all kindness to me.

FR. MCELROY TO FR. REY.

MATAMORAS, Aug. 18th, 1846.

*Dear Father,*

No letters since the last I sent you. . . I answered Fr. Provincial's letter. Here are the contents of my letter: (1.) A word about the war. (2.) An account of missionary labors; confessions 22, baptism 1, extreme unctions 2, marriage 1; that we have very few soldiers to attend church on Sundays; that I feel ashamed to be here with so little occupation; were it not for the hospital I would have no employment. (3.) That I advised your going to Comargo, and presumed that several weeks would elapse before the troops would march to Monterey; that I advised you to remain there until receiving his answer as to what would be best for both of us to do, as the sick at this place, at Comargo and at Monterey are to be attended.

FR. REY TO FR. MCELROY.

COMARGO, August 24th, 1846.

*Reverend and dear Father in Christ,*

P. C.

I received your letters of the 10th and of the 18th of August. I hope you have received mine of the 16th. . . If you do not wish to come with me to Monterey, I think it will be necessary for you to visit this place, where there will be a hospital, a great many sick, and a more or less numer-



ous body of troops. The many steam-boats that go up and down, will afford you an opportunity for your apostolic excursions. . . Since my last, I have administered the sacrament of extreme unction to a Louisiana regular, and re-received into the Church William Paul Watson of the Texan volunteers, formerly a student of Georgetown College. . . I hear daily from two to six confessions, and frequently visit the camp hospitals near the town. The dust of the plaza or square is so great, and the wind blows it in such a quantity into my little room or garret, that I determined to take up my lodgings at headquarters. I shall, to-morrow, pitch my tent in the general's camp. From there to the church, the distance is about the same as from your house to the big church at Matamoras. By-the-bye, if you determine to remain there, could you not do something towards the building of that church? It would certainly be *ad Dei gloriam*.

Two brigades have already left for Monterey; they are marching on the northern side of the St. Juan River, and will wait for the general and his staff seventy miles from here. The third brigade will very likely march with us, or a very little in advance of us. In the plaza we have two companies of dragoons, under the command of Captain Hardey; most of them, I think, are German or Irish. My congregation yesterday, did not exceed two hundred, because the soldiers near the town had left and many others were moving.

FR. McELROY TO FR. REY.

MATAMORAS, Aug. 25th, 1846.

*Rev. dear Father in Christ,*

P. C.

Yours of the 16th came to hand yesterday. . . I received a letter from Fr. Dzieozynski, dated Aug. 7th. . . The scholastics are in vacation at Whitemarsh, Bohemia and Conewago; the novices say a pair of beads every week for our mission.

With respect to your going direct to Monterey with the troops, I must leave that, in a great measure, to your own discretion, knowing as you do the circumstances which there exist. I was of opinion that a considerable number of troops would remain at Comargo, and with these, several sick persons, and that in that case your services would be better employed there than in marching slowly with the army; that later, when all would be settled at Monterey, you could

go up in two or three days. These are my ideas; still, as I said, I leave you free to do whatever you think A.M.D.G. From all that I know of the present state of the army, I have concluded to remain here; I could not conscientiously abandon my post under existing circumstances. There are now two hundred and fifty in the hospital, and the number is daily increasing. I have lately baptised three persons, who have since died, and, I hope, happily; three or four others are receiving instruction preparatory to being admitted into the Church; besides these there are the Catholic soldiers who are, of course, attended to. On last Sunday, I had a larger number at church than on any former occasion. This was in consequence of an order issued to those in command, by Col. Clarke, at my request. I go to Fort Parades once a week, to instruct the soldiers there in the catechism. They are nearly one hundred in number, and nearly all Catholics. I intended to hear their confessions. This work and my daily visits to the hospital, give me at least some occupation. Should the hospital be broken up or removed elsewhere, then I might go to Monterey, not on horse-back or with the army, as I cannot ride, but by some other conveyance—waggon or vehicle.

You will be good enough to write me every two weeks or thereabouts, that I may be in possession of your locality and other particulars which it will be useful for me to know. Present my kind respects to General Taylor and the officers of my acquaintance.

FR. REV. TO FR. McELROY.

COMARGO, Sept. 2nd, 1846.

*Reverend and dear Father in Christ,*

P. C.

I received your favor of the 25th of August, yesterday, for which I am exceedingly grateful. . . It seems that my letters take more time to go down the river than yours do to come up, for I mailed, on the 17th, ult., the letter written on the 16th. I hope you received the letter written eight days later.

I reflected on what you wrote to me about going to Monterey with the army or later, and unless new and unforeseen circumstances should occur, I am determined to leave Comargo with General Taylor, next Saturday, for Monterey. The reasons which induced me to take this resolution are the following: (1.) Next Sunday there will be only two or three regiments of volunteers here, and these may soon be

ordered to march to Monterey. (2.) All the sick whose disease is dangerous are sent down to Matamoras: those only remain who will soon be able to follow the army. (3.) In a few weeks there will be at Monterey, an army of 10,000 men, among whom the proportion of Catholics is very great, and these men know me as chaplain of the army. (4.) In case of resistance on the part of the Mexicans, my absence from the army would look very bad, and would certainly be blamed by our Rev. Fr. Superior. (5.) Travelling with the general, I shall be furnished with means of transportation, whereas, if I stay behind, I do not know how I could have my baggage transported to Monterey. Should I stay here, I do not see what I would have to do, unless they should send up here all the regiments that are below at Burita, which is hardly probable, as there is more chance for a speedy peace now than before. Hence you will, no doubt, approve of my resolution. . . I am glad you visit Fort Parades: the captain of the fort spoke to me about it, the day I left Matamoras, but I forgot to mention the good work to Your Reverence. I suppose that Fort Brown is pretty much in the same case; besides I was told that the mortality at Burita was rather great among the volunteers; so occasion of saving souls will not be wanting to Your Reverence. I have some confessions to hear every day, and, with the help of some of the Catholic officers, I may have some converts, or, at least, sow the seed that may fructify later.

William Paul Watson, whom I received into the Church, died three days ago, after having received all the sacraments with much devotion.

I shall be exact in writing to Your Reverence; only make some allowance for the irregularity of the mails, and for the distance. They say that Col. Harvey took possession of Monterey with his force of about one thousand men; if this be the case, your journey will be pleasant enough. Parades has been taken prisoner by the Mexicans, and Santa Anna has been named Commander-in-chief. So we may hope to be on our way to Washington in three months.

FR. McELROY TO FR. REY.

MATAMORAS, Sept. 3rd, 1846.

*Rev. dear Father in Christ,*

P. C.

The number of sick, two days ago, was 460; since then others have been added to this number. I have baptised

seven, all of whom have died, and, I trust, happily; several others are being instructed at present, and, I hope, will be prepared in due time. You will find that the greater number of the volunteers have never received baptism, and if you approach them and speak kindly to them, when they are in danger of death, you can do what you please with them. Such I find them here from different States. With such a number here, I could not, on any account, think of visiting Comargo. Nearly my whole time, morning and evening, is taken up with visiting the sick who are now scattered over the town; five physicians are at this time employed in attending them. Should you have but twenty sick, and I presume you have many more, I do not see how you can abandon them, even if they be all Protestants. In all this, A.M.D.G. will be your guide.

FR. REY TO FR. MCELROY.

CAMP BETWEEN MARIN AND RAMAS,  
25 miles from Monterey, Sept. 17th, 1846.

*Rev. and dear Father in Christ,*

P. C.

We left Comargo on the 5th of Sept. and arrived at Serrabro on the 9th, at noon; there is a good church at this town; the inhabitants number 3,000. The advance of our army, consisting of General Taylor and staff and the 1st division under General Twiggs, left Serrabro at day-break on Sunday morning, I remained behind with my servant, a Frenchman from the Ohio Volunteers, and a very pious Catholic; my negro boy has been discharged. I wished to say Mass, as it was the feast of the Holy Name of Mary. I heard six confessions and gave Communion to several, among them being Lieut. Curd, with whom I took breakfast. I joined Col. Whiting, with whom I travel, at 11 A. M. at our camp, which is about ten or twelve miles from Serrabro. On Monday we marched fifteen miles, and on Tuesday sixteen, and reached this place, where we halted to await the arrival of the 2nd division under General Worth, and the 3rd under General Butler. General Worth's division arrived yesterday; General Butler is expected to-day with six regiments of volunteers. Our army here, this evening, will number about six thousand men, artillery, dragoons, regular infantry and volunteers. To-morrow, we shall advance about fifteen miles, and, on Saturday forenoon, we shall be near Monterey. So far no blood has been shed; our advance

guard saw about 200 Mexicans near this place on last Monday; they retreated when they perceived our troops. I sincerely hope we may enter the city peacefully, but I do not know what will be the case. They have, at Monterey, as we have learned here, about seven thousand men, regulars and rancheros; hence, the forces of the two armies are nearly equal. I shall write to Your Reverence by the next mail, and inform you of whatever shall have happened. In the meanwhile, I recommend to your prayers and holy sacrifices, Rev. Father Superior,

Your most affectionate brother in Christ,

ANTHONY REY, S. J.

FR. REY TO FR. McELROY.

CAMP NEAR MONTEREY, Sept. 25th, 1846.

*Reverend and dear Father Superior,*

P. C.

According to my promise, I will give, in a few words, an account of our proceedings here. We arrived on last Saturday at about 11 A. M., within sight of Monterey. Some cannon-balls, shot from twelve and eighteen-pounders, whistling over the heads of General Taylor and his staff, who were at the head of the army, admonished them to go back, select a camp outside of the city, and look for means of taking Monterey by force. Saturday afternoon and the following day were spent by our troops in reconnoitring the city, the Mexicans firing at our men, but without effect. On Monday, after breakfast, the attack on the lower part of the town was begun by the 1st and 3rd divisions of our army, whilst the 2nd, under General Worth, advanced on the opposite side of the city, by the Saltillo road, and attacked the heights and the forts that commanded and protected Monterey.

Our two divisions in the lower town, suffered a great deal on that day. Among the officers killed, were Colonel Watson of Baltimore, Major Barber and Captain Morris. Captain Williams of the engineers, with whom we travelled, died from his wounds on Tuesday; the other three were killed on the field. There were others killed, both captains and lieutenants, but I do not know their names. General Butler and Col. Mitchell of the volunteers, both received flesh wounds in the legs. Major Leer commanding the 3rd Infantry, was shot through the head; the bullet entered his mouth and passed out through his left ear. Lieut. Graham, with whom we dined at Matamoras, was shot through both

knees and through the abdomen; the bladder is somewhat injured, hence his recovery is as yet but doubtful. . . Several other officers are wounded, but their names are unknown to me. Our troops took one fort and two batteries in the lower part of the town that morning, but their loss, in killed and wounded, was about 300. In the meantime, General Worth took three batteries, all the heights that command Monterey, and a stony fort called the Bishop's Palace. On Wednesday evening, he opened such a tremendous fire on the town that the Mexicans agreed to send a messenger to General Taylor, offering to capitulate on honorable conditions. This was on Thursday morning, Sept. 24th, the feast of Our Lady of Mercy; no doubt she interceded with God in favor of both nations; for, on that evening, the conditions of the capitulation were agreed upon, and signed by both parties. The conditions were: (1.) That the Mexicans should deliver up to General Taylor the town and the forts which they still possessed, with the cannon, the ammunition, and all the public property. (2.) That the Mexican troops should be allowed to go out of Monterey, with their small arms, six pieces of field artillery, and fifteen days' provisions. (3.) That private property should be respected.—You see, dear Father, that I did right in accompanying our army, and that I will be not less well engaged here than Your Reverence is at Matamoras. I anointed a good Irish soldier on Tuesday; he died at 11 o'clock that evening.

FR. McELROY TO FR. REY.

MATAMORAS, Oct. 3rd, 1846.

*Rev. Father in Christ,*

P. C.

Yours from Serrabro on the 17th, and from Monterey on the 25th, have been received, with thanks for the brief but satisfactory accounts of the army up to the respective dates. I would have answered sooner, but I presumed that no letter could reach you, at your present post, until this time. Your last is the only authentic written statement of the late desperate attack on Monterey and its surrender. Major Eaton, on his way to Washington, communicated verbally to the quarter-master all the particulars; still what is written is more satisfactory. As yet, the Mexicans here will not believe that Monterey is in the possession of General Taylor. We have been in a state of alarm here for the last week at the report of an attack to be made on this town by a large

number, they say 1,400, rancheros headed by the celebrated Canales. Last night all the troops were under arms, and the town put in the best state of defence our means afforded; but no attack was made on us.

I wish you to write, if you have not done so already, as soon as you receive this, and give us full particulars of the late battle; the number of killed and wounded on both sides, etc. There are two soldiers' wives here who are, of course, very anxious to hear of their husbands. Both of the men belong to Captain Bragg's Co. of light artillery; their names are Corporal Gowed and J. Riley; please inquire for them. It would be well, I think, to obtain from the vicar capitular at Monterey, faculties for all English speaking persons that present themselves to us, with leave to marry them even when one of the parties speaks English. Although the pastor here authorised us to do this, I still have my doubts as to his power to do so. . . . The number of sick, in the different hospitals, two weeks ago, was 860; at present it is about 640. My time during the day is devoted to visiting these sick people, and especially those among them who are in danger of death. I have, thank God, baptised a large number of persons who are now, I hope, enjoying eternal rest. We have no information as to the prospects of peace. On reflection, I thought it might be proper to address a short note of congratulation to the general on his late victory. Please hand the enclosed to him with my respects.

FR. McELROY TO FR. REY.

MATAMORAS, Nov. 4th, 1846.

*Reverend dear Father in Christ,*

P. C.

My congregation here is much reduced by the withdrawal of two companies of regulars, who have gone to Monterey. About 80 of the men in these companies were Catholics, and were getting into very good trim; almost all of them had been to confession, several had received Holy Communion, and a large number of them had taken the temperance pledge. I have recommended them very particularly to call on you. Both companies belong to the 1st Artillery regiment; Capt. Nannean commands one of them, Lieut. Haskins, the other. There is a Sergeant Heymes, a Frenchman, in the first company, and a Corporal Williams in the second; both are good Catholics; they will inform you of the men who have not been to their duties, etc. The officers

of both companies are extremely kind, and some of them are well disposed. I have now but a small number, about thirty, in Fort Brown. All the troops here now are volunteers, except one company at Fort Brown. The number of sick is much reduced, only about 200 now; the deaths are comparatively few. I have had a slight attack of fever since last Friday; I am now much better, thank God. I have not said Mass since the feast of All Saints; I hope I shall have the happiness of resuming the holy sacrifice to-morrow. We know even less of war affairs here than you do. All is in the hands of Providence. May God's holy will be accomplished, and may it bring some blessing on this distressed and abandoned country.

I have nothing of interest to communicate to you now. All here is quiet; the people are very kind to me as usual. Amidst these and other consolations, we have great reason for grief at the loss of so many immortal souls; nothing is being done either for the young or for the old.

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LETTERS FROM A CHAPLAIN IN THE WAR  
OF 1861.

(Fourth Letter.)

CAMP BROWN, SANTA ROSA ISLAND, FLORIDA,  
July 24th, 1861.

DEAR FATHER BERTHELET,  
P. C.

I have written to Rev. Fr. Tellier, since *joining the soldiers*, a few very long letters, but as yet have received no answer; I do not believe, however, that it was possible for him to answer before now. As you were the immediate cause, for bad or for good, for disgrace or for honor, of my being at present incorporated with the army of the United States, it is but just, I think, that I should send you, from my far distant post, a few lines acknowledging my obligations. In giving you a *résumé* of events since the 15th of June, I must try to avoid repeating what I wrote to Rev. Fr. Superior of the mission. The steam-transport, *State of Georgia*, arrived here a week or two ago, bringing various kinds of naval and military stores, and detachments of officers and men for the command. Two families of Brooklyn, acquaintances of yours (Moynihan and Farrell), kindly sent me, by this



steamer, a box of extremely welcome articles. Never, I think, was a gift more opportune and appropriate. I have no hesitation in saying it saved my life and the lives of others. Owing very probably to the wet, or heat, or want of fresh meat, or inferior quality of water, or all combined, men and officers were suffering from a virulent attack of diarrhœa and dysentery, which the doctors, with the remedies at hand, were unable to check. When this box, containing amongst other things, a supply of blackberry brandy, arrived, I turned over this well known remedy to the doctors, for the relief of the sick. The doctors, after setting aside some for myself, about whose recovery they were much alarmed, thankfully accepted what they called a treasure, and administered it sparingly to the many sick, who soon began to mend, and in a short time were able to report for duty. We are all well now. Have not I and the soldiers every reason to thank these good friends?

My parish is being amazingly increased down here. Every transport that arrives, every new arrival among the men-of-war, lands on our island squads of regulars, who, thus far, are all Irish Catholics. In addition to these, I have to attend to the spiritual wants of the marines and sailors of the fleet, of the sailors and hands of the transports, etc. It would appear that I am to be the only priest to attend to the army that is being organised here. The poor fellows of the fleet and the regular army, who, on many occasions have had to suffer for their faith, are delighted to have a priest with them, and to be able to give him the salute which his *shoulder-straps* call for. When they see a Protestant sentry give the salute, they become utterly beside themselves with joy. The regulars, who, for very obvious reasons, slight the volunteers, feel hurt that the latter should lay all claim to the priest. In this they are unreasonable; for every facility for attending to their souls is offered to the regulars, and to sailors and marines belonging to the blockading fleet. Very little pressure indeed, is required to induce them to profit by the occasion, very rare for some of them, of receiving the sacraments. Many of them had not seen a Catholic clergyman for 6 or 8 years or more; and none of them had seen one entitled to the rights and honors and emoluments of a captain of cavalry, which I now enjoy. Those well meaning men offer me what they consider very great inducements to leave the volunteers, and identify myself with the regulars. They evidently know very little about the volunteer organisation. If the regulars were more numerous, I might indeed have reason to apprehend trouble between them and the volunteers. Humanly speaking, it would per-

haps be better for me to be attached to the regulars than to the volunteer force, though you must not at all understand me as regretting that my lot is cast with the latter. On the contrary, I am highly pleased with the citizen soldiers, and from the continual kindness of officers and men, I must conclude they are satisfied with me.

Owing to my ignorance of what would be required for camp life, as well as of the direction in which we were going, I omitted to bring with me even the most essential articles. I had not so much as a blanket with me. The cloak which Father Sherlock had the thoughtful kindness to give me, has been a good substitute; never, perhaps, has a gift been better bestowed. Many a night, when exposed to the cold, heavy dews and fogs on the gulf beach, I offered a fervent prayer for the good father, to whose kindness I was indebted for such protection. Major Newby and Lieut. d'Orville, perceiving my destitute condition, and my inability to procure any articles of clothing here, have generously come to my assistance, one giving me a good military blanket, the other an India-rubber blanket. This was surely kind of these gentlemen, one of whom is a Protestant, the other a Frenchman, as he says, of no religion. Had I not been under the impression that we were going to Washington or Baltimore, where I could purchase what I should need, I would have taken with me from New York, all I should require. For the benefit of any father that may have to accompany those regiments now said to be on the point of coming here, as well as for the direction of Rev. Fr. Tellier, in case he should intend to send me something, I wish you would tell the Rev. Father, that wearing apparel of any other material than blue flannel (navy flannel), is utterly insupportable in this climate for those living as we do. People speak of the great heat of the South in the summer months. Remember that we are not only in the South, but also on a *bare, sandy* island in the South; at least, such is the part of the island we occupy. There is no refreshing drink here but rain-water, which divine Providence is just now giving us most abundantly, or the soft brackish water discovered by the Zouaves. The rainy season, now in all its vigor, is not as bad as we had been led to expect. There is an occasional dry day, or part of a day, when the sun darts forth its rays with unusual intensity. These sudden and violent flashes of heat during the brief pause in the down-pour, cause rapid decay, it is said, of vegetable matter, and thus sow the seed of yellow fever.

I have received a communication from the New York *Herald*, offering me the position of War Correspondent from

this department. They promise me twenty dollars per letter, whether they use the correspondence or not. I declined the flattering and lucrative commission. Great quantities of Protestant tracts, Protestant journals, etc., have already begun to arrive for the men. For want of something else to read, the boys spend their leisure time devouring these low attacks on our faith; for that is all they contain. Mr. Killian of the *New York Tablet* has written to me, offering to send, for distribution among the soldiers, as many copies of the *Tablet* as I wish, if I would consent to be the War Correspondent of that journal. I accepted his offer and conditions, and will write *sous le nom de guerre* "Santa Rosa."

I doubt whether any one, soldier or missionary, has ever had such hardships to endure as have fallen to our lot. We have just entered upon a career with whose routine none of us, officers or men, has had much, if any, acquaintance. We are under a sky entirely new to most of us, said to be the very hotbed of yellow fever and other pestilential diseases. Still, we are all satisfied and have many sources of merriment. The fare is naturally that of soldiers, coarse, but wholesome and abundant. All this can be made to merit an eternal reward, and with this motive in view, we cheerfully bear our hardships and privations.

Poor Lieutenant Slemmer,<sup>(1)</sup> and his band of heroes, are standing monuments of the effect which this climate, united with laborious duty and great privations, can produce on the soundest constitutions. As I fear that not one of these heroes (for I must call them such) will ever be able to go north to relate their illustrious deeds, I think it due to them that I should leave in some one's possession the accounts which these poor fellows, now on their death-beds, have given me, of their successful efforts, under most trying circumstances, to save for the United States, Pickens, a fort of solid build and of vast proportions. Although this powerful and extensive fortification is easily defended, and completely commands the entrance to Pensacola Bay, it had never been garrisoned, and consequently never armed before the breaking out of the present war. This is the statement of the officers and men here at present. General appearances, too, would indicate this to be the case; for there are no officers' quarters here, which, I think, would not be the case, had officers been stationed in the fort. A married soldier, a sergeant, with his family, remained, however, to have a gen-

<sup>(1)</sup> Lieutenant Adam J. Slemmer, a young Pennsylvanian, was a man of spare figure and of medium height. He looked more of a scholar than of a soldier. He wore spectacles, and in his speech he was quiet and deliberate. He was wonderfully sympathetic and attractive. He inspired all around him with unbounded confidence.

eral care of the place. The little squad, left as a garrison for Pensacola, occupied Forts McCrae and Barrancas, situated on the mainland side of the entrance to the bay. The objection to taking up their quarters in Fort Pickens, arose, it is said, from the fear of alligators, of enormous and venomous snakes, and poisonous and troublesome insects, that are found in incredible numbers on Santa Rosa. Dread of the yellow fever, said to be indigenous to the island, had, no doubt, its influence in keeping the soldiers on the mainland.

When Florida declared itself separated from the Union, Lieut. Adam J. Slemmer and his few men (a part of a company)—the garrison of Pensacola—found themselves on the mainland in possession of Forts McCrae and Barrancas. These the Southern authorities formally demanded the commanding officer to surrender; but he formally and positively refused either to recognise their authority to make such a demand, or to admit their ability to enforce it. He held his commission from the United States government, which in these matters was the only authority he recognised; and he would be faithful to the oath which he had taken.

Inflamed by the prevailing sentiment of secession, and incensed at the refusal of the young commanding officer, crowds or mobs came down from Pensacola, eight or ten miles distant at the head of the bay, threatening to take the place by force; but they received for answer, that a resistance little dreamed of would be offered. During the succeeding days, crowds of youths from Pensacola and the surrounding country, collected about the forts, and, by their violent demonstrations, began to give some uneasiness to Lieut. Slemmer, who, as yet, had received no directions from Washington. What was to be done? With about twenty men (the survivors assure me that their number did not exceed twenty), the lieutenant in command could not hold two forts against this stormy mob, rapidly becoming threateningly numerous. He therefore determined to abandon Fort McCrae during the night, and concentrate his little force for the defence of Barrancas. Next morning, either by their unexpected success in securing one of the forts completely armed, or irritated by the now unmistakable signs of the cool, determined defence which Slemmer intended making, the mob (there was no attempt at military organisation), swelled to enormous proportions, threatened to storm Barrancas, and even attempted to force in the sally-port. They were, however, promptly driven off by a decided threat, on the part of the little garrison, of opening on them with grape and canister. As night approached, this little band of heroes discovered that, though they had an

abundant supply of ammunition, the few provisions belonging to them were stored in Fort McCrae, to which they could now have no access. The case was urgent. A man-of-war, well equipped with men and arms, was carelessly lying at anchor a short distance from the fort, in front of the navy yard. The army and navy are, as you are aware, quite independent of each other in their organisations. The authorities on board the *Brooklyn* (that was the name of the lordly vessel riding at anchor off the navy yard), appeared to be as ignorant of the government's intention with regard to the naval interests, as the land force was with regard to those of the army. They could, however, lay claim to nothing like the latter's admirable pluck. Indeed the commander of the *Brooklyn*, whose name I have forgotten, is openly accused by the army and navy of having betrayed the government. With the means at his disposal, he could have held the navy yard against any force that could, at that time, be brought against him. An unarmed mob took possession of Pensacola navy yard and its immense stores of every kind, whilst this commander had a well equipped man-of-war alongside the dock, and whilst all the employees of the department then in the yard (amounting to hundreds), were soliciting permission from him to take into their own hands the defence of the place and the property stored in it, declaring that even without his assistance they could hold it. The needed authorisation was withheld; the yard with its invaluable contents was given up without a shot; and the poor employees, who manifested such attachment to the old flag, were, it is said, inhumanly treated by the triumphant mob. But to return to Mr. Slemmer. Situated as he was, he saw no other resource than, under cover of night, to retreat across the channel forming the entrance to the bay, to Santa Rosa Island, to occupy Fort Pickens and make desperate efforts to hold it till the government could reinforce him or order him to abandon everything. Here, however, a new and apparently insurmountable difficulty presented itself to our young but resolute lieutenant. He had no boats, nor could he discover any means of procuring them; but Providence came to his relief in a manner least expected. The government employees of the navy yard, seeing themselves deserted by the *Brooklyn*, the representative of the navy, and ignorant of the straits to which the little garrison was reduced, sent to Mr. Slemmer a trusty man, Mr. O'Reilly, who should devise with him some plan of yet saving the United States' property so ruthlessly invaded. The lieutenant explained to the messenger his forlorn position, that

he could do nothing without the co-operation of the man-of-war; that he had resolved to retreat during night to Pickens, and asked this friend to furnish himself and his men with boats. The task was difficult, for the mob continued to threaten the fort. Still, in the name of the friends of the old flag, the messenger promised to have the boats in readiness with some provisions, on the condition that, as soon as reinforced, he would return to Barrancas. With skilful prudence and caution, the boats were rowed out on the bay whence they could easily be worked into the channel, on whose shore Barrancas is erected. With anxious hearts and minds the faithful garrison beheld the approach of night. Is there a traitor amongst their devoted friends? Do the enemies surrounding the fort on the land side, suspect their design? Will the now detested *Brooklyn* sink them? These are questions repeatedly proposed. Each man taking with him from the fort whatever he could carry, the little band of heroes silently leave the frowning walls, step lightly to the water's edge at the time designated, and find means of transportation all prepared. The lieutenant and his men, with one exception (Sam Jones, who was left behind by some accident), were in Fort Pickens before morning.

Other disappointments, however, and greater hardships awaited these noble soldiers. They now found themselves, it is true, in a strongly built, extensive fort, but unarmed and without provisions. Not a gun mounted; not an ounce of ammunition; not a particle of food within those fortifications! They would not, however, let the thought of surrendering be entertained for a single instant. Again Providence declared in their favor. The friends of the Union in and about Pensacola, sent them an abundance and variety of provisions. Their old companions in arms, who had resigned their commissions and joined the Confederate forces, and who were then in command in Pensacola and its neighborhood (Major Chase, Lieut. Slaughter, etc.), began to relent, and show that they held in high esteem the fidelity with which this little band kept the oath they had taken on entering the army. They no longer wished to deal harshly with them; but they insisted on the surrender of Fort Pickens. Seeing these brave men, rather than betray their country, take refuge on an island deemed uninhabitable for reasons stated in a former letter, Major Chase thought he could act leniently towards them. Ambitious, however, of receiving his sword from such an officer as Slemmer, he persisted in demanding the lieutenant's unconditional surrender. In this his conduct seemed a little contradictory. Without preventing the Irishmen of Warrenton and Wool-

sey (the employees of the navy yard) from bringing their usual supply of provisions to this, I might say, outcast but not disheartened band, Major Chase formally, by flag of truce, demanded the surrender of Fort Pickens and its garrison; and he intimated that, in case of refusal, he would immediately proceed to employ the force at his disposal, now considerably increased, to compel the commanding officer to yield to his demand.

Any attempt at defence was out of the question. The men had not even their muskets. The *Brooklyn* gave up her position in the bay, moved outside the forts, and took her stand in the gulf, south of Santa Rosa. Hoping for speedy assistance, or at least for directions, Slemmer, in order to gain time, resolved to have recourse to a little ruse. There was not a single sea-going vessel in the harbor of Pensacola. This fact was destined to save him. After having undergone so many and such great hardships, the high-spirited lieutenant consented to surrender his men, himself and his sword, provided *his* conditions would be accepted. He hoped that the influence of his former companions in arms, some of whom had been his superiors in command, and who were now arrayed under the Confederate flag, would be sufficiently powerful to secure the consent of the Southern authorities to his proposition. He therefore required as his only condition, "that he and his men should be sent, in a vessel capable of comfortably conveying them, to the nearest post occupied by the United States' troops; that, in case such a vessel could not be furnished by the Southern authorities, he and his men be allowed to remain in unmolested possession of Fort Pickens and Santa Rosa Island till such time as a vessel could come for them from the North." Answer came back that the man-of-war *Brooklyn*, now lying out in the gulf, could take them to the desired station. To this the intrepid Slemmer replied that it must be evident to them, that the captain of the *Brooklyn* and himself are of very different opinions with regard to their duties in the present crisis. Moreover, the army and navy are independent of each other. He would not ask any favors of the commander of the *Brooklyn*; and he had no authority to order him what to do. These reasons were deemed satisfactory; and as the South had no vessel to transport the little command, the second part of his condition was accepted.

Profiting by the breathing time now assured to them, Slemmer and his men began to look about them for means of putting themselves and the fort in some shape of defence. After a little searching, they found in that part of the fort called *the parade*, a few dismounted 32-pounders. But what

were these without carriages, without ammunition, without the means of putting them in position? Seeing his men manifesting signs of discouragement, the indomitable lieutenant said: "Boys, if we had everything requisite for the defence of the fort, there would be very little honor in holding it. If a corps of engineers and mechanics with their varied instruments and machinery were here, they could readily get these pieces into position, but it would be very little credit to them. To hold the fort without any means of defence, to put these 32-pounders into position without the aid of mechanics or machinery, is an honor reserved for us." With renewed zeal, and hoping for aid from the old employees of the navy yard, the faithful soldiers worked day and night to make Pickens defensible.

Informed of the straits to which this little band was reduced, the sailors and marines of the *Brooklyn* fiercely demanded to be permitted to aid them to the fullest extent of their means. To avoid a mutiny, in which all but the captain would be the mutineers, a number of sailors and marines were allowed to land on the island, under cover of darkness, and communicate with the little garrison. After a very fatiguing row, and after having met with considerable danger, the friendly boat safely passed through the ceaseless breakers, and reached the shore, but found no guard either friend or enemy. Hastening to the fort, the big-hearted men of the *Brooklyn* found that untiring band endeavoring at that hour of the night to put Pickens in a state of defence. Slemmer and his men, not expecting any aid from the man-of-war, supposed that the new-comers were enemies, and that, of course, his plans were discovered. In a short time the strangers made themselves and the object of their coming, known to the astonished garrison, whose worn-out appearance and forlorn condition moved to tears the generous crew of the man-of-war. The visit greatly encouraged the lieutenant and his men. They, too, shed tears of gratitude; they beheld, at that late hour of night, the first ray of hope. Inflamed by sympathy for the staunch little band, the man-of-war's men said to Mr. Slemmer: "Sir, cost what it may, we have resolved not to return to the vessel; we are going to cast our lot with you and your men."

Thanking them heartily for their generous sympathy, the lieutenant informed them in tone and words that indicated the deep impression this disinterested offer had produced on his heart of hearts, that he could not accept their proposition, and persuaded them to return to their ship. Morning dawned, but no trace of the visitors was visible. The lieutenant and his men spent the day (as they spent every day),



strolling along the beach, receiving the visitors who, out of curiosity, landed frequently on the island. The men exaggerated the dangers of the place, the number and size of the venomous reptiles in and around the fort; and thus deterred the visitors from going near enough to discover the works which they kept from the knowledge of even those friends who brought them provisions. As night closed in, these indefatigable men resumed their laborious occupation. How often they interrupted their work to say a kind word about last night's visitors! But what is all this? More visitors? Yes, truly; more friends from the *Brooklyn*. "We have, sir, come again, and this time not empty-handed. We are in greater numbers than last night; we have brought some provisions, and a few brass howitzers with a quantity of ammunition. We are to stay ashore till these pieces are placed in position." Such were the consoling words of the welcome strangers. After a little repast, all immediately set to work, with the appliances at hand, to mount the guns. Night passed off quietly; the rising sun found our men again idle, but Pickens beginning to assume a warlike appearance, and all entirely unsuspected by the other side. For some nights the arming of the fort by the aid of the *Brooklyn's* men, was rapidly being completed. During the day, the jaded soldiers moved along the beach, as if anxiously looking for some vessel to take them away from the dangerous island.

Finally, a steamer flying the United States' flag hove in sight. In due time it came to anchor, and sent a boat ashore with the glad tidings to the garrison that reinforcements were on their way to Pickens, and with the positive command to surrender nothing to the enemy. No sooner did the representatives of the Southern authorities notice the arrival of the new steamer, than they sent, under flag of truce, an express order for Slemmer and his men to immediately evacuate the island. The indomitable commander of Fort Pickens was now a new man. He boldly pointed out to the messengers the recently mounted guns; he assured them that the steamer just arrived had brought him reinforcements, and that far from believing himself unable to hold the fort, he would make in the course of the day a formal demand for the surrender into his possession of the two forts he had been obliged to abandon; and, in case of refusal, that he would instantly commence offensive operations for the recovery of the lost property. He then ordered them to leave the island, and, unless to announce a compliance with his demands, under no pretext to return. The surprise of the messengers was beyond description. Fearing an attack immediately, the now elated lieutenant armed his

brave companions and some sailors and marines still with him, and posted all of them as sentinels along the beach near the fort. In the afternoon another boat put off from the opposite shore, and made directly for the beach west of the fort. The sentries halted the party, and asked whether they were bearers of the information that the lieutenant's demands were complied with. On receiving a negative answer, the sentries ordered them back, and, disclosing a howitzer which they had dragged to the water's edge, said: "If you again return we shall blow you out of the water." The gauntlet was openly thrown down. Will it be picked up? It is a critical moment. Without the coming reinforcements, the garrison is unable to resist successfully the force the South can send against them. With some apprehension they beheld the approach of night, and as yet, no sign of the promised help. Fearing a night attack, Slemmer ordered a cessation of work within the fort, and that every man mount guard along the beach. "Oh, what a night we passed on that beach!" said one of the dying narrators to me, "We had eaten nothing the day before; the usual supply from our friends on the other side, had, from some cause, been stopped. We could not hold out another night. Every ripple on the water appeared to be a boat-load of invaders. Never did worn-out, hungry, sleepy, half-discouraged sentries desire the return of day more ardently than we did."

Day at last dawned; but what a day for the heroic garrison! There, lying at anchor, as near the island as her draught would allow, was the expected troop-ship *Atlantic* or *Baltic*, with reinforcements on board, and with banners proudly floating on the breeze. A few men-of-war also hove in sight. I cannot, of course, attempt a description of the feelings of these true soldiers when they beheld, at early dawn, friends coming to their rescue, and at the darkest moment of what might be called their imprisonment. The troops on board, I am told, comprised a part of Co. E, 8th U. S. Infantry, and a part of Captain Barry's battery of light artillery—some of the faithful soldiers deserted by Gen. Twiggs. These poor soldiers, in order to save their honor and the sanctity of their oaths, had to travel unarmed from some distant post in the interior to the gulf, which they reached in a helpless condition; and now, though unfit for the severe work before them, they are sent to reinforce Pickens. They were all Irish Catholics, with the exception of the buglers, who were German Catholics.

Mr. Slemmer proposed, with the forces now on hand, to recover instantly the lost ground. His counsel, however, did not prevail. The Southerners profited by the time al-

lowed them to render Pensacola almost impregnable. They found, in the navy yard, an immense supply of cannons and ammunition, which they mounted along the shore; thus making a series of sand batteries from the navy yard to Fort McCrae. There seems to have been a very deplorable diversity of views between the land and naval forces with regard to Pensacola. Unable to come to an understanding with the fleet, Slemmer demanded that the men intended for him be landed immediately. But an apparently insurmountable difficulty in landing the troops, seemed about to deprive Slemmer of the aid so near at hand. The transport had not suitable boats, and the men-of-war had no orders to use their boats for conveying the soldiers to the island. Hearing of the straits to which the garrison was reduced, Co. E, 8th U. S. Infantry volunteered to swim ashore, if the captain could bring his vessel a little closer. Equally eager with these forsaken and foot-sore soldiers, to bring immediate aid to the suffering band, the captain of the steamer did all it was possible for him to do to facilitate the landing. The very night after the arrival of the transport, by means of small boats, rafts, etc., without any aid from the men-of-war, the new troops were landed, and Slemmer was reinforced. Never was a more hearty welcome given or received than that which was given by the garrison to the newly arrived. The following morning, the rising sun beheld the stars and stripes floating from Fort Pickens' flag-staff, and the enemy unequivocally on the defensive. Pickens certainly assumed an aggressive attitude.

As soon as the danger, to avert which Slemmer's heroes had employed almost superhuman exertions and endured almost incredible hardships, was past, a terrible reaction took hold of the frames of these wonderful soldiers. The devoted men began rapidly to fail. In a short time they were confined to what was called the hospital, where neither physician nor medical stores were to be found. The work of continuing the improvement of Pickens now devolved on the new-comers; who, as stated above, having escaped by a series of heroic deeds from Texas, were themselves more fit to be the inmates of the hospital, than to be applied to the excessively severe work before them. A new spirit, however, had taken hold of the navy; or at least that part of it at anchor off Fort Pickens. With proper authority, the marines offer to the fort their services, which are gratefully accepted. A marine battery is sent ashore, and erected and manned, by men and officers from the fleet.

Another transport arrived with an additional little portion of Twiggs' soldiers; they are a part of a company of the

2nd Regiment, U. S. Heavy Artillery. Word reached the authorities of the fort, that all of Twiggs' forces that had been able to escape were ordered to Pickens. The news that such tried old soldiers were coming, put new life into every one. Alas! they were but few, and more or less disabled. Later orders directed these faithful troops to change their destination, and go to Forts Jefferson and Taylor (Dry Tortugas and Key West).

Pickens was now considered to be in a state to defy any force; still, heavy artillery continued to arrive and to be put in position in the fort and in batteries along the beach. Mr. Slemmer's exertions, anxieties and privations had nearly disabled him; he was an invalid. Seeing the fort safe, he asked to be relieved from command. The government granted his request, and appointed Col. Harvey Brown, one of those escaped from Twiggs' meshes, to succeed him. This officer is still in command, and the camp from which I am sending this letter, is, in his honor, called "Camp Brown." He is of a very kind, religious disposition (Methodist), but a strict, uncompromising disciplinarian. To a man like him, grown old in the regular army, the ways of volunteers must be a continual annoyance. As yet, I have had very little intercourse with the brave and faithful commander. He has with him Lieut. Col. Brooks, who is a Catholic, and who tells me that he was educated in a *petit séminaire* in Canada. He is highly esteemed by the soldiers; regulars and volunteers.

Such, dear Father, is the history (rather long and tedious you will say, but, I think, very desirable for the future historian of the war) of Lieut. Slemmer, U. S. A. and his little band of heroes, as related to me by themselves.<sup>(1)</sup> His men are all Catholics. On reaching here on the 24th of June, we found the remaining men of these parts of four companies (Slemmer's few men, a part of a light artillery battery—Capt. Barry's, a part of a battery of heavy artillery—2nd U. S. Artillery, and a part of Co. E, 8th U. S. Infantry), the strongest of whom must be classed as invalids, holding

<sup>(1)</sup> I regret to have to say, that I cannot give the dates, names of persons and other particulars of the various movements, transactions, etc., connected with the retreat from Forts McCrae and Barrancas, and the holding of Fort Pickens. I jotted these points down in my diary, intending to have them at hand when occasion would require. The diary has been lost. I also noted down in this diary, the length of the day's march, incidents of the march, names of towns and villages passed, names of places where the army bivouacked, incidents of the halting at night, and of the starting in the morning, the various *special* orders issued on the march, incidents connected with the crossing of rivers, dates of those various events, manœuvring before battles and skirmishes, etc. The loss of this little treasure is now, I think, irreparable. Col. Michael Cassidy, the only one who could repair the loss, was, whilst prosecuting his researches, suddenly removed from this life, without having time to inform us what or where are the result of his inquiries.

Fort Pickens. The other troops ordered here from Texas, were directed to Fort Jefferson (Dry Tortugas), against which Major Chase, after his failure to secure for the South Fort Pickens, made a quixotic attack ; but he was shamefully driven off by a few workmen. We are, however, much stronger now in regular soldiers. The increase of the regular forces is made, by decreasing, for the present, the number of our own regiment. Two companies, B and E, of the Zouaves, have been sent to Fort Jefferson to garrison that place, instead of the regulars who were there, and who are now with us on Santa Rosa. They belong to the 2d U. S. Heavy Artillery. Company A of the Zouaves is ordered to Fort Taylor (Key West), to relieve the heavy artillerists garrisoning that stronghold, who are ordered to Pickens. Two companies, G and I, of the Zouaves, are ordered into Fort Pickens where they are being drilled as heavy artillerists. Evidently they are stocking Pickens for a heavy bombardment. As in the days of Slemmer, so in ours, there is constant, but not unreasonable work going on, erecting batteries and mounting guns, inside the fort and along the shores of the island.

You must not think that my labor is now less, because my regiment is diminished. The regulars who have thus far arrived, are all Irish Catholics. These men are, I find, all well instructed in their religion ; many of them have received what might be called a good common-school education. The majority of those here are tradesmen. You see that, though so far away, I am in the midst of my own. Yet it is a painful circumstance in my daily life, to be so far removed from my dear brothers, and to have no prospect of seeing a priest. Were it not for this, I should be very happy with the soldiers.

Ensign Cox (a son, I am told, of the minister of that name in Brooklyn) applied to me for instruction in the Catholic faith. I was suffering at the time from the effects of the heat, and salt food, and in general from the new kind of life I am living ; so I did not feel able to complete the work. I requested him after a few interviews to postpone the affair till I should feel a little better. That very day, he was ordered on board a steamer leaving here for Fort Jefferson. Mr. Cox sent me word from the transport that the command was so urgent that it was not possible for him to see me before leaving, and that he would continue to prepare himself as well as he could. The commandant of the department of Florida tells me that Mr. Cox, for some reason, has sent in his resignation, and that he recommended its acceptance.

I do not know how or when I shall be able to see a priest here. The regulars tell me that there is one (Rev. Mr. Coyle) stationed in Pensacola. But how and when am I to get there? A battle must answer this question. The post adjutant told me a few days ago, that judging from the great reinforcements arriving for the enemy from some quarters (known by the increased number of camp-fires, tents, etc. visible from Pickens), those in command conclude that General Bragg is about to make a strenuous attack on us, and, if possible, drive us into the gulf, or capture us, fort, island and all. An event of this kind might, indeed, give me an opportunity, rather disagreeable, of visiting Father Coyle. But Gen. Bragg will not succeed. He has allowed his golden opportunity to escape. A month or two ago, he could easily have accomplished what is now, I think, beyond his power. Where six weeks ago, the waves of the bay and gulf dashed their spray over the glittering sands as freely as they did when the gallant Spanish navigators first sailed their proud vessels over these waters, have now sprung up invulnerable sand batteries stacked with defying *columbiads*, frowning James rifles and terrifying rifled parrots of immense calibre. Every day beholds us strengthening old batteries or erecting new ones. We can plainly see Gen. Bragg's men similarly engaged. Old Col. Brown says: "Never since the invention of powder, have such powerful instruments of destruction been pitted against each other." There is then very little hope, you will tell me, of my speedy visit to this clergyman, so highly spoken of by the soldiers who know him. Col. Brown told me the other day, that he feels confident he could now recapture the ground given up by Lieut. Slemmer, but it would be at the sacrifice of the United States' property on the other side, which he is very anxious to save. This property consists of two forts in excellent condition and well armed, the navy yard possessing immense supplies of every description, and many buildings erected by the government at great cost. These are too valuable to be destroyed in order to possess them. There are more cannon, shell and shot in Pensacola navy yard than would be required to defend all the ports in the hands of the Southerners. There is there, too, sufficient material to start an efficient navy. Bragg has added to the defences left him by Slemmer. He has erected a range of batteries from the navy yard through to the gulf. Some of those batteries (those between the light-house and Fort McCrae) are not more than half a mile distant from Fort Pickens. The rainy season is in full force, and it benefits us. The frequent and severe wettings we get, do us no harm. The sudden change from a bright warm

sun to a terrific down-pour, in which at times we are all caught, furnishes us with amusement for that day.

Hearing that I was ailing, and aware that no convenience for sick people existed on the island, Capt. Lefevre of the *Vanderbilt* sent his boat ashore to take me out to his vessel at least on a visit. Though my ailment had already disappeared, I applied for and obtained the necessary permission to accept the invitation so kindly extended. The breakers were very threatening and the rain was heavy; still the hardy sailors told me not to fear, though the officers advised me to postpone my trip. Human respect gave me courage. I was really ashamed to say that after coming down to the water's edge, I was obliged to return to camp through fear of the dangers attending the long row of two miles out to the transport. Off we started; but in a little while the wind, becoming stronger, made the waves truly fearful. As we receded from the shore, we found the billows now alarmingly high, broken, and making what the sailors termed a chopped sea. Our progress became slow, if there was any. Night was setting in, and our situation began to be critical. The patient sailors, however, pulled their oars as steadily as if there was no cause for alarm. As the waves dashed over us, these poor fellows would say: "Hold on, Father, we shall reach the ship all right." The fleet, fortunately for us, saw our dangerous condition, and sent a boat to our assistance. We reached the *Vanderbilt* at dusk, thoroughly drenched, but safe. The captain and Mr. McHenry received us with great joy. "Father, the reception of the prodigal son is awaiting you," said Captain Lefevre. The man-of-war's men were invited on board, and given quite a jolly time in the saloon of the stately *Vanderbilt*. Of course there could be no question of my returning to Santa Rosa that night. After a grand supper, something very new to me, the captain and officers of the transport asked for the news of the island, our way of living, how the boys liked soldiering, etc. etc. I went to the quarters of the men whose confessions I heard. In due time I retired and enjoyed a night's repose on a real bed. The roaring of wind and waves did not trouble me on board the *Vanderbilt*. Morning came, quiet and serene, after the little storm. The captain insisted on my remaining on board till the steamer should be ready to start for New York. This, of course, I could not agree to. Thinking my constitution unable to withstand the climate, food, etc., the kind-hearted captain advised me to resign, and offered me a free passage home. This, too, I was in conscience and honor obliged to decline. Nevertheless, the big-hearted mariner's kindness is not the less to be

appreciated. Thanking the generous officers of the transport for their sympathetic good-will, I expressed the desire of returning to my *boys*. In a few minutes the boat and crew were in readiness; some officers of the ship proposed to accompany me, and to call on board the man-of-war whose commander had sent us such timely assistance the evening before. Of course everything was in order. Having climbed up the side of the noble defender of Uncle Sam's property and children, we expressed our gratitude to all on board for the interest they manifested for our safety. After a little refreshment had been offered and accepted, the commander of the man-of-war told the *Vanderbilt's* people that he would take charge of "bringing the father home." The transport's boat and crew returned, and I spent that afternoon and night enjoying the hospitality of the gentlemanly officers of the man-of-war. I heard the confessions of those who wished to profit by my presence. The officers gave me every facility. To relieve me from all anxiety, they signalled to the fort for a prolongation of my leave of absence, which was readily granted. Next day I had the honor of being rowed over the troubled gulf by a crew of U. S. sailors, splendid specimens of manly forms. Their scientific strokes, and the little pennant conspicuously floating from the flag-staff, attracted the attention of volunteers and regulars, who came down to the beach to meet the strangers or hear the news. As we approached the beginning of the surf, we were recognised by the boys who gave us a "three times three" with a New York "tiger." The boatswain steadied his boat for a moment at the first breakers, and watched for the arrival of an incoming wave whose force would be sufficient to take us through the surf. As the roller appeared and was about to strike the stern of our brave little boat, the steersman said: "Now boys, bring the father in dry on the crest of this wave." The oars struck the water at the precise instant the wave struck the boat, and in we shot through the breakers within a few feet of dry land. The boys took me ashore, and some officers of the man-of-war came to take a look at the volunteers and at the progress made in the defences of the island. I was glad to be back in camp.

It will yet take some months to finish the unloading of the *Vanderbilt*. The captain says he expects to bring another cargo to Pickens, and courteously offers to take charge of anything to be sent to me. I am very much alarmed about altar-breads. I have but few left, and these are old. Send me, if you please, a little supply as soon as at all possible. Usually I say Mass only on Sundays. There is scarcely any possibility of offering the holy sacrifice on week-days. The



*enfants de chœur* are venerable Col. Brooks, who takes a pride in showing his superiority in this holy function, Frederick Goggins, one of St. John's College, Fordham boys, little drummer boys, old regulars of the dragoons, who like to serve in full uniform, and two little fifers of St. Francis Xavier's College.

Recommending myself and the soldiers to your fervent prayers,

I remain yours truly in Christ,  
MICHAEL NASH, S. J.

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### FATHER DAMEN'S GOLDEN JUBILEE.

The golden jubilee or fiftieth anniversary of Rev. Arnold Damen's religious life was celebrated in Chicago on the 20th and 21st days of November last; two days being devoted to the happy occasion because of the two parishes of which Father Damen was the founder. On Sunday, Nov. 20th the celebration took place in the Holy Family parish, which Fr. Damen enriched with the best years of his life. The church at the last Mass was crowded with parishioners and old friends who came to do honor to their old and faithful pastor. The following account of the jubilee celebration is taken from one of the city papers:—

"The services at the church yesterday morning were peculiarly impressive: the significance of the occasion, the vast throng of hushed and reverent worshippers, the gorgeous religious pageantry, and the admirable music, all combining to make the scene one long to be remembered. Nearly three thousand people were crowded on the floors and in the galleries of the great church, a number of old women crouching on the floor near the altar in piteous abjectness. The great altars were lighted up by hundreds of candles, and high above the central altar flamed, in great letters of fire, the names of the holy family, MARIA—JESUS—JOSEPH, surmounted by a glowing cross and crown. Soon the organ swelled into a march, and a gorgeous procession swept up the middle aisle. Preceded by long lines of acolytes wearing the cassock, surplice, and beretta, came the priests clad in vestments heavy with gold and embroidery, Father Damen walking among them; and after them, under a silken canopy, carried by four ushers, came Archbishop Feehan, wearing the mitre, preceded by the double cross, and surrounded by attendants. He was escorted to his seat

in the sanctuary, and the solemn high Mass began. Father Damen, a well-kept, kindly-faced old man, 73 years old, officiated as celebrant, assisted by Father Tschieder, as deacon, and Father Lumiere, as subdeacon, Father Kelly, assistant priest, Frs. Schulak and Van Hulst deacons of honor, and Father Nussbaum acted as master of ceremonies. Fr. Damen intoned the Mass with a full, resonant voice, and the services were made doubly impressive by the music, the choral and orchestral effects being admirably handled. Surpliced acolytes swung silver censers before the altar, sending up clouds of aromatic incense, which floated above the altar and hung like a halo about the lights. The Mass was performed with all the elaborate ceremonies of the Church, the archbishop taking some part, and it occupied three hours. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Thomas Fitzgerald, of Marquette College, Milwaukee, who is regarded as one of the foremost orators of the Church. A pulpit, covered with a sounding-board, was pushed to the head of the center aisle, from which he spoke. He took his text from the thirty-ninth and fortieth chapters of Ecclesiastes. It referred eulogistically to a priest who had built up and strengthened the Church of God, and with that as a text, he said:—

'The application of these passages to the present occasion, one among us, I know, will question. And, indeed, against my application of them, I venture the conviction that he is protesting even now. But I must courteously disregard this, for not another person here would doubt their application to the great and good priest in whose honor you are assembled. His humility I would not wound, but our sense of justice I must obey. Unquestionably, you will admit that the highest and truest praise that can be accorded to man is this eulogy that God himself has pronounced upon his servant. So it is a matter of very easy inference to assert that the life to which I apply them ranks among the noblest and truest lives, and that the jubilee upon which I pronounce this divine panegyric, is nobler than those of queens and princes. The praises God spoke of the priest who built his Zion are not unfittingly spoken of him who raised these walls and reared the temples near by. The priest of old prevailed to enlarge the city and obtained glory in the conversion of the people; and is the eulogy God pronounced upon him inapplicable to the man, who, a generation ago, reared upon your prairies a temple, and attracted about him a great congregation? The fitness of my scriptural panegyric may not be questioned, and my inference is that the life upon which I pronounce it is a blessed one, and the occasion itself an exceptional jubilee. I do not propose to-day

to rehearse the history of fifty years, sitting as you are in the shadow of the great monuments of that life. All about you, its story is heralded to you, and the eloquence of these dumb lips will never be forgotten, for it is the eloquence of a life spent and wasted in the cause of Christ.

'There is no more need to eulogise such a life than there is to paint the lily. It rests unchallenged in its own indescribable grace and beauty. In its nature and excellence such is, friends, the religious life that you are celebrating to-day.

'The religious man takes the triple vow of obedience, chastity, and poverty. Wherever he stands, in virtue of his vow of obedience, the religious man knows that he stands at the command of God. Whatever he attempts, he attempts by the will of God; whatever he abandons, he leaves at the voice of God. In all that he does, and wherever he goes, he recognises the voice of God calling, or sees the finger of God beckoning. Such a life is a holy life, a grand and heroic life, for its very soul is God's will. And those who have lived that life in spirit and in letter, have been saints indeed. Whether they faced cultured throngs, or went in quest of benighted savages, whether they swayed the interests of kings or preached to forest denizens, it mattered not, because they did God's will.

'Devotion to humanity is another element in the religious life, and is contained in the second vow, chastity. Strange that many who claim to make humanity their religion, despise the men who proclaim this vow. For, among the motives that prompt the religious man to stifle conjugal affections, to turn his back upon all that home means and the fireside involves, is that he may devote his life to the best interests of humanity. He leaves a carnal love for a spiritual love, a divided interest for an eternal affection, a home for one or a few for a house reared for all, eternal in the heavens. There is a perfection, a deification, for which the race is destined, and this the religious man recognises, and for it he makes his vow of chastity.

'Spent and wasted in the cause of Christ. "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast and give to the poor, and come, follow me." Invitation and counsel spoken nigh on to twenty centuries ago, and to-day you are honoring the man who, fifty years ago, accepted that invitation and embraced that counsel. Whoever embraces this vow of poverty must mean nothing more nor less than the words of Christ. The life-path can never become to him an avenue of wealth or position. This life demands, at least, poverty of spirit, but a renunciation of earthly goods is also necessary. There

are thousands who gladly, generously spring into the ranks of Christ's militia, and toil willingly to spread his kingdom. And when, as to-day, their jubilee may have come, they can point to no hoarded wealth, to no houses and lands; but, true to their life, they can point, as your priest to-day, to schools for Christ's children, to colleges for Christ's youth, to churches for Christ's people, to refuges and asylums for Christ's poor and afflicted ones. And so, what need to eulogise such a life? "He that shall leave father and mother, wife and children for my sake shall receive life eternal." In these material, treasure-seeking days of ours it has been asked, in all apparent sincerity, "Is life really worth living?" Perhaps to-day, if the old man whose fifty years of religious life go out with the setting sun would speak, he would say: "Ah yes, my life, the religious life, has been worth the living. Of others I can not, dare not, speak; but of mine I am sure. Fifty years have passed, but they are not gone; they are coming back to me, even as the sun returns in the morning; coming back rich with the harvest of which the world knows nothing. My life is richer than the world's jewels, because it is lustrous with the gleam of virtue. My fifty years are the purchase money of the blessed life to be, with the Lord."

These words, I know, he would never say, but I can and do say them. Such a life has an infinite worth, because he for whom that strength was wasted yet lives where all that spent strength will be gathered, lives where death can never be, where bliss shall ever be—with God.

"During the day Father Damen visited the chapels and halls of the various sodalities, each of which presented him with an address of congratulation and some token of affection and gratitude. Committees had been at work for several months preparing for the jubilee services, and it was proposed to found a hospital in honor of Father Damen, the necessary funds to be raised by subscription. But it was found that the project particularly near to his heart at this time is the establishment of a home and school for deaf and dumb boys; and so it was decided to devote the proceeds to that end. To further swell the fund, a sacred concert was arranged, which was given last night at the church, the audience numbering over a thousand. The Young Ladies' Sodality had placed a basket of flowers on the altar in honor of Father Damen, and the Married Ladies' Sodality had sent four immense floral designs, wrought in immortelles and roses, which were ranged along the chancel rail. Each bore an inscription, done in carnations; the four being: 'Welcome Reverend Father,' 'To the Founder of the Holy Family Parish,' 'Greeting from the Married Ladies' Sodality,' and 'Golden Jubilee,

Rev. A. Damen, 1837-1887.' Seated in the chancel was the committee of arrangements to the number of twenty-five, headed by W. J. Onahan and Father Higgins, the rector of the college; and on the other side sat Father Damen, accompanied by several of the Jesuit fathers. Mr. Onahan, in an intermission in the programme, came forward and read the address to Father Damen, which had been engrossed in a large red-bound volume. He began: 'Venerable and Reverend Father: On this interesting and happy occasion, the fiftieth anniversary of your admission into the Society of Jesus, the members of the parish and congregation of the Holy Family Church have attempted to show their love and veneration for you, their old-time friend, pastor and benefactor. They rejoice to see once more your well-known figure within the holy sanctuary, and to listen again to your voice, which has so often echoed in these aisles. Fifty years ago, you gave up home, family, friends, associations, and ambitions, to devote your life and talents to the service of God. The motto of the Society—*Ad majorem Dei gloriam*—became the motto of your life from that moment.' He then went on in an exhaustive account of Father Damen's work, to which he paid a glowing tribute of praise and gratitude. In response, Father Damen said: 'I am ashamed to appear before you, because I have received to-day so many compliments and congratulations which I do not think I have deserved. But my heart is full of joy for what has been done here in the past thirty years.' He then recounted the circumstances of the foundation of the church 'in a place covered with water-lilies and on a street that was rather a canal.' His narration of some of his early experiences was very humorous and excited hearty laughter. He closed with: 'To-day my heart swells in gratitude to God for the blessing he has bestowed upon our labors during the last thirty years. I never expected so much gratitude as I have received from you to-day, and I thank you very much for it.' He then pronounced the Papal benediction, permission having been specially granted for this. The exercises concluded with solemn benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament."

On Monday morning the parish of the Sacred Heart took up the celebration, and its members were present in large numbers at the solemn High Mass at 9 A. M. In the afternoon, Father Damen visited the schools of the two parishes, listened to the addresses of the children and gave them his blessing. In the evening the sodalities of the Sacred Heart parish assembled in the church and read addresses to the

venerable father, to which he responded in touching words, ending by imparting to all the apostolic benediction, which the Holy Father had empowered him to bestow.

Among the incidents of this golden jubilee celebration, which we shall all remember with pleasure, was the toast offered at dinner by the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan. The sentiment was not only friendly but flattering, and was expressed with grace and scholarly elegance. About the addresses read to Father Damen by Ours, it is enough to say that they did credit to the faculty and were worthy of the occasion. Though Father Damen is not a member of this community nor a resident of this city, it was thought proper by superiors to allow him to celebrate his jubilee in the city which was the scene of his zealous work, and among the old friends and parishioners who have known and loved him for thirty years, and who saw these two parishes grow up around him with all their elaborate equipment of schools, academy and college.

Whilst the Holy Family parish was celebrating its founder's golden jubilee, it was also pushing on the work of building its *sixth* parochial school, a primary school for small girls. This, when occupied, will raise the number of children in the parochial schools of this parish alone, to about 4,800. If this is a good test of the catholicity of the parish, it must also be the greatest joy and consolation of him who established the parish, as it is of those who continue and enlarge the work so well begun.

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## NAPLES.

INNSBRUCK, Nov. 1st, 1887.

DEAR FATHER,

Perhaps you may be pleased to hear an account of a couple of weeks spent in Naples, during the Easter holidays of last year. The trip from Rome to Naples by express, or *direct* train, as it is called in Italy, takes nearly seven hours, though the same distance in America would be travelled in little more than half that time. The only difference that I know of between the continental express and way train, or *omnibus*, as it is termed, is that the *direct* stops often but the *omnibus* stops oftener; a mere question of degree. There is yet another train, called *direttissimo*, which scarcely stops at all, I suppose, but people with a slim purse or with a vow of poverty cannot avail themselves of its superior advantages. If there be no special reason for urgency, the frequent stoppages of the express add rather to the pleasure of the trip, as they give an opportunity to glance for a few moments at places famed in story, and familiar, in name at least, from childhood. The guard's shout at the different stations often pleasantly awakens long-dormant memories, though it requires at times considerable jogging of ideas to marshal these aright around the word that arouses them. There is Capua suggestive of accurate old Livy, with his truthful speeches, so carefully stenographed, and of Hannibal's troops rioting and feasting and preparing themselves to be an easy prey to the enemy; and of our own Cardinal Bellarmin: there is Aquino, amongst whose hills was reared the stern old scourger of Roman depravity;—where, too, was spent the childhood of one far greater than he, who sought with higher principles to set the world aright, whose immortality is reflected upon this quaint, quiet little town by the railroad station: then what a strange sensation one experiences when Monte Cassino is shouted out as prosily and as unfeelingly as you have so often heard Elysville or Ellicott City;—for the guard or conductor or whatever he be, this historic spot is nothing more than a railroad station,—as the yellow primrose to the soulless man was nothing more than a yellow primrose. But that unfeeling shout would probably cause you to revolve many memories which would force themselves upon you; and, during the brief pause at the simple station, it is more than likely that you would pop your head

out of the window of your prison to gaze, for a few moments at least, upon the great white building on the summit of the hill, or rather mountain, directly overhead on your left, the mother house of western monasticism, the nursery of saints and Christian sages, the direct or indirect instrument of all modern civilisation, the centre for centuries of light and truth, whose rays illumined the remotest corners of Christendom. And you would go back in spirit to the time when the temple of the god of the silver bow was overthrown to make way for the house of prayer and of self-sacrifice, when Benedict and his black-robed disciples burnt the sacred groves and, with their toil, converted the wilderness into a paradise: or you might think of the time when Totila came hither with his fierce Goths swarming about the foot of the mountain, pausing in his work of slaughter to see the patriarch of whom he had heard such wondrous things: or you might remember the beautiful breviary lessons about the night previous to Scholastica's death, when the storm raged so fiercely upon that ancient hill, that the unwilling monk was forced to spend the night in holy converse with his joyous sister; and you would surely give a passing thought to the numberless great men who laid the foundations of their fame within those consecrated walls: and amongst these, too, you might picture to yourself young Thomas, from the neighboring town of Aquino, wandering amongst those secluded woods, pondering over some great truth that he should one day elucidate—the ox whose bellowing was to startle the world—as the old monk of the monastery prophesied. But the same harsh voice that evoked this medley of memories, now as unfeelingly puts an end to them by shouting out "*Pronto!*" A shrill whistle from the locomotive, and Monte Cassino is gone, and other interesting places soon efface the reflections the sight of it suggested. As the traveller only enjoys a passing glance, nothing more than a passing mention, can be expected.

About half an hour before the train makes its final stop, away off on the right appears unwearying Vesuvius, like a great blast-furnace, belching forth its dark volumes of smoke into the cloudless sky; that wondrous Italian sky which poets love to sing and artists to contemplate, seen here in all the perfection of its beauty; and when darkness has settled over the city, intermittent flashes of lurid light still serve to make Vesuvius conspicuous, a veritable pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night; and like that, too, which guided and protected the Israelites in their wanderings, this also is a sign of peace and tranquillity to the surrounding inhabitants; for, as long as fire and smoke issue from the



great crater, all is well; but when these cease, earthquakes and other indefinable horrors are at hand, not unfrequently with a vast destruction of human life. It was nearly 7 o'clock P. M. when we rolled into the depot; but owing to circumstances which it would be useless to relate here, it was two hours before we found ourselves in the presence of the Provincial, Rev. Fr. Canger. He received us with extraordinary cordiality and kindness, told us that he had been expecting us for several days, and that rooms had been prepared for us at the novitiate. He communicated, by means of a telephone near his door, with the rector of the novitiate, and we set out on our final journey, under the escort of a brother whom Fr. Provincial kindly sent with us. It was agreeable for us to see Naples by night, for, like Melrose Abbey, it is the best way to see this city aright.

The first impression is an agreeable one; and the judgment is soon made that Naples is not merely the largest, but, by all odds, the finest of all the Italian cities, as cities are estimated according to modern ideas. I speak of Naples in its newer and renovated parts, for it, too, has its eyesores in the neighborhood of the Pendino and Mercato, the remnants of the older town. Wide, spacious streets, comfortable sidewalks, shady parks, a most perfect system of gas illumination are surprises after the generalisation, so natural to the human mind, has been made from the incomplete induction of other Italian towns; while the bustle and stir and business activity everywhere apparent make it difficult to realise that we are not in some prosperous commercial centre of the new world. Some of the streets, such as the Toledo, the Strada del Duomo, are equal to the best to be seen anywhere; while of the Chiaia, a magnificent drive along the shores of the famous bay, it might be modestly asked if its equal is anywhere in the great world to be found. Horse cars too, which give to every city a thoroughly American appearance (*tramway* is the continental word and spelling), are to be seen as frequent and as crowded and as comfortable as in Boston or Philadelphia—the two cities, I believe, which contend for horse-car supremacy, each city having its champions to maintain its superior advantages, as I well remember.

If we except Milan, Naples is probably the only ancient city that has not suffered by the frenzy for Italian unity, and its accomplishment—indeed it seems to have profited considerably thereby. Rome, great in its classic memories, great as the heart of Christendom, great as the free home of Christ's Vicar, was never intended by nature to be a great modern capital; and the efforts to make it such by pulling

down and building up, are only effacing all that made it interesting and glorious, and their result must of necessity be a monotonous third or fourth-class city, just like any other city anywhere; its individuality must go: dreamy Florence, the city of poetry and of art, once the centre of a free and independent people, is nothing now but a museum, visited by those who desire to see what she has been in the past: widowed Venice, beautiful beyond description even in her too evident decay, sits mournfully by the shore, looking out upon the fickle sea, and weeping over her departed glories; and the traveller can scarcely view her without a feeling of sadness. But with Naples it is otherwise. Beautiful as Venice, in its bay; its sky as clear and its air as balmy and as genius-inspiring as that of Florence; second only to Rome in its classical memories; it has been able, moreover, to keep pace with all the requirements of modern progress: the storehouse of southern Italy on the western side, its great bay so close to the sea, forming a safe and spacious harbor and an easy outlet, it follows that, whatever progress united Italy may make, or whatever prosperity she may enjoy, the progress and prosperity of Naples must be in proportion.

These reflections were not made during that first walk through the brilliantly lighted and noisy streets; but since they are the evolution of those first impressions, they will fit in here as well as anywhere else. I should have mentioned in the beginning that the day was Palm Sunday and that, in Italy, Eastertide seems to be socially what Christmas is with us, a season of merrymaking and good cheer and of good will to all. And as with us, for a week or ten days previous, the gladness of the coming Nativity is foreshadowed, so here too the glory of the Resurrection intrudes itself upon the sorrowful week that precedes it. The streets were one blaze of light and filled with sightseers and with the interested; shop windows were gay with decorations appropriate to the season; booths and stands, with pendent smoky lamps, encumbered the sidewalks, freighted with much that was useful, and with not a little, probably, that was useless; and such as could not afford the expensive luxury of a stand, had spread their wares upon the pavement, to the best advantage to attract the eye of the curious and the purse of the credulous. All this supposes an interminable din, each one eloquently expatiating upon the superiority of his own goods and the patriotic sacrifice he was making of himself for the common weal. It was very much like what might be seen anywhere under like circumstances, and was almost the counterpart of what I had seen on Broadway, New York, one Christmas-eve, a year or two before. Like one of good

old Fr. Rodriguez's treatises, it might be confirmed with many examples. Most numerous, however, most patronised, and most interesting were the macaroni stands with their steaming caldrons; and these piles of insipid-looking tubes were being continuously converted into the tempting dish: the work of destruction kept pace with the work of formation, as in Darwin's recently exploded theory of coral reefs. Around these stands stood joyous throngs; and even they who had not wherewith to buy could, at least, feast their eyes and their nostrils on the piping odorous viands. It was a gay spectacle: there was much merriment, a great deal of shouting, and what to the uninitiated might seem to be considerable violent controversy in barter and exchange; but all this meant nothing, and the good nature that prevailed made the whole thing pleasant to behold. When we reached the novitiate, we found both the rector and minister at the door waiting to receive us. The rector and master of novices, though still a young man, spent many years of missionary life in S. America, and, on his way back to Europe, four years ago, visited several of our houses, including Woodstock. His welcome was most hearty; it seemed to be his constant thought to provide for our comfort and happiness; and the charity which he and others of his community lavished upon us so continuously can never be forgotten, and still remains the most pleasant and the most deeply prized remembrance of all that I saw and experienced in that city of such varied interest.

The novitiate is situated on the side of one of the numerous high hills which surround the city and offer such a variety of views of the lovely bay with all its historic towns and fairy islands. It is in a district called the Vomero, which, though topographically an integral part of the city, is outside the corporate limits. The house is better known as the Villa Melecrinis, as it was the private property of Fr. Melecrinis, who gave it over to the Society when it returned, after so many vicissitudes, to begin once more the Province of Naples. The novices, three of whom were priests, were twelve or thirteen in number, with about the same number of juniors, one of whom was a priest. It seems to be a peculiarity of this province that they who enter as priests go through exactly the same experience as the others. The house has received several additions as circumstances demanded and means permitted. There are now two buildings, in one of which (the former villa) live the juniors—here likewise is the chapel—in the other are the rooms of the novices and the refectory. Of course, as it was never intended for its present use, there are many drawbacks: the

chapel is very small, though neat and tidy; the refectory, recently erected, is quite a handsome room. A small patch of garden surrounds it where the scholastics recreate, high over the city, and play a very innocent game called *bocce*, which may be described, in very general and very inaccurate terms, as a species of marbles, played with large wooden balls like croquet balls. The situation is a fine one, "not quite within the busy city, nor quite beyond it," sufficiently retired for study and for prayer, and sufficiently near the stir and bustle of life to get an occasional change of phantasms. More spacious grounds, and more room within are desirable. One of the novices, a German, more probably a Frenchman, since he is from Alsace, is for the mission of New Mexico. One of the juniors, Fratello Gilbert, is a New Mexican, and Fr. Mola placed him entirely at our disposal to guide and interest us, which he did with the most unselfish devotion and painstaking charity. This poor province has suffered more probably than any other from the evil effects of the revolution. Nothing now remains to it of its once extensive property, except La Conocchia, which was repurchased a few years ago by its legitimate owners from whom it had been stolen in '60, I think, when Garibaldi and his red-shirted followers took possession of the city; yet it once more cheerfully and earnestly sets itself to work, in the face of countless difficulties, to begin again where once its fruits were so abundant: it has ever been a puzzle to me to know how these persecuted provinces in Europe managed to subsist, and particularly this poor province of Naples with no apparent means whatever at its disposal.

One of my first visits was to our former church of the Gesù where rests the body of St. Francis Girolamo. The Italian government has allowed all the other religious orders to undertake the management of the churches of which they were deprived during the revolution; but it was deemed impolitic to extend this act of justice to the Jesuits; so that our Gesù still remains in the hands of the secular clergy. The Neapolitans are very proud of this church, and justly too, though I could hardly agree with them that it is finer than its magnificent namesake in Rome. It is much larger, but its proportions do not seem to be as perfect, nor is it so devotional nor so refined in its decorations as the Roman Gesù, nor so bright: it lacks an undefinable something, cheerful and pleasing to the eye—probably the *lucidity* so much in vogue with a certain class of modern writers—which the Roman church possesses in a high degree. It is rich in marbles, in decorations and in paintings by famous masters, as Solimena, Lanfranco, and Luca Giordano. The last

named, the painter of the Calling of St. Matthew in the rector's room at Georgetown, has left behind him in Naples many evidences of his skill and of his marvellously rapid execution : his works are to be met with everywhere, frescoes and paintings. The original cupola, destroyed by an earthquake in 1688, was enriched by a famous fresco of Lanfranco : the cupola was rebuilt, but the fresco was lost to art. On the right of the high altar, a very fine piece of work, is the large chapel of St. Francis Girolamo, whose body rests in a bronze casket beneath the altar. The decorations of the chapel, mostly bronze and silver, are very bold and striking, though the chapel is too obscure to be seen to good advantage. Ours still do some labor in the church ; preaching, hearing confessions, etc., but this is owing to the good will of the clergy who now have control. Adjoining the Gesù is the old professed house, with relics of St. Francis Girolamo, and a few drops of the blood of St. Aloysius which is said to liquefy occasionally, as in the miracle of St. Januarius. The Gesù was ours until 1860.

Previous to the Suppression, we had another church, near the Royal Palace, dedicated to St. Francis Xavier, which had the honor of being the first temple consecrated in his name. After the Suppression, when Ours were no more, the church was rechristened in honor of St. Ferdinand, doubtless as a compliment to King Ferdinand then ruler of Naples. The kings of the two Sicilies have long since disappeared from history, but the compliment remains, for the church yet bears the name of St. Ferdinand, though the pictures and statuary still give evidence of its origin, and the picture of St. Francis Xavier over the high altar tells of its first dedication. It seemed to be a favorite church with the provincial, Rev. Fr. Conger, who spent much of his free time in one of its confessionals. He is a relative of Fr. Piccirillo, and the family resemblance in his spirit of industry and readiness for all kinds of work, as well as in his whole-souled kindness of manner, is very striking. His fame as a preacher is great, not merely in Naples, but throughout Italy ; and he has extraordinary zeal besides for that work. I had the pleasure of hearing him preach the Three Hours' Agony on Good Friday. During the previous week he had given a mission to some pious congregation of men, and he had moreover to preach on Holy Saturday the Three Hours' Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin in some other church. The Three Hours' Agony was preached in the church of St. Ferdinand, which was thronged by a great crowd attracted by the fame of the speaker. He was very eloquent, solid and rhetorical. But the effort was too much for him after

his labor of the week previous, and the *magro stretto* which he could not be induced to forego that morning. After the preaching he fainted in the sacristy and had to be taken home in a carriage. When I visited him next morning, I found him confined to his bed regretting his inability to preach three more hours that afternoon, and not yet fully convinced that he should not make the effort. I believe it required the positive order of the physician to quiet him.

Though without a church and deprived of the colleges that were formerly ours, two other colleges have been started within recent years with considerable success, one boarding-school, La Conocchia, and another day-school, the Collegio Valente, as it is called from its rector, the brother of our Fr. Valente of by-gone years in Woodstock. La Conocchia has a charming situation on one of the city's many beautiful hills, and from almost any of its windows an extensive view of the city and the bay and the volcano can be had. It belonged to the Society before '48 and was then used as a house of retreat for seculars. It was taken from us during that unhappy period, but was given back after order had been restored. It was then used as a novitiate until '60, when it was once more confiscated by the second outbreak and sold by the government. A few years ago it was again purchased by its original and legitimate proprietors, and is now a flourishing boarding-school. It is not large, and its receiving capacity is consequently limited. It is very well arranged for school purposes, very clean, and very comfortable. The two upper stories are occupied by dormitories for the boys; the second by private rooms and the domestic chapel; the first by parlors, private rooms, class rooms, the boys' refectory, etc. The refectory is a very handsome room, high, well lighted, spacious, and paved with a very excellent glazed tile, which looks almost as brilliant as mosaic. The dormitories especially pleased me: they are high and airy, and very well arranged. The alcoves are separated from each other, not by curtains, as is customary with us when even that much privacy is tolerated, but by wooden partitions; the upper half of the door of this recess is of wire, thus offering a good view to the perambulating prefect. I found here an ingenious contrivance for preserving discipline which may be a lesson for us, and may show us at the same time how we may borrow ideas from foreigners even in that which we are wont to consider our own special line. These doors are so arranged that when once locked after bed time they can indeed be opened by the indweller, if it be necessary for him to get up during the night; but their opening, by means of an electric apparatus, sets a bell ringing over

the dreaming head of the prefect in his room, and it keeps on ringing until the door is locked again ; but the interesting part of it is (for all except the poor prefect) that the custodian of law and order can alone close that door tight again, so that *nilly willy* he is obliged to get up, unless he can brave that incessant tinkling, and restore things to their normal state. It would, of course, be inconvenient if each boy took it into his head to get up in regular rotation during the night, and I do not know how the poor prefect would manage with some of our yearly epidemics ; but as I heard nothing but praise of the system, I suppose these inconveniences have not yet been experienced. Fr. De Augustinis was rector here when he was called to take Cardinal Mazzella's place at the Gregorian University. I do not know how many boys are in the college, but my impression is that they have as many as their circumscribed limits will permit. These boys are of the best families, and the college is the substitute for the old Collegio dei Nobili.

The Collegio Valente in the Largo Avellino is for day-scholars only ; though I think they had a few boarders too who could not find room at La Conocchia. The students are about four hundred. The *collegio* is nothing but a private residence, accommodated to college purposes, with what success you may judge from the number of boys. I met there two old professors of mine, and of others, of course, in Woodstock in the happy past, Fr. Piccirelli and good Fr. Valente. Fr. Piccirelli is hale and hearty, and has acquired much flesh during the intervening years. Poor Fr. Valente was just recovering from a severe spell of sickness that had greatly wasted and enfeebled him. He was still confined to his room, though sitting up, and for several weeks had been unable to offer up the holy sacrifice. Both of these good fathers, as all their old friends will readily believe, were exceedingly kind to us, and made many interested inquiries concerning their former friends in the province. Fr. Valente's continuous regret was his inability to accompany us himself to show us the geological wonders of this volcanic region, in which he knew us to be much interested ; so that, in consequence, our trip, geologically, cannot be considered a success ; it was fortunate for us that Naples had other points of interest besides stones and strata, since thus the excursion was saved from being a complete failure. With Fr. Piccirelli and two nephews of Fr. Valente, we enjoyed a pleasant drive in the vicinity of Mt. Vesuvius. On the way we visited a shrine famous in these parts, the Madonna dell'Arco. It is quite a large, handsome church, and principally remarkable for the number and quality of its *ex votos*.

These *ex votos*, representing some extraordinary interference of divine Providence in favor of human faith and infirmity, are to be met with everywhere in Catholic countries, around some favored altar or much honored shrine. Sometimes it is a picture, inspired by faith rather than by art, with the history of the miracle narrated below in decidedly simple language; sometimes it is the representation of a limb that was cured of its wound or paralysis; sometimes it is a picture of the patron saint of the shrine, presented by the grateful recipient of heavenly favors, with his name and the date of the miracle; sometimes, too, one finds articles of great value, gold watches, diamond rings, rich chains, sparkling bracelets, etc., which have all been left there in the first outburst of enthusiastic thankfulness. But the interior of the Madonna dell'Arco is literally covered with these mementos. From the ceiling, crutches and invalid chairs are suspended; the walls are invisible for the abundance of offerings, and the large altar of our Blessed Lady in the centre of the church is encumbered with pictures, statuettes, and representations of every species of bodily infirmity. On the walls were hanging five or six grim-looking coffins, which, I suppose, had been rendered unnecessary by our Blessed Lady's powerful intercession. You soon realise that you are in a land of strong, simple faith, where people make their appeals to heaven never doubting, and where, in consequence, miracles are of no infrequent occurrence; and, with the regular periodic marvels to be seen twice a year in the cathedral of Naples, which even scoffing science acknowledges to be beyond its *present* ken, one is ready to believe anything here in the supernatural order. The pleasant little town of San Giorgio is not far distant from the church of the Madonna dell'Arco, and in very dangerous proximity to the whimsical volcano. Not many years since, perhaps about 25, there was a violent eruption of Vesuvius, and the molten lava came slowly down the steep incline, burning and destroying all that came in its way; and San Giorgio, at the foot of the mountain, lay directly in its destroying path. There was of course great consternation in the little town, it seemed inevitable that San Giorgio should share the fate of Herculaneum, and many sought refuge in flight, and began to transport their movables to a place of safety. There is plenty of time for all this, for the lava travels very slowly. It occurred to some one that St. George should take some interest in the town named after him, and a procession was formed with the statue of the saint slaying the dragon in front. Was it not as easy to stay the too real lava in its course of destruction as to slay the mythical dragon? Up the mountain-side



the procession wended towards the crawling fiery monster, and the statue was placed at a safe distance from the threatened town. Now the fact is, explain it as you may, that the lava, instead of keeping on down the slope, as the laws of nature—as far at least as they are known—would seem to require, actually turned aside at the base of the statue, and went off in another direction, leaving San Giorgio once more victor in his fight with the fire-breathing monster; and the town was saved. You can still see the spot where the lava deflected instead of continuing its onward course, and the unbeliever will have some difficulty in accounting for this phenomenon.

It will soon be clear to the visitor to Naples that the people are full of faith. Pictures and statues of the Blessed Virgin are to be seen at every corner, with their lamps burning before them; and during Holy Week, the sidewalk was freely occupied by temporary altars representing Calvary, and adorned with numerous candles and bunches of fresh flowers. Nearly everybody uncovers his head as he passes before the sacred images. Some years ago the city government which was liberal, that is to say irreligious, had these pictures and statues removed, as æsthetic blemishes to the city; but when the cholera broke out two years since, the people hung up once more these symbols of their confidence, and the government has not since judged it prudent to interfere, as after all, æsthetic blemishes are not so disastrous as a riot would be. Before the Suppression, our college was the present university, a great, gloomy building in inconvenient proximity to the older part of the town. It is now a free-thinking establishment, and the centennial of our suppression was celebrated by a memorial slab "to Clement XIV for having abolished the Soc. of Jesus." This inscribed malice is placed over the principal entrance, and one, on seeing it, does not know whether to be indignant at its wickedness and hypocrisy, or amused at its childish fatuity. After the restoration a new college was built in the newer and finer part of the city, not far from the great museum, and close by the church of the Gesù. It is a large, handsome building, fronting on a beautiful square—the Piazza Dante, if I remember aright—and is a fine situation. It is now, like the Roman College, a government lyceum.

It would be a folly to visit Naples without seeing Pompeii, only three quarters of an hour away by train, and therefore we went to Pompeii. However, I was surprised to find that some of our Neapolitan fathers had never seen that interesting relic of antiquity. Of course the folly mentioned above has no application in their case, since they are not to be

classed under the head of visitors to Naples. It would be entirely out of place for me to say anything here of the interesting city that has been and is still being exposed to the light of day, after two thousand years of buried isolation; so I shall pass it by. But a few minutes walk from the silent city there is another famous shrine to the Madonna di Pompeii. It consists of a very splendid church erected to the honor of the Blessed Virgin. It is a pious offering of a gentleman who was converted from infidelity, some five or six years ago, through the intercession of our Blessed Lady; and he and his pious wife have adopted this means of offering a splendid testimonial of gratitude to our Blessed Mother. The church was not yet completed while we were there, but a few months later it was consecrated by Cardinal Monaco La Valetta, who went from Rome in the name of the Pope, and was received with the wildest enthusiasm in Naples and the towns *en route*. This beautiful church has already its history of many miracles, and seems to be a second Lourdes. The high altar of marble and precious stones is superb; and when finished it promises to be one of the richest and most magnificent in Italy. It is the centre of a pious association with branches throughout the world; and a periodical devoted to the honor of the Blessed Virgin is published there.

Easter Sunday was ushered in with a deafening clanging of bells, and a furious popping of fire crackers that shook one's nerves. There gunpowder is the legitimate sign of enthusiasm, and it certainly is an effective one. Enormous fire crackers are strung across the street after the manner of our campaign banners during election time; they are made to bear a distant resemblance to an old woman, and are quite as bulky; they are called *Quaresima*, which might be translated Mrs. Lent, and all morning these *quaresime* are popping their glad farewells all over the city. In the new order of things, religious processions through the streets are forbidden, except on one or two occasions yearly, on which it was found that the Neapolitans would not allow themselves to be coerced. But the Vomero, not being within the city limits municipally, still continues the old customs, and they gave us an opportunity to witness a very singular spectacle. About noon a procession passed the gate of the novitiate, headed by a brass band playing a funeral dirge; then followed the procession with statues of St. John, St. Mary Magdalen and the Blessed Virgin, carried on the shoulders of the devout. The Blessed Virgin was dressed in deep mourning. This procession is on its way to meet another, in which, preceded by a band playing joyous airs, is carried the statue of the risen Saviour. When

the two processions meet, a string, attached to the sable garments of the Blessed Virgin, is pulled and she appears in rich attire sparkling with jewelry. At the same time a number of little birds, concealed in the folds of her dress, are liberated, and fly heavenward; symbolising, I suppose, the heavenly freedom won for us by Christ's death and resurrection. Then the two processions unite and proceed with soul-stirring music to a church.

I attended services in the cathedral on Holy Saturday and Easter Sunday. On the former day, the revered cardinal assisted at the High Mass, which he himself celebrated on Easter Sunday. The canons of this church have the unusual privilege of wearing the mitre and pectoral cross, and the sight that was presented in the vast sanctuary by all these mitred heads, and by the hundred seminarians in their violet cassocks trimmed with red, was very impressive. It was to be regretted that our visit did not coincide with either of the miraculous liquefactions of the blood of St. Januarius. However, through the kindness of Fr. Mola, we procured permission to visit the treasury of the sacristy, with its forty or fifty statues of saints, including St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier, all life-size and of solid silver, together with numberless other precious objects which, for centuries, kings and potentates, not excepting the present ruler of Italy, have presented to this miraculous chapel.

This letter has already passed all reasonable limits, and yet, at the risk of increasing it considerably, I must relate in detail the experiences of one day spent in the environs of Naples. I would like to tell you of the despoiled Carthusian convent of San Martino, now a government museum, with its treasures of art and its transporting panorama, which gives a significant meaning to the saying: "See Naples and die!" I would like also to describe the monastery of the Camalduli, still in possession of the white-clad monks, with its view of the Mediterranean and the two bays of Naples and Gaeta; but these must be passed over. One thing I witnessed in the latter monastery; which edified me greatly, I shall here mention. The cardinal of Naples is a Benedictine, and frequently retires to the monastery for rest and recreation. His rest and recreation consist in living for a few days exactly the life of a monk. He has his own cell with its three rooms just like the others. We visited this cheerless cell with its pleasant little vegetable garden in front. One room is for study and sleeping, the other is an oratory with an altar on which to offer up the holy sacrifice, and the third room is a workshop. The sleeping room contains a table with a few religious books,

one chair, and a bed which is more like a rough sofa with coarse covering. Over this rude couch was a crucifix and a photograph of the cardinal, who had written beneath, these words: "Cella mihi cœlum—Hic requies mea." Such is the spirit of this Italian nobleman and prince of the Church, whose name is a household word in Italy for good deeds and fearless charity. His labors during the cholera scourge a few years ago are known throughout the world; and in his countenance one can discern that indefinable sweetness and gentleness which seem to be the accompaniment of a blameless and saintly life.

But what I cannot bring myself to omit is an expedition we made, in company with the Rev. Rector, the fathers and the juniors of the novitiate. The juniors have a grand excursion yearly during the Easter holidays, and so we were fortunately able to make it this year in their edifying company. We started at 6 A. M. and less than an hour found us standing before the tomb of the Mantuan bard, reading the long lapidary inscription in honor of him who had sung so well of "pascua, rura, duces." The tomb is in a very dirty corner of a very dusty road, close by a tunnel still in use which the enterprising Cumæans constructed centuries ago, to shorten the road between Cumæ and Parthenope. Poor Virgil! there is but little beauty around the spot which holds his cinerary urn, and, it is hard to write it, but the place is not worth a visit; yet even the guide books which provoke you to visit the places which his genius only has immortalised, seek to dissuade the traveller from going to pay reverence to his dust. From Virgil's tomb the steam tram, or narrow gauge, carries you in twenty minutes to Lake Agnano; or rather to its site, for it has long since been drained and is now a fertile field. Here one can understand why Virgil chose this neighborhood for his entrance to the infernal regions. The whole country around for many miles is volcanic and perforated with caves and dens; even the ground beneath your feet is honeycombed, and gives forth a hollow sound when you stamp upon it vigorously; there are also noxious exhalations of boiling sulphureous water, and ammoniac and carbonic gas everywhere: here too is a partially extinct volcano, Astroni, from which smoke still issues, though unaccompanied by flame. The sensation is not pleasant, to walk over this crust of earth that might give way at any moment and land you in the centre of all these boiling chemicals. From Lake Agnano, an hour's good walking brought us to Pozzuoli, the Puteoli of the ancients, where St. Paul tarried seven days on his way to Rome. This quiet little town by the sea is probably older than

Rome itself, and is only a shadow of what it has been. Its ruins attest its past magnificence; its great amphitheatre and its imposing temple to the Egyptian god, Serapis, are quite as vast as anything to be seen in the Roman forum. Its inhabitants now live principally on fish and tourists—Americans preferred—not indeed that the good people manifest any cannibal propensities, nor that fish is their exclusive diet; in fact I do not know that they ever eat of it; but the fish they catch and sell, and the generous tourist who desires to sail upon the beautiful bay they catch and sell too, and bleed unmercifully, even though metaphorically; and the guide books give long instructions as to what you must do to escape this tropical butchery. In Pozzuoli is a mountain which sprang up in a single night, during a volcanic eruption, burying several villages that stood upon the site. It is called New Mountain, though its three centuries of existence would seem to merit for it another name by this time. It was in this town that St. Januarius was martyred, and in the cathedral is preserved the marble slab upon which he was executed. The dark blood-spots are discernible, and, strange to relate, these too liquefy at the same time in which the miracle takes place in the cathedral of Naples. Many witnesses testify to this, and it is too easy of verification to be asserted without foundation.

From Pozzuoli we went, some by land, others by water, to Lake Lucrinus, once so dear to the Epicurean on account of its famous conchylia. I chose the water route to see still more of the lovely bay that never tires. Lago Lucrino is nothing but a pond a few yards from the sea, with which it is connected by a narrow channel, and I might liken it to that pond near the boat house at St. Inigo's except that the Lucrine pond is about ten times longer. It is now oysterless, and is merely a fish preserve. Ten minutes' walk towards the interior brings you to the shores of Lake Avernus, a chilly looking body of colorless water. If I might venture here to make another comparison, I will liken it to our ice-pond at Woodstock, multiplied by twenty. These similitudes may knock all the poetry out of places that we have been accustomed to cover with a halo of romance, but it makes very little difference whether the poetry is forced to go before seeing or describing; and it adds to the poet's fame that out of so little he was able to make so much. What genius needs must be his who could make our Woodstock ice-pond the subject of one of the most thrilling books of a great epic! Though a cheerless, desolate-looking spot, Avernus is not as horrible as the poet has depicted it; and

in defiance of its name, birds fly around and over it fearlessly—a fact which, for truth's sake, I thought it worth while to note. By the side of the lake is one of the many caves which claim to have been the *antrum sibyllæ*—a long, dark tunnel, wherein nothing is to be seen except the damp walls under the ghastly light of the guide's resin torch. This gentleman entertains you with a long history of Virgil, Æneas, the Sibyl, and even of the grim old ferryman, his predecessor in the conducting business; but his information was very inexact, and it was evident that he had never thumbed the original documents, and I found him unequal to a mild cross-examination. His only certainty was, that all four of these worthies no longer played a part in the drama of life, but the when, how, why, and wherefore, he could not account for satisfactorily. From the Sibyl's cave we retraced our steps along the shores of Avernus and back over the country to Lago Lucrino. The part of the Bay of Naples near Lago Lucrino is called the Golfo di Baia; it is a back-water of the Golfo di Napoli, almost semicircular, with Pozzuoli for one of its extremes, while the other is Capo Miseno, so called after Æneas' unfortunate trumpeter—

quo non præstantior alter  
Aere ciere viros Martemque accendere cantu.

About half an hour's ramble along the shore brought us to what were the ruins, the melancholy ruins, of the once splendid and festive Baia. It is now called Baia, but it is merely a name; not a human dwelling stands on this charming spot; nothing is to be seen but the crumbling remnants of its past magnificence. The waves sweep over its once splendid palaces, plainly visible beneath the limpid surface; and along the shore are seen the ruins of princely villas and of gorgeous temples, and beneath your feet are strewn broken marble pillars with elaborately chiselled capitals. It is a scene of utter desolation; and one wonders why that loveliest portion of that lovely bay has never been resuscitated. Is it that God's curse has fallen upon it for the excesses of which it was the witness and the occasion in pagan times? However that may be, all that is left of *liquidæ* Baia is a mere pile of stones washed by the ruthless and ever-encroaching sea. I had remembered from my classical days the discussions of learned commentators about the precise meaning of *liquidæ* as applied to Baia, whether it referred to the sky above or to the sea beneath, rivalling it in azure beauty, or to the balminess of its invigorating climate; and as I stood upon the ruins, I wondered if it did not mean, neither more nor less, what we more pro-

saically would call—watering-place. I know its simplicity and obviousness are opposed to this interpretation, but the place itself suggested it, and the word, without violence, seems suited to express it. From Baiæ, or Baia, we returned to Pozzuoli in a great yawl, steered by two stout marines with a strange tongue and yet stranger ideas concerning the classic interest of the country with which they were so familiar. One of them began to relate to us the old, old story of Virgil, Æneas and the Sibyl, with variations. To our inquiries concerning the present whereabouts of the Sibyl, he said he did not know, because he was a sailor, but, for fuller information, referred us to the guide, whom we had already found so unreliable.

Thus ended a very delightful excursion, though by no means the end of all the beautiful things we saw in Naples; and here also, to your relief, must end my letter. From the *brief* outline herein given, you will readily understand how full of interest and pleasure is a stay in Naples: indeed, after Rome—*cui nihil simile aut secundum*—no city, I think, can charm so much. I take this opportunity of repeating what I have said already, that the pleasantest of all my remembrances of *bella Napoli*, so well called thus, is the kind charity of the good fathers there; of Fr. Canger, the Provincial, who gave us such a hearty welcome to his province, of Fr. Mola, the Rector of the novitiate, who cared for us as he cares for his own novices, ever planning some fresh enjoyment, and anticipating our every comfort, and of Mr. or Fratello Gilbert, who sacrificed himself so unsparingly for our sakes. Other names might be mentioned; but if I began, where should I end? and on account of our special relations with the three named, it seemed quite proper to mention them: indeed it might seem ungrateful not to do so.

Yours in Xt.,

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## ALABAMA.

SELMA, ALA., June 7th, 1887.

REVEREND DEAR FATHER,  
P. C.

As you have repeatedly asked me for fuller details about the missions of Selma, I will try to satisfy your curiosity. You will have to be patient, for I wish you to accompany me in spirit on one of my round trips. As almost all my excursions are alike, with here and there a few incidents to vary the monotony, you will have a thorough knowledge of my doings during the two years I spent here; and also a knowledge of the doings of Fr. R. I. Holaind, during almost five years. He was my worthy predecessor; in fact the first one to begin this kind of work in this part of the country. He now teaches Ethics and Natural Right in Woodstock College, Md.

Before we start, as you are not well acquainted with the South, let me give you a few general notions of the State of Alabama.

The population of the state was in 1880, as I see in the official census, 1,262,505 souls; 662,185 whites, 600,320 colored. Since then the population of the state has greatly increased, owing to immigration from all parts of the States. This is due to its great mineral wealth, which is developing rapidly. Coal and iron abound in the northern half of the state. To give you an idea of this growth, I have but to mention Birmingham, which, ten years ago, was an insignificant little town with two blast-furnaces and a rolling-mill, and now counts according to rumors, exaggerated of course, 80,000 people. Besides Birmingham, there are several other new, *brand-new*, towns growing up rapidly all over the northern part of the state; the chief ones are Anniston, Sheffield and Bessemer: old towns, such as Decatur, Gadston, Huntsville, Tuscaloosa, Talladega and Brierfield, have more than doubled their population within the last six or seven years. All these towns have built blast-furnaces, some have as many as four; factories keep coming in, and saw-mills are to be found every few miles along the railroads; much lumber, especially long-leaved pine which is considered of superior quality, is shipped to the North.

Before this new start of iron-ore and coal mines, cotton and corn were the main products. As an agricultural state,



Alabama does not rank very high in the South. Of course there are large tracts of very fertile land, as, for instance, the Tennessee valley, which extends from East to West across the whole northern part of the state; and the Black-Belt or Cane-Brake, as it is called, comprising the central part of the state from East to West is considered as good farming land as any in the United States. Many hundreds of hands, mostly negroes, are employed in railroad building. Owing to these new industries, farmers are short of hands, have to pay higher wages, make shorter crops and pay the same taxes.

Mobile, formerly the chief town, with a population of about 30,000 souls, and its immediate neighborhood, was peopled by Spaniards, successively reinforced by Frenchmen and, later on, by Germans. The two former races are blended nowadays with the Americans; the Germans keep their distinctive nationality. In the valley of the Tennessee, there are here and there scattered groups of Germans. The rest of the state was formerly settled by Virginians. Of course, there are Irishmen all over the state; these came in rapidly of late. One of the prettiest and richest parts was granted by the government in 1817 to a French settlement, refugees from Martinique during the insurrection of the slaves in that island in 1816.

The general features of the country are made up of hills and dales. In the north-eastern part, the hills are quite high. The people call them mountains; but I can never make up my mind that it is so; these hills are not over five hundred or six hundred feet above the level of the dale below. Further south, and in the whole of the western part, the hills vary from one hundred to three hundred feet in height, though steep enough, and separated by narrow and irregular valleys.

There are several water courses: the Tennessee River, which is navigable; the Coosa, rising in the extreme North West of Georgia, becomes navigable a few miles before it enters Alabama and remains so for about one hundred and fifty miles; it then becomes impassable, owing to cascades and rocks, until it is joined, a few miles above Montgomery, the capital of the state, by the Tallapoosa, coming also from Georgia. From this junction springs the Alabama River, navigable down to Mobile. Before reaching Mobile, about seventy miles north of that city, the Alabama River is overtaken by the Tombigbee, famous in negro songs, and both form what is called the Mobile River; this name is kept until its waters are swallowed up by Mobile Bay which, in its turn, is lost in the Gulf of Mexico. The Tombigbee is

navigable almost all the way from Demopolis to Mobile; and sometimes, at high water, from Tuscaloosa.

The educational system is carried out well in this state; the teachers are competent and well paid. There is not a hamlet which has not its public school. In towns, these schools are considered superior educational institutions. I do not recollect to have entered a house or even a hut of white people without finding a local newspaper, and frequently Northern papers, sectarian papers of course. Besides the public schools, there are many normal schools and sectarian colleges and seminaries, as they call them; some for boys, others for girls. I do not know of any mixed college or seminary in this part of the country. Talladega has a large negro school where preachers and teachers are educated. It is supported by the funds of Northern Evangelical Union societies.

The religious denominations are numerous; the Baptists and Methodists are about of equal strength, and, I think, form five-eighths of the whole population. These sects are much at variance with each other, even where they have the same name; the only time when they agree, as everywhere else, is when there is question of something against the Catholic Church. There are here Free Baptists, Hard-shell Baptists, and other Baptists; Free Methodists, Protestant Episcopal Methodists South, Independent Methodists, Primitive and Zion Methodists. The Episcopalians are not numerous; the better class of people belong to this church, some to the High, others to the Low Church. They call themselves Catholics; I have sometimes been misled by this name; they call us Romanists when they mean well, and Papists when they talk slang. Presbyterians are, after the Baptists and Methodists, the most numerous denomination and the bitterest against the Catholics. Lutherans and other sects are not numerous. Jews are everywhere all over the state, and in great numbers relatively to the population; they thrive here. They render me great services, and I feel at ease with them. They come from the European German countries.

The prospects of converting Alabama are not great at present, especially in the country, and in towns where there is no resident priest. I am acquainted with many Protestants; I aim at getting in with them, mingling with them, speaking with them on indifferent subjects, and soon, one way or another, the conversation turns on religion: they open it on that subject; I have but to answer their questions; it happens in quite a natural way; no strain, no fuss, no quarrel, all is done in the ordinary way of conversation.

When they hear of the tenets of the Catholic creed, of the age of the Church and the number of its adherents, they open their eyes in amazement; my seeming good nature engenders confidence in them and they speak out their ideas on the Church, the priests and the Jesuits. Queer ideas they are indeed, and though they are on serious matter, they tickle and amuse me very much; even educated people have such odd notions about us. Such conversations give me an occasion of offering them a book (usually the *Faith of Our Fathers*, or the *Catholic Belief*) which will tell them all about Catholics. They accept the book and assure me it will be read carefully. When I have no book of the kind with me, I send them one by mail on the first occasion. Of course these books are given to keep and the recipient is asked to pass them to his friends, if any seem willing to learn of us. Over three hundred copies were thus distributed by me to Protestants. They will bring fruit sooner or later; at least they will remove prejudices. The effects of reading such books are clearly seen in my subsequent visits; people receive me with more cordiality, have numerous questions to ask, and, in some cases, they relate with zest how they have shut up such or such a preacher speaking in an abusive and false manner of the Catholic Church and its ministers.

Within the last two years I received seventeen converts into the Church; they were exceptions; some married to Catholics, others about to be married to Catholics—I do not exact so much of these; and others who gave satisfactory signs of perseverance either on account of their superior education or other circumstances. My principle is to be slow in making converts in places like these, where they cannot be well instructed nor visited frequently. There are several persons on a fair way to conversion; if they prove worthy, they will be received in due time.

As for the colored people outside the cities, I really do not know what we can do for them at present. According to researches and computations made by Father Holaind in 1886, there were 6,752,813 negroes, and among those six millions and a half, we cannot claim more than 100,000. They are altogether a fickle and unprincipled set of beings, and enthusiastic only over their shoutings and night meetings, which, in country places, are far from being moral, and farther still from being Christian assemblages. To a certain extent the same may be said of the camp-meetings of the different sects. I cannot reveal what I know, but it makes one blush to think that Christianity should be so abused and made an occasion of evil rather than of good.

The Catholics are not numerous in Alabama nor in the

neighboring states—Georgia and Mississippi; yet both these states count a greater percentage than Alabama. I cannot at present ascertain the exact number, but I should think it much to say 15,000. Outside of Mobile and its immediate vicinity, there are about 1,500 Catholics in Montgomery; there must be more in Birmingham; but it is impossible even to guess the number at present, as the population is of recent date, and many that work in factories and in public works do not show themselves to be Catholics, especially those who are engaged in the iron line; they seem as hard as the metal they handle, and they do not usually show off their faith in words, and still less in conduct. Apart from these three places, there are not to be found in any town over 250 members of the true Church. Selma does not count quite 250; after Selma, the town that counts most is probably Tuscaloosa, that showed up, some time past, 16 families; then come Anniston, Decatur, Huntsville, Gadston, Eufaula, Demopolis and Greensboro, that count four Catholic families each; and then the number diminishes until it reaches its minimum—one family in a town—and sometimes only the father or the mother belong to our Church. Then, there is Talladega, a flourishing town of 5,000 souls that has not a single Catholic. It is strange, but it is a fact; I am well acquainted with the place. Leaving out Mobile, there is one Catholic for every 200 inhabitants.

This perhaps is the place to tell you how to account for this small number of the faithful. As mentioned above, the former settlers of the state were for the greater part from Virginia; they did not bring in a Catholic element, and this is the chief reason. The priests also have always been scarce in this diocese, though it dates from 1826, and unfortunately some of them, especially those in the country—Well, they were not a credit to the Catholic priesthood—a fact which this set of hypocrites turned to advantage against the Church. Thus, they were not influential with Protestants. There was nothing to arouse their better nature, nothing to give them enthusiasm; and frequently the trouble they took was little appreciated and apparently of little avail—enough to abate their fervor. Their income was necessarily small and their expenses relatively large, caused by the long journeys they had to undertake to visit their people. These, being poor, rather expected help from the priest than to give him any; thus there was dissatisfaction on both sides. Hence there were no converts; these are made more by example than by preaching; besides they require long and assiduous care, good and solid training in the principles of our faith, and, most of all, the grace of God on the priest's efforts.

The Catholics themselves fell off, some few through formal apostasy, and others—and many they were and are now—through a lingering indifference, died a slow death to the true faith.

You must know that almost all the Catholics that settled in Alabama were of the poorer class of people, badly instructed and frequently not able to repel the attacks they had to encounter from the sophistry of the preachers and of their neighbors. These Catholics came on, one by one, or two by two; they were employed at some public work and settled near by. Many were single men, who got entangled with Protestant women whom they made their wives. The great loss, however, was due, and is due yet, to neglecting the children. Even where the father and the mother were good Catholics, the children, in most cases, became Protestants. The temptation was too great; they wanted to go with other children; they went with them to their meeting-houses and their Sunday-schools, and naturally they became Protestants. The parents, most likely, in such cases protested, but you know enough of American children to realise how much they heeded the protest. In some few cases of my personal experience, parents regret, so they say, that there is no Catholic church in the neighborhood, as they and their children have to go to Protestant churches if they want to go to church at all. They are of opinion that in such cases there is no harm, that it is even better than to stay home; besides, they add, the preachers teach good things; for instance, they tell the people not to steal, not to curse, not to drink and, above all, to have faith, pure faith in Jesus. You can imagine my indignation at such talk. This state of things grieved me often. The remedy is to visit these people frequently. Must we give up and not resist? It would not do. Some few may fall, no matter how much we exert ourselves, but the greater number will remain faithful.

It is my firm conviction that if years back—say fifty or sixty—a priest had gone about as Fr. Holaind did, and as I do at present, we should have several thousands of members that are now lost. I could count, in the district under my charge, from four to five thousand children and grand-children that should naturally be Catholics. Even with the data I have, without making it a point to find them out, I can count several thousand lost ones. The loss to the Church in the country is greater than one would imagine at first, and unfortunately the loss in cities is considerable too, especially amongst young men. I fear many a priest will have a long purgatory on this account. Of course the priests *do their duty*; but this duty of theirs is understood in their

own way and not in its objective value and obligation. In some dioceses the number of converts does not at all come up to the number of those who fall away. You will say that I am a Pessimist. Would to God I were! It is true, on the whole, that the Catholics augment in this country in an increasing ratio; but this is due more to generation and immigration than to conversion.

Another great drawback to the conversion of Protestants (I do not speak of their prejudices, nor of the bad faith of the preachers) is the fact that the Catholics, in the country places and in the great majority of the cities, are of the humbler and poorer class—servant girls, laborers and mechanics; aristocratic people (there are many such here, though it is a republic) consider it beneath their dignity to belong to the church of these despicable *foreign paupers*. The priests themselves in their attire—the result either of want or of careless and blameful negligence, and in some cases of uncouth manners—do not impress one favorably, and often repel respectable Protestants. Such are, it seems to me, some of the causes of the small number of Catholics in Alabama.

But brighter prospects are before this diocese. We have a young, energetic and saintly bishop, Rt. Rev. Jeremiah O'Sullivan, an untiring and zealous worker. He is doing his very best to increase the number of his priests, and to help them in every way. He looks to every detail; encourages the good and is firm with the bad. The people, as a general thing, are neither bad nor ill-disposed, and apparently the acceptable time, the time of harvest, is at hand. If we were to exert ourselves and go to the trouble and expense Ours go to in other parts of the world, we would most likely reap a big crop. Now more than ever there is need of watchfulness and care on account of immigration. Our life here has neither the charms nor the poetry of a foreign mission amongst the heathen, but it has some of its realities, enough to satisfy the cravings and the zeal of an ordinary Jesuit.

Now, dear father, after this summary view of the state of affairs in Alabama, you can accompany me on one of my trips with clearer notions and more satisfaction.

We are in Selma. But where is Selma? What is it? How did we get here? Well, Selma is a little town in the very centre of Alabama on the north-west bank of the Alabama River. It is now a dull, dead little place, having not as yet felt the effects of *the boom* in the state. It will soon feel it, for it has all that nature could give to make it a wealthy and prosperous town. The current of the boom did not

come this way as yet, owing to some few rich men, who find it more profitable to have it all their own way than to let in any competitor. Their way is to lend out money, at the legal rate of eight per cent, to the planters and farmers; yet when these borrow, for instance \$100.00, only \$80.00 are given them. The population of Selma is about 10,000 souls of whom I guess 4,000 are colored people.

Before and during the war of secession, Selma had several industries; these were destroyed and burned down by the victorious armies of the North with so much the more zest as they were large arsenals, gun shops and factories of other war ammunitions. We came to Selma less than eight years ago, at the earnest request of the bishop of Mobile, Rt. Rev. John Quinlan, a devoted friend of Ours. He died four years ago, and his successor, Bishop Manucy, died over two years ago. There have been several resident priests in this place, but, for some reason or other, they did not do much good—especially the last, who is dead some years. The church was heavily in debt and caused great embarrassment to the bishop, who had no money; the parishioners were displeased with this prelate because he did not change their pastor, and they refused to help him or even to go to divine service; thus things were in a bad state. Rev. Fr. Butler, the present superior of the New Orleans Mission, came to the rescue and sent Fr. Free to settle the difficulty. We took the church and its property and assumed the debt. A few months later, Fr. Holaind was appointed superior of Selma, and Fr. Free was recalled. Another father and a brother joined Fr. Holaind, and they began work in earnest.

One of his first cares was to see that Selma got a school for girls. The Ladies of the Sacred Heart came here and are doing much good. The boys' school was taught, at times, by the fathers. When Fr. J. O'Shanahan became superior, he built a school-house for the boys that would be an ornament to a city. From the very start, one of the fathers visited some of the towns within a radius of fifty or sixty miles from Selma, where they knew there were three or four Catholic families, said Mass for them and administered the sacraments. By degrees, as time rolled on, the fathers heard of a Catholic family in one place, of another elsewhere; these were visited likewise. Finally Fr. Holaind, replaced at Selma by Fr. O'Shanahan, was free to give all his time and all his energies to finding out scattered Catholics, taking care meanwhile of the former ones. He was, for three years, exclusively engaged in this arduous labor; and built two churches, one in Brierfield and one in An-niston. He made himself all to all and was very much be-

loved and admired by all that were acquainted with him ; and these were numerous in every walk of life and in every denomination. He removed many prejudices and did much good, but was obliged to leave much undone. It was not his fault ; far from it. In missions like this much good must necessarily be left undone.

As long as the pecuniary resources of the priest on the missions are not greater, and as long as the children of the scattered Catholics, especially those of mixed marriages, cannot be brought to Selma for a month's stay, at the least, to be prepared for their first Communion, much good will be left undone, much trouble taken, and little success. To bring these children to Selma, the priest would, in nine cases out of ten, have to pay the expenses of travelling, of boarding, and, in some cases, of clothing. Five young women, whom I saw on the eve of marriage, were thus brought to Selma at my expense. They were kindly boarded and instructed by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. To instruct the children at home is an impossibility, and the one who would suggest it would prove evidently that he knows nothing about the country. The parents are incapable of doing it ; they themselves are not sufficiently instructed, and, where this is not the case, they lack time and courage. I have given a catechism apiece to all the children who could read, and I left the *Faith of Our Fathers* in many houses, recommending them to read it on Sundays in the family circle. I have exhorted the parents to see that their children learn a few lines in their catechism every week, and promised the children a reward if they knew the few lines assigned ; but all this was of no avail, or, at least, of very little use. My subsequent visit found them *in statu quo*.

The priest has not time to stay more than one day, or at most two days ; the accommodations also are such that he is glad to get out as soon as possible. My greatest mortification was to stay over twenty-four hours in many a place ; I felt that my hosts were uneasy all the time ; they felt their poverty and their shortcomings, notwithstanding all I could do to prevent this uneasiness. I have about forty-five or fifty children that should be cared for—and some of them soon, for they are grown—if I do not wish them to escape me and fall off, or rather become nothing, neither Protestant nor Catholic. This is a painful thought ; so much the more so, as with all my exertions I can do nothing to remedy the evil, my means being unfortunately too limited. My continual travelling causes my expenses to be about four times larger than the mission's income ; and it seems there is no chance to increase my funds. *Chacun pour soi, et Dieu pour*



*tous*, seems to be the motto. I often wished I had some of the money that is spent in less useful work in some of our houses.

One more explanation before we begin to travel. You did not bargain for so many explanations, nor did I when I began to write; but as I am in the humor let us have it all. (It is not often I am in such a humor). I must tell you what distance you would have to go over, if you were to follow me throughout. From Selma to Demopolis westward, fifty miles by rail; from Demopolis down the dear old Tombigbee River southward one hundred and twenty-four miles to Bladon Landing; thence to Mr. C., a Catholic family, ten miles; from here to Coffeerville sixteen miles;—the furthest point in this direction I ever visited;—in all two hundred miles. East north-east, the last point up the railroad is Tecumseh, one hundred and sixty-seven miles from Selma; thence twelve miles into the country;—thus there are in this direction one hundred and seventy-nine miles. Therefore the whole length of my mission, following the roads, is three hundred and seventy-nine miles. The width varies along the railroad. There are Catholics on both sides of it, five, eight, ten, twenty and twenty-five miles away. On the other side of Selma, south and south-west, north and north-west, the territory is much larger; it embraces most of that portion between Selma and Mobile. But the Catholics are very scarce here, one or two in a whole county. There would be more Catholics, if they were not of such a shifting nature. Anniston, for a time, under Fr. Holaind, had a large congregation, but most had left the place when I succeeded him. Several families through my influence left their former homes to reside in towns where they and their numerous children could get the benefit of Catholic schools, etc. It does not matter by whom the good is done, provided it be done. There are now in all this large territory, Selma not included, only 481 Catholics large and small, who are known to me.

Here is the sum-total of what I did during the last two years: visited seventeen counties, some only partially; said Mass in fifty-six different stations; revalidated or settled nine marriages (*Tametsi* is in vigor in Alabama); received seventeen Protestant adults into the Church; nineteen first Communions of grown persons; twelve sick-calls followed by death (some of these were visited several times, besides other sick-calls); gave over one thousand two hundred Communions; heard about one thousand three hundred confessions; met with two religious vocations; sent five orphans to Orphan Asylum in New Orleans; sent four sick persons to the New Orleans Charity Hospital. The travel-

ling expenses of the orphans and of the sick persons were paid by me.

Let us travel now at last. Came in from a two weeks' trip yesterday at 10.30 A. M. It is Wednesday, the 27th of April; my satchels are ready; in one of them is absolutely every article one may need to say Mass, baptise, and attend to sick-calls; in the other is a change of linen and a few books. The larger satchel weighs twenty-four pounds, the smaller, nine pounds. It is a quarter of 12 M. We are going down the Alabama River on the boat of Capt. Finnigan. We shall take dinner on board the boat. At 12, sharp, the boat leaves the wharf. We are on time. After the usual salutations and a cordial welcome (the captain and the first clerk are good Catholics) the captain says to me: "Well, father, I thought you were not going to travel with me any longer, since the time we got stuck in the mud." (In a previous trip we had been stuck on a sand bar for forty-eight hours and no exertion could help us out; all the trees along the shore were uprooted by cables tied to them and wound in on windlasses. We were finally liberated by another boat coming up the river).

After dinner I am introduced to a Rev. Dr. K. presiding elder of the Methodist Episcopal church in this section. We are but a few passengers (ten or twelve); our conversation runs on different subjects for a long time; at last it turns on religion; on authority in the Church, on its discipline, on secret societies—socialists and anarchists especially—then on dogmatical questions. He asks much about the Jesuits; he knows the Selma priests are Jesuits; all the passengers gather around us and listen to our conversation, feeding it by occasional inquiries. At supper time, an old acquaintance of mine on the missions comes on board, Rev. Dr. H. a Presbyterian preacher, as serious and as grave-looking as a statue. He is known to my Methodist friend; we sit together in the saloon of the boat, everybody around us; religious topics on the Catholic Church hot and heavy between the two preachers; both are wrong and I have to come in against them; it is done in an easy, unpretending manner, no fuss about it. The captain tells us we shall likely reach Clifton, my landing, ninety miles from Selma, at about 11 P. M. It is not worth while to go to bed. My office and other spiritual exercises finished, I return to the crowd; 11 o'clock passes, 12 passes and we are not there yet. Stoppages at landings after landings; here a box of eggs, there a pile of staves to take in. At last we reach Clifton after 1 o'clock A. M.

It is my first visit here. Dr. H. lands with me; we are

brought to the home of the warehouse keeper; it is not a hotel, but he takes in passengers. Dr. H. takes a lunch; I keep fasting in the hope of saying Mass in the morning. "That's strange," the Dr. remarks, "you cannot eat before service?" "It is a matter of discipline in use in the Church from the apostolic ages; we celebrate with cooler heads and drier throats." Here the Dr. makes a long tirade on the good of prohibition (they are fanatics on this subject of late years in Alabama). I beg to differ, and argue that the part of a preacher is to advise abstinence and, in some cases, total abstinence; this being virtue, the contrary, coercion and tyranny. I ask to be shown a room; the landlord begs to be excused as he has only one bed free. "Well, one bed will do for me," is my reply, "and if Dr. H. has no objection to sleep with me, I have none to sleep with him." I hoped he would refuse and thought they would find room for him, being a friend of theirs. We slept together. Many a creature got a good meal that night; holy blood too. Cleanliness is not one of the weak points of country people in Alabama.

At 5 A. M., Thursday, 28th of April, both of us are up. I stroll along the banks of the river saying my prayers. After some time I inquire about the man that was to meet me. It had been well understood by both parties that we would meet at that place. It is my invariable custom to write, a week or so ahead, to the party to be visited. No one knows of my man, not even his name. After consideration, my hopes to say Mass vanish. The excuse I give is that no one of my Church is present—it is only an excuse, for I said Mass on several other occasions having only Protestant attendants. How much this is against the rules of the Church, I leave it to the rubricists to discuss.

Breakfast is relished, though it be fried bacon and corn-bread, with a cup of coffee. The Presbyterian preacher is disappointed likewise; so he makes up his mind to "go it on foot." Meanwhile we enter into an argument on predestination, and jog along for a mile and a half. We are on the road to my destination. The poor Dr. gets the worst of it when I ask him of what use his preaching can be to his hearers, if they believe that, no matter how good, honest and moral they may try to be, if they are predestined to go to hell, they will go there; and no matter how many crimes they may commit, if they are predestined to go to heaven they will reach it. Here he avows his faith is not so satisfactory; I remark that it is one of his fundamental articles; then ensues a long talk on faith, when the Dr., pretty much puzzled, reminds me of my kindness in accompanying him

so far. I take the hint and return to the landing. No news of my man.

A wagon, loaded with oats, bran and corn meal, is starting for a store sixteen miles away, on the road to my Catholics. My bill paid (I never fail to pay for meals, lodging, hire of horse or mule, where it can be done with propriety), and my satchels brought to the wagon, I climb to the very top. After a short time my black clothes are as white as sea-shore sand. All along the road we meet teams coming to the landing; every driver is asked: "Did Mr. L. send you to meet anybody at the landing?" "No saar, I does not know Mr. L." About six miles from the landing, a man with a mule and an open spring-wagon overtakes us. He looks at me and I look at him. No one speaks. No suspicion that he might be the right man; he came from the wrong direction. He breaks the silence and inquires bluntly and awkwardly: "Who are you?" I reply in the same tone: "Who are you?"—"I am Mr. L."—"Well! you are the right man," I exclaim with joy, for I had no assurance, that, once at the store, I would get a means to ride further; and my destination was fourteen miles hence. "I am the man, too; I'll go with you," and giving a cigar to my first driver, we part.

My new driver tells me he has his father, his brother and his sister at home; that they have not seen a priest for fifteen years, since they left Mobile; and that all have made their first Communion. We travel along very slowly; the sun is very hot; dinner time is at hand. We ask at two houses, but we miss it; they tell us they are not ready to give us anything. My driver knows of a store near by, but he suggests we should not call there as they will make us pay. We go there however, get dinner, and I pay. The mule gets his dinner too. After a rest of about an hour and a half we start again. But, a few miles off, we take the wrong side of a forked road and thus only reach our destination after 11 P. M. We are anxiously expected; we take supper with a relish, talk awhile and retire. The house contains two rooms and three beds. My driver and myself sleep together in the room of two beds. We all get up before sunrise. The house folks are not tired; they have confession on the brain. It is understood that all have to go to their duties wherever my visits are at two or three months' interval.

In the first letter that I write to newly discovered Catholics, I never fail to say: "I expect all of you to go to your duties; be sure not to disappoint me." I add also another phrase: "My visit must not put you to any trouble, I am not hard to please, and I will not be of any expense to you."

Experience has taught me to take these precautions; for my letters were not answered in the beginning, owing to the fact that the people had no money to give me, even where they were pretty well off. But how do I get to know of such people? Here is my way. On the trains, boats, and everywhere, I get talking with the people; they come to know that I am not a *drummer* but a priest, or a *Catholic preacher*—the word in use. I ask these people whether they know of any Catholics in the neighborhood; if they do, I secure their addresses, write to them, enclose a stamped envelope with my address, and ask them to reply. They generally answer, even when they are not Catholics, for sometimes Protestant names are given to me.

When I come, for the first time, to a public work, such as a furnace, a mine, a railroad or a bridge building, I ask for the superintendent, tell him my mission, and ask him whether he has any Catholics working for him; he receives me with indifference and answers invariably: "I do not know." I ask then to be shown a pay-roll or a list of his employees. When I find a genuine Irish, French or German name, I inquire in what department the man bearing that name is working. I am directed, if not accompanied, by the general manager; I begin conversation with the man sought for; if he is a Catholic, he will promptly answer me: "Yes, father." When I hear this answer, it is enough; I tell him that I shall see him again; I then continue to stroll about with the superintendent, who, so far, has always invited me to stop at his house. I do so with pleasure. When I have one Catholic, with his help, I soon find out the others, if there be any more. Some one, observing my ways, maliciously remarked: "This is a sponging kind of a mission; what you do there!"

When my letters reach Protestants instead of Catholics, they must be edified when they read: "I will not be of any expense to you." It is quite different from what their preachers do; they preach for a living; that is the opinion of almost everybody. This accounts for the great abundance of such people, their ignorance and their bigotry; they get tired of ploughing, get a call from heaven and take to preaching. I am acquainted with crowds of preachers, and some show their ignorance by asking me where my wife and children are living; yet these very fellows preach long tirades against Catholics in their meetings. I hear of this on subsequent visits; and when I meet these preachers again they get a polite hint not to speak of Catholics, as they do not know anything about them; I offer them a book that will

give them information, the *Faith of Our Fathers*, or some such work; they usually accept the book; about a dozen have thus been given; what will be the result is hard to tell; it may be good. This is a long digression;—well, to come back to our Catholic family.

Everything being prepared, and the confessions heard, I say Mass and give a long instruction. Nothing is so difficult as this kind of preaching; one has to be very much on his guard not to say anything too personal, and especially what might seem to be a revelation of confession. After Mass, I say my office walking about, for we are in the woods. Breakfast is served; the *pièce de résistance* is a nice and tender-looking kid. Here is a puzzle! It is Friday, April 29th. Must I eat the meat and keep mum, or tell them about it? I tell them, and trouble them very much; for there is nothing else in the house; the few hens' nests are searched and a few eggs are found; not enough for all. There is nothing to be done except to tell them to eat meat, as, in such cases, the Church does not seem to enforce her laws. Meat is the ordinary dish, and almost always bacon, and bought bacon too. You cannot imagine the listlessness of these country people; they could raise fine vegetables everywhere, yet nothing of the kind is done. Anything but meat is a feast for them; fish, fresh fish is a luxury. Well, the eggs are served, soft-boiled eggs, hard-boiled eggs and omelet.

After breakfast I mount a saddled mule and set out on an eight miles' ride for the house of a woman, who is supposed to be a Catholic. After riding for three hours in the hot sun, along rather uneven roads, I reach the place and am received coldly; she tells me that she was a Catholic, but that she has joined her husband's church. She is the mother of thirteen children—all lost! I express my regrets and hope that she, together with her family, will rejoin the only true Church. Nothing else to be done. On my return it is late and no dinner ready, as I was not expected. Again eggs, hard-boiled and soft-boiled eggs, and biscuit for dinner. No supper. You cannot imagine what this biscuit is and how it tastes when cold; it is dough without yeast, half baked. Meanwhile half a dozen or more neighbors, having heard of a priest's presence, have come to the house to see what kind of a thing a priest is; they are disappointed; and they say so too; they aver that I look just like any other gentleman.

We again retire late and rise early. All having once more gone to confession and to Communion and having heard Mass, at which a little speech was made for the benefit

of the twelve or thirteen neighbors present, we take breakfast and start, on the same spring-wagon, for another twenty-five miles' ride to the Tombigbee River. We travel until after 1 P. M. After two useless trials, we get dinner at a hut; whence, after resting awhile, we start for the nearest landing, to meet the boat which is to bring me to Bladon Landing;—this is my destination. About three miles from the landing we meet a team coming thence; my driver is acquainted with the teamster; we ask about the run of the boats; he tells us that there is no boat coming down to-day, that two went down yesterday. I can scarcely believe him, yet he seems to know. What's to be done? To take a skiff and row or float down would be one of the ways to reach Tompkinsville where there is a Catholic family; but the river makes a large bend here, and it is twenty-five miles around the curve; it is doubtful also whether or not I can get a skiff; and it is very dangerous work in the kind of skiffs they have here, a hollow log usually; besides, to-morrow will be Sunday, and I do not wish to miss Mass. Well, we take the road to the next ferry, twelve miles away, near Tompkinsville. And what a road! steep, washed out, and so muddy for two miles on approaching the ferry that I fear we cannot reach there. We arrive, however, at 10 P. M. They ask two dollars for taking us across with the team and two dollars more to bring back my driver, because the river is far above high-water mark. We conclude that I shall cross alone and walk it to the Catholic family two miles thence. A stout strong negro is willing to carry my satchel for fifty cents and to show me the path, for we have to pass through the woods. I say good bye to my driver and we separate for good.

The negro has to walk ahead of me; it is dangerous in this part of the country to do otherwise. A few months previous, an Irish peddler, a strong young man, had been knocked down and foully murdered by his guide for the little money he had, as was supposed. Happily we have moonlight and good weather. We arrive at Mr. K.'s after 11 P. M., not expected, as it was not my planned route, and so we have to fight three or four snappish dogs; at last we are heard and admitted. The two old people occupy one little house, and the son, married to a Protestant, occupies another house close by. The old couple have but one bed, which they insist on my taking. It never enters their minds that I may think it is not clean. Perhaps also they have no change of linen; so I say nothing about it. They wish to prepare some supper; but, as it would be midnight before it is ready, I go to bed with a cup of milk for supper. Of course I keep myself in full dress and use my handkerchief

for a pillow-cover. I stay here till Tuesday morning, May 3rd. No incidents here except that I ride out every day, eight or ten miles, to see what can be done with renegade Catholics. No success; they have lost the faith!

On Tuesday we take to the river at about 10 o'clock A. M. and wait for the boat till 6 P. M. No dinner; the boat may come at any moment. I am well received on the boat; we are old friends, though none of the crew are Catholics. Here I get a long and enjoyable rest. We land at Bladon at 11 A. M. on the 4th of May. I am not expected by my people; they had come for me on Sunday as I had written. About a mile from the landing there is a very nice family of Swedes, Lutherans of course; thither I walk with my two satchels; it is up hill and the heat is intense. The master is absent; the teams are in the field. At 4 P. M. he comes home and gives me a buggy and two mules to reach my destination. It is agreed that the mules will return that evening as it is the busy season in the fields. I drive along slowly for twelve miles; when I come to the house of Mr. C., my Catholic friend, there is no one at home; the neighbors, a quarter of a mile off, tell me that the wife is twenty-five miles away, and the father and daughter two miles away on a field, and that they will not return home, having a hut to lodge in over night. Three dollars are offered in vain to have my mules brought back; nobody wants to do it. My word is pledged that the mules are to return home; there is no alternative; I must do it myself. After giving them a mouthful to eat, I leave my satchels at this man's house and beg him to send word to Mr. C. that I am at the landing waiting for him. I pity my poor animals, they had been working the whole day, and I let them have their own way.

It is long after sunset when I start, but it is a beautiful clear night; so I make the best of it. Once in the woods, I try my musical talent and sing all the songs and bits of songs that come to my mind; profane songs and sacred hymns; in Latin, English, French and German; in low voice and high voice, at times as loud as my pulmonary powers can afford; and when tired of singing I whistle, and then sing again. There is not a house along this road in the midst of the woods for ten miles; I make noise enough to frighten anybody that may hear me, even the rabbits and foxes in this secluded retreat of theirs. I reach the landing at about midnight, and have to ask for supper, but there is no difficulty here. Of course no Mass the following morning, Thursday, the 5th of May, as my satchels are at the other end of the road.

My man arrives with two saddled horses at about 10 A. M.



We travel together ; no special incident here. Friday, Mass said, etc., I direct my way on horseback to Bladon Springs, a once famous summer resort for the Southern people ; here lives an old gentleman whom I met six months ago for the first time ; he had never seen a priest and knew very little more of the Catholics than their name and odd stories against them ; he received a *Faith of Our Fathers* on our first meeting and procured himself other Catholic books, and studied for himself. He came to the conclusion that the Catholic Church was the only true Church ; consequently, he wrote to me and asked me what he had to do to *connect* himself with that Church. I answered his letter, gave him full details, and mentioned especially what might be an obstacle to his being received, such as secret societies, bad marriage and general confession. We have a long talk, it is decided he will be received, and he agrees to come on Saturday evening to Mr. C.'s.

Saturday I ride out sixteen miles to see another family I have just heard of. They are happy to see me ; they have not seen nor heard of a priest for three years, the time they left Canada for the South. The women and children go to confession ; the men are working at a saw-mill ; they promise me to go to their duty on my next visit ; for I cannot return this time as I have some other appointments. On my return, when about five miles from this family, towards 3 P. M., I am suddenly overtaken by one of the worst storms I ever saw ; it is upon me before I suspect it. The hills and woods around me leave only a few hundred yards' view. Trees are bending, cracking and falling all around me ; flashes of lightning to dazzle anybody, and rain as if poured from buckets ; no house in the neighborhood ! In less than three minutes I am soaked from head to foot ; my shoes are literally full of water ; my umbrella is of no use. It is a dangerous position, too, on account of the old and tall pine-trees all along the road. I get quite pious for a moment. The storm does not last more than half an hour, but it is a long half hour. There is now another difficulty ahead. There are two creeks to be passed and they have risen to a great height ; is it safe or not to pass ? No one to ask ; I venture it, taking my feet out of the stirrups and making myself ready to swim. We cross safely, though my horse is raised from the ground and swims with me on his back. It is not a comfortable ride. Arrived at Mr. C.'s, the first thing I do is to change ; luckily I have a change of underclothing, and my mission cassock serves for the rest. In a few hours all is dry. The weather is nicer than ever.

In the evening, contrary to my expectation on account of

the storm, Mr. F. and his aged wife arrive, to talk about the Church; there are many neighbors present; and late in the evening the old man makes a full general confession of seventy-six years—that is his age. Sunday morning the 8th of May he receives conditional baptism and absolution. I say Mass and preach to a considerable congregation; at Mass the Catholics receive Communion; here the emotion of the old man is no longer under control, he gives it full scope, tears flow abundantly down his cheeks (and they welled up in the eyes of all present). His wife is on the way to become a Catholic too.—I am sorry I cannot give you more details about this conversion. It was truly a miracle of grace; but I must hurry on; my letter is already very long. When all the ceremonies are over and breakfast taken, I pack up, and give a picture, a medal, scapulars and beads to my people; a medal and a picture, with an explanation of *worship*, to all the rest.

We start for the landing. We have plenty of time. Nothing strange here, except that I robe as if to say Mass, to satisfy the inquiries and curiosity of a crowd of Protestants, most of whom are known to me, and I give them explanations and references in the old testament, besides sundry religious information. They are delighted, and wish to know more about Catholics, so I give them a few books. In the evening the boat arrives and takes me on board; I am again well received, and gratis too. It is not the same boat and crew as the one on which I came down. Late Monday evening we arrive in Demopolis. The boys are waiting for me; they give word to all my people that I am to say Mass on Tuesday the 10th of May at 5 o'clock, and that I desire all to go to their duties; seventeen out of twenty receive the sacraments, everything is soon over, and all are on time for their work. Wednesday I say Mass at Galion, Thursday at Uniontown, and I return home by 8 o'clock A. M. on this day, the 12th of May. We were out two weeks.

My first care on returning home is to look over my correspondence. In one of the letters is an account of a sick person; from all appearance there is no time to be lost. My provisions renewed, etc., on Friday morning the 13th of May, at 6 A. M., I take the train for the north-eastern part of my mission and make another two weeks' trip. Many incidents again in this trip, but all more or less like those of the previous one. I shall mention two only.

One evening after dark, I arrived at a railroad station (not much choice of time, there are only two trains a day on this line), and I hired a horse so as to visit a family well known to me; I had visited the place many times before. This

family was living in the woods about four miles from the station; to reach their house there are two roads: I took the by-road. The skies were clear, yet it was rather dark in the woody part of the way. I went along leisurely, holding my satchel on the pommel of the saddle (an awkward way to ride), and all went well with me. The following morning, however, the news reached us that a poor old man of the vicinity, who was peddling patent medicine to make an honest living, had been murdered for the sake of the few dollars he was supposed to have (for everybody testified that there could be no other reason, as the man was a good old soul); and that his body was yet lying on the very path through which I had passed. I probably passed very near the corpse the evening before; luckily I knew nothing about it and suspected nothing. I would not like much to be thus knocked down for the sake of the few dollars I am *supposed* to have, and which at times I do not have. If I were to be killed for my faith, I would not object so much, especially if it were by surprise; I should thus gain something by it.

The second incident is this: on returning from a charcoal colliery in the hills of Clay Co., where I had hard times and met with many privations, I got one of my crazy headaches. Fortunately I put up with a well-to-do and very nice Protestant family. All that kindness, sympathy and medical skill could do was done for me. Two doctors were sent for, and, notwithstanding all my protestations that I was subject to these headaches, and that I would get over the spell without treatment, all was of no avail, I had to submit to their lavish care and kind treatment. It was very mortifying, but I could not prevent it. I had to stay here two nights (though I was over the attack after the first night), as they refused me the means to go further. I returned to Selma on the 27th of May, stayed there twenty-four hours and then started on another trip to Camden and its neighborhood. This trip lasted only four days. I am now resting for three or four days and putting my correspondence in order, after which I shall start again on a two weeks' trip; and so on, without interruption, summer or winter.

Is this not time, labor and money lost? No, dear father, by no means. As I said above, if a priest had done what Fr. Holaind has done and what I do, some thirty, forty or fifty years ago, and had it been kept up, it is hard to say how many Catholics we might have here now; but it is certain we should have from five to six thousand, where now we have not five hundred. And I repeat it, now more than ever is the time to be on the lookout on account of immi-

gration. If we had five or six priests stationed at the central places of my missions, who could be supported independently of the people, they would in a few years change the appearance of things; and I do not hesitate to affirm that the money and labor thus spent would bring abundant fruits, and, such an investment of labor and money as is spent in China, India, and Africa, would bring as great if not a greater income here *ad majorem Dei gloriam*.

These details, Rev. and dear father, will give you an idea of my work, yet not a complete and just idea, as I did not mention my frettings, and my sorrowings on beholding the danger of apostasy still threatening, after I have gone to so much trouble; and on finding troubles, sufferings, privations and miseries of all kinds amongst my flock. But such troubles are inevitable in whatever position we may be, especially if we be directors of souls and have the care of congregations or parishes to attend to; so you will readily understand them and spare me the trouble of entering into details. Of course all these sufferings are kindly intermingled by God with joy and consolation, else one could not stand it. This is a long letter to say so little. But "these little things seem great to little men."

R<sup>ao</sup> V<sup>ao</sup> servus in Xto.,

A. B. FRIEND, S. J.

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## THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

*Letter from the Mission of the Sacred Heart—Dec. 5th, 1887.*

REV. DEAR FATHER,

The promises of our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary are already realised in the wonderful effects produced among the savage tribes of these mountains. The tribe of Indians, called Cœur d'Alêne, or "Heart of an Awl," was, in early times, one of the most savage. Their nature, strong and bold, gave birth, under the influence of superstitious principles and corrupt morals, to a people fierce and wholly given up to actions the most abominable. The tribe of the Cœur d'Alènes is at present called the Mission of the Sacred Heart, and, on account of the wonderful effects wrought in this tribe by the devotion to the Sacred Heart, it is not unworthy of the name.

The tribe, which a few years back made up a people the most ferocious and superstitious, is now an example for Catholics throughout these regions. Their quiet life and their morals strike with admiration the very enemies of the Church; who, when they reflect upon what these Indians have been and what they now are, feel in the depths of their souls the conviction of the truth of the Catholic faith. Here they behold a people formerly accustomed to wander through the forests after the manner of wild beasts, slaves to the most foolish superstitions and to the most degraded habits, and given up to orgies and diabolical practices, now, under the benign influence of religion, living a life virtuous and peaceful: a people, who might indeed be destroyed but could never be subjugated by force of arms, now submitting with childlike simplicity to the guidance of a few missionaries, at the least sign of whose will, they are ready to check their rising passions and regulate their lives. Let the following serve as an example.

One of the Cœur d'Alènes was engaged with a companion in making a boat for the passage of a river; and as this passage was already occupied or intended to be occupied by the whites, there arose one of the common conflicts between the Indians and the whites. The Indian, strong and fierce by nature, had sworn to remain steadfast in his purpose; nor could he be moved, either by the threats of the whites, or by the counsels of the wisest among his friends, who thought

that it would be better to yield and thus remove all occasion of trouble. But he was immovable; he scorned the threats of the whites and the advice of his friends, set at naught the authority of his chiefs, and remained unshaken in his intention of defending himself against any one who would dare attempt to thwart him in his purpose. There remained but one solution for the difficulty, and that was to cause the Indian to yield to the advice of the missionary; but even this proved unavailing. The father counselled his wayward child and protested that he ought to yield; but the Indian was as stubborn as ever. The father, seeing that nothing could be done, left him; when departing he shook hands most warmly with all of the by-standers; the Indian on whom his words had been wasted, advanced with the rest and offered his hand also; but the offered hand was refused, and the father told him, that from the moment when he had resolved to follow his own lights, the Blackrobe had disowned him. The Indian was still unshaken; yet his nature, though fierce and savage, felt deeply, more than any injury that could have been done him, this refusal of the father; nor could he help showing his feelings outwardly; and soon, drawing nearer the father, he said: "Why does the Blackrobe treat me thus? Does he not know that this is the severest punishment that could be inflicted on me?" "If you wish me to number you among my friends," answered the father, "cease to persist in your wicked purpose." "My resolve has been taken once for all," said the Indian, "I shall not draw back even though I lose my life." "And will you refuse this sacrifice even to the Blessed Virgin?" said the priest, "Behold, we are in her month, and, in her name, I now ask this sacrifice of you." Oh! what a struggle then ensued between nature and grace! At the name of Mary the savage changed countenance, his whole frame shook, his emotion showed the victory of grace over a nature fierce and stubborn. "The Blackrobe has conquered," he said, "I will not refuse the sacrifice to Mary;" and immediately, telling his companion to destroy the work that they had done, and finding the latter still hesitating, "Hurry up" said he, "or before breaking the boat I will break your head." The boat, it is needless to say, was broken up; and the sacrifice completed and offered to Mary.

Examples of heroic virtue are not uncommon among these Indians; under the influence of religion, their strong, vigorous nature produces the most admirable examples of Christian heroism. A squaw, belonging to the Cœur d'Alènes, was, for some fault or other, condemned by the chiefs of the tribe and cast into prison. The manner of punishment

among these Indians is in keeping with their savage nature. Winter had set in; one of those winters of which, in other lands, people have no idea; the thermometer had fallen to forty degrees below zero, and merely to remain in the open air, without warm clothing and without motion, would be of itself sufficient to undermine the strongest constitution. The poor squaw was left alone in her prison, a sort of log-cabin, and bound hand and foot. There she suffered day and night, motionless and without means of relief. Once a day, if she happened to be remembered, she received a little bread and a few herbs to keep her from starving. When the missionary came to hear of the fact, moved with compassion, he used his influence with the head of the tribe, to obtain her freedom. He went to the prison and found the poor squaw benumbed with cold and more dead than alive. The first thought of the priest was to provide for the spiritual welfare of the poor unfortunate, who, like the rest of the tribe, had been converted to the Catholic religion. But what, thought he, can be the dispositions of the poor woman in such torment? They were much better than he imagined. This poor creature, abandoned by man, had not been abandoned by God. On entering the hut, the father asked her: "How are you, Mary? In severe sufferings, are you not?" The poor woman did not reply in many words, her state spoke eloquently enough, her agony was intense, and, even against her will, it forced a sob from her, as from a person racked with pain. Her soul, nevertheless, was firm and tranquil. "Is it not true," said she, "that on account of my sins I ought now to be in hell? And what are my present sufferings compared with those of hell?" "That is true," said the priest, "yet I desire to save you; for, abandoned as you are, you will soon die." "No," she said, "let me suffer; this is nothing to what I have deserved for my sins, and I offer up my sufferings to God in satisfaction for them." Her repentance was perfect and God had already forgiven her. The father made every effort in his power, and obtained her liberation. She again protested her unworthiness in the sacrament of penance; her faults were blotted out forever; she went her way in peace, and lived, ever after, grateful and faithful to God.

Another woman was lying at death's door. A priest hastened to her bedside to administer the last sacraments, and, as had been told him, he saw that she had but a few hours to live. What was more, her sickness had, up to this time, prevented her from swallowing food and from uttering a single word, so that the missionary exhorted her to make her confession as best she could. Imagine his surprise,

when, without a moment's hesitation, she made her confession in a clear voice, just as if nothing was the matter with her. When the priest had prepared her for her last hour, and was on the point of leaving, she called out to him most earnestly: "And will you then allow me to die without receiving my Lord?" To give her Holy Communion was impossible, since she was unable to swallow anything, and had but a few hours of life remaining. "The Holy Communion should be received to-morrow during Mass," answered the father; and so he departed. On the morning following, at the sound of the bell, the father went to the church to celebrate Mass, and, to his surprise, he found the sick woman of the preceding night kneeling before the altar, waiting devoutly to assist at the holy sacrifice. "What is this," said the father, "you here?" "Why not?" asked the woman, "did you not tell me last night that I must receive Communion in the church and during the Mass?" "But how," asked the father, "could you, who were dying last night, come to the church?" "You commanded me," she said, "and I had to obey." The sick woman of the preceding evening was completely cured; and the father, filled with admiration for the faith of the poor savage, and the fidelity of our Lord towards those who place their trust in his promises, withdrew to celebrate Mass. Similar facts, extraordinary in themselves, are of ordinary occurrence among these savages.

For those who consider what these Indians were some years ago, and what they are now, there is, in the contrast, a proof sufficiently evident of the truth of our religion; the more material and less instructed of such observers, unable to assign a cause for such extraordinary effects, free themselves from the difficulty by saying: "Oh! the Jesuits are crafty fellows and know how to bring their undertakings to a successful issue." But others there are who, although not Catholics, are reasonable enough to admit that, without the principle of religion, the Jesuits would not, up to the present time, be more secure among these savages, than they themselves were before the Indians were converted to our faith. In the whole tribe of the Cœur d'Alènes, there is not, to my knowledge, a single woman of abandoned life; a manifest proof of the faithfulness of women among these Indians, notwithstanding the many occasions in which they find themselves from their frequent intercourse with the whites. Christian marriage among them is not only believed but respected, as the contract of nature ratified by God and by the Church; and whatever may be the difficulties which arise in this matter, all are remedied when the



priest has united the couple in the sacrament of the Church; quarrelling between the parties, conflict of passions, everything is righted at the bidding of the priest as at the voice of God. Any infidelity, any action not conformable to Christian morals, is detested by all, and punished just as any other fault against order and the common welfare of the tribe. Hence it is that they are blessed by God.

The life of the Indians nowadays, has nothing in common with the idea which is formed by reading the accounts of our early missionaries. Within the space of forty years, during which these missions have existed, the full result aimed at has been obtained; namely, a people thoroughly Christian, solidly grounded in their faith; with the priest alone as their pastor. There is no longer any cause for fearing a renewal of hostilities between the Indians and the whites, or between the different tribes of Indians themselves; these conflicts arose from the occupation of the land; but this question of occupation is now settled and is so recognised by the Indians. They live on the reservation set apart for them by the government; each family occupies and cultivates its own farm, receiving from it an honest livelihood, and living after the manner of the whites. Each tribe constitutes an independent government, elects its own chiefs, and is governed by its own special laws. The agent is constituted judge in any differences that may arise between the Indians and the whites; differences which, at present, have no existence.

Moreover, in every tribe there are schools for the education of the children; the schools for boys are directed by our fathers; the schools for girls by the Sisters of Providence, and both are supported by the government. The education imparted is more than sufficient, as regards both the secular branches, and religious instruction. An evident proof of this is that the whites do not disdain to send their children to our Indian schools; in fact they often even prefer them to the schools established for the whites.

The idea which is current elsewhere concerning these mountains, is far from the truth; and it seems to me that places change more rapidly in America than ideas about them change elsewhere. Those who come to these mountains, expecting to find the Indians as described in narratives written some thirty years ago, living in the woods after the manner of wild beasts, and the whites ever fearful of falling under the tomahawk or scalping-knife, and ever ready to slay the red-man in order to seize upon his land, will find themselves entirely deceived. These things were true once, but now the Indians remain in peace on their reser-

vations, till the soil, and live more or less after the manner of the whites; and the whites, emigrants from all the countries of Europe, enjoy here all the comforts which they could enjoy in their native land. This immense region is already dotted with villages, towns and cities, which might well compare with many in Europe. Those who labor receive abundant support from the products of the soil, from rich mines, and from the commerce which is carried on with various parts of America, Europe, and, I might say, with the world.

Nor is the progress of religion in these parts behind material progress; everywhere religious and secular priests care for the Catholics, whose numbers are constantly increasing. Everywhere parishes are established and dioceses formed, each diocese governed by its bishop. As, however, the number of secular priests is small in proportion to the number of Catholics, and much more so in proportion to the number of infidels and Protestants of every nationality, the missionaries find a new field open to their zeal. From this variety of nationalities arises the great necessity of learning, at least French and English; for the missionary finds himself constantly in contact with people of every nation and of every tongue. As regards religion, however, no one can deny that the condition of the Indians is far superior to that of the whites. The present state of the Indian tribes gives one an idea of the faithful tribes of Paraguay. They live apart from the whites, filled with a feeling of horror for the blindness in which they lived some years back, and with a feeling of gratitude towards the Blackrobe, who, sent by God, freed them from their superstitions. They have few questions to ask about Protestants or about Jews; and if they are asked what gospel they follow, they answer: "The gospel of the Blackrobe;" just as the Nez Percés, for instance, say that they follow "the gospel according to Cataldo," for Fr. Cataldo was the missionary who brought them to the faith. Such then is the simplicity in which the Indians live, bound together in a union like to that of the just.

The lack of religious instruction in the public schools shows the great need there is, in these regions, of founding schools in which Catholics can be instructed in the truths of their religion. Our college at Spokane Falls has been thus far the hope of Catholics, and even of Protestants, but the scarcity of teachers robs it, in a great measure, of the good which it could do. It is true indeed that teachers, possessed of deep learning, are not required; the greatest need is for teachers, American by birth; teachers, who are perfect masters of English, and who know how to manage American

boys, in accordance with American ideas and feelings; for any attempt to manage them otherwise would prove a failure. They are independent fellows, tenacious of their ways of thinking and of their customs; nor are they able to appreciate anything not purely American. At present, our Indians have a better opportunity for instruction in religious matters than the whites. The latter frequently complain of this and say that our missionaries often busy themselves in running after a few Indians, while thousands of the whites can find no one to administer the sacraments to them.

Our Indian boys have colleges directed after the manner of our European colleges. In the morning, they go to the church, hear Mass, recite devoutly their prayers, and receive a short catechetical instruction. In the class-rooms, they are taught English, geography, history, arithmetic; they are moreover instructed in the tilling of the soil and in the principal trades. At the end of the year they give a public exhibition of their advancement, and oftentimes the government agents are astonished at finding the Indian boys better instructed than the children of the whites.

A general came from Washington as government inspector, to visit our schools; and when he came to examine our boys in arithmetic, he was filled with admiration at the readiness with which they solved the problems proposed to them; and as he himself had some calculation to make, I know not what, "Oho!" said he, "since you are so clever, I am not ashamed to avail myself of your cleverness. I myself have a problem, if you can solve it you will do me a favor." The problem was given, and one of the boys gave the answer without the least difficulty. "Who would ever have told me," said the general, laughing, "that I would have to come, all the way from Washington to these mountains to have my problems solved by an Indian boy!" Neither is the instruction which the Indian girls receive from the Sisters of Providence in the least inferior, as is evident from the fact that the whites send their daughters to the sisters' school. The Sisters of Providence have been a true gift of Providence to this part of the country. It is indeed wonderful how, from the very beginning of the missions, these sisters could follow the missionaries among the savages, sharing with the Blackrobe the labors and the dangers, employing themselves in works of mercy among the sick, and procuring for the Indian girls the same instruction which the missionaries procured for the Indian boys. Nor are they doing less good among the whites; they have founded hospitals everywhere; and while they exercise their charitable offices towards the sick by curing their bodily

infirmities, they provide also for their poor souls, by their solicitude in preparing them for death, and by their carefulness in calling the missionary, to administer the last comforts of religion.

In beginning my letter, I said that our mission is called the Mission of the Sacred Heart; and this is not a mere name. The devotion to the Sacred Heart is deeply rooted in the breasts of our Indians; and this is the reason, I believe, why they live a life peaceful and tranquil after the manner of the ancient patriarchs; a life full of fervor after the manner of the first Christians. Although ten, twenty, or even more miles distant from the church, each one comes, on Sundays and feast days, and takes up his quarters at the mission. On the top of a hill, a standard is flying from the small tower of the college, the standard of the Sacred Heart: on one side is represented, in beautiful embroidery (the work of the Indian children), the Sacred Heart of Jesus with an appropriate motto; on the other side is embroidered the Immaculate Heart of Mary with its appropriate motto. Opposite the college is the school for girls; in the middle is the church, tastefully decorated and used both by the children and by the faithful at large. The whole tribe scatters itself through the valley which spreads out at the foot of the mission. Besides their tents, each of the Cœur d'Alènes has built a neat dwelling, and all the houses nestling in the valley form a respectable village watched over and guarded by the mission. Here the Indians abide on feast days. How edifying it is to see, at the sound of the bell, each one uncovering his head for the recitation of the Angelus, and then moving devoutly towards the church, to assist at the holy sacrifice! There is nothing merely emotional in their piety; it is truly consoling to the Catholic heart to see frequently three or four hundred approaching the holy table; and the devout hymns with which they intersperse their prayers sufficiently express the feelings of these fervent Christians. Two hours before mid-day, all again assemble in the church to assist at solemn Mass and to hear a sermon: and it is really surprising to see with what gravity all sing in unison the *Kyrie, Gloria, Credo* and the other parts of the Mass; so fervent are they that, in gazing at them, we might well fancy ourselves in a gathering of the early Christians. In the evening they come together once more for prayer, sing devoutly their hymns and assist at benediction.

Besides Sundays and feast-days, there is another day on which, from their distant farms, in spite of rain and snow, they flock to the mission; that day is the first Friday of the month, a day consecrated to the Sacred Heart and called by

them, on account of the deep devotion which they have for the Sacred Heart of our dear Lord, "The Great Day of the Sacred Heart of Jesus." On the day preceding the feast, it is quite a task for the father to hear the confessions of the Indians. He is besieged in the church and in his house, from morning to night, by crowds wishing to go to confession. While the priest is endeavoring to attend them, they take up their position kneeling in great numbers in the church, sitting at its entrance, on the ground before it, or in the corridor of the house. The father is, in consequence, obliged to remain with them until the night is far spent. In the morning, at the sound of the bell, all go to the church to hear Mass, wearing the badge of the Sacred Heart upon their breasts. In a short time the large church is filled. On one side, in excellent order, are the women; on the other, the men. Near the altar, in the front rows, are about sixty Indians, each wearing a broad sash of red silk. Decorated with this, they stand there with so much dignity that you might take them for Roman senators or distinguished ambassadors from European nations. They are the soldiers of the tribe, who, consecrated in a special manner to the Sacred Heart, have wished to bear its insignia and its name; and it is to this end, and in this spirit, that, under the leadership of their captains, they apply themselves to the maintaining of order. At the proper time, they are the first to rise, and, followed by hundreds of the faithful, approach the altar to receive the Sacramental Bread; and while some edify by their fervor in receiving the body of our Lord, the others manifest their devotion by sending up hymns of thanksgiving and of praise to the Sacred Heart. In the evening they are once more found in the church, and the missionary takes occasion, in a suitable discourse, to stir up more and more their devotion to the Sacred Heart. Hymns and prayers are sung, Benediction is given, and all retire for the night.

I am compelled to interrupt my letter here, called as I am to other scenes of labor. I recommend myself to the prayers of all, and remain, in the Sacred Heart,

Yours truly in Christ,

JEREMIAH ROSSI, S. J.

*Letter from Spokane Falls, W. T., Sept. 20th, 1887.*

REV. DEAR FATHER,  
P. C.

The duties of my ministry having recently called me to a village of the Cœur d'Alêne Indians, I shall give you an account of my visit; for I trust it will be as useful as it is agreeable to illustrate the progress these remnants of the red-men are making in Christian civilisation.

It was shortly before sunset when I came in sight of their village. What a beautiful spectacle was before me! Rows of neat little cottages were built on the right bank of the Spokane, with streets running parallel with the river; hard by were barns, granaries and storehouses, and beyond these, extensive fields of grain and hay, rising and falling like the swelling waves of a broad lake. To the right, and not more than fifty yards off, was "the silent city of the dead" with its crosses of equal height shining in elegant simplicity.

The civilised appearance of the houses, the activity, energy, peace and prosperity of the inhabitants, give the visitor an idea that he is entering a frontier American town in a time of unexampled prosperity.

This is now a Christian republic of Indians (I was going to say savages). The fiercest, haughtiest and most cruel of all the north-western aborigines were the Cœur d'Alènes. To whites and Indians they used to be a terror. It was their boast and their delight to carry off horses, capture women and children, and slaughter them amid incredible tortures. The manner of life, the clothing and the dwellings of this tribe, were of the most barbarous kind. They were ignorant of agriculture, built no houses, and possessed no fixed habitation. They led a wandering life, depending upon the chase, and were frequently reduced to utter starvation. They were abandoned to the greatest excesses of debauchery and had no conception of purity. When a new-comer like me is told that the vast herds of cattle pasturing on the hills and in the valleys belong to the Cœur d'Alènes, when he reflects that thousands of acres of land, instead of being in a state of nature, are now covered with extensive farms and cultivated gardens, when he hears that the Indian women have been raised from their debasement and are now imitating the virtues of Mary the glorified model of women, when he beholds the tall warrior wearing around his swarthy neck the grains of the Blessed Virgin's rosary, and finds

him as docile as a little child; when he reads that yesterday the Cœur d'Alènes worshipped the beasts of the forest, the principle of evil, and the hoof of the mountain antelope, and realises that to-day, in no part of the world, has the Sacred Heart of Jesus more fervent worshippers than among these poor savages; when he remembers that these extraordinary changes have all taken place in the short period of less than half a century; he pauses, wonders, and, although he knows all to be a fact, can scarcely believe its reality. A visit to this reservation will convince the most sceptical, that, under Catholic teaching, faithful and continuous, the indomitable savage may be entirely tamed, taught to bow his neck to the sweet yoke of Christ, and become an honest, thrifty and industrious citizen.

As I approached the village in question, two venerable patriarchs came out to meet me in the spirit of the golden age. "Lu knailks! Lu knailks! (the priest! the priest!)" spread like wildfire, and in a little while the whole community was in agitation to make me welcome. The usual ceremony of shaking hands over, I was conducted to the main building of the village, the residence of the widow of the late Chief Stellam. Her royal highness, taking up lodgings for the night with one of her neighbors, politely gave me the freedom of her mansion. In the parlor, which was also her sleeping-room, was an enormous bedstead, a square table, an oil-lamp and a large stove. Everything in the room was neat and tidy; the walls were papered and hung round with photographs and pious pictures; a bottle of holy water and a blessed candle were suspended from the head of the bed, strings of Indian nostrums hung in gay festoons along the staircase, and a well used rosary lay on the table: a peep into the kitchen showed me the same neatness and cleanliness there. After a warm supper, everything *à la mode Américaine*, an evening chat with the Nestors of the tribe, and a good sleep, I found myself at 5 o'clock next morning in the confessional.

The blind and the lame and the deaf, the young and the old, came and made their peace with God. Some Kalispel Indians, who happened to be encamped near by, also availed themselves of this opportunity to approach the tribunal of penance. Mass-time presented a very unique scene. Around a temporary altar, which had been arranged in one of the most spacious rooms, were assembled what might be termed two opposite extremes: the neatly dressed, civilised Cœur d'Alènes, reclaimed from the manners and customs of barbarism; and the Kalispels, decked out in blanket, breech clout and deer-skin leggings, rough, uneducated children of

nature, who, while possessing all the moral virtues of Christian civilisation, disdain to put on any of its forms of refinement. I would not have you imagine, however, that the Kalispel Indians cannot be taught the arts of civilisation; great numbers of them have settled down at the Flathead mission and have turned farmers. Every family has a wagon, plough and horses; their children attend the schools taught by the Fathers of the Society and by the Sisters of Providence. The girls learn everything belonging to housekeeping, and the boys are required to learn a trade. The Kalispel children of the mission, are as different, in dress and manners, from the girls and boys of the same tribe who continue to roam around in blankets and feathers, as the imagination can picture.

During the Mass, this Indian congregation first recited the morning prayers and then sang, in their usual plaintive way, a hymn to the Blessed Virgin. The rosary and pious canticles took up the rest of the time until the moment of receiving Communion, when the leader began to recite aloud the acts of faith, hope and charity. In an instant the entire congregation had joined in the recital, with an earnestness and fervor that was well calculated to excite feelings of devotion in the most enlightened congregation of any of our large cities. That prayer of offering to be made after Communion, "Deign, O Lord, to accept my heart and my soul," is especially beautiful in the Indian language; for the imperative mood admits of no refusal, and when the red-men offer their hearts they really mean to make the offering, and feel convinced that the Great Spirit will not violate the most sacred rule of Indian etiquette. Mass and thanksgiving over, the Indians repaired to the cemetery, as is their custom, to offer up their prayers for the departed. I do not think I shall be far from the truth if I state that perhaps there is no dogma of Holy Church which the red-men so naturally accept as the consoling doctrine of purgatory. They are delighted to know that death does not break the bonds which attach them to their friends and relatives, and that they can be useful to them even after they have quitted this life. The Cœur d'Alènes will sell even their horses, if necessary, to have Masses said for the dead. When the Catholic Indians heard the sad news of the death of Archbishop Seghers, who had once been their bishop, they were awe-struck and overwhelmed with sorrow. A general Communion was offered for the dead prelate at De Smet mission, and a sum of money was collected by the Indians to have Masses said for the repose of the holy soul of this great "Chief of the Blackrobes."



No sooner was my thanksgiving ended than breakfast was announced: it consisted of fresh salmon-trout, wheaten bread and fried potatoes. Whether through forgetfulness or from ignorance of the mysteries of an American *cuisine*, the person who officiated as cook served me coffee at supper and tea for breakfast. During mealtime the morning news was doled out; not through the jaws of the press, however, but by the vigorous organs of a walking gazette—the town crier. This Indian mode of giving the news of the day is well worth the attention of our Catholic journalists, who are so anxious just now to start a daily; for it refutes at once the many canards about things Catholic that are hourly vomited forth from the numerous non-Catholic and anti-Catholic journals. Any false statements in these *viva voce* reports are corrected on the spot, thus sparing the trouble of waiting a week to find the correction huddled into a shabby, grudging paragraph, in the smallest type, and among the “ticks from all parts of the world.” The Cœur d’Alènes still retain, with the acquired habits of civilisation, many of the good traits of their old Indian character. It is well known that no being is so methodical as a red-man, and none so scrupulous in measuring and portioning out his time as a Cœur d’Alène. Religious exercises over, he is all agog to get at his manual work. I was not slow in perceiving this, and I noticed that, by my stay, I was keeping the farmers from their work in the field, for it was harvest-time. So shaking hands once more all around, I took my departure from this Christian republic, feeling a new impulse in my heart to devote my life and labor to continuing the grand work of raising up these remnants of a deeply wronged people to thrift, industry and religion.

Gest sgagalalt (good bye),

ROBERT J. SMITH, S. J.

*Letter from St. Joseph's Mission, Aug. 22nd, 1887.*

REV. AND DEAR FR. SUPERIOR,

R. C.

The 12th of the present month was the anniversary of my coming to this mission. I was then obliged to undertake the task of learning the Nez Percés language and became as a child again at my a. b. c. But now, thanks be to God, to Your Reverence, to Fr. Morvillo and to the Indians, I am acquiring some facility in this new tongue.

In my last account I wrote about the precious death of Ignace, who departed this life, fortified with all the rites of

Holy Church. The memory of this good Indian is honored by a palisade around his grave. The sight of this, from a hill near the Patlatch wagon-road, recalls to the minds of the Indians the death of one who, once baptised, fought valiantly against his passions, that he might live and die for his dear Saviour.

On May 20th, another edifying death occurred, that of Manim Lambis Nimusus. There are some edifying particulars connected with his last moments which are worthy of mention. Just before dying he partly converted his Protestant father, and brought back to her religious duties his mother, who, though baptised a Catholic, had gone to Indian Territory, and was there married by a Protestant minister to a Protestant Indian. Finally, though Manim Nimusus himself had attended for a long time a Protestant school, he would not marry a certain person, until she had been instructed and baptised. He was yet in the bloom of youth when he was attacked by an ulcerous disease which consumed all the flesh on his body, and then death came and freed him from his sufferings. When he knew that his last hour had come, he asked to make his confession again, the better to be ready for death. It happened that Fr. Morvillo was here when I was sent for, so that, although it was Saturday, I was able to go at once and visit the dying man. I found him lying on the ground, his whole body covered with ulcers, and his wife, mother and aunt standing near him. After the last sacraments were administered, he was very happy because his soul was free from sin and fortified by Holy Communion. Judging this a favorable opportunity to do something for the spiritual good of his relatives, I questioned him regarding each of them. Pointing to his mother, he said: "My mother was once a Catholic, but she has become a Protestant;" then turning to his wife, "She was baptised a Catholic," said he, "but has not attended church for years." With joy and pleasure depicted on his countenance, he then fixed his eyes on his aunt and exclaimed: "But my aunt, my dear aunt, she was long ago one of the wives of Chief Joseph, but, leaving him, she entered the Catholic Church and has lived ever since faithful to its teachings." I asked the mother if, when death came, she would not wish to be prepared as her son now was. Her countenance betrayed that her life had been worldly and that prayer was unknown to her. She quickly answered: "I am not ready yet." I then had Manim brought near the church that there the mother might witness the graces that were showered upon her son, and see how earnest the priest was in attending him day and night, fortifying him for his last agony, and prepar-

ing him for the joys of heaven. Manim's only wish was to be united with his dear Lord in Holy Communion, and he rejoiced that he was to die thus early in life. Indeed, so well prepared was he and so willing to die that I thought it not unbecoming to sing at his bedside the hymn: "Jesus, Mary, Joseph, etc." The mother was at last moved by all she saw, and when I asked her again whether she wished to die as well prepared as her son, she answered from her inmost soul: "Yes! oh, yes!" At length death came, and Manim gave his soul, adorned with so many virtues, into the hands of his Creator. The mother wept, not because her son had died (for she knew he was not dead but living now with God), but because her conscience was reproaching her for being so unlike her son. "Oh, never again shall I behold my son" she cried, "because I have been too wicked." I was only too glad to be her consoler; I told her how Jesus the Good Shepherd, and the angels of heaven, rejoiced when a sheep that had gone astray returned again to the fold. In Jesus' name I promised her pardon if she would repent for her past sins and return to the Church. She promised all, and even permitted me to announce it publicly in the church. Not the mother only but all the members of her family were in the same good dispositions.

As I said above, the husband of this woman is a Protestant. Although he was unmoved at the death of his son, and unconcerned about a future life, I thought it well, for his own and for his wife's sake, to speak to him about religion. At first he received me rather coldly and appeared not at all pleased at his wife's conversion. Yet, after I had spoken to him as one who sincerely wished them both well, he changed somewhat and came twice to visit me. It appeared now, that by GóD's grace he would soon become a fervent Catholic; nay, he even hoped, as he himself told me, that his younger brother and sisters would also follow his example. But, alas, the evil one would not give up his prey so easily. The poor soul is still struggling in the enemy's grasp. Yet I hope that, aided by Your Reverence's prayers, he will escape. He has just told his wife that he has resolved to apply to me soon for instruction and baptism.

Two adults and five grown up children have lately been received into the Church. The parents were induced to become Catholics by the pious behavior of one of their little children who is a Catholic.

Owing to the great floods in Lewiston this year, the Sisters of Providence were forced to seek a home here, and took part in the procession on Corpus Christi. The instructions of Your Reverence have produced much fruit. Every Sun-

day there are many Communion and these will be even more frequent as soon as harvest-time is over. In fact, ever since harvest and the time for gathering roots began, the church is deserted on week-days, as all the Indians go to their farms.

On July 9th, Frank Moranco came to me with a girl about fourteen years of age and asked to be married. As the girl, though a Protestant, was desirous of being received into the Church, I demanded at least one week to prepare her for these two sacraments, baptism and matrimony. Frank and the girl thought everything could be done in one day. At last they consented to wait. During the week of preparation, the bridegroom was to return home and come back to the church on the following Saturday. Fr. Morvillo happened to return that day and fully approved my plan. Indeed it was well that we took this course; for, during the week, Frank changed his mind about marrying, hurried back on Wednesday, and carried away his mother and his intended bride. The three days' instructions, however, were not lost, for the girl was so moved during that time that there is every reason to hope that she will soon return and ask for baptism. With an interesting account of the conversion of another girl, I shall begin my next letter; so, begging a share in your holy sacrifices,

I remain your servant in Christ,

A. SOER, S. J.

[The following extracts, the first from a back-number of the San Francisco *Monitor*, the second, from the *Catholic Review* of more recent date, may be found interesting here. Ed.]

(From the San Francisco *Monitor*.)

In our last issue, we noticed some attacks made recently in the Portland *Daily News*, against the Jesuit Fathers and their missions, on the authority of Major Owen, Indian Agent to the Flatheads. It will be remembered that Major Owen's letter concluded thus: "*Lieut. Mullan has advised that they (the Jesuit Fathers) be ordered out of the country,*" and that in the editorial remarks on Owen's letter it is said, that "*his statement will carry much weight.*"

To prove the wantonness with which some men, for their own purposes, write unmitigated falsehoods, and the recklessness with which others are found to publish and endorse them, we produce below a letter from Lieut. Mullan to Father Congiati, imploring him, eighteen months back, not to close the mission of the Cœur d'Alènes; Father Congiati, as Superior of that Order, having directed the fathers in charge of that mission to break it up, and retire to one of the other missions, in case the neophytes there, should attempt to take any part in the war then raging. This threat had the desired effect; and the Indians, dreading the consequences, remained at peace. The report having got abroad of the directions given by Father Congiati, Lieut. Mullan addressed the following letter to him, which speaks for itself:

## MISSION OF THE SACRED HEART, W. T.,

September 17th, 1858.

REV. FATHER CONGIATI: *My Dear Sir*, — You, doubtless, as well as myself will be rejoiced to learn that the war, so far as regards the Cœur d'Alènes, is now at an end, and that a season of peace is about to supplant a state of things as terrible for us as for the Indians.

A new horizon now dawns for the future, and I trust sincerely that no passing cloud may hereafter be seen to darken the sky, either for us or ourselves. They have been blind, but, fortunately, the scales have now fallen from their eyes, and they see clearly, and, what is more commendable, they acknowledge their error, and are willing to make any just amends that we may choose to impose. Thank kind heaven for it! I trust, therefore, my dear father, in view of the unremitting labors of your Order during the past fourteen years, and the new state of things for the future, that you will be disposed to revoke your order regarding the breaking-up of your mission among the Cœur d'Alènes and give them another trial. They are good Indians and can be made better, and now is an opportune moment when the attempt can be renewed.

I intend visiting Washington this winter, and shall return to San Francisco by early May, and during my stay in Washington I shall not be idle, but, on the contrary, shall endeavor to use my best exertions in behalf of the missions and Indians, and shall bring the few bands scattered in this vicinity to the special attention of the authorities, who will have authority to act in reference to the missions especially, and whatever the results may be that will attend my labors, they can speak for themselves.

I trust, therefore, father, you will not abandon these poor children of the wilds to themselves, but, on the contrary, since they have been willing to retrace their steps, rather let them be confirmed in their present good intentions, to set to work to build themselves up again, to forget the errors of the past and live only in the brightness of the future. I feel much in their behalf, and would, for one, much regret to see our noble fathers be compelled to give these people up to vice and wickedness, which alone must await them. I trust, then, you will well consider the course that is to be taken with these Indians. I hope to see you before I leave for the States. I shall start from San Francisco, as soon as I get back to the Dalles, and shall return to California about the 1st of May, when I hope you will make all your arrangements to accompany me at that time up to Oregon, and even into and across the mountains to Fort Benton. With my best wishes for your continued health and success in your noble works, I am, father,

Truly, your ob't serv't,

JOHN MULLAN,

Lieut. U. S. Army.

(From the *Catholic Review*.)

[Secretary Lamar has given permission that the letter, addressed by him to the Rev. T. S. Childs, D. D., of Washington, should be published in *The Independent*.]

I am in receipt, by reference from the President, of your letter to him of the 19th of September, stating that you have communications from different parts of the country, and from various institutions, asserting that "persistent efforts are being made on the part of the Roman Catholics to obtain control of the work of the government and of the different Protestant societies among the Indians;" and that "the complaints are so widespread and so alike that it looks like a general plan from a common source."

No details are furnished of any particular acts done or methods adopted, tending to show the persistent efforts of the Roman Catholics for accomplishing the end and design complained of. Indeed, the statement is so general that any answer to it must be of the same character.

The Department is not aware of the Roman Catholics having relation to any matter connected with the administration of the Indian service, which it thinks gives any ground for apprehension that they will succeed in obtaining control of the work of the government, or that of the different Protestant societies among the Indians, especially if the Protestants manifest zeal and energy in maintaining their position and prosecuting their work.

There are not to exceed 260,000 Indians in this country, exclusive of any portion of the population of Alaska. The 60,000 composing the members of the Five Civilised Tribes and the New York Indians, are self-supporting and so far civilised as to be able to clearly make intelligent selection of the religious denomination with which they may choose to ally or connect themselves. The religious denominations engaged in the great work of elevating the race to a Christian civilisation, naturally feel a concern for the success of their efforts, and each desires to gather to itself the fruits of its labors. The interest and zeal manifested in the Indians by the various organisations are commendable and highly appreciated by the Department, and the desire and aim has been to throw no unnecessary obstacles in the way of any of them.

It has been and is the policy of the Administration of Indian Affairs, to leave the question of religion where it properly belongs—to the conscience of the individual Indian. None of the schools managed by the government are conducted in the interest of any religious denomination.

Among the 190,000 Indians for whose educational interest appropriations are made by Congress, there are about 40,000 children of school age. The government has facilities of its own for educating not to exceed one-fourth of that number. In view of this deficiency it has willingly availed itself of the offers of help made by the religious associations engaged in missionary and educational work on the reservations, and through them a portion of the money appropriated for Indian education is expended in a manner which enables the Department to extend the benefits intended to the greatest possible number of children. It is the policy of the Department to encourage in every proper and possible way the different religious denominations in their missionary and educational work among the Indians, and I am informed by the Chief of the Educational Division of the Indian Bureau, that when they erect buildings on the reservations and offer to engage in the educational work, contracts for the purpose are invariably made with them. The fact that there are more than 25,000 Indian children growing up in ignorance without school facilities, bears too heavily upon those who are charged with the administration of this important branch of the service, to warrant the belief that there will be any intentional hindrance of the efforts or refusal of the aid tendered by any efficient auxiliary for giving education and training to the greatest possible number composing this mass of ignorance.

If the Roman Catholics have been recognised to a greater extent than other denominations, it is only because they have asked more largely and have satisfied the Indian Bureau that they have the necessary equipment, where it is most needed, to aid in the work. They have an organisation known as the Bureau of Catholic Missions with headquarters in this city, under the general management of an energetic and a tireless director who travels much among the Indians, and appears to be kept fully advised through the agents of the church organisation to which he belongs, of any favorable opportunities for extending missionary educational work among them. It may be possible that this agency, so thoroughly organised, and so actively and zealously at work, extending its sphere of usefulness into a field so free and open to all, is reaching out into portions thereof not hitherto occupied by it.

The Department does not recognise the exclusive right in any denomination to engage in the missionary and educational work among the Indians on any reservation. The whole field, as far as the Department is concerned, is open to all religious denominations. The Protestants have the same rights as the Catholics—no greater, and no less. While the fact that one denomination is already engaged in the work among a particular tribe of Indians or on a specified reservation, is not considered by the Department as a necessary exclusion, under all circumstances and at all times, of another denomination or society desiring to go there to begin work, yet at the same time it neither urges, prompts nor suggests action by any denomination that would seem likely to bring about any interference with or clashing of denominational work or interests.

After careful consideration of the contents of your letter and the subject-matter to which it refers, I think I can confidently assure you that no aid or support or co-operation of any of the officers of the Department connected with the Indian service will be given to the execution or furtherance of "any general plan from a common source," for giving to the Roman Catholics control of the work of the government and of the different societies among the Indians.

## GOLDEN JUBILEE OF POPE LEO XIII.

### CELEBRATIONS IN OUR AMERICAN COLLEGES.

[In answer to a communication sent to all our American colleges, asking for brief sketches of their celebration of the jubilee of our Holy Father, we have received the following, which are inserted in the order in which the celebrations took place.]

ST. XAVIER COLLEGE, CINCINNATI, OHIO—Oct. 30th, 1887.

The last Sunday in October was set by Most Rev. Archbishop Elder, for the celebration, in Cincinnati, of the Pope's Jubilee. The college church of old St. Xavier's, which had just been tastefully frescoed, was gracefully festooned for the occasion, with the Papal colors. Its four marble altars were gay with flowers and decorations. In the morning, solemn High Mass was celebrated, and Fr. Calmer delivered, before a crowded congregation, a glowing panegyric on the power and glory of "Leo the Fisherman."

At night, Vespers were sung by a double choir. The twenty-five members of the senior college choir, robed in cassock and surplice, joined the fathers and scholastics in the sanctuary. At the conclusion of Vespers, seventy trained voices rendered a *Te Deum*, composed by Fr. Weninger. The aged missionary came forth on that day, from the retirement in which he is spending the glorious sunset of a brilliant life, to do his share in honoring our Holy Father, by directing the choir himself. The day was fittingly closed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Thus we of Cincinnati, priest and people, united in giving our humble meed of loyalty and devotion to the Holy See; and while other places have made greater demonstration, we are sure that none have given of their abundance with readier love and affection than the town that nestles on the banks of the beautiful Ohio.

C.

GEORGETOWN, D. C.—Dec. 2nd, 1887.

(From the *College Journal*.)

The present has been in many ways a truly eventful year. In one respect especially it seems to have been peculiarly happy, and that is in the numerous occasions it has afforded great peoples of rejoicing in a common cause.

It afforded joy to the heart of every true German subject by bringing to a close the quarter of a century, during which his emperor sat on the throne at Berlin; it swelled with honest pride the bosom of every citizen over whom float the folds of the Union Jack, by burying in the past the last of fifty years that have run their course since Victoria ascended the throne of Great Britain; and as a fitting climax to a great series of events it brought the golden sacerdotal jubilee of the one prince on earth who holds universal sway, the sainted and illustrious Leo XIII., Pope and Bishop of Rome.

Prompted by the same feelings of affectionate regard that animate every child of the Church on this last occasion, the students of Georgetown College hastened to make manifest, by their own little demonstration, their joy at the auspicious event.

The second of December was appointed for the celebration of the jubilee at the college, and the literary portion of the commemorative exercises was held in the evening of that day. The spacious refectory, which was used for the occasion, just newly painted and frescoed, never looked so bright and cheerful. A temporary stage was erected at the head of the hall. The decorations and hangings helped wonderfully the general effect of neatness, and were a fitting complement to the soft glow of the lights and the rich tints of the ceiling and walls. A picture of the Holy Father hung in the background. Many of Father Curley's rare plants, with their generous branches, gave the stage and the immediate surroundings the appearance of a lovely springtime bower.

When the Reverend Faculty had been escorted to their seats, the four orators who had been selected from the class of Rhetoric to honor the occasion, entered and occupied seats on the stage. After a score of introductory music, W. J. McClusky arose and claimed the attention of the audience. His theme was: "Leo XIII. and the Proletariat." After briefly calling attention to the constant attitude of the Holy See towards the poorer classes, the speaker considered the



assiduous zeal the present occupant of the chair of St. Peter manifested in behalf of that class, and the beneficial influence he had exerted in whatever country his advice had been heeded.

After a short intermission, J. M. Prendergast arose to speak on "Leo XIII. and Catholic Education." Having said a few words on the infinite importance attached by the Holy Father to Catholic education, he referred to the noble work Leo XIII. had done in this cause. The speaker entered into his subject with enthusiasm, and showed how eminently His Holiness had deserved the praise of the learned world.

When Pierce J. Grace had finished a charming performance on the piano, D. J. Geary began to speak on "Leo XIII. and the European Powers." In the beginning of his speech he drew a very graphic picture of the meeting of Leo I. and Attila, and showed how this memorable event of history was repeated in modern times in the persons of our Holy Father and the great German Minister.

J. V. Dahlgren was the last speaker; his theme being "Leo XIII., Retrospect and Prospect." In portraying the splendid career of Leo XIII., the speaker took occasion to dwell on the great missionary works that had been inaugurated under the personal direction of the Holy Father, and he painted, in vivid words, a future glorious for the whole Church, but especially for the Church in America. The audience at this last point, interrupting the speaker, gave expression to their feelings in an outburst of applause.

The exercises of the evening were concluded by a few remarks from Rev. Father Rector, who congratulated the speakers on their very creditable display and expressed the hope that they would always defend the words they had just spoken. He then read the telegram which had been sent by cable to the Holy Father in the name of the students.

The religious part of the celebration took place on the following morning, when High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Rector. Father Gillespie was deacon, and Mr. Clifford was subdeacon, while Mr. Mullan was master of ceremonies.

It was thus that Georgetown, the oldest Catholic college in the country, did honor to herself in celebrating with so much enthusiasm the golden jubilee of the glorious patron of learning.

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE, WORCESTER, MASS.—Dec. 3rd, 1887.

Perhaps the most charming weather of an unwontedly mild and open winter season was vouchsafed to us for our *Festa* in honor of the great Pontiff. The old poet could scarcely have anticipated that his rondo with its merry catch,

"A Southerly wind and a cloudless sky  
Betoken a holiday morning."—

would be applicable to our northern, wind-swept hill during December days; but so it was. And among the other happy conjunctions we would not forget that it was on the day of St. Francis Xavier, than whom, we are sure, no saint more rejoiced in the honor bestowed upon Christ's Vicar on earth.

Great pains had been expended upon the chapel decorations. The high altar was well-nigh hidden in a bower of soft green leaves and trailing plants and flowers; and up above the myriad lights were elevated the Papal arms, embroidered on white satin. The choir gave an effective rendering of a carefully studied Mass by Palmer. Father Rector was celebrant, Fr. H. J. Shandelle, deacon, and Mr. W. S. Hayes, subdeacon. The services were concluded with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament and the *Te Deum*, sung by the whole college.

When the students crowded into Fenwick Hall in the evening, they discovered that the stage had also been adorned in honor of the day. A glance at the topical arrangement of the elegant programme gives an idea of how admirably adapted was the scheme to embody adequately the many-sided life of Leo XIII. It comprised the following speeches by the collegians: The Priest—S. W. Wilby, The Legate—E. H. Sheehan, The Poet—O. M. McGee, The Philosopher—D. A. O'Brien, The Sovereign Pontiff—J. T. Bottomley. The Jubilee Ode was by G. F. X. Griffith.

The martial music of the Glee Club and the spirited playing of the College Orchestra contributed their share in what was, assuredly, a notable holiday for Holy Cross College.

ST. MARY'S, KANSAS—Dec. 8th, 1887.

In compliance with the wish of Rt. Rev. Bishop Fink, the jubilee in honor of Pope Leo XIII. was celebrated throughout the diocese of Leavenworth on the feast of the Immaculate Conception. Our students, too, with whole-souled earnestness, fittingly manifested their love and rever-

ence for the venerable Vicar of Christ. At the early Mass, about two hundred of them offered up their Holy Communion for His Holiness, and later, at the High Mass, when sanctuary and choir seemed to vie with each other in giving solemnity to the divine service, many a young heart poured out fervent prayers to God for blessings on the common father of all the faithful. The piety of our boarders ever edifies visitors and consoles those who labor in this young vineyard. Knowing this reputation of our students, no one will be surprised to hear that, during the day of the jubilee, many were the visits to the chapel and many the appeals to the Divine Prisoner in the tabernacle, in behalf of the holy prisoner of the Vatican. Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament closed the day's offerings. The choir, with the orchestra under the direction of Father Moeller, fully sustained its well-deserved reputation. When the solemn strains of the *Te Deum* filled the chapel, the boys, joining in the refrain, looked and felt their love and thanks to God, who has given us such an able defender of the rights of Holy Church, in the person of Pope Leo XIII.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, MONTREAL, CANADA—Dec. 28th, 1887.

(From the *Catholic Review*.)

The Rev. Jesuit Fathers of St. Mary's College, Bleury Street, and their pupils, celebrated the jubilee of the Holy Father on Wednesday evening, Dec. 28th, with a literary and musical soirée, which was attended by the élite of Montreal Catholic society, to whom cards of invitation had been issued. The entertainment was under the patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal, who entered the Academic Hall precisely at eight o'clock, followed by the Rev. Fathers of St. Mary's and their clerical guests. After the orchestra had played a military march, the opening address was given by Mr. J. C. de Boucherville, his subject being "Leo XIII. as the Protector of the Fine Arts." Then followed a debate by six young gentlemen, Messrs. Ranger, Loranger, Gladu, Plante, De Martigny and Marien, as to whether sculpture, music, architecture, painting, poetry or eloquence is the art most worthy of the Holy Father's protection; a question which was decided by Mr. Martineau, who gave the palm to eloquence. Architecture, painting and sculpture, he said, were too materialistic; music was freer from this charge, and poetry still more expressive and elevated; but, of all the arts, eloquence was the one which had most influence over the minds of men.

Among the audience were gentlemen at the head of the learned professions in Montreal, such as Hon. Judges Baby and Papineau, Hon. Senator Trudel, Doctor Hingston, Doctor Laramée, Dr. Merrill, Hon. M. Chauveau, Mr. L. O. David, M.P., Mr. Desjardins, M.P., Mr. Frank Quinn, and many others.

The programme was interspersed with music by the orchestra, under the direction of Rev. Father Garceau, S. J., and with some fine singing by the college boys, under the direction of Rev. Lewis Cotter, S. J.

A pleasing feature was the recitation by young Master Surveyer, aged twelve, of the Holy Father's ode, "Auspicatus Ecclesiæ Triumphus," which he rendered with singular grace and sweetness. A translation of the same in French was afterwards given by Master A. Laramée. When the last notes of the jubilee chorus had died away, Rev. Father Turgeon, rector of the college, rose and addressed the audience. At the close of an apt speech he announced the reception that day of a cablegram from Rome conveying the Holy Father's blessing to the fathers and pupils of St. Mary's College. This blessing, at the rector's request, was then imparted by His Grace the Archbishop; the orchestra struck up *la Marche des Prêtres*, the boys, in all the bravery of their broadcloth and gold, filed off into the college, the audience dispersed into the snow-drifted streets, and the long line of fathers, in cap and gown, wound up the narrow aisle leading to the little entrance door and disappeared, surely well pleased with the manner in which their pupils had conducted the jubilee entertainment in honor of His Holiness, Leo XIII.

CANISIUS COLLEGE, BUFFALO, N. Y.—Dec. 30th, 1887.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

With great pleasure do I comply with your wish to send you a brief account of our celebration of the Pope's jubilee at Canisius College. The students, first of all, sent a collective Latin address to the Holy Father, which will be presented to him by our V. Rev. Father General. The address was a real little gem, as far as art and design were concerned, and was the work of the Sisters of St. Francis, who had previously made that of the diocese of Buffalo, which was most highly praised by competent judges. Of course, the students delight in the idea, that their autographs will be presented in the Eternal City, and even attract the eyes

of the Holy Father, and they look forward to some kind of acknowledgment, in which hope they most likely will not be disappointed. Part of the public jubilee celebration took place on the evening of December 30th, when an historical drama, composed for the occasion by one of the faculty, was presented for the first time to a large and distinguished audience. The title of the play was "Alexander III.," and its subject, the bitter, but vain struggle of the Emperor Barbarossa against the successor of St. Peter. Although the events belong to the remote past, yet they reflected significant light on the present condition of the Church. The performance was very creditable and the piece gave such general satisfaction, that on some future occasion it will undoubtedly be played again. Having duly made the novena prescribed in order to gain the plenary indulgence granted by our Holy Father, our boys all went to confession on Saturday, and on the following morning offered up the general Communion for Leo XIII. Solemn High Mass was celebrated later in the morning. When dinner-time came, the happy boys saw, to their delight, that the Holy Father had even inspected their bill of fare and had also added, after a long list of good things, a delicious smoke. In the evening, the students, together with the numerous members of St. Michael's congregation, gathered once more in the spacious and richly decorated college-hall, to bring the day to a worthy close. Music and song cheered the hearts of all until finally came the oration of the day, delivered by a member of the faculty. Thus we spent at Canisius College this memorable day, and we hope that in the hearts of our young men and boys it has left a marked increase of love for our Holy Father and our holy Catholic Church.

B.

GONZAGA COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Jan. 1st, 1888.

The students of the college had no special celebration, but church and college united in honoring the Holy Father on the first Sunday in January. The following account of the celebration is taken from the Baltimore *Mirror*.

At St. Aloysius' Church the sanctuary was beautifully adorned and brilliantly lighted. The main and side altars were decked with the brightest plants and fairest flowers. Father Jones was the celebrant of the grand High Mass. Gounod's Mass, St. Cecilia, was magnificently rendered by a full choir, with Bernay's orchestra and a chorus of thirty voices under the direction of Mr. Harry Sher-

man. Rev. E. A. McGurk, preached on "The Pontificate of Pope Leo XIII." The Reverend Father referred to the universal tributes of love and respect for the Pope, manifested by gifts from every nation and congratulations in every language. There were two causes for this reverence — first, the dignity of the Papacy, and, second, the distinguished merits with which the present pontiff had discharged the duties of his high office. Father McGurk dwelt upon the relation of the Pope to the Church, remarking that, as Peter was made the rock on which the Church should stand and as the shepherd of the flock should feed it, so the very continuance and existence of Christianity are made by Christ to depend upon the Papacy. He showed how through the history of Christianity the Pope had been at the head and had discharged the sacred trust. He was the sign by which the world could discover that Christ's promise, that he would be with the Church unto the consummation of time, had been fulfilled. The Reverend Father described the firmness with which the Pope maintained his temporal possession. Taking up the manacles and chains of which death had relieved his predecessor, and going into the seclusion of the Vatican, he had declined to break the triple crown so honorably his for so many centuries. Freedom, however, had not been necessary that his voice should reach his flock. Through his encyclicals he had reached the Church and the world. Aware of the intellectual activity of the world, he had encouraged a similar activity in the Church, and it would not be long before many great students would show the fruit of the Holy Father's encouragement of the study of St. Thomas Aquinas. The Reverend Father then spoke of the Pope's political relations with Spain, Germany and England, in all of which, he said, he had gained the approval and admiration of the world. Romberg's *Te Deum* was sung after the Mass.

ST. PETER'S COLLEGE, JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Jan. 6th, 1888.

From this college we have received only a neat programme unaccompanied by any description of the celebration. From this we gather that the collegians celebrated the golden jubilee of the Holy Father, on the morning of Friday, Jan. 6th, with appropriate literary exercises. These comprised a discourse on "Leo, the Prince of Peace," a poem on the Pope's motto: "Lumen in cælo," an essay on "Leo, the Friend and Patron of Learning," another, on "Leo XIII. and Science," with recitations entitled: "Address to

Leo XIII.," "The Golden Jubilee," and "Congratulatory Verses." The programme with its golden border was in keeping with the occasion.

ST. JOHN'S, FORDHAM, N. Y.—Jan. 15th, 1888.

Memorable as the 15th of January, 1888, will hereafter remain forever in the hearts of the children of the Catholic Church, on account of the faithful ones, whose names were inscribed by our Holy Father, Leo XIII. on the calendar of the saints, it was rendered particularly memorable to the faculty and students of St. John's College, by reason of the twofold celebration which on this day was held within its walls.

As His Holiness determined to make the canonisation of these saints the most solemn and glorious act of this festive season of his golden jubilee; as three of those raised to the altars of God were members of the Society of Jesus, for which he has always shown the tenderest love, in memory of the happy days spent as student at two of our colleges; and as it seems as though it gave him a special pleasure to hold up to the world St. John Berchmans as a new model and patron of youth; it was deemed most appropriate to join in one grand celebration the canonisation of the youthful saint and the golden jubilee of the venerable pontiff.

With this object in view, it was arranged to have for the morning services a solemn High Mass, sung in unison by the students, at which a panegyric of St. John Berchmans would be preached, and in the afternoon a literary and musical entertainment which would blend together the praise of the newly canonised saint, with that of our Holy Father.

The Mass was celebrated with unusual pomp by Reverend Father Rector, assisted by Father Walsh, as deacon, and Mr. Weber, as subdeacon.

The fact that St. John was a scholastic of the Society at the time of his holy death, suggested the propriety of having the story of his saintly life, with its simple and beautiful lessons of angelic virtue, told by one of his own grade in the order he loved so dearly and whose glory it is to number him among her favorite children.

Mr. Quirk was, therefore, chosen for the task, which was somewhat difficult, as it was the first time that a scholastic was called on, of late years, to preach before the students. Even bearing in mind how slowly and softly praise should come to the ears of the living, however deserving they may be, it still should be said the panegyric was uniformly praised

both for its matter and manner of delivery by all who had the pleasure of hearing it. A clear and distinct picture it was, of a pure and gifted soul, with its aspirations directed towards God, a resolute will never to swerve from the path of duty and virtue. The light and shade, the trials and marvellous virtue, of this favored child of heaven were set forth in such nice proportions, his every quality of mind and heart were drawn with such clearness and spirit, that many a year will come and go before the beauty of St. John's character will fade from the minds of those who listened to his panegyric.

In the evening, the glorious works of our Holy Father's pontificate were rehearsed by members of the higher classes, in Latin and English orations. A poem in honor of our Lady of Montague and also one in honor of our Holy Father, was read. The exercises were concluded by the choir singing the *Te Deum*. Afterwards all repaired to the chapel where the celebration was appropriately brought to an end by solemn Benediction.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN—Jan. 15th, 1888.

(From a Detroit paper.)

The jubilee of Pope Leo's priesthood was celebrated at the Church of SS. Peter and Paul yesterday, in accordance with the pre-arranged programme. The trimmings and drapings hung for Christmas were still in place and the altars richly dressed. At the morning masses and in the evening, the church was crowded to the doors, the aggregate attendance of the day being between six and seven thousand.

The first discourse of the day was delivered by Father Cornelius B. Sullivan, vice-president of Detroit College. His theme was "Leo the Priest."

"The termination of fifty years of any sort of life," he said, "is a memorable event, and if those fifty years have been years of honor, it is a fitting occasion for felicitation. What do fifty years of priestly life convey to the Catholic mind? Travel in imagination over those fifty years. There is the going forth from home and kindred; there is the long life of study, prayer and austere preparation; there is the giving up of pleasures that others enjoy, but of which it were sin for the Levite to taste. At length he emerges from solitude, which men commonly give to supplying the delights of the awakening passions. Behold him as he stands at the altar for the first time vested in his priestly robes. From



this moment he is alone, a man apart with God alone, a priest forever. He knows no ties of flesh and blood. He traces his lineage to God alone. For him the battle has begun. As the years roll on, he must be still more the man of penance, the man of study, the man of intercourse with God. He has received a heavy burden, a fearful responsibility. He is priest, father, judge and teacher. To fulfill these duties he can depend on God alone. The fiftieth year in Pope Leo's priesthood has been reached. Feeble is his step and bowed his gray head. Gather round him to-day, the holy old priest! What a story the guardian angel could tell of those fifty years! Tell us, Angel of the priesthood, of his long, fierce battle with the world, of the many sacraments he has administered, of the sinners he has led out of the shadow of the dark valley; of the broken hearts he has healed, of the outcast Magdalenes he has brought to the sheltering protection of the Good Shepherd, of the sick he has comforted and the dying he has cheered, of the orphans and the poor to whom he has been the loving father and true friend, of the ignorant he has instructed, of the temples he has built and beautified. Tell us of the trials and cares and sorrows that have wrinkled his brow, of the gloomy secrets that have sunk into his soul, of the virtues he has practised, his prudence, meekness, fervent prayer. Tell us of the hostile criticisms passed upon him by the indifferent and the cold. Honor him, ye Catholic people; aye, honor the gray-haired priest who has come forth from the trial of these fifty years with spotless integrity; honor him as the warm tears course down his cheeks whilst he holds your God and his God in his trembling hands and thinks of that day in the long ago when for the first time he offered the great sacrifice of the Lamb. Catholic parents, do you number among your sons one who is destined for the honors of the priesthood? If so, bless God. Choose not any child of yours for this dread responsibility; for this would be to usurp the authority of Christ. But if you possess a child who has heard the voice of the Master calling him into the sanctuary, cherish that child and guard him against the allurements of sin."

At half past 10 A. M. solemn High Mass was celebrated, with Fr. J. P. Frieden, rector of Detroit College, as celebrant. Fr. Charles Coppens delivered a discourse on "Leo, the Man," treating the main events in the life of the Pope, paying a high tribute to his erudition as a scholar, his piety as a priest and pontiff, his ability as a diplomat and his liberality as a patron of the arts and sciences.

In the evening Father Thomas Hughes delivered a lec-

ture on "Leo, the Pope," it being a review of the papacy. He said: "In this jubilee fête a significant historical fact flashes on the eye. It is the unbroken line of Roman pontiffs, from the time of St. Peter to Pope Leo XIII. It is a line which has been cut short neither by vacancy nor by vice. It set out nearly nineteen centuries ago, with the full intent, deliberate and expressed, of lasting throughout time. Eighteen centuries pass away; thirteen nations, between the Persian Gulf and the Atlantic, lend their representatives to fill the chair of Peter; the world beholds it filled by 253 lawful successors of St. Peter, and the chair still remains. The See of Rome has been kept supplied by election; yet has it not failed. Here is a marvel, abstracting from all else; an elective monarchy is, humanly speaking, a thing incapable of lasting. Besides heresies, a brood of evils in the shape of violence and of schism was produced by the different ages as they ran on; but the series of popes remains, clothed with a four-fold glory, the light of their sanctity, of their great achievements, of their learning, and of their extraordinary abilities in government. In brief, history declares that the substantial form of the Church, as manifested in the visible actions of her visible head, has been immovable. It moreover declares that the popes, in exerting that extraordinary vitality with which they administered her affairs, saved Europe from barbarians, civilised it with arts and sciences, and spread Christianity through the world. Wisdom is justified in her children; Christ in his faithful; and the Church in her pastors. They have been faithful to her from the first Pope, St. Peter, to Pope Leo XIII., the latest but not the last of the indefectible line, and one of the greatest pontiffs, in his sanctity and wisdom, that have ever occupied the Papal throne."

After the sermon, prayers were said by the congregation for the Holy Father, and the services ended with solemn Benediction and the singing of the *Te Deum* by the Acolythical Society. The chimes of the church closed the day's celebration with the *Te Deum*.

MORRISON, COLORADO—Jan. 18th, 1888.

We have received from Morrison College, Colorado, an elaborately printed programme which would seem to denote a celebration of a very high character. Having received no other account of the celebration, we can give only a synopsis of the programme. The celebration began with a pontifical Mass at which Right Rev. Bishop Matz, Coadjutor-

Bishop of Denver, acted as celebrant, the Rev. Rector of the college as assistant priest, Fr. Brunner, as deacon, Mr. Cordoba as subdeacon, and Mr. Kowald as master of ceremonies. The choir was under the direction of Mr. Chapuis. The panegyric was delivered by Rt. Rev. J. P. Machæuf, Bishop of Denver.

The pontifical Mass was followed by a literary and musical entertainment embracing addresses in Latin, French, Italian, English and German. This was followed, at noon, by a banquet, and in the afternoon, by another literary feast in which the praises of the Holy Father were blended with those of the newly canonised saints of the Society. This included also addresses of welcome to the bishops who were present on the occasion. The day closed with a singing of the *Te Deum* and solemn Benediction.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S, NEW YORK—Feb. 15th, 1888.

[From the following extracts, taken from the February number of the *Xavier*, it will appear that the college celebration took place at so late a date, that we have not yet received any account in detail.]

On the eve of the New Year the Jubilee of the Pope was celebrated with unusual splendor in the Church of St. Francis Xavier. There was a solemn procession of all the clergy of the church and college, followed by a *Te Deum* with orchestral accompaniment. Rev. Fr. McCarthy drew a picture of the celebration then taking place in the Vatican itself, referring in a striking manner to the military guard presenting arms during the elevation to Him who is the God of Armies.

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The feast of the new saint, St. John Berchmans, of the Society of Jesus, canonised at Rome by Pope Leo XIII., on Sunday, January 15th, 1888, one of the Patrons of Youth, will be celebrated by the students of St. Francis Xavier's College on February 15th. The Jubilee of the Pope will be celebrated by the students on the same day.

A MIRACLE  
WROUGHT BY ST. JOHN BERCHMANS ON THE DAY OF HIS  
CANONISATION.

FIESOLE, February 9th, 1888.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER IN XT.,

P. C.

I enclose the account of a miracle wrought through the intercession of St. John Berchmans on the day of his canonisation. It was sent to us by the Roman Provincial, and afterwards published in the Florence paper *Il Giorno*.

Yours very sincerely in D<sup>no</sup>,

E. V. BOURSAUD, S. J.

The following account is furnished by the Archpriest of Ferrara referred to in the sketch.

Louisa Boari, a niece of Canon Boari d'Argenta, Archpriest of Ferrara, had been suffering from consumption for many years. The physician who attended her had long since discovered that her right lung was completely consumed, while the left was slowly wasting away. In addition to this she experienced the greatest difficulty in breathing, and an aversion to all kinds of food. For the last year she had been living on milk alone, and even this she had recently been unable to take, except in very small quantities, and not without suffering acute pains in the stomach. Still later she suffered every night from a fever which threatened her speedy death. Her life, in a word, was despaired of. I who was her confessor was obliged to tell her of her condition and admonish her to prepare for the end. On Saturday morning, January 14th, she sent for me to hear her confession, which she was accustomed to make every week. She showed herself piously resigned, and even anxious to die, in order, as she said, to be with Christ.

I told her how, on the following day, the canonisation of Blessed John Berchmans was to take place, and advised her to invoke his aid with confidence, and on the morrow to ask of him a perfect cure, if such should be to the greater glory of God and the sanctification of her soul. She yielded, in the spirit of obedience, and promised to ask the grace. I gave her a relic of Blessed Berchmans and withdrew. That

evening the usual fever returned. On awakening at midnight, she found herself no better than before; some time later, however, she awoke and found herself completely cured. She made several experiments to be sure that it was not an illusion. She soon realised, beyond a doubt, that the cure was complete, and then joyfully cried out: "I am cured, I am cured! Blessed John Berchmans has cured me!" This happened at about 4 A. M., and she eagerly asked to go to the church to hear the first Mass, which is said before dawn; but the rest of the family would not allow her to do so. She went, however, to the parochial Mass, and received Holy Communion, besides attending all the ceremonies, kneeling nearly the whole time. She felt no inconvenience whatever from these unusual efforts, and, on returning home, she ate her breakfast with an excellent appetite. On Monday she observed the abstinence in honor of St. Anthony with the rest of the family, her meals consisting of beans, stock-fish and polenta. On Tuesday, in spite of the great cold, she visited the Madonna della Celetta; and, after this walk of about three American miles, she stopped at the church of St. Nicholas where she remained for all the evening ceremonies, kneeling as on Sunday without feeling any inconvenience. On Wednesday, the doctor was sent for and was amazed at finding no trace of sickness left. *Mirabilis Deus in sanctis suis!* was his exclamation as he bade her good bye. At present she is in perfect health and everything leaves us to understand that the cure is complete and lasting.

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ACCOUNT OF THE MIRACLES  
ADMITTED BY THE CONGREGATION OF RITES FOR THE  
CANONISATION OF ST. PETER CLAVER.

Devotion to Peter Claver in the United States began with his beatification. At that time, I preached a mission in our church of St. Joseph, at St. Louis. As Christ bade his Apostles preach, and lay hands on the sick, I resolved to do what Christ admonished the "Heralds of the Gospel" to do, and to place the relics of Blessed Peter on the heads of the sick. But in order not to interfere with the order and quiet of the mission, I announced to the people, that I would attend to the sick, only after the conclusion of the mission; that they must first take care of their souls, making the exercises as well as possible, and then continue the invocation of Blessed Peter Claver every day till his feast—the 9th of September.

At the end of the second mission at St. Joseph's, they brought among the sick a child born blind, that did not move the pupil of its eye when the flame of a candle was placed before it. The following day, the parents came and thanked me, because the child had got the perfect use of its eyes. I told the parents to thank God and his servant Blessed Peter Claver; but I felt no impulse or inclination to speak of the favor to others.

After that, I gave missions uninterruptedly for nearly forty years, imposing the relics over and over again at the conclusion of missions, and cures followed cures almost without interruption; so that the veneration of Peter Claver was spreading and increasing throughout the whole of the United States, over which I constantly travelled; but still I felt no impulse to notify Rome of these cures.

Finally, during the year 1862 I gave a mission at Melrose, near New York. There a woman came, afflicted with a rotten hand. One finger especially was putrefying, and the whole hand was a mass of corruption. Gangrene had set in, and the hand was to be cut off. I placed the relics on the sore hand, and told the woman to come next morning to church, and that meanwhile, I would recommend her to Blessed Peter Claver. She came, and during Mass she felt a heavy stroke on her hand. At once she rose up, and, anxious to see what had happened, went out into the street

and removed the bandage, when she saw that she had, as it were, a new hand, for the flesh was tender and fresh as a boiled egg without the shell, and no more corruption was visible. Seeing this change, she began to cry in a loud voice, "Glory, Glory to God! I am cured!" At this, a crowd quickly assembled, and among them an apothecary, who had a drug-store on the corner opposite the church; as he knew the previous condition of the woman's hand, he said to the people: "I don't know what the priest in the church did to cure that hand, but one thing I say,—*that is a wonder.*"

Even this case I did not feel disposed to refer to Rome. But proceeding from Melrose to the neighboring parish of Manhattanville, I was standing in the sacristy, when, suddenly, I felt my finger pierced as by a lancet, and the pain almost made me sink to the floor. My finger began to swell. Then I began to think that possibly Blessed Peter Claver was thus afflicting me, for not heeding the fact, that these cures were wrought by God to promote his canonisation. So I addressed myself to him, asking him to cure me, and promising, in turn, that I would immediately inquire from Rome what I was to do in regard to many, nay innumerable cures, worked through the application of the relics of Peter Claver. Fr. Boero, who was the Promoter of the Processes for our Venerables, replied that I had only to state the facts to the bishops, and send the cases to the Congregation of Rites for examination. Fr. Boero added that *two* evident miracles would do; nay, that one miracle of the first class would suffice, if it happened after the beatification. So I sent only five miraculous cures to Rome.

Of these, the Congregation selected three and sent the "Instructions" to the bishops. The first was that of a lady in Milwaukee, eighty-two years of age, who had been afflicted for twelve years by a cancer on the right cheek. The second was that of a girl with a broken collar-bone in Valley Nippenose in the diocese of Philadelphia. The third of a man in St. Louis, who had caries of the breast-bone and three ribs, and pulmonary consumption.

On the first case, the Papal Court met in Milwaukee. It was in the year 1862 that the old lady went, on the feast of St. Peter, to ask the blessing of his relics. I laid the relics on the cancer, and the cancer disappeared at once. She went joyfully home, rubbing her face with her hands, and telling the people: "See! I told you that I shall come home, and the cancer will be gone."

The second cure was that of a girl, who had broken her collar-bone, and for four months was under the treatment of

some doctors of Williamsport, and without success. The bones would not join, and her mother said to her, while dressing the arm, before going to the church during the mission: "My daughter, you will never be cured, but console yourself with the thought that you can be saved with one hand, as well as with two." Coming to the confessional, the girl blessed herself with the left hand; I asked her the reason. She answered: "I am disabled, and cannot move the right hand; the bone is broken." I then asked her if she felt devotion in the intercession of the saints. As she replied in the affirmative, I brought her to the sacristy, and laid the relics on the bandage. She simply said: "Thank you," untied the bandage, and after Mass went straight to the priest's house and began to iron the wash. On coming home, she joyfully swung her hand before her mother's eyes, exclaiming: "See! no more broken bone!" and began to load a wagon with hay.

The third case was that of Ignatius Strecker, in the year 1864. His breast-bone and three ribs were eaten by caries; he was afflicted with a diseased throat and pulmonary consumption. The doctors advised his wife to prepare for his funeral. Then the wife told him that after the mission I was giving, I would impose relics on the sick. He wanted to have the relics applied to him too. As soon as the relics were laid on him, he said to his wife: "Now I can dance." In a moment he was cured of all rottenness of the bones, and of his consumption, and immediately went to work. He was a baker by trade.

His wife told me, that when she heard me announce that I would lay relics on the sick, she thought this would be useless to her husband, for she had already made a novena in honor of the Blessed Virgin, but without avail. Now, she thought, as Mary is higher in Heaven than Blessed Peter Claver, he could not do more than she. While these thoughts were running in her mind, she suddenly heard a voice, as from Heaven: "You are right, my daughter, I am the Queen of Saints, but I wish my servants also to be honored." The processes of these miracles were sent to Rome, and the Congregation selected two of them for the Decree of Canonisation.<sup>(1)</sup>

When called to the witness-stand, I testified that I had

<sup>(1)</sup> Here is the passage in the decree recording the miracles: "Constare de duobus miraculis intercessore Beato Petro Claver a Deo patris; scil. de primo: Instantaneæ perfectæque sanationis Barbaræ Dressen mulieris octogenariæ ab inveterato cancro epitheliali in dextera maxilla; ac de secundo: Subitanæ perfectæque sanationis Ignatii Strecker a carie sterni et costarum thoracis sinistri gravissimo pulmonum vitio conjuncta."



imposed the relics, and that cures constantly happened ; but I never heard what had been done with the processes sent to Rome, whether the Congregation had made use of them or not. Twenty years passed, and finally I heard that Blessed Peter was to be canonised in 1885 ; again that the canonisation was deferred till 1886, and again till 1887. All that time I did not inquire whether the Congregation had used the miracles proposed by me ; and when the canonisation took place on the 15th of January of this year, I did not know whether these miracles had been used. I thought I would offer to the Lord, in honor of St. Peter, this act of self-abnegation, saying : "Anyhow the news will soon be published," and so it happened. The *Catholic Review* printed a letter from its Roman correspondent, giving an account of the canonisation, and the *Letters and Notices* arrived, and I felt exceedingly thankful to God and St. Peter. At the same time, I was glad that I had offered faithfully, through twenty years, the sacrifice of mortified curiosity, that powerful plague to human frailty.

FRANCIS XAVIER WENINGER, S. J.

*Cincinnati, Feb. 26th, 1888.*

## FATHER YENNI'S JUBILEE.

Fr. Dominic Yenni, of Spring Hill College, New Orleans Mission, is the author of a Latin and a Greek grammar which are held in high esteem and are in use in many of our colleges in this country. Some months ago, Very Rev. Fr. General sent him a letter to congratulate him on having taught grammar for *fifty years*. We were very desirous to get a copy of this letter and print it, as it would make edifying reading and encourage teachers. Accordingly we applied to Rev. Fr. Butler and received the following answer :

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 10th, 1888.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER,

P. C.

It would have given me very great pleasure to have been able to comply with your request, but good Father Yenni has made it impossible for me to do so. A day or two after receiving the letter from Very Rev. Fr. General, in his great humility he destroyed it, fearing that it would be found after his death, and probably published, and that thus he would receive praise which, in his opinion, he does not think he deserves. So you see his great humility induced him to do away with the letter which we so much desired to have.

R<sup>ae</sup> V<sup>ae</sup> servus in X<sup>to</sup>,

THEOBALD W. BUTLER, S. J.

## OBITUARY.

### BROTHER JOSEPH A. VIGEANT.

On the 28th of December, the feast of the Holy Innocents, the Novitiate at Frederick witnessed a revival, accidental it is true, of that ancient Catholic usage, which prescribed a family feast upon the death of one of its members. The novices were about to celebrate their feast, when the community-bell called all, according to their devotion, to say a prayer for a departed soul, for our coadjutor-brother, Joseph A. Vigeant. There was no surprise in this. The prayer for the dying had been added to the Litanies for a month previous, and, when the death-knell sounded, it recalled rather the necessity for thanking God for his goodness and mercy than the need of prayers for the deceased.

Brother Vigeant was by birth a Canadian, though his parents for some years lived in the States. He was born on the 11th of April, 1859, and entered the Society, September 29th, 1880. From his entrance he showed singular aptitude for every office to which superiors appointed him. In the kitchen, the refectory and the infirmary, he was painstaking and willing in all his labors; and afterwards, as a machinist, by reason of his rapid progress, he bid fair to become a workman of great skill. Superiors, however, preferred to utilise his services in other duties. He was appointed buyer, and his modesty and humility in performing the duties of this office led him to be highly esteemed and loved by those with whom he had dealings. He was, moreover, visitor at night, and it was while fulfilling this office that he met with an accident which brought on his death. As he was crossing the garden upon a dark night, he ran sharply against a bench, the edge of which struck him in the chest. As he moved at a rapid pace, the force of the collision overthrew him, and, when he arose, he spat blood. He was at once placed in the infirmary and received all the care that kindness and experience could suggest. He recovered, after a time, sufficiently to resume part of his duties, but the accident had robbed him of much of that vigor and earnestness with which he was accustomed to pursue his labors. After two years of indifferent health, Brother Vigeant contracted a cold, and a little later, experienced a return of hemorrhages, that obliged him, first, to forego all work, and in August, 1887, to keep his room. After a lapse of five months, he died, as was said above, on the feast of the Holy Innocents.

In recalling the life of our departed brother, there is one element traceable throughout all his actions, both spiritual and temporal, which merits our consideration. His character was one of great and prudent determination. This quality served him in good stead as buyer; for it led to a prompt and judicious management, which gave full satisfaction to his superiors, and which never compromised the dignity and sanctity of his religious calling. A man of few words, but always courteous, he attended strictly to the business which he had with others. But though his zeal for his Father's house showed itself thus in temporal matters—which in a large community must needs be multifarious and distracting—these were, to Brother Vigeant, only causes why he should attend to, and demand, a strict account of himself in his spiritual concerns. Of an essentially serious mind, his idea of our Society, as its plan was unrolled before him in rule and instruction and guidance, urged him always to seek for that lofty and sublime perfection held out to us by our Holy Founder.

Hence, with this object before him, his determination ripened into constancy, and his seriousness, acted upon by a high estimate of the life to which he was called, formed in him an undercurrent, that made him deeply religious, and gave him that *motif* which, duly cherished and followed in all its bearings, makes our perfection so truly a personal matter. Indications of this trait were not wanting even in the first days of his noviceship. He had been but a short time in religion, when an extern who had occasion to meet Ours frequently, happening to see him, remarked on account of his modesty that he must have been a religious of many years. And that modesty was not ephemeral. It grew from day to day, and, under constant care, it ceased to be something merely external, but, having its origin within, it became a force that compelled the greatest respect from those who knew him best, while, in the house, his regular and careful observance was known to all. So, too, a beautiful and consoling proof of his constancy was his earnest and humble avowal of his faults.

Yet it was not in the fear and trembling of a daily strife that Brother Vigeant was to approach to God. It was early in his career that he met with the fatal accident, and, though he seemed to recover, he was destined to complete the work of his sanctification by sickness. When the special need of the virtue of patience became apparent, our brother brought all the force of his strong character to preserve and strengthen his soul in its practice. Sickness, some one has remarked, is the test of a true religious, and our brother, were there any doubt of his religious spirit, would have quickly dispelled it by his edifying fortitude. For one so lively and so active, consumption, the disease which developed itself, with its slow marching, with its racking cough and ever-present pain, was especially trying. The confinement, the isolation, the longing to see and converse with others, the weary days, the long lonely vigils of the night,—all these he bore in the hope of joy to come, with confidence in God and most gentle resignation. As he wasted slowly, he appreciated more and more the glory of suffering, and, though the least motion of his body caused him intense pain, he never murmured. No impatient word crossed his lips, for he was suffering for Christ, and as the days wore on and the hallowed Christmas-time again drew near, he counted his sufferings a joy, because they might bring him then to die,—a joy that broke forth in words, as he said to the infirmarian on Christmas Eve: "O brother, if I could but go to-night." But still he lingered, until, with a passing-away so quiet that it could hardly be detected, he went to God on the feast of the Holy Innocents.—R. I. P.

#### FATHER JOSEPH VETTER.

Fr. Joseph Vetter died at the Carney Hospital, Boston, on Jan. 7th, 1888. Born at Molsheim, Alsace, Feb. 26th, 1819, on the completion of his classical studies, he entered the theological seminary at Strasburg, where he was noted for his piety and fervor. He was a member of the students' sodality, directed at that time by Fr. Liebermann, and in this body, composed of the most devoted seminarians, young Vetter held a conspicuous place. He was ordained in due time and spent some years in labor as a secular priest; but, zealous for the better gifts, he applied for and obtained admission into the Society of Jesus. He began his noviceship on Dec. 16th, 1847, at Issenheim, Province of France. Towards the end of his second year of noviceship he spent some months in renewing his classical studies, and was then sent to the College of Brugelette, where he repeated his course of philosophy and taught catechism in the parish church. In 1851 we find him at Laval, preparing for the examination *ad gradum*, and directing the German and French academies. Soon after this he was sent to the New York and Canada Mission. Having devoted a portion of the scholastic year 1852-53 to the study of English at St. Francis Xavier's, New York, he was called to St. Mary's College, Montreal, where

he began his labors as professor of philosophy. He was at the same time subminister, and confessor of Ours, explained the points of meditation to the brothers, and heard confessions in the church. To these duties was added, the following year, the care of the German Catholics living in the city. Appointed minister of the college in 1855, he discharged the duties of this laborious office without in any way neglecting the other occupations imposed upon him by obedience. Being a man of few words, and caring for nothing but his work, he found time for all the work given him. Sent to take pastoral charge of St. Ann's, Buffalo, in 1858, he accomplished a great deal of good during the two years he remained there. In Sept. 1860, Fr. Vetter was called to Fordham to teach the first year of philosophy; during this year he assisted in the parish church, and heard the confessions of the Ursulines and of their pupils at Melrose. During the third year of probation, spent at Frederick, Md., he acquired an increase of zeal and devotedness for the labors that still awaited him in the Master's vineyard. He was pastor of St. Michael's, Buffalo, for one year, and then we find him, with a multiplicity of occupations, at St. John's Fordham, in 1863-64. He taught philosophy, examined Ours, presided over the cases of conscience, directed the Holy Angels' Sodality, heard the confessions of the students, and attended the Ursulines at Melrose. He still had time for other labors, and, accordingly, in the following year, he was appointed spiritual father, confessor of Ours in the scholasticate, and confessor of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart at Manhattanville. Called to Buffalo a third time in 1865, he acted as minister, confessor of Ours, and of the Sisters of St. Joseph, presided over the cases of conscience, and performed regular parochial duties at St. Michael's Church.

These labors were soon brought to a close and a new field of zeal opened for Fr. Vetter in a truly marvellous way. In 1866 his eyesight failed completely, and he was obliged to leave Buffalo and go to New York for medical treatment. There his eyes were examined by eminent oculists, and his case pronounced hopeless. Difficult as the sacrifice demanded must have been to one who so loved work, we may be sure it was cheerfully made. That it was promptly rewarded, the sequel will show. Just at that time the cholera broke out in the public institutions on Blackwell's Island, the father in charge at the Workhouse was stricken down and the Island Mission was in the greatest need. Fr. Vetter offered himself to do what he could in his infirm condition, and his offer was gladly accepted. Sixteen years of labor in this field, fruitful in good results, was, in part, the reward given him for his cheerful sacrifice. He was assigned to duty at the Charity Hospital and the Penitentiary. The deaths of his penitents were most edifying, but his patience was sorely tried by many whom he prepared for health, and who did not die. His flock was composed in a great measure of the most abandoned characters, the outcasts of a great city. To the Charity Hospital came again and again the same unfortunate women. Moved by the grace of God and the good father's counsel and exhortation, they promised to amend their lives and were prepared for the sacraments of penance and the Holy Eucharist, which they received with every evidence of sincere contrition; but leaving the hospital when restored to health, and thrown again into occasions of sin, they resumed their wicked life. Some even who had been prepared for death half a dozen times, and, unfortunately, did not die, began again the old life of sin on the very day on which they were discharged from the hospital. Such relapses so moved Fr. Vetter, that he seriously entertained thoughts of refusing the last sacraments to such persons, and of allowing them to die with only a conditional absolution. Trials of bodily suffering also helped to complete his crown. His health, never robust, was much enfeebled by his continued labors. One of his arms had been twice broken in his younger days, and from this he suffered much as he grew older; yet, despite these infirmities, he labored faithfully and without complaint, in this trying field, for sixteen years. At the end

of that period, his health was so shattered by his unremitting toil, that superiors were obliged to remove him to a place where he might receive the care and attention he so much needed.

A stay of some weeks at St. Francis' Hospital, Jersey City, and the attention of the kind Sisters of St. Francis, effected, in some measure at least, the desired result. Restored to better health, Fr. Vetter was anxious to be at work again, and asked for employment. He was assigned to duty at St. Mary's, Boston, his last field of labor. Here he lived five years, rendering himself extremely useful by his assiduity in hearing confessions, and by preaching in German and English; at all times ready to do whatever lay in his power for the good of souls. His self-denial was complete; he did not spare himself in anything, and had no desire to get credit for what he was doing. Those who knew him most intimately, appreciated most his real worth. His words were few and always about God or his works. One of the fathers who labored with him on Blackwell's Island, to whom our thanks are due for much that this sketch contains, bears cheerful witness to his solid virtue, and tells us that, owing to his extreme reserve in speaking of himself, even those who were living in the closest intercourse with him had but a limited knowledge of him. So it was that death found him, with full sheaves. Returning from the German church to St. Mary's, he stepped on a piece of coal and fell in the street; his head struck against a stone step and was badly cut; erysipelas set in and he was removed to the hospital where he received every care and attention; but no earthly remedy availed him. After two weeks of very great pain and suffering, he died fortified by the sacraments and last rites of the Church. His body was buried at Holy Cross College, Worcester.—R. I. P.

# Varia.

**ADVERTISEMENT.**—We have not been enabled to give the articles promised for this number, on the *Conewago Jubilee* and on *Fr. Bapst*. Interesting accounts of the labors of Ours are solicited, also items for the *VARIA*. Our thanks are due to several contributors for their promptness in responding to this request.

**Alaska.**—Rev. Fr. Cataldo writes to the Editor: "The only important news is that our V. Rev. Fr. General tells me to do all we can for Alaska; but what we can do, without help from other provinces, is very little at present: only one father and one brother will start for the Yukon by the first steamer from San Francisco, probably in May."

**Albanta.**—From Scutari we learn that the combined efforts of the Consuls of Austria and Italy, backed by their ambassadors, have not as yet succeeded in obtaining justice for the atrocious murder of our scholastic, Gennaro Pastore.

**Belgium. Enghien.**—The opening of the New Scholasticate of St. Augustine, belonging to the Province of Champagne, took place on the 25th of last Oct. Among the guests were the Bishop of Tournai, Mgr. Baunard, the provincials of Belgium and Champagne, the rectors of our colleges in Belgium, the professors of the scholasticate at Louvain, and a number of officials and leading citizens of Enghien. All were delighted with the feast, and the Mayor before leaving asked Fr. Rector for the "cantatas" which together with a description of the ceremony he intends to place among the archives of Enghien. —We have received the following statistics of the Belgium colleges, for 87-'88: number of students in the university course 97, in the Latin classes 3,024; in the French classes 1,112; in the elementary classes 1,391. Total number of students 5,624.

**Books.**—The second edition of Fr. Sabetti's *Moral Theology* was sold in a couple of months, and the third has appeared. It is highly appreciated both in this country and in Europe, especially at the University of Innsbruck, where it would have been introduced as text-book, were the price not too exorbitant for European students' purses. —Fr. Bucceroni has published an *Enchiridion Morale*, a very useful collection of decisions of the Roman Congregations, for the use of professors and confessors. —Fr. Meschler, novice-master and ex-Provincial has written a beautiful and practical *Commentary on the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius*. It has been translated, by permission, and will be printed at Woodstock for the use of Ours.—*Historia Exercitorum Spiritualium S. P. Ignatii, auctore Ignatio Diertins, S. J.*, this interesting book, as announced some time since, has now been republished by Fr. Watrigant.—Fr. Frius has finished his answer to the Dominican Dummernuth.—Another Dominican, Fr. Denifle, edits, together with a Jesuit, Fr. Ehrle, an historical review, which appears in Berlin.—Fr. Cornoldi has written a book on the *Divina Commedia*. His principal object is to show that the Philosophy and Theology of Dante in his poem, is the Philosophy and Theology of the Angelic Doctor; and in this, Fr. Cornoldi has succeeded admirably well. —Fr. Gietmann has begun a work in which he discusses the greatest masterpieces of various literatures according to aesthetic, moral and religious principles. In the first volume, he treats of the *Divina Commedia*; in the second of Wolfram's *Parzival*, Goethe's *Faust*, and the *Book of Job*, and more briefly of *Eschylus's Prometheus*, Goethe's *Prometheus* and *Pandora*, *Hroswitha's Theophilus*, and *Calderon's Magus*.—Fr. Baumgartner has sent us the second edition of *Longfellow's Life and Poems*. A very beautiful book, written with sympathetic appreciation of the great American poet. The *Life and Works of Goethe*, in three volumes by the same author, has pro-

duced a great sensation in Germany. Many conservative Protestant critics are just as enthusiastic in its praise as the Catholics themselves. The author has been called "The Janssen of the History of Literature."—Fr. Spillmann has published two volumes on the *English Martyrs*: the first, on the Martyrs under Henry VIII.; the second, on those under Elizabeth.

[*Correction.*—In the list of English Martyrs, given in our last volume, pp. 306 and 307, the title of "Venerable" was by mistake put before the name of Fr. Thomas Metham and the eight immediately following.]

Fr. Gerard's Latin Grammar receives great praise from competent critics. We clip the following from the "Oxford and Cambridge Examinations at Stonyhurst."—Examiner Evelyn Shuckburgh, Esq. M. A., reports: "I examined a class in this school called 'Syntax' which corresponded with the Middle or Lower in other Public Schools, and in which the average age of the boys is about 16. . . . There was a certain *definiteness* about all their work, the boys seeming to know what they did firmly and clearly, and to be able to state it clearly. This was especially the case in Latin syntax, owing partly to clear and patient teaching, and partly to the very able Latin Grammar (Fr. Gerard's) in use at the college."

Fr. Nilles, Professor of Canon Law at the University of Innsbruck, gives a course of lectures on the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.—Fr. Bendl, one of our missionaries in Sweden, has published, under an assumed name, the Swedish translation of the *Faith of Our Fathers*.—Fr. Thébaud has left three large manuscript volumes (over two thousand pages) entitled: *Memoirs: A Retrospect from 1807-1882*. In the first volume he writes of French affairs; in the second of Italy; in the third of the United States.—Fr. Pottgeisser has published the first volume of his sermons.

The Germans have planned and begun to carry out a work of gigantic proportions: *Monumenta Germaniæ Pædagogica*. It will show the development of education and instruction in the countries of the German tongue from the beginning of the middle ages to our own time. The work is to be carried on with entire fairness and impartiality. Many distinguished Catholic writers will contribute, among them FF. Ebner, Ehrle and Pachtler of our Society. Fr. Pachtler writes the history of Jesuit education, in about eight volumes. His first two volumes have already appeared. He travelled all over Germany and Austria in search of documents. His expenses were paid by the publisher, Rudolf Hofmann, Berlin. The following item, taken from the first volume may be found interesting: In 1750 the Society counted 22,126 members; the German assistancy, in ten provinces, stood as follows:

Rhenania Superior: 27 Coll. 3 domus prob. 1060 Socii,  
 Rhenus Superior: 16 Coll. 2 dom. prob. 497 Socii,  
 Rhenus Inferior: 17 Coll. 2 dom. prob. 772 Socii,  
 Austria: 31 Coll. 3 dom. prob. 1772 Socii,  
 Bohemia: 26 Coll. 3 dom. prob. 1230 Socii,  
 Flandria: 28 Coll. 2 dom. prob. 842 Socii,  
 Prov. Flandro-Gallia: 18 Coll. 2 dom. prob. 471 Socii,  
 Polonia: 24 Coll. 2 dom. prob. 1050 Socii,  
 Lithuania: 20 Coll. 3 dom. prob. 1047 Socii,  
 Anglia: 10 Coll. 2. dom. prob. 299 Socii.

Fr. de Rochemonteix has finished his history of the *College of La Flèche*. It will shortly appear in two or three volumes.

Fr. Charles Verdière has published, in France, a *History of the University of Ingolstadt*, in two volumes. The first volume tells the history of Dr. Eck, Chancellor of the University, the great champion of the Church against the apostate monk of Wittenberg; and of our own great Canisius, the "hammer of heretics." Fr. Gretser was also Professor at Ingolstadt. Among our students Fr. Verdière mentions as the most illustrious, Maximilian of Bavaria, and Ferdinand of Austria. The former became Elector of Bavaria, the latter the great Emperor Ferdinand II.

*Etudes.*—The first number of the *Etudes* appeared in January. It opens very appropriately with an article by Fr. de Scoraille on Leo XIII. The number contains philosophical, theological, literary and historical articles, and reviews of books. The writers sign their articles.—Very Rev. Fr. General has declared that the reorganised Review of the French fathers shall be common property of the four provinces. Each lends its aid, each in equal measure shares the direction, editorship, expenses and profits of the work.

*Possevino.*—No recent historian has been as indefatigable and as successful in throwing light on the relations of the Slav nations to the Holy See in the



16th and 17th centuries, as Fr. Paul Pierling. His latest work: *Bathory et Possevino*, completes a series of monographs on the mission of the famous Fr. Possevino to Moscow.

The Brazilian Government is beginning to publish a series of works to illustrate the history and geography of the empire. Two books have already been issued by the government printing-office at Rio Janeiro, which are of interest to the Society: *The Letters from Brazil* by Fr. Manuel da Nobrega; and, *Notes and Historical Remains*, collected from the writings of the Ven. Joseph di Anchieta. Extracts from these interesting papers will appear in the WOODSTOCK LETTERS.—Fr. Galanti has published for the use of his scholars in the college of Itù an English grammar—*Compendio de Grammatica Ingleza*, São Paulo, 1887.

Fr. Mendive's new edition of his course of Philosophy has been introduced as text book into several Spanish seminaries and colleges.—Fr. Mauri of the Province of Venice, is about to publish a course of Philosophy.—A work on *Ethics and Natural Law*, by Fr. Joseph Rickaby of the English Province is now in the press; also the second volume of Fr. T. A. Finlay's translation of *Stöckl's History of Philosophy*.—Fr. Costa-Rossetti has published a book: *De Spiritu Societatis*, in which he shows that the spirit of the Society is the spirit of the Exercises of St. Ignatius.

**Brazil.** *College of Itù.*—The celebration of the patronal feast of St. Aloysius was deferred until the 7th of August, on account of an epidemic of small-pox in the town and surrounding country. The college had been spared, but after the celebration, which was honored by the presence of the Bishop of Rio Janeiro, the measles and other distempers broke out among the boys, and at one time 120 of them were confined to their beds. Exaggerated reports of the mortality were spread abroad, but the scourge disappeared, and when, on Sept. 25th, we sang the *Te Deum*, only two of the students had died. The results of the examinations before the Board at S. Paulo were creditable to our candidates.—*From a letter of Fr. R. M. Galanti.*

**Canada.**—Fr. Féraud left us some weeks ago for Sudbury to assist Fr. Caron, whilst going on with his dictionary of the Ojibway language; we have not heard from him, but suppose he is all right. We have no longer charge of the convent, Fr. Visitor having found that to direct nuns *habitually* does not belong to our vocation. They have, therefore, a chaplain of their own, a very worthy priest, who resides with Mgr. Vinet and the other veterans in the *Résidence St. Janvier* opposite the novitiate, where Bishop Bourget spent his last years and died a holy death. We have three Tertiaries, FF. Lemire, Caron and Stephen Proulx; but all three left a week ago for their missionary tour. Fr. Lemire went to Lac Nominique to give, during the lenten season, short retreats to the various small settlements that cluster around that lake, two of which are attended by our fathers (FF. Neault and Sauterre); FF. Caron and Proulx went to Quebec, to help the fathers there to give retreats in various parts of the country, beginning in the city of Quebec.—Our Juniors are 16 in number, divided into two classes (1st and 2nd year); their teachers are Messrs. Fuchs and Lord; they are a jovial band and study hard. The novices (scholastics) are 20 in number; they too are not at all gloomy, as you will readily believe: a few are rather delicate, but most are the very picture of good health. Rev. Fr. Superior of the mission (Fr. Hamel) visited the house at the beginning of January, and was quite agreeably surprised on hearing the sermons of all the young folks in the refectory. There are but few coadjutor-brother novices, 8 in all; but they are very fervent and will no doubt bring others here by their prayers. The Mission of Canada counts 70 priests; 76 scholastics; 68 coadjutor brothers; 214 members.—*Extract from a Letter from Sault-au-Récollet.*

The Canadian mission dependent on the English Province, was declared *sui juris* on the 9th of November, 1887, and dependent on our V. Rev. Fr. General. The Rev. Peter Hamel, as first superior of the independent mission, has taken up his residence at the scholasticate in St. John the Baptist's Ward, Montreal. The district surrounding the scholasticate has been canonically erected into a parish under the patronage of St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, and the care of the parish (1560 souls—330 families—and some 980 communicants) has been confided to our fathers. Besides the French sermon at 10 o'clock Mass on Sundays, there is an English sermon at 8 o'clock for an English-speaking congregation numbering about 50.

*China*.—The 17th of August, 1887, was a day of joy for the Young Men's Sodality at Tong-ka-dou. The young men had sent as a jubilee present to the Sovereign Pontiff, an address on yellow silk, the color, by the way, reserved exclusively for the Emperor. This address, beautifully decorated by the *Meres Auxiliatrices*, was enclosed in an ivory box covered with symbolical figures and secured by a silver lock. To show his gratitude for this manifestation of their good wishes, the Holy Father honored the sodality by sending them a Brief.—Ours have opened a school at Shang-hai for the education of the Japanese children of that city. For teachers they have secured the services of two Japanese Bonzes who are very anxious to become Christians.—*Letters of Jersey*.

The following Chinese works have been recently published, under the direction of Ours, by the Catholic press at Tou-sè-wè, and a copy of each has been forwarded among other presents to the Holy Father on the occasion of his golden jubilee.

(1) *Proofs of the Existence of God*—by Fr. Aleni (1582—1649).

(2) *The Divinity of Our Lord Jesus Christ*—by the same author.

(3) *A Life of Our Lord* in 3 volumes—“ “ “ “

(These works are republications and were first printed about 1635. They are beautifully illustrated, the last work containing no less than 146 illustrations.)

(4) *The Acts of the Apostles* (39 illustrations) translated into Chinese by Fr. Lawrence Li.

(5) *Life of the Blessed Virgin* (19 illustrations) by the same author.

(6) *The Life of the Apostles and Evangelists* (28 illustrations) a reproduction of Fr. Vagnoni's work (1566—1640).

(7) Fr. Lawrence Li's work on *The Roman Pontiff* containing a chronological list of all the Popes from St. Peter to Leo XIII (35 illustrations).—*Letters of Jersey*.

A *Series of five letters* written from China by Fr. Colombel forms a complete refutation of a recent work by Colonel Tchëng-ki-tong, entitled *Les Chinois peints par eux-mêmes*, published in Paris. In 1886, it had reached its tenth edition; it claims to give an impartial and unvarnished account of the manners, customs and religion of the Celestial Empire. Fr. Colombel in his refutation takes Colonel Tchëng-ki-tong to task for his exaggerations and makes it pretty clear to his readers that the Colonel has a very strong imagination and that he drew upon it pretty freely in writing his book. Perhaps the most objectionable part of the Colonel's elucubrations are the slanders uttered against the Society of the Holy Childhood. Fr. Colombel takes the arguments of his adversary one after another and shows that they must be the outcome of ignorance or ill-will or both. The author says in his book that infanticide is prohibited by the law of China. Fr. Colombel answers that opium-eating is also forbidden by the same law, yet the prohibition does not prevent the consumption of more than thirteen million pounds a year. He then goes on to show from undeniable authorities and statistics the prevalence of the inhuman custom of infanticide. The Colonel next stated that there was no need of the Holy Childhood, as the poor were sufficiently provided for by the liberality of the government. It is shown pretty clearly in the letters that the public institutions under civil control do very little in the way of relieving the destitute and needy; in fact, the chief occupation of numerous bodies of officials seems to be, to draw large salaries for keeping the children of the poor out of the government establishments. With this state of things Fr. Colombel contrasts the work done by the Holy Childhood. In the mission of Kiang-nan alone, where Fr. Colombel is stationed, no less than 8,314 children were supported last year by the contributions of the Holy Childhood. He cites the case of two little girls who were saved and brought up at a Catholic asylum at Tsong-ming. Now both have given themselves to the service of God in religion and both are superiors of establishments of the Holy Infancy. Many other interesting facts could be cited.

The following statistics of the work done by Ours in the Provinces of Kiang-nan and Tchë-ly are very consoling after the Colonel's slanders:—Christians 139,577; churches and chapels 1,147; confessions 474,957; baptisms 41,973; schools 839; scholars 10,502.—*Letters of Jersey*.

In the distribution at the meeting of the Central Council of the Holy Childhood on the 27th of July, 1887, out of a total of £124,803, the missions of the Society of Jesus received £20,360.—*Annals of the Holy Childhood*.

“The general condition of the mission is peaceful; for, although there are

disturbances here and there, they are only local. Our great source of solicitude at present is the overflow of the Yellow River or Ho-ang-ho. It has broken through its banks above Kai-fong-fou, in the Ho-nan Province, and, as I write, its waters have reached our Province of Kiang-nan. As the country is very level, the water meets with no barrier until it comes to the low ridge of hills that form the water-shed between the Yellow River and the Blue River or Yangtse-ki-ang. Many of our fathers are exposed, perhaps, to extreme danger on the plains which are now threatened with overflow. Up to this time we have received no tidings from them, whilst the waters of the Yellow River and of its tributaries are increasing in volume day by day. Our little scholasticate is in the best condition that could be expected, and God graciously confers upon us the blessing of good health. The bishop alone has been grievously ill, and finally, after two months of sickness, he was advised by his physician to try the benefit of a journey to Japan. He was accompanied by one of Ours (Fr. Heude). We expect that His Lordship will soon return, and we also look forward to the arrival from France of two fathers and a scholastic.

I have just read in a letter written from Madura, by Fr. De Beaurepaire, a piece of news, which, if true, is of grave import to the Society. The Holy Father wished to confer episcopal consecration upon seventeen members of the Society, and it was only after much persuasion that V. Rev. Fr. General induced him to reduce the number to six. The Pope said that of all the missions ours are the most flourishing. "Your Holiness," rejoined Fr. General, "for this very reason we supplicate you to spare us from the burden of these sees, and to leave us our experienced missionaries. If these fathers are removed, and consecrated bishops, our missions must sink to the level of the others." This reasoning seems to have carried conviction. The tidings received from the different missions with which I am in correspondence are most favorable. The Master of the Vineyard blesses the labor of our fathers and grants them fruit, now more, now less, but ever abundant. — I am told that in Mindanao (Philippine Islands) 17,000 Pagans are willing to become Christians and to live in reductions. The conversions among the Koles and the other inhabitants of Bengal are very numerous. In Madura, many of the Protestant natives are abandoning their ministers. Nearly all our former Madagascar posts have been re-opened, and new ones set on foot."—*Extracts from letter of Fr. Pfister.*

*Zi-ka-wei.*—Last November our college was visited by Hon. Carter Harrison, ex-mayor of Chicago, his son, and Mr. Amberg, a student of St. Ignatius' College, Chicago. They were introduced by Gen. Kennedy, American Consul at Shang-hai.—*Fr. Pfister's correspondence.*

*Denver.*—The walls of the new college in Denver are almost completed. The site, it is said, is one of the most beautiful in Colorado, affording a fine view of Denver, and in the distance the most prominent peaks of the Rocky Mountains can be seen. Flower gardens and walks are being laid out and 600 young trees will be planted in the spring. The gentleman who presented the land on which the college is being erected, has already received from the Lord a temporal mark of favor. The original cost of his land was \$200,000, and after having given 30 acres of it for the college, he sold the remainder for \$335,000.—In Las Vegas a public meeting was recently held to protest against the departure of Ours.—A band of missionaries will soon be formed to give missions in the Spanish-speaking districts of New Mexico and Colorado.

*Detroit.*—The pupils of Detroit College give regular specimens of class work, to which the friends and patrons of the college are invited. The following report of School Visitors will speak for itself:

*Hon. Theodore Nelson, Superintendent Public Instruction:* SIR—Your committee appointed to visit Detroit College, have endeavored to perform the duty assigned, and would make the following report:

After a most cordial reception by the President, Father Frieden, they were shown through the various departments where students were busy with closing examinations.

While in every direction thorough and conscientious work is being done, your committee noticed some things which, in their opinion, deserve special mention.

They found the discipline of the college somewhat different from that of other institutions. While everything was done in the most informal manner,

yet, in all classes, there was close individual attention combined with prompt and cheerful obedience and polite address. This your committee desire especially to commend.

They would also make special mention of the work done in History, Literature and the Classics. Students are doing something more than "surface" work in these studies.

Your committee would speak in particular of the careful attention given to public speaking. Those who have this work in charge are doing it in a very able and thorough manner.

They found, too, that much attention is being given to moral and religious instruction, and that students in the college are being most thoroughly taught in the principles and doctrines of the Catholic faith.

In conclusion they will say that they believe the college to be growing in popularity and usefulness, and it is hoped that its friends and patrons will see that it receives the financial support which is so much needed and deserved for the erection of more suitable buildings, and for the fuller equipment of its various departments.

Respectfully, EDWARD DUFFY, E. C. THOMPSON, *Committee.*

**Ecuador.**—Owing to the fewness of laborers, Ours are losing ground in Ecuador. One by one, we have been giving up our missions and houses to other Orders, so that now, we have only our church and college at Quito, a residence at Guyaquil and the Marañon Mission.—The signs from Colombia are much more consoling. On the feast of St. Aloysius all the State Officials visited our fathers; President Nuñez was unable to be present on account of ill-health, but he sent an apology to the fathers. The archbishop has given us a farm about three miles from Bogota for a novitiate, which already has ten inmates, four of whom are priests. Indeed the vocations to the Society in Colombia are quite numerous.—*Letters of Jersey.*

**Georgetown, D. C.**—Mr. J. Fairfax McLaughlin has lately written two very interesting articles in connection with Georgetown College, one in the *United States Historical Magazine* for October, 1887, on "Father George Fenwick, S. J.," and the other on the "Beginnings of Georgetown College," in the *Catholic World* for February, 1888.—Mr. Philip Simms, who died recently in New Orleans, left in his will a bequest of \$5,000 to Georgetown College. Mr. Simms was not a student here. He was born in Charles County, Maryland, but lived most of his life in New Orleans as a merchant.—On February 2nd the faculty revived the old custom of daily Mass for all the students. Some ten years ago the custom which had prevailed from the earliest times was abolished and attendance at daily Mass made optional. The change has necessitated other changes, so that now the hour of rising, in winter, is 6.30, and the early morning studies have been abolished.—The Sodalties of the Senior and Junior Divisions are contemplating the erection of two new statues in the college yard. The members of the latter have already collected a handsome sum of money, and propose to build a grotto of Lourdes on the mound facing St. Joseph's statue in the Infirmary garden. The statue of Our Lady of Lourdes has been ordered, and the dedication of both grotto and statue will take place some time in May. It is said that the Senior Sodality will erect a heroic-size statue of Our Lady in the College quadrangle next year to commemorate the centennial of the college.—At a joint meeting of the two debating societies, presided over by Father Welch, S. J., a motion was adopted to hand over the societies' library to Rev. Father Rector in trust. The purpose of the motion was to secure a more careful supervision of the books. The reading-room has been separated from the library, so that the library itself will hereafter be free only to the librarian.—*College Journal.*

Trinity church, outside the college walls, after having been closed for several months while the edifice was being completely remodelled, was reopened on Sunday, Feb. 26th. Father Doonan, President of the college, preached at the solemn High Mass.

**India.**—The Provincial of Toulouse is visiting the Madura Mission, which belongs to that province. He will also visit Madagascar.

Last year the 841 Anglican missionaries in India converted 297 persons out of a population of 220,000,000. To obtain this result, they spent £48,296.—*Fr. Pfister's correspondence.*

*Bengal.*—The Belgian Mission of Bengal has of late been severely tried by the loss or ill-health of a number of the missionaries, on account of the prevalence of the terrible jungle fever. Still our Lord, in order to recompense them for their sufferings, has inspired many of the natives to seek admission into the Church. Indeed so great and extensive is this movement towards the faith, that our fathers cannot attend to the demands made upon them. A new college is to be opened at Darjeeling with Rev. Fr. Depelchin as Rector. The college and a number of young and strong laborers sent lately from Belgium will, it is hoped, enable the fathers to gather a plentiful harvest.—*Letters of Jersey.*

*Bombay.*—On the Sunday after the feast of the Sacred Heart, Archbishop Porter solemnly consecrated the archdiocese to the Sacred Heart. All the clergy who could possibly attend were present and the ceremony was very imposing.—The archbishop is laboring hard in his new field of labor; he preaches on every occasion and has already given a mission to his people.—

*Letters of Jersey.*

*Madagascar.*—Our fathers in Madagascar and in the island of Mauritius are frequently brought into contact with victims of sorcery of undoubted reality. The devil manifested his presence most frequently by causing violent pains of the head, neck and stomach, loss of reason, and noises of every kind. Not being allowed without permission of the bishop to make use of solemn exorcisms, the fathers have recourse to holy water and the sign of the cross. By these simple means Fr. Malzac succeeded in relieving numberless victims in his various missions. Protestants, too, experience the salutary effects of these means. Not only the missionaries, but seculars also, are instrumental in putting the devil to flight.—*Ucl's Letters.*

*Madura.*—The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Canoz, S. J. Bishop of Trichinopoly (formerly the Mission of Madura) communicates, in substance, the following: The Catholics of this city number 15,000. Out of the 60,000 pagans and 30,000 Mohammedans, the most difficult to convert are the Brahmins. To facilitate the conversion of this caste, our college has been transferred from Negapatam to Trichinopoly. Direct attempts to Christianise them are, of course, not feasible, but we are preparing the way for it by calling attention to the beauties of Christianity when occasion offers in the exposition of classic literature. The crucifix, a statue of the Blessed Virgin or a picture of the Sacred Heart, provoke questions as to their meaning, and, in this way, serve a good purpose.—The transfer of our college necessitated the erection of a large building, completed during the past year, to accommodate our pupils. We could not do without the college. The natives seek for admission, as education opens the way for them to desirable government offices. The effect of education is to destroy belief in ridiculous pagan doctrines and to generate a desire to find a creed more conformable to reason.—The sisters who aid us in this mission belong to the congregations of Our Lady of the Seven Dolours, and of St. Anne. The former devote themselves to the education of Hindoo girls; the latter consists exclusively of widows of the upper castes. The women, according to Hindoo custom, are not permitted to remarry. Of the twenty native sisters of the first-named congregation, in 1871, none had submitted to the State examinations. Out of the present fifty-four, nearly all are engaged in teaching. They possess a small boarding-school and a large public institution. The official inspectors consider their instruction as superior to that of all others, even though the Protestants, at great cost, imported teachers for their normal school from England. The success of the examinations at the sisters' school was so great during this year that the government granted them a subsidy of \$850.00. The increasing membership in the sisterhoods was the occasion for erecting convents and schools in Negapatam, Madura, Palamecottah and in Tuticorin on the fishery coast. Everywhere the government bestowed praise and substantial aid.—The Sisters of St. Anne are of later date, but already quite numerous. At Trichinopoly they possess an orphanage of a hundred and twenty children, and in Adeikalaburam ten members control a similar institution. Under their direction two societies are established: 1. the "baptisants," widows whose office it is to baptise the dying children of pagans; 2. widows of the upper caste. Indian girls marry at an early age, and it is quite common to meet with widows at fifteen or twenty. It is evident to what dangers these women, a second marriage being prohibited, are exposed. Making cloth and pounding rice, enables them to support themselves. Thirty-five sisters and twenty-five coadjutor sisters, compose at present the Congregation of St. Anne.

The following figures will give some idea of the progress of our mission during the past six years:

	1881	1886
Catholics .....	154860	166457
Confessions .....	212544	310423
Communions.....	218671	295877
Conversions of Pagans or Protestants.....	779	1460
Baptisms of Christian children.....	5789	5414
Baptisms of Pagan children in danger of death.....	1966	7150

—*Katholische Missionen.*

**Mangalore.**—The following statistics, relating to the labors of Ours at Mangalore, will be interesting to readers of the Letters: There are in the mission 1 bishop; 24 priests S. J.; 12 scholastics; 6 brothers; 64,456 Christians; 2 colleges and 342 pupils; 35 schools; 2,295 scholars; confessions last year, 90,868; Communions, 112,368; baptisms, 1,899.

**Ireland.**—Fr. Timothy Kenny succeeds Fr. T. P. Brown as Provincial. Fr. Kenny was rector of the college and residence in Galway since June, 1882. —The new novitiate opened by Fr. Sturzo at Kew, near Melbourne, in Australia, now counts ten scholastic and two lay-brother novices. These, with the twenty-one scholastic and two lay-brother novices at Dromore, in Ireland, form the most numerous novitiate that the Irish province has had for many years.—We have received the Christmas number of the school journal edited twice a year by the students of St. Ignatius' College, Riverview, Sydney. It is an octavo of 46 pages, and its name, "Our Alma Mater." Though this college is the youngest in Australia, founded in 1880, it already has many representatives at the University; indeed, two-thirds of the University students attending St. John's College are Riverview boys. The frontispiece of the journal is a cut of the *new college* (in course of erection); it resembles the State, War and Navy department building in Washington, and will accommodate 400 students. Our college papers would not regret exchanging with *Our Alma Mater*.

**Jersey City, N. J.**—St. Peter's College, on entering on its 2nd term, received five new boys, making a total, in its catalogue of students, since the beginning of the year, of 107. The standard of the semi-annual examinations was raised this year. This improved standard received effectual sanction by obliging three of the students, who, having failed, were unwilling to go to a lower class, to leave the college. Several others were put into lower classes, for not having reached the requisite number of marks. The effect upon the other boys was most salutary; calling forth some of the latent energy of the more phlegmatic. Three scholarships which have been made vacant in the course of the term, will be competed for at the opening of the next scholastic year.—The elaborate decorations of St. Peter's Church are gradually reaching completion. The latest addition to the interior is a magnificent reredos, 40 feet high. Next month a large organ for the boys' choir, which will then sing its first Mass, will be put up near the Blessed Virgin's altar. The chancel choir, composed of nearly sixty voices, is now under constant training, and will be fully prepared for its work this spring. A set of purple cassocks and handsome surplices has already been made for the choir boys.

**Ledochowski.**—Fr. Sigismund de Ledochowski, nephew of the Cardinal, has entered the Austrian novitiate. The Cardinal wrote him a very touching letter, expressing very great joy at seeing his nephew a member of the Society.

**Mariana.**—Talavera is the birthplace of the famous Fr. Mariana. A statue has just been erected in his honor. But you must not imagine that it was done out of love for our Society—far from it. The leading men of the town say that they wish to honor the great writer, but that they declare war to the knife against Jesuitism. In the year 1767 our fathers had a college here. The house and church are now part of a lumber-yard. Without suspecting it, they have placed the statue of Fr. Mariana in front of the old Jesuit college.—*Letter from Talavera.*

**Malagrída.**—A life of the martyred Fr. Gabriel Malagrída is in press in Italy. A monument to his memory has lately been erected in the church of Menagio, near Lake Como, his birthplace. The inscription on his monument, which we reproduce, is from the pen of Fr. Angelini.

## GABRIEL MALAGRIDA

E • SOCIETATE • IESV  
 DOMO • MINICIO • AD • LARIUM  
 AB • IMMERITO • ROGI • SVPPICIO • CLARIOR  
 ANNOS • XXX • IN • MARANIONIS • INCOLIS  
 A • FERRO • AD • CIVILEM • CVLTVM  
 A • TENEBRIS • AD • EVANGELII • LVCEM • TRADVENDIS  
 INTER • VITAE • DISCRIMINA • EXEGIT  
 ANNOS • X • OLISIPONEM • CONCIONIBVS • AD • PIETATEM • EXCOLVIT  
 IMPROBORUM • ODIS • QVAE • AD • INTERNECIONEM • EXARSERANT  
 PVLSVS • IN • EXILIVM • CARCERIS • SQUALORE • TRIENNIVM • MVLTATVS  
 FLAMMIS • POPVLO • INSPECTANTE • ABSVPTVS • EST  
 CINERIBVS • SPARSIS • IN • MARE  
 XI • KAL • OCTOBRES • A • MDCLXI • A • N • LXXII  
 CLEMENS • XIII • IMMANE • FACIVS • GRAVI • ORATIONE • IMPROBANS  
 POENAS • E • PIO • ET • INTEGERRIMO • VIRO • SVMPTAS • INDOLVIT  
 EVMQVE • QVI • MARTYRVM • ORDINIBVS • ADSCRIBATVR • DIGNVM • CENSVIT  
 CHERVIBVVS • PIZZALA • ARCHIPRESBYTER • MINICI  
 NE • VIRTVTI • A • CALVMNIIS • VINDICATAE • HONOR  
 IN • PATRIA • DEESSET  
 MONVMENTVM • POSVIT  
 AN • MDCCCLXXXVII

ANTONIUS ANGELINVS, e Societate Jesu.

In the church of Menagio (Minicium) birthplace of Fr. Malagrída near Lake Como (Larium).

**Mexico.**—Our college at Puebla was never in a more prosperous condition than now; there are over 300 pupils. Lately, the 15th centenary of the conversion of St. Augustine was celebrated at Puebla with extraordinary solemnity. At the literary entertainment given by the *Seminarium Palafoxianum*, Fr. Zarranz, our Professor of Rhetoric, was invited to give a Latin oration. *El Nacional* of Mexico recently printed the following: "We call the attention of our readers to the magnificent work of Fr. Cappelletti S. J., Director of the observatory at Puebla. He has proved the impossibility of the earthquake that was predicted for the 8th of Sept. by D. Nicolas Zuñiga y Meranda. Fr. Cappelletti holds a high place among scientists, and we believe it is no slight praise to say of him, that Fr. Secchi cites him as a reliable authority in scientific researches."

The Province of Mexico now numbers 43 priests; 46 scholastics; 17 coadjutor brothers. Total 106.—*Letters of Jersey.*

**Milwaukee, Wis.**—The new St. Gall's Church will be a very imposing structure. It will have a frontage of 80 feet on State street, and a total length of 225 feet on Eleventh street, presenting the shape of a cross in its ground dimensions, with the transept well toward the rear. The transept will be 140 feet across. The State street front will be flanked by two towers, the main one will be next to the street corner, and will have an extreme elevation of 200 feet from the ground to the top of the cross. The tower proper will be 140 feet high. It will be square, contain a belfry and a clock, and support

an octagonal spire 60 feet high. The sister tower will be 162 feet high, of which 39 feet will be taken up by the steeple. Between the two towers will be the main entrance, 36 feet wide, and formed by three double doors, with massive iron hinges covering each door above and below. Above the entrance will be placed a large Catharine-wheel window, throwing its many colored light upon two rear galleries inside. The gable will have a smaller rose window, and be otherwise ornamented.

The interior of the church will be 60 feet high to the centre of the arched nave, which will be 30 feet wide, and have two aisles on either side twenty-two feet wide. The aisles will be 28 feet high from the floor to the centre of their arched ceilings, and they will be divided off from the nave by two rows of granite columns, six in a row, two of the columns being placed in the wall beside the entrance leading from the vestibule. The roof of the transept will be supported by six detached clustered granite columns, and two sunk in the corner at the nave. Each of these clustered columns will comprise four single columns having a diameter of twenty-four inches, except those at the corners of the nave, which will comprise only two. There will be four single columns in the vestibule finally. The pews will be divided by five aisles in the nave, and by seven in the transept, and the pulpit will be placed at one of the sanctuary corners, so as to enable all the congregation to see the preacher.

The church will not be marred by side galleries. In the front, over the main entrance, will be placed a balcony capable of seating 300 people, and above that will be put another for the organ and choir, projecting not quite so far into the body of the church. The nave will have a row of triple windows above the aisle roofs on either side, and the aisles will have larger ones below. The triple windows of the transept will be very fine; they will be 22 feet wide and nearly cover the two sides. The church will have two side entrances well toward the front, and also two on either side of the transept, fronting south. The latter will have stairways leading to the chapel under the church. The chapel will have exactly the same dimensions as the church above it, with the same number of columns, and the same arrangement of pews. It will have a uniform height of 14 feet, but as the floor of the church is ten feet above the grade of the street, it will be practically above ground. A few steps will lead down to it from the side and transept entrances, and from the main tower. Both towers will contain steps leading to the galleries. The main entrance of the church will be approached by a dozen or more steps from State street.

The sanctuary will be north of the transept, in the form of a half octagon, with the sacristy for the priests adjoining it on either side, and a walk connecting the rooms of the latter around the altar wall. There will be a private entrance to the rooms, and another from them to the sanctuary. The sanctuary will have a width of 36 feet, and an extreme depth of 41 feet. The church will be heated by steam, and will remain plain in its interior aspect until the fathers can afford to have it properly frescoed.—*Milwaukee paper.*

We have received a programme of the Marquette College winter course of lectures. On Feb. 6th, Fr. Bosche lectured on "Self-Culture;" Feb. 20th, Fr. Lambert, on "Genesis and Geology;" Feb. 27th, Fr. Kinsella, on "An American Classic;" March 5th, Mr. Corcoran, on "The Real and the Ideal;" March 12th, Fr. Fitzgerald, on "Jesuitism;" March 19th, Fr. Lambert, on "Acoustic Waves."

**Missionary Labors.**—Fr. Himmel, whose letter in our last number afforded so much pleasure to our readers, has kindly forwarded the following summary of the work of our missionaries since last summer:—

Aug. 27th—Sept. 11th. St. Raymond's, Westchester.—Frs. McCarthy and Giraud. At the close of the mission, Fr. McCarthy gave a few days' exercises at Island City, a mission attached to St. Raymond's. 1,150 confessions were heard. Frs. Langecake and McDonald went to Milford, Mass., where, during a two weeks' mission, 1,100 confessions were heard.

Aug. 27th—Sept. 4th. Fr. MacDonald was at St. Augustine, Pa., and Fr. Himmel at Chest Springs, a mission attached to St. Augustine. 1,117 confessions were heard and three converts left under instruction.

Sept. 4th—11th. Fr. MacDonald was at Blairsville; confessions, 503; Fr. Himmel at Wilmore, Pa., confessions, 450, two converts left under instruction.

Sept. 18th—Oct. 2nd. Frs. McCarthy, McDonald and Himmel were at Lan-



easter, Pa., at St. Mary's Church, founded by Ours half a century ago. 1,021 confessions were heard, 7 prepared for first Communion, 45 for confirmation, and 6 converts. During the same two weeks Frs. Langeake, MacDonald and Giraud were at St. Mary's, Elizabeth; 2,007 confessions, 4 converts, 12 prepared for first Communion, and 27 for confirmation.

Oct. 9th-13th. Frs. McCarthy, MacDonald, McDonald and Himmel were at St. Mary's, Hoboken, N. J.; 4,200 confessions were heard, 38 prepared for first Communion and 72 for confirmation. Frs. Langeake and Giraud were at Southbridge, Mass., where they heard 1,100 confessions and baptised two converts.

Oct. 30th-Nov. 27th. The whole band was at St. James', N. Y. There was one week each for the married and the unmarried men and the same for the women. During the month 7,800 confessions were heard, 30 prepared for first Communion and 75 for confirmation. During the last week of this mission Fr. Langeake was in Boston giving a mission for one week to the Young Men's Sodality, numbering 1,500, of our church, St. Mary's. (This mission was a great success; 1,600 young men attended; 1,100 received Communion and 315 names were enrolled for admission to the Young Men's Sodality.—*Letter from Fr. Duncan.*)

Dec. 4th-18th. Frs. McCarthy, Langeake, Denny and Himmel were at St. Mary's, Pittsburg; 3,700 confessions were heard, 3 converts baptised, 21 prepared for confirmation, 15 for first Communion. After the mission, Fr. Denny gave a lecture on "Church Music."

Dec. 4th-15th. Fr. MacDonald was at St. Monica's, Baltimore (by special request); 528 confessions were heard, 10 prepared for first Communion, 9 converts.

The new year was commenced by Fr. McCarthy giving a retreat to the young men of Fr. Franzoli's church, Brooklyn, N. Y. Fr. MacDonald gave the closing exercises.—Fr. M. J. Byrnes is permanently attached to the band.

Fr. F. Ryan began a retreat at our church in Chicago on Feb. 19th; nearly 1,400 married men attended.

**Naples.**—The Province of Naples seems to be now better organised than ever since its dispersion in 1860. At present it has four colleges; two in Naples accommodating 500 students, of whom one-fifth are boarders, at La Conocchia; and one at Vico, diocese of Sorento, about 10 miles from Naples, agreeably situated on a large rock overlooking the sea, with nearly 200 students, of whom over one-third are boarders. We do not know the number of pupils of the fourth college, that of Lecce, but it is increasing so that already ground has been bought just outside of the city to erect a better building for the boys. Unfortunately, for want of teachers, in three of these colleges some seculars are employed.

The novitiate in Naples, though by far less numerous than we could desire, is flourishing; the community reaching the number of sixty. Its legal name before the public is the St. Francis Xavier Seminary for Foreign Missions. It has several times been threatened, and, had it not been for the Cardinal under whose protection it is, very likely would have been closed. In the novitiate they have started a museum of antiquities under the name of the *Garrucci Museum*.

Besides these houses there are seven small residences, five in Naples, and two outside of the city, in Bari and Marigliano, the latter being, by far, the largest. Other houses have been offered to the province but were refused for want of available subjects. Several fathers are employed as professors or directors in Episcopal Seminaries, and a very few old or sick fathers are as yet dispersed outside of regular houses, their age averaging about 67 years.

Over seventy members of the province are in New Mexico, about eighty-five more are working or studying in other provinces; among the latter must be counted twenty, who are on foreign missions, such as China, Syria and India. The total number of the members of the province last year was 328.

**New Orleans.**—Our three saints lately canonised were closely associated with America; St. Alphonsus sent St. Peter Claver; the latter lived and labored and died on American soil; and St. John Berchmans wrought in America one of the miracles used in his canonisation. The thanks of the Society are due to the New Orleans Mission, for the zeal and energy there manifested in gathering together all the facts and details connected with the miraculous cure wrought through the intercession of St. John Berchmans

over twenty years ago. The canonical investigation was begun at the wish of the Holy Father himself, and the labor of love was brought to a successful termination after more than three months of hard work.

On the 20th of September 1866, Miss Mary Wilson arrived at the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Grand Coteau. Driven from her home in London, Canada, by her parents who were Protestants, and who were incensed on account of her conversion, she sought a refuge as a postulant for admission among the friends of the Sacred Heart. After a month of preparation and on the eve of her reception among the novices, she was suddenly seized with a most violent sickness. Day by day her condition grew worse and worse, until finally there was no hope of recovery by natural means. The condition of the patient, on the 14th of December, the last day of the novena which had been begun in honor of St. John Berchmans, was most pitiable. For forty days she had not taken an ounce of food; she took only a little tea or coffee and, the last eight days, she was not able even to take this. She was expected to die at any moment. Her limbs were cold and contracted, her mouth and tongue were raw and covered with clots of black blood; with the greatest difficulty the Holy Viaticum was administered by giving her a small piece of an ordinary host. All the sisters then retired to hear Mass except the infirmarian who, seeing the patient calm, left her for a moment to attend the sick in the adjoining room. In less than one hour after the reception of the Viaticum the patient was entirely cured, restored to health, as she said, by St. John Berchmans who appeared to her. Every symptom of the disease had passed away and the next day she was going through the ordinary duties of community-life and she would have done so on the day of her cure but the Mother Superior thought it more prudent to make her stay abed. The two doctors who attended her attributed her cure to supernatural agency, for, they said, she was beyond the reach of natural remedies. The entire community and many visitors who had seen and known the patient attested to the truth of the cure, so that its authenticity is beyond the shadow of a doubt.—This was one of the two miracles that stood the severe test of the Roman tribunals, and is mentioned in the decree of canonisation.—*Letters of Jersey.*

*New York, St. Francis Xavier's.*—The college roll passed the line 400 before the beginning of the examinations. Fourteen new students have been received since Christmas.—It is expected that by the opening of the second term, January 28th, this last contingent will be tripled. The students who visit the Blessed Sacrament before class of their own accord, form a large proportion of the college. The philosophy class has voluntarily petitioned to perform the devotions of the second degree of the League of the Sacred Heart before class hours.—*Xavier for February.*

*Later.*—The number of students has reached 430 (30 since Christmas). A mission is going on in the church; upper and lower church filled every evening; Fr. Kenny of Montreal gives the 9 o'clock sermon, Fr. Jeremiah O'Connor the evening one; Fr. Noonan is the third missionary. The crowd was so great that Fr. Rector and Fr. McKinnon have taken charge of the lower church.—*Letter from Fr. O'Connor.*

*Philippine Islands.*—Rev. Fr. Ricart, Superior of the missions of the Philippine Islands went to Rome for the jubilee and the canonisations. He carried with him a gift of \$50,000 for the Holy Father, a round table carved with exquisite skill and taste worth \$3,000, and a gold pen worth \$300. Joined to the gold pen was the following distich:

Hunc pulehrum tenens calamum Berchmansque Joannem  
Sanctorum fastis scribito, magne Leo.

The gold pen was adorned with diamonds and was the gift of the members of the sodalities of the *Ateneo Municipal* and the *Escuela Normal* at Manila. It was hoped that the Holy Father would use this pen to sign the bull of canonisation of St. John Berchmans. In the centre are the arms of the Holy Father set in brilliants; and above, the book of rules, the beads and the crucifix, also adorned with diamonds.

*Br. Polizzi.*—One of our Tertian fathers writes from Rome regarding the novice Polizzi:—The time for taking his vows was drawing near. The Rev. Fr. Provincial gave him to understand that, so long as no end was put to those strange things, there could be no question of vows. Frater Polizzi replied

that he would pray that the stigmata might disappear, which, accordingly, has happened.

**Province of Paris.**—Last summer the Provincial of Paris decided to transfer the Tertians from Slough (near London), where they were, together with the novitiate, to the old scholasticate of Laval. Accordingly, in the early part of October, they met at the old *Maison St. Michel*, with Rev. Fr. René de Maumigny as Rector and Instructor. All the exercises of the tertianship began, and it was thought that the new residence would be very convenient for the Tertians, especially during the lenten missions, which they must give in France. But at the beginning of September the tertianship was suddenly brought back to Slough. The reason of the sudden change was the following. Mr. Spuller, a member of the last cabinet of ex-President Grévy, having heard that our fathers were living in a pretty large number in the *Maison St. Michel*, sent for Mgr. Bouvier of the seminary of Laval, complained of the fact, and threatened that, on account of our fathers, the Chamber might suppress the bishopric of Laval, which, according to him, was only tolerated, not being one of those established by the *Concordat*. After the visit, Mgr. Bouvier saw our Fr. Provincial, who took at once the necessary measures for again reuniting the tertianship to the novitiate at Slough.

The wonders wrought through the intercession of our Martyrs of the Commune, the number of *ex voto* offerings which are constantly sent in, and the numerous letters of thanksgiving which come to the Rue de Sèvres, give every hope that the Society will be soon rejoiced by having these martyrs raised to the altar. It would be too long to give details with regard to the number of cures which have been wrought through their intercession: a few examples must suffice. On the first of April last, a lady from Amiens, despairing of the life of her two-year-old child, who was stricken with a severe attack of pleurisy, began a novena in honor of Fr. Olivaint and promised an *ex voto* offering if the little one were spared to her. From the moment the novena began the disease ceased to make progress, and when the ninth day had come, the child was convalescent and has been improving ever since. Many other cures could be related but let this one serve as a sample of what is of very frequent occurrence. The following inscriptions on cards sent to the Rue de Sèvres may give some idea of the power of our martyrs with God: "To the five fathers, martyrs, my most grateful thanks for an unexpected recovery. 1886—R." "In thanksgiving for my cure—April, 1887. P. R., former pupil of Fr. Olivaint, Paris—Close of Sept. 1887."—*Letters of Jersey*.

The small number of men who attended the conferences and sermons given by Ours in the different churches in Paris, and the difficulties experienced in trying to arouse their interest in matters of religion, have caused Ours to give up the conferences and to confine themselves to missions; still, even in their missions they differ from us, indeed their whole plan of campaign seems to be a new departure. They begin their mission by devoting a week or so to the women and children; announcing at the same time that when their work with the female portion is finished, they will devote themselves to the men. They treat of such themes as socialism, relation of science to religion, etc. The method of conducting these instructions varies. Some nights the preacher alone exposes the doctrine, other evenings one or two of the missionaries object to him aloud in the church; the audience is invited to present objections in writing, and these are answered the next evening from the pulpit. This discussion has been the means of drawing to the church as many as 2,000 men at one mission; men, too, who had not entered the house of God for years. Mgr. Ricard, Archbishop of Paris attended one of these discussions and expressed publicly his pleasure and satisfaction. When these preliminary questions have been sufficiently developed, and the audience is ready for the word of God, then the preachers speak of sin, death and the subjects of the Exercises. As the fathers have shown themselves competent to deal with the questions of the day, the audience is willing to hear them on subjects more directly connected with their holy calling and more salutary to the listeners. The fruits of these missions, the thousands of men who have approached the Holy Table after the exercises, the expressions of gratitude and letters of thanks received daily by the fathers,—all these prove that this new departure has the blessing of God upon it.—*Letters of Jersey*.

**St. Louis University.**—The post-graduate course of lectures began on Feb. 29th, lecturer, Fr. J. N. Poland, on "Glimpses of Every-day Life in Ancient Rome;" the second is marked for March 5th, Fr. Charropin, on "The Chemistry of Photography" (with experiments and stereopticon views); the third, March 12th, Fr. H. Moeller, on "Social Abuses and Social Reforms;" the fourth by Fr. James J. Conway on "Leo XIII. and the Modern Powers." All tickets are complimentary.

**U. S. Senate.**—*Passage of the Blair Educational Bill—Mr. Blair's Attack on the Jesuits*—The debate was closed by Mr. Blair in a final argument in advocacy of the bill. He spoke of the opposition made to the bill by the New York Evening Post, the Washington Post, and "other organs of Jesuitry." The opposition to the bill was a fight against the common schools of the country—an attempt to subvert that great system. Soon after the bill passed last Congress, and while it was still struggling in the hands of a packed committee in the House of Representatives (where it was finally strangled), a Senator had shown to him (and he had read) the original letter of a Jesuit priest begging a member of Congress to oppose the bill and to kill it. The writer said that there was an organisation all over the country for the destruction of the bill, and that they would destroy it inevitably, and also that, if they had known of it in season, they could have prevented its passage through the Senate. They had begun in season this time, but they would not destroy it. Twelve years ago, when he was a member of the House of Representatives, and while there was a proposition pending to amend the constitution so as to prevent the appropriation of public money to the support of sectarian schools in the country, a friend of his pointed out to him nine Jesuits on the floor of the House log-rolling against the proposition—nine at one time. *These were not (he thanked God) the Catholic Church.* Within the sound of his voice were sleeping the remains of John Carroll and Charles Carroll of Carrollton, men who had been devoted to civil rights and to true religion, and against the memory of those men, or against the great Catholic organisation of the country, he would say nothing, for he venerated their memory, and he venerated that great organisation, which, in his belief, was the *true exemplar of Christianity.* He cared not how far it extended or how widely its power was spread, but within that organisation was a Jesuit organisation which had set out to control this country, which had been repudiated by every country in the old world, Catholic or Protestant, but which had come to America and was now trying to secure control of this continent by destroying the public-school system. The Jesuits had been expelled from the countries of the old world, and the time would come when they would be looked upon as enemies of this country, and when the question of their expulsion would have to be considered.

All through the North (God only knew under what influence) the newspapers had opposed the bill, and had argued that such aid to common schools was no longer needed; but he had, for three or four days, read of demonstrations from every State in the South showing that it was still a necessity, and as much so as ever. In this connection he named the Boston Herald and Advertiser, Chicago Tribune and the New York Sun and Times. Why (he asked) was this? It was because *there was on the staff of every great newspaper in the country to-day a Jesuit* whose business it was to see that a blow was struck, whenever there was an opportunity to strike it, at the common-school system of America, and the further investigation was carried in that direction, the more patent would the fact appear. There was another power (he said) arrayed against the bill—the power of the liquor interest, as represented by its Washington organ, the Sentinel. The time was not far distant when the people of the North would understand all the jugglery. The American people would have truth from that gallery (pointing to the reporters' gallery) or, said he, "they will clear that gallery on which I now gaze." The bill might be defeated, by direction or by indirection, but its principles would prevail. He closed with a contemptuous allusion, to the "educated, cultivated, cold-blooded college professors of the North."—*Extract from the Baltimore Sun, Feb. 16th.*

**Mr. Blair Taken to Task.**—The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, a staunch republican paper, thus takes Senator Blair of New Hampshire to task for his attitude on the Jesuits: "Mr. Henry W. Blair, of New Hampshire, in the course of his service in the United States Senate has said many absurd things. Mr. Blair is one of those very good men whose large stock of goodness is altogether out of proportion to their slender supply of brain. The result is that like such persons he is always in grave danger of making an ass of himself.

It was in this character that Mr. Blair appeared Wednesday when he addressed the Senate on the educational bill, which is one of several cranky and preposterous notions with which his brain is afflicted. He informed his fellow-senators that one of the principal causes of opposition to the bill was the fact that in almost every editorial room in the United States there was a Jesuit or an enemy of the public-school system who systematically wrote down the cause of public education. It is only necessary to reproduce this remark in order to show its silliness. The State of New Hampshire does no credit to its own intelligence when it allows itself to be represented in the Senate by a man who is capable of making so preposterous an observation." — *Extract from the Baltimore Sun, Feb. 18th.*

The bill to provide for the compulsory education of Indian children was taken from the calendar, and Mr. Vest spoke against the bill to attempt to educate Indian children at day-schools, from which they returned to spend the remainder of the day in their *teepees*. He took advantage, as he said, of the absence of Mr. Blair to state that the best Indian schools on the continent were conducted by Jesuits. — *U. S. Senate proceedings of Feb. 29th. — Baltimore Sun.* (1)

**Washington, D. C. Gonzaga College.**—The following course of lectures, delivered in Gonzaga hall has just been completed: Jan. 9th,—“Ireland, as it is” (Illustrated), by Fr. McGurk; Jan. 16th,—“Glaciers and the Glacial Period” (Illustrated), by Mr. Edward Corbett; Jan. 23rd,—“Latest Fashions in Literature,” by Fr. F. Ryan; Jan. 30th,—“Evangeline” (Illustrated), by Fr. C. C. Jones; Feb. 6th,—“The Cross in the Far North” (Illustrated), by Mr. E. Spillane; Feb. 13th,—“Savonarola,” by Fr. P. Finlay; Feb. 20th,—“The Irish Singer of '48,” by Mr. C. J. Clifford.

**Zambesi Mission.**—The Zambesi mission as at first established, nine years ago, comprised the country between the tenth parallel of south latitude on the North, the Portuguese settlements on the East, the Tropic of Capricorn and the Crocodile River on the South, and the twenty-second meridian on the West, while recently it has been extended to the Portuguese settlements. From the starting of the first band of missionaries from Grahamstown, April 16th, 1879, until the erection of the scholasticate of Dunbrody, on the Sunday River, March 15th, 1884, the various missions, for want of a solid base of supplies, could hardly have been otherwise than heroic but irregular efforts. From the latter date, however, they have been conducted with the most promising order and foresight. The house at Dunbrody contains some forty persons, professors, students of theology and philosophy and lay-brothers; and besides being the headquarters of the mission it serves as a place of apprenticeship both for the scholastics in instructing the Kafir children, and for the young lay brothers in learning the various trades which they have afterwards to exercise and teach. In connection with the house are three flourishing schools, and a large, though unfenced and almost uncleared farm. Of the schools, one is conducted within the college precincts, and numbers twenty-five boys under the charge of one of the scholastics, who not only personally instructs them in the rudiments of a literary education, but also superintends their training in the cultivation of gardens and the learning of useful trades. Another school, attended by twenty-four girls, is situated at about half a mile from the college, and is under the charge of two nuns, members of a religious congregation just started in the country. The third school has been built at a considerable distance from Dunbrody, on the other side of the Sunday River, where a scholastic teaches catechism three times a week. The farm at Dunbrody was bought chiefly with the idea of erecting a Catholic negro settlement upon it. Deserving families are encouraged to settle here and a number have already responded with the most praiseworthy results.—The novitiate of the mission is at Graaf-Reynet, South Africa, where Fr. Francis Daignault, the novice-master, rules a little community of two priests, one veteran coadjutor, four scholastic novices and two coadjutor novices. The college of St. Aidan, Grahamstown, has a community of twelve, eight of whom are scholastic tutors. Three thousand Kafirs live in a suburb of the town, specially set apart for them and called the *location*. Our fathers have erected a school amongst the Kafirs and another amongst the Hottentots, with

(1) We have since received the Congressional Record with full text of the discussion in the Senate, but we must reserve that for our next number.

a total attendance of ninety children. Instructions are given in Kafir and Dutch, but at present the neighborhood is too deeply prejudiced and immoral for us to expect much immediate fruit. The two other missions amongst the Kafirs are those of Stutterheim and Keilands. The last named is situated on the right bank of the river Kei, at the extreme limit of Cape Colony, amongst the Temboo-Kafirs, who had never met a Catholic priest before the arrival of Ours, one year ago. A farm has been bought here, and thirty families have been located upon it. Sixteen persons have already been baptised, and at least fifty assemble in the house every Sunday for Mass and instruction.—Two great roads lead into the interior, and along both of them our fathers have established missions. The first is the wagon-road which leads out from the colony through the Transvaal or Becuana-land, past the large native town of Shoshong, directly north to the Zambesi. This route is healthy but expensive, occupying about three months, and lying through regions uninhabited and so little provided with water that it can be used only during the few months following the commencement of the rain. The first footing along this route was obtained three years ago, when a farm was bought at Fleischfontein, near Zeerust, in the Marico district of the Transvaal. It is a good place for learning the Becuana language, into which Ours have already translated a hymn-book, a catechism and a history of the New Testament, but the Lutherans have preceded us and have so bitterly prejudiced the people against us that thus far but twenty persons have received baptism. Further inland, in the Amandebele country, under the government of the now famous Lo Bengula, the missionaries have established a residence at Gubuluwayo, with leave to open a school at Impendim, somewhat further south. Though full of hope, the fathers have been able to accomplish little, owing largely to the despotism of the warlike sovereign. His throne, however, seems to be threatened from without, and brighter times may be awaiting us in the near future.—The second great road is along the Zambesi River itself. The river is navigable from the coast for 250 miles to the Kebrabasa Rapids, above which small boats may be used almost to the Victoria Falls. This is an extremely unhealthy route, and has long been practically impossible, but it has the advantage of passing through thickly settled regions where the faith is held in esteem, and where, in many places, missionaries are earnestly asked for. The stations here, all of which lie in the Portuguese possessions, are at Quillimane, Sena, Tete and Boroma. Mopea, an intermediate station, had to be temporarily abandoned because of the sad way in which its successive pastors have fallen beneath its unhealthy climate. The same deadly enemy has foiled the best efforts to rebuild the church of the distant Zumbo; Father Gabriel, after incredible privations in trying to reach it, died almost within sight of it. At Quilimane, the College of the Holy Name of Jesus has been opened, and the community comprises three fathers, three scholastics and three lay-brothers. It is hoped that this college will prove the beginning of an important work. In the other stations, Ours are the official clergy of the Portuguese. At Boroma, some 250 miles inland, two fathers, after the most heroic endeavors, have opened an orphanage for native children, about twenty of whom have already been admitted to the sacraments. From all these stations, excursions are constantly being made on both sides of the river, and the harvest of souls now gathering and yet to be gathered, amply repays the most grievous privations.

*Lower Zambesi Mission.*—The greatest progress we have made recently, writes Rev. Stephen Czimermann from the station Boroma, consists in the fact that we found ourselves enabled to purchase several negro boys and open a school. The still existing slave trade brings to our doors many children offered for sale. A boy costs little: one piece, or at most two, of cheap calico, *algodão*, worth from \$1.50 to \$3.00, will buy him. Twenty-three have in this manner come into our possession. Emaciation and hunger are their inseparable companions. To this are added blows and other maltreatment depending on the humor of their owners. The price is small indeed but it is not possible for us to support a large number, especially this year when another famine threatens the natives. Two years ago, thousands fell victims to hunger. A late rain may help us, but it is not likely to occur. At present, the trees are bare and the fields burnt by the sun. Even should provisions be brought from lower Africa by traders, the blacks would not be helped: they have nothing to make purchases with.—At five o'clock all rise and go to morning prayers in the chapel. Their toilet is expeditious: a hip-cloth sufficing, just as it does for other negroes. On Sundays and festivals they wear, besides this cloth, which they call *guo*, a jacket made of blue linen; and three of the oldest wear

breeches made of the same material. Mass follows morning prayers. During Mass the rosary is said in the Kafir tongue. After Mass the little ones go to work: usually they undertake a general sweeping of yard and house with very small brooms called *chephe*. They sing lustily meanwhile in Kafir—text and melody an unvaried repetition. They need no breakfast; negroes as a rule eating but once or at most twice a day. At 8, school opens. Unless they fall asleep, they pay tolerable attention to catechism and to their lessons in reading and writing. Though the negroes show no taste for learning anything, they possess talents, three of our smallest mastering the alphabet in six months. Up to 13 years of age the boys are lively and quick, but then comes a crisis after which they are fit for nothing. It is almost impossible to get anything into the head of a grown negro, and if you do succeed in this he will astonish you with the readiness wherewith he forgets it. This evil is diminished by teaching families to pray in common. After class the boys have free time. The older ones make bows and arrows and try to fetch down small birds. The small ones open a chase after locusts. As soon as a *pombo*—a certain variety of locust—is caught, they run to the fire, to roast and eat the delicacy. At 12, the little blacks get their dinner. All the year round it is the same, meal-porridge, which the boys prepare for themselves by adding brown flour to boiling water and stirring the mixture briskly. Knives, forks, and spoons are needless, as the boys' fingers answer every purpose. At two, class begins for the afternoon. At six, the children take supper, the same in every respect as dinner. After night prayers they go to rest. They sleep on reed mattresses, called *m'pasa*, which would be a source of mortification rather than repose for a European. They need no beds, and lie around a fire which they keep up themselves. Two or three times a week, they take a plunge into the Zam-besi, which is a real necessity for their health. We hope to train up good Christians and even zealous catechists, with the grace of God, out of our little blacks.

**Home News.**—We regret to have to announce that Fr. Verdin, our spiritual father, was compelled on account of ill health to leave us and return to the West. We are consoled, however, by the news that lately reached us of his improved condition. He is now spiritual father at St. Louis; and is replaced here by Fr. Piccirillo.

The *Autumn Disputations* took place November 29th and 30th; the *Winter Disputations*, Feb. 17th and 18th.

EX TRACTATU DE RELIGIONE.—The *Defender* was Fr. Kokenge; the *Objectors*, Frs. Brownrigg and Hill.

EX TRACTATU DE ECCLESIA.—The *Defender* was Mr. de la Morinière; *Objectors*, Messrs. O'Rourke and L. Kavanagh.

DE DEO UNO.—*Defenders*, Frs. Zwinge and Laure; *Objectors*, Frs. Fargis and Motte, and Messrs. J. L. Smith and Meuffels.

Frs. McAvoy and Van Rensselaer read dissertations on *Holy Scripture*; the former, *De Septuaginta Interpretum Versione*, the latter, *De Templo Hierosolymitano*.

EX ETHICA.—*Defender*, Mr. Boyle; *Objectors*, Messrs. Rittmeyer and Van der Pol.

EX PSYCHOLOGIA.—*Defender*, Mr. Casten; *Objectors*, Messrs. Jannin and O'Hara.

EX PSYCHOLOGIA SUPERIORI.—*Defender*, Mr. Kuhlman; *Objectors*, Messrs. Nicolet and Dawson.

EX COSMOLOGIA.—*Defenders*, Messrs. Kane and Hussey; *Objectors*, Messrs. Connors and Green, Connell and Léautier.

EX LOGICA.—*Defender*, Mr. Buel; *Objectors*, Messrs. Kenny and Gilbert. Messrs. A. J. Connell, Raby and Hussey gave a specimen in Dynamics; Mr. Russell read a lecture on "The Haloid Salts of Silver and their Application to Photography," and Messrs. Hennemann and Lawton made the experiments.

Fr. Devitt has secured for our Library a copy of the "Relations des Jésuites," published with the aid of the Canadian government in 1858. Three vols. Quite rare.

It is reported that Rev. Fr. Provincial will return from Ireland in March. *Transfers in the Maryland New York Province.*—Since the issue of the 1888 catalogue the following transfers have been made: Fr. J. Dealy, to Boston; Fr. Byrnes, to the missionary band; Fr. Verdin, to St. Louis; Fr. McGovern, to missionary work on the Islands attached to St. Francis Xavier's, N. Y.;

Fr. Goeding, to Georgetown College, D. C.; Fr. McGoldrick, to Loyola College, Baltimore; and Fr. Giraud to the parish at Woodstock.

Fr. Dewey, American Head Director of the *League of the Sacred Heart*, paid us a visit some time ago. During his stay he cleared up, both by an interesting address in the chapel and by means of private interviews, many doubts and misunderstandings about the *Apostleship of Prayer*. In his address he explained briefly the history of the *League*, its end and aim and its practical workings, proving by several edifying examples what a useful instrument it is in aiding the missionary, the pastor, and the teacher. We had intended giving a synopsis of his remarks, but, in the *Little Messenger* for March, we find a few words to the same purpose which we insert here.

*The League, its end and aim.*—THE *Apostleship of Prayer* is a *League of zeal and prayers* in union with the *Sacred Heart*. It is called *Apostleship*, because it has for its end to make true apostles of all Christians, by stirring up everywhere the ardent desire of God's glory and the salvation of souls. It is the *Apostleship of Prayer*, for prayer is the principal means it sets to work, a means all-powerful and one that remains within the reach of all, even when others are wanting. In some way it is a universal means including, besides prayer strictly so called, all works and all sufferings offered to the *Sacred Heart* with the aim of supplication. It is the *League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*, because the Associates unite in a daily consecration to this Divine Heart—the source of zeal and the perfect model of prayer; even it is this consecration, or offering of the day for the intentions of the Heart of Jesus, that constitutes the first and the only essential of the excellent practices in use among the Associates.

Finally, this work is neither a Confraternity nor a Sodality, but a *Holy League*, approved by two Decrees of the Holy See and by the majority of the bishops of the Catholic world, in whose ranks are already enlisted, under the banner of the *Sacred Heart*, more than 40,000 parishes, communities, or associations. Moreover, all others are invited to take part in it. Is not the zeal which this *League of the Sacred Heart* has for its aim to stir up, in reality the stimulus and the life of every Catholic society and work, and ought not the Divine Heart of Jesus become their bond and centre as it is their first principle and mainspring?

The first beginnings of this work go back to 1844, and it is in the diocese of Puy, France, near the celebrated sanctuary of the Immaculate Virgin, Mother of God, that it had its birth. But its prodigious development dates only from 1861—the year when the publication of the *MESSANGER OF THE SACRED HEART* began furnishing it with a periodical organ and brought out in relief its union with the devotion to this Divine Heart.

If we consider the ever increasing progress of the *League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*, the simplicity and fruitfulness of its means, the plentiful blessings which the Divine Heart has been pleased to pour forth on the united efforts of its millions of Associates, we may well believe that this peaceful crusade is one of the principal institutions raised up by our Lord, to bring forth from the great devotion to the *Sacred Heart* all its fruits and to hasten the triumph of the Church.

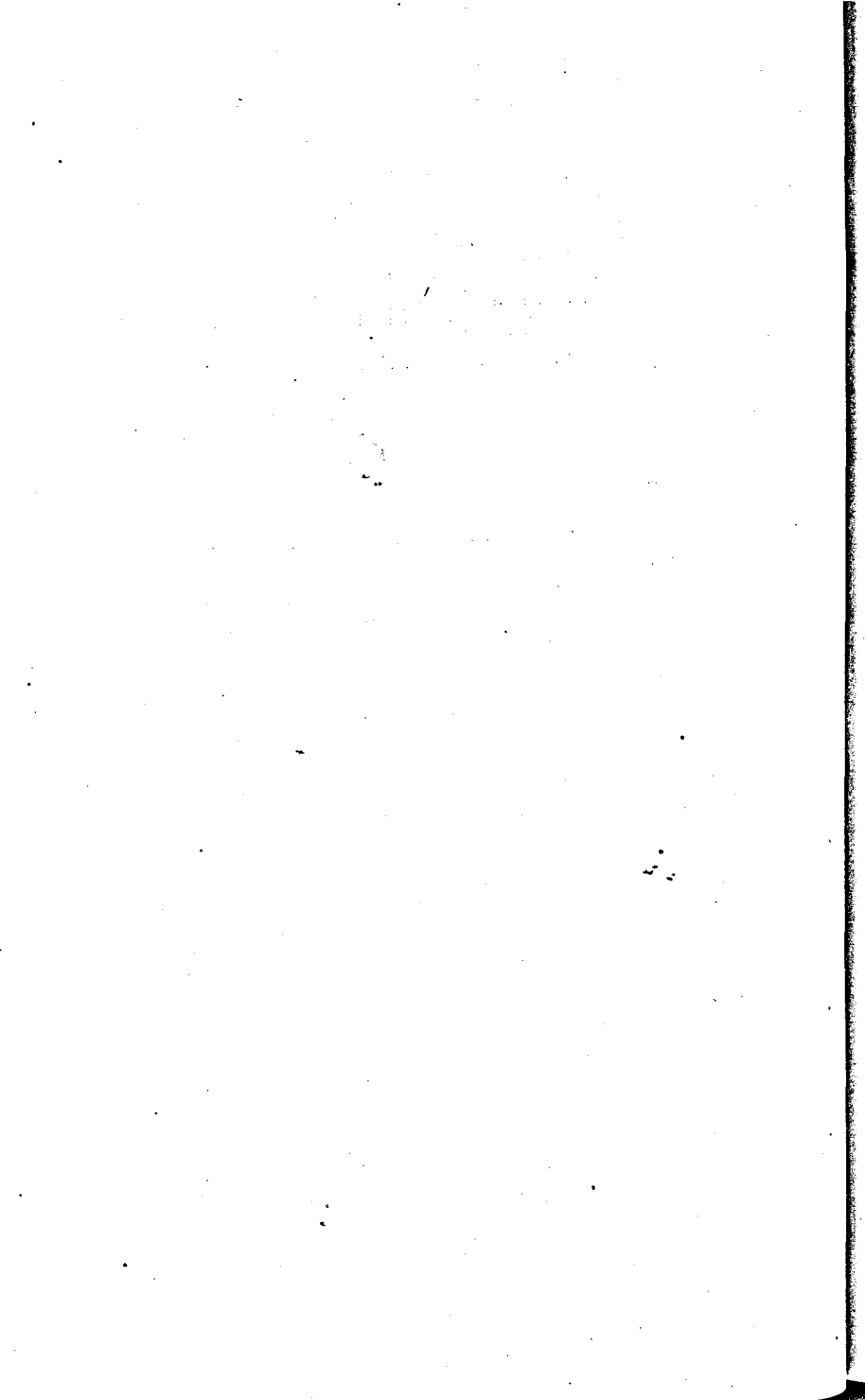
Further details can be found in the "*Handbook of the Holy League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, called the Apostleship of Prayer, with prayers for the public and private use of Associates*," 160 pages, 32 mo., 10 cts. Address Rev. R. S. Dewey, S. J., The Gesù, Philadelphia, Pa.

The March number of the *Messenger* promises another increase of 32 pages, twice a year, consisting of an *Original American tale* complete in one number. A very important *Note of Warning* is sounded in this number concerning the *Certificate of the League*.



# Fructus Ministerii in Provincia Missouriiana, Anno 1887.

COLLEGIUM vel RESIDENTIA	Bapt. infant.	Bapt. adult.	Confess. partic.	Confess. general.	Commun. in T.	Commun. extra T.	Matrim. bened.	A. catim. revalid.	Ultim. sacram.	Parati ad 1 Commun.	Parati ad Confirm.	(atecheses	Commun. et exhort.	Exercit. presbyt.	Exercit. relig.	Exercit. studios.	Exercit. privat.	Missiones	Noven. et trid.	Visit. hospit.	Visit. carcer.	Visit. infirm.	Sodalitates	Numerus sodal.	Pueri in schol. paroch.	Puell. in schol. paroch.
COLL. S. LUDOVICI .....	262	128	114865	1150	114589	48879	86	19	195	384	344	724	836	2	20	4	1	9	22	8	4	437	19	2145	244	311
RESID. S. LUDOVICI AD S. JOSEPHI ..	316	26	41121	722	33238	.....	52	9	170	197	208	602	211	4	4	1	...	1	5	15	.....	632	6	1013	465	508
DOMUS PROBATIONIS S. STANISLAI...	23	24	14787	140	1025	.....	45	.....	29	14	.....	735	243	2	4	2	10	.....	4	.....	.....	99	1	42	.....	.....
RESID. S. FERDINANDI .....	50	11	4580	20	7700	40	16	1	8	41	41	130	135	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	50	3	150	.....	.....
RESID. S. FERD. (ECCL. SS. CORDIS)	31	...	3470	15	3938	16	11	.....	15	25	26	172	59	.....	.....	.....	.....	1	2	.....	.....	55	2	139	61	56
RESID. S. CAROLL .....	36	7	9960	.....	6470	8815	6	.....	16	31	.....	101	109	.....	2	.....	.....	.....	.....	6	.....	45	3	155	50	35
RESID. WASHINGTONIENS .....	90	2	8792	852	8942	905	20	1	53	84	303	498	215	.....	4	.....	.....	1	8	.....	.....	88	8	545	184	210
RESID. AD S. ALOYSII .....	25	2	1830	.....	1400	.....	5	.....	5	16	.....	75	55	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
RESID. AD S. ANNE .....	19	2	2000	.....	890	1400	8	.....	8	.....	.....	.....	60	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
COLL. CHICAGIENS .....	1235	83	199572	5747	176585	30990	270	16	883	859	823	973	1078	2	9	2	9	12	82	12	1	3749	9	4701	1918	2523
RESID. CHICAGIENS .....	243	15	48910	.....	47892	940	78	2	36	189	188	187	221	1	14	2	1	5	4	6	.....	4	1362	448	559	.....
COLL. ET CONVICT. S. MARIE .....	72	2	17723	.....	9339	1418	8	.....	26	70	30	224	230	1	10	.....	.....	.....	1	.....	.....	107	6	465	60	75
INSTITUTUM OSAGIAN .....	.....	5	11398	.....	11450	.....	.....	.....	.....	90	90	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	7	454	120	130
COLL. DETROITENS .....	127	16	60388	866	65750	6125	32	4	68	84	.....	391	262	.....	6	1	.....	2	2	75	14	1142	6	671	147	137
COLL. OMAHENS .....	5	1	6480	255	2900	3500	.....	.....	11	16	.....	80	208	1	5	3	2	2	3	24	30	10	2	74	.....	.....
RESID. OMAHENS .....	125	14	13689	.....	10821	.....	25	4	31	55	85	115	257	.....	1	.....	.....	5	2	8	.....	200	4	405	100	170
MISSIONES NEBRASCENS .....	530	6	4462	1292	370	.....	56	5	60	162	.....	415	923	.....	.....	.....	.....	16	6	4	.....	83	5	209	187	144
COLL. CINCINNATENS .....	517	84	124038	3096	96116	27366	96	15	618	470	470	656	655	1	11	4	.....	12	9	674	125	2918	16	4921	610	730
COLL. MILWAUKIENS .....	132	16	24090	209	15690	15000	35	3	109	105	125	209	400	1	9	2	.....	.....	6	140	7	440	3	260	175	175
RESID. MILWAUKIENS .....	155	30	30206	333	30400	166	59	4	151	143	147	252	281	4	.....	.....	.....	.....	6	28	3	155	6	790	200	210
<b>SUMMA</b>	<b>3063</b>	<b>474</b>	<b>742241</b>	<b>14688</b>	<b>647786</b>	<b>145470</b>	<b>908</b>	<b>83</b>	<b>2513</b>	<b>3047</b>	<b>2897</b>	<b>6580</b>	<b>6441</b>	<b>15</b>	<b>100</b>	<b>21</b>	<b>23</b>	<b>66</b>	<b>162</b>	<b>1000</b>	<b>184</b>	<b>9330</b>	<b>110</b>	<b>17581</b>	<b>4981</b>	<b>5983</b>



# WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. XVII, No., 2.

## FATHER YENNI'S JUBILEE.<sup>(1)</sup> LETTER OF VERY REV. FATHER GENERAL.

NEW ORLEANS, March 7th, 1888.

DEAR REV. FATHER,  
P. C.

Enclosed please find a copy of the letter of Very Rev. Fr. General to Father Yenni. When Fr. General was informed of the action of Fr. Yenni, he consented to send us this copy, so that the original plan of having it published might not be frustrated. Do not fail to make known the act of humility on Father Yenni's part. The letter is certainly a remarkable one; but the humility of the good father is no less remarkable: if the publication of the letter is calculated to do good, so also will the knowledge of the effort made to conceal it by him to whom it was addressed.

Ræ. Vre. servus in Xto,  
T. W. BUTLER, S. J.

FESULIS, 18 DEC., 1887.

REVERENDE IN XTO PATER,  
P. C.

Ex Catalogis nostris cum admiratione cognovi, R. V<sup>am</sup> annum jam quinquagesimum in scholis, idque in scholis grammatices decurrere.

Res perrara, atque ad memoriam et exemplum insignis. Sane, quod R. V<sup>a</sup> olim in votorum nuncupatione omnipotenti Deo, coram ejus Virgine Matre et tota cœlesti curia, in gaudio et fervore spiritus, peculiari modo circa puerorum eruditionem promisit, id re et opere cumulate præstitit, ut dulcem illam invitationem expectare possit, "euge serve bone et fidelis."

De juventute vero ipsa, cujus integritatem divino Servatori tantopere cordi fuisse novimus, cujus educationem et institutionem Societas nostra inter prima semper adjumenta ad

<sup>(1)</sup> See previous number, page 110.

promovendam gloriam Dei et salutem animarum numeravit et exercitavit, R. V<sup>a</sup> constanti dimidii sæculi labore merita comparavit, quæ non unam tantum hominum ætatem complectuntur, sed sementis instar crescent et in millia diffunduntur.

Simul R. V<sup>a</sup> fratribus suis, qui sunt in iisdem scholæ laboribus socii, exemplum exhibuit, quo commoti gravem hanc vocationis nostræ partem nova æstimatione colant et tractent, quo sanctam patientiam, quæ in hac palæstra præ ceteris est necessaria, discant, quo novum fatiscenti naturæ animum et stimulum addant.

Pro his donis Dei sit supremo Largitori debita gratiarum actio, sit omnis honor et prædicatio!

Mercedem condignam solus reddere potest is, ac reddet fidelissime, pro cuius amore R. V<sup>a</sup> desudavit.

Sed tamen ad virtutem pertinet, meritorum grato cum sensu esse memorem. Quare hac auspiciatissima occasione usus nomine totius Societatis R. V<sup>ae</sup> ex animo gratulor, gratias ago, et cum summa precatione ad Deum, ut R. V<sup>am</sup> adhuc diu superstitem et incolumem conservet, in pignus et signum affectus paterni R. V<sup>ae</sup> benedictionem ex animo impertio.

Commendo me SS. SS.

Rev.<sup>no</sup> V<sup>ae</sup> Servus in X<sup>to</sup>,  
A. M. A. . . . .

R. P. DOMINICO JENNY, S. J.  
Spring Hill.

LETTERS FROM A CHAPLAIN IN THE WAR  
OF 1861.

(*Fifth Letter.*)

CAMP BROWN, SANTA ROSA ISLAND, FLA.  
Sept. 25th, 1861.

M. F. MAGUIRE,

*My dear Friend,*

I comply at the earliest opportunity with the obligation imposed on me, by the promise I made when leaving New York, of writing to you from the seat of war. We were very much disappointed in not being sent to Virginia; but I hope it is all for the better. We are not so exposed, it would appear, to die victims of cannon or rifles, as are the soldiers campaigning in the Old Dominion; yet we have in front of us (it is said) a more desperate, a more formidable enemy than the *boys in gray*. This fearless, invincible foe is to come to us (we are told) in the shape of yellow fever, which, they say, claims to be a native of the coast on which we are endeavoring to re-establish Uncle Sam's authority so summarily interfered with of late.

Gulliver in all his travels never visited, I am sure, such a country as the island enjoying the sweet name "Santa Rosa." As the rainy season advanced, however, we began to see that this island, so much despised at first, has its beauties and its redeeming qualities. The continued rains, combined with great heat, changed what we had considered entirely unproductive, into a refreshing and pleasant paradise. Extensive vines have sprung up, as if by magic, from what we have been considering our barren, sandy home. Some of these vines, after shedding their sweet-scented blossoms, produce a most delicious fruit resembling the blackberry; others produce grapes, not in bunches, but singly. The May-apple (or the plant which goes by that name in Kentucky) grows luxuriantly and gives us luscious fruit. Flowers, too, of extremely delicate hues, please the eye with their colors, and regale the olfactory sense with their enchanting fragrance. Rose-bushes (or rose-vines, for they run along the ground) bearing brilliantly colored single roses are now occupying spots where we had supposed

nothing could ever grow. An old negro, a native of Pensacola, whence he lately escaped to us, tells me we shall have every month till May a new species of this rose. A species of bay-trees, and laurel-trees with their beautiful flowers and rich fragrance, appear in clusters. The Zouaves utilize the leaves of these shrubs by drying and pulverizing them, and mixing the powder thus obtained with the coffee, whose aroma is in this manner greatly enhanced.

Different varieties of animals have made their appearance on the island since the beginning of the rainy season. Rats of various colors, mice of many species, opossums, raccoons, etc., have been caught and are being tamed by the boys. Birds, too, of many sorts have taken up their abode on our island and enliven us with their songs. Amongst these the mocking-bird, of course, two species of which are found in Florida, stands pre-eminent. One of these species sings not only in the daytime, but also during those nights in which the moon sends her gentle beams to light our weary watching. My old negro friend tells me this is a peculiarity of the birds hatched in the month of March.

In spite of, or rather on account of, the rainy season which seems to be now drawing to a close, Col. Wilson invited your friend Adjutant Heary, Captain Duffy, myself and others to go on an exploring expedition to the eastern extremity of the island, and procured for us artillery horses from the fort. Though we were aware that there might be very serious danger in going so far outside of camp, through an unknown part of the island which might be occupied by the enemy, still the desire to know the extent of Santa Rosa and what its features were, induced us to accept the invitation. Some regulars, officers and privates, joined the party, which thus became formidable. Properly buckled and armed, we started early in the day on our ride of adventure and discovery. The horses being in prime condition, and the sand thoroughly packed by the long continued rains, we moved briskly onward, soon passed the marine camp, and found ourselves far beyond the reach of our companions. As we advanced eastward, we discovered that Santa Rosa was becoming dangerously wide for our little force, and densely covered with magnificent pine-trees. What a splendid site for an encampment, we thought. Does the enemy already occupy it? Have they a battery here? Are we going too far?—such were some of the many thoughts and queries passing through our minds. Keeping the middle of the island, we met with high elevations of sand, and then deep depressions. Now we sighted lakes of various forms and sizes; again dense thickets of undergrowth. On arriving

at a very narrow part of the island, a halt was commanded and rations for men and horses were distributed. After a little consultation we concluded to postpone till another day the further exploration eastward of Santa Rosa, and return slowly, examining more closely our insular home. Our explanation of things we saw was, that the fierce tornadoes and hurricanes so frequent in these regions, and the long continued violent rains have torn up the sandy surface into high hills and deep valleys; but, as the island is all sand, these hills and valleys are likely to change positions after every storm. Some of these valleys, being lower than the sea, retain the water poured into them during the rainy season, and thus form charming fresh-water lakes.

Whilst crossing one of the sandy heights, we beheld a body of men south of us, between us and the gulf-beach. Knowing that no soldiers were outside the picket-line but ourselves, we naturally concluded that the strangers were enemies, who had erected a battery on that part of the island. It was unanimously resolved to make a bold effort to obtain accurate information about their doings. We moved cautiously in "open order" over the hillocks towards the strangers, who appeared not to notice us. Fearing an ambuscade, we spread out our force still more. Just then our visitors took to their heels towards the gulf and we dashed after them with all the speed our chargers could command. Presently we saw them directing their course towards a boat manned by several sailors and floating the United States' flag. The mystery was soon cleared up: some officers of the navy were out precisely on the same errand as ourselves; they had assumed that we were Southern "bushwhackers," and determined, if their feet and boat could save them, not to be captured. The officer in command of the party was considerably mortified that his men should have defended themselves by flight. Apologizing for the fright we caused the representatives of our gallant navy, and wishing them a safe and pleasant trip across the waves to their proud man-of-war, we rode towards the northern beach. Here we discovered recent tracks of men who had been along the strand. Were they yet among the sand-hills? Could we capture them? Had they a battery in the neighborhood? Some dismounted, and moved cautiously among the hillocks, whilst the others took charge of the horses. The scouting party soon returned with the information that a short distance west of us was a black schooner carrying a swivel-gun at her bow, and the crew, just leaving shore, were rowing out to her. How very near and yet how far! There was noth-

ing to be done. We withdrew unobserved from the northern shore, and rode towards the lakes and their surroundings.

The discovery of this new feature of our island, though we had heard of the existence of such bodies of water, was a most agreeable surprise to us. With a kind of awe we drew near them. Our horses seemed anxious to slake their thirst. Unaware of the nature of the bank or the depth of the water, we carefully rode to the edge of a long narrow pond. To our utter amazement we found the bank well faced with stones. Had this pond or lake been the basement of a castle; or is it the ruins of a fort? Moving along the side, we came to a point where the bank had given way. This breach offered our thirsty horses an easy access to the water. When led there; however, the poor animals became terrified, pawed and snorted, but absolutely refused to quench their burning thirst. What could be the cause of it? "Look, look!" said several, "see the number of chips floating on the surface!" "Can such things frighten thirsty horses from the water?" asked many. A closer investigation revealed to us the unpleasant fact that those apparent chips were nothing less than the long faces of alligators. Their bodies were invisible, but the heads, from the eyes forward to the nozzles, the only parts of the monsters seen by us, presented to the casual observer the appearance of long black chips. This explained our poor horses' dread of the water. One of the men threw into the pond a piece of bread to prove to all that these chips were the upper jaws of monster mouths. No sooner had the morsel touched the water than the sly amphibious creatures rushed so violently after it, that the placid lake was in as great commotion as if lashed by a furious gale. Near this lake, the christening of which, like that of its sisters, we deferred till another day, is a kind of swamp in which weeds, bushes, flowering shrubs and cacti of many species grow luxuriantly. This is the retreat of frogs, snakes and alligators in prodigious numbers. Further on, we came to a jungle or thicket of considerable extent, in which birds of many notes and varied hues take up their abode and, relying on the protection afforded them by the fear of snakes and alligators, securely build their nests and raise their young. No boy would dare enter that thicket to disturb the homes of birds, and cruelly rob the songsters of their little ones. But what produced in this hollow such a rich growth of little trees, bushes, etc.? This is our explanation: the overflowing of the gulf during the equinoctial gales, which are very violent here, has brought into this hollow an accumulation of weeds, bushes, timbers, and portions of wrecked vessels which gradually decayed and formed



over the sand a kind of soil which the water and the sun's great heat have continued to improve. We shall see later whether these lakes, thickets, etc. are the result of the rainy season, as some assert. If these features disappear on the return of dry weather, we shall be disappointed in the pleasure we promise ourselves in revisiting these romantic scenes.

Satisfied that we had performed a good day's work in the way of scouting combined with pleasure, and determined with a stronger force to push on to the eastern extremity of Santa Rosa some other day, we put spurs to our somewhat jaded horses and made directly for the camp which we reached late. After having cared for our trusty horses, and reported to headquarters what we had seen and done, we sat down to the meagre supper of hungry soldiers. Our companions in arms gathering around us to listen to the descriptions of the eastern part of the island, of the dangers and adventures we met, would remind one of the crowds listening to the wondrous tales related by Columbus and his hardy mariners after their return from the new world. The whole camp wants to turn out and go on the next expedition.

Next morning all was stir and bustle in the fort, in the batteries and in camp. The commander of the department resolved to send a body of picked men to surprise and capture the black schooner with her crew and arms. The men to take part in this hazardous undertaking were selected, and the hour for starting fixed. Finally, to make sure that no one had deserted to give information of our plans to the enemy, the roll of the entire camp was called. One did not answer to his name. He is a young Englishman in whom the authorities had placed great confidence. Where was he? Whilst search was being made for him in the fort, in batteries, etc., the selected men went to confession to prepare themselves for death. The Englishman was not to be found; he must have deserted and given to the enemy the information which would enable them to capture our poor fellows. The expedition under the circumstances had to be postponed. Whilst talking of the Englishman's treachery and our own disappointment, a deserter from the enemy appears at our picket-line, and is conducted to headquarters. He is one of the crew of the schooner. Our deserter had reached the boat before he left, and had given all the information he could about our intended movement. Preparations were immediately made to slaughter or capture us. Is his story true? Deserters and refugees coming nearly every day to the island, bring us the most contradictory stories. Is this one a spy? He is suspected of being one, and is imprisoned in the fort.

After a few days' delay, when it was presumed that the enemy were again off their guard, the selected men were returned to their various commands, and the capture of the armed schooner was entrusted to Company D, 6th N. Y. Volunteers. Owing to the extreme darkness of the night and their unacquaintance with the hills and hollows, lakes and swamps of that part of the island near the schooner's anchorage, this "fighting" company utterly failed. Day dawned upon them before they had reached the position where the effort to capture the little man-of-war was to be made, and they returned completely crestfallen. Next day, Company K was entrusted with the work of "cutting out" the sable schooner. This company was ordered to start early in the afternoon, so as to have less travelling to do in the dark. As they were moving out of camp, rain began to fall; but it was supposed it would be only a shower. As night approached, the rain increased in violence, but our company was beyond our reach. The captain in command had received strict orders in starting not to be the first to fire. If they could surprise the schooner they must carry her off. If the enemy should fire on them, Company K must fight for possession of the schooner. It would appear that strict orders have been received here from some headquarters *not to begin a battle yet*. Who fires the first shot forces the battle. Both sides are very cautious about throwing down the glove; and justly so; for if the enemy are as well prepared as we suppose, and as deserters and refugees assure us they are, it would be madness for us to commence; and if our efforts to deceive the enemy as to the strength of our position and the number of our forces; have succeeded, they would act most imprudently in attacking us. All that night and next day, the rain continued to pour;—a revival of the rainy season which we thought had disappeared.

The second evening was drawing to a close, and no news of Co. K had arrived. Was our company captured? Rain or shine, reinforcements were ordered to start to rescue our men. This party had just got outside the lines when they met Co. K, far more dejected than Co. D had been. Narrow as the island is, these poor fellows lost their way, got in amongst the lakes and swamps, used up their day's rations and became panic-stricken. Everything they heard or saw was, in their excited imagination, one of those fierce and large alligators they had heard so much about. Every depression in the sand became in the darkness of the night a lake swarming with monster alligators. All further efforts to carry off the "sable fiend" were abandoned for the present.

These two companies have to re-establish their character as soldiers. They are smarting under the taunts of the members of our scouting party, who are urgent in their demands to be sent to effect the desired capture. After those exciting days were over, as there was no prospect of a similiar movement for adventurous scouting in the near future, the boys began to settle down to camp routine.

During the rainy season, only few could attend Mass; the chapel-tent, being small, could contain only officers; the men could not always expose themselves to the down-pour. However, as the season was drawing to a close, I thought of having Mass, as we had on the first Sunday in July, in the open air. Profiting by the lull in military affairs, and after consulting the weather prophets, who assured me it was a dry moon *because on its back*, I resolved to make preparations for an open-air celebration of the divine mysteries on the next Sunday. We have at hand many conveniences now for such a celebration, which we had not for the first Sunday Mass that was said on Santa Rosa. We sent word to the fleet, to the transports and to the "prize vessels" (blockade-runners) many of which have been lately brought here and are anchored off the island. The boys off duty spared no efforts to give the surroundings something of the appearance of a church. Boxes and barrels, empty and full, were rolled into suitable positions. A body of men, in men-of-war's boats, went down along the gulf-beach till opposite the pine forest in the eastern part of the island, where they landed and cut off suitable pine boughs, which they brought into camp to ornament the altar. The greatest interest in having a display worthy of the occasion was manifested by all, rank and file. As my time was taken up by the number of penitents wishing to prepare themselves for Communion, I allowed the "boys" to please themselves.

Saturday, September 21st arrived, and all seemed to promise a successful morrow. But alas! alas! there are but few altar-breads! I hurried to the fort, saw the quartermaster and asked him whether he had any flour amongst his stores. "Cargoes of it," he replied. Hearing the reason of my application, he not only gave me the flour, but helped me to mix it and bake it; and in a few minutes we had as many altar-breads as we wanted.

Sept. 22nd—Sunday dawned bright and glorious. The crowd was great; the altar, the only thing under cover, was tastefully decorated. Mass began a little after 12 o'clock. Our regimental band discoursed sacred music alternately with a choir composed of sailors and soldiers. Two drummer boys, Frederick Goggins and Hickey (St. John's, Ford-

ham boys) served Mass. The band (Monaghan's) is composed of Catholics. The scene was grand; I wish I were able to describe it: the place, the view, the surroundings, the multitude. As my lungs were not up to the occasion, the sermon was short, probably to the great satisfaction of all. The men and officers returned to their ships, anchored far off, expressing a wish that no obstacle would intervene to prevent us from having this celebration every Sunday; and they were loudly cheered by the army.

At times during the wet season, the pouring rain was accompanied by terrific wind-storms of two or three days' duration; during the night, by way of variety, the wind would break into a hurricane. About the 10th of August, a fierce gale swept northward over the gulf, shook up alarmingly our numerous fleet, of men-of-war, transports and *prizes*, struck our island, levelled and huddled up in an indescribable heap tents of all descriptions, and then scattered them in every direction. Fastenings in the sand proved treacherous. The only protection we had against the fearful rain had disappeared in an instant. "Boys, let us save the father's tent," exclaimed many of the soldiers, forgetful of themselves. But all their generous efforts were in vain. All the fastenings we could make in the sand were powerless to resist the force of the storm. The wind in its violence gathered up large quantities of sand, and so energetically pelted us with it, that our sight and hearing were seriously endangered; for, in spite of all we could do to protect ourselves, the fine sand was driven into our ears, against our eyes, down our necks and into our mouths. In our utter helplessness, we sought some distraction by watching the great danger which threatened the many vessels at anchor off the island. Out on the gulf the wind had worked itself into a roaring tempest which, lashing the water into towering billows, dashed them over and against the vessels straining at anchor. Wind is directly shoreward, but the tide is going out. All the steamers, of course, have steam up. Signals are exchanged between the vessels; a transport, laden chiefly with flour, and some of the *prizes*, are dragging their anchors. A steam-transport slips her anchor and puts out to sea, but, after shipping many seas, returns to her anchorage. Others make the same experiment, but like her prefer to be near help if things come to the worst.

In the afternoon, the wind was somewhat allayed. We profited by the calm to hunt up and erect our tents with all possible improvements in the fastenings. What a change in our island! The rain had fallen in quantities too great to be absorbed by the sand, and it remained in ponds and rivers

and lakes all around us. Thousands of hands were rapidly erecting tents, in and out of the water, as it suited their fancy. Supper was hurriedly distributed. I said a portion of my office for the next day, and we prepared for a stormy night which the weather prophets said we were sure to have.

About nine in the evening, whilst the tide was coming in with force, the wind returned to the attack with all the might of a hurricane. The night was intensely dark; wind and tide seemed determined, by a strong combination, to wreck our fleet. Signals of distress, fired off from one of the *prizes*, brought us instantly to the beach to render all possible assistance. Through the dense darkness, falling rain and blinding storm, we saw two *prizes* dragging their anchors shoreward. What a terrific scene! Not a word could, of course, be exchanged. The furious noise of the wind was drowned by the terrific roar of the waters whose waves, fed by the rising tide and increasing winds, refused now to stop at the usual limits of stormy tides. The waves, like living monsters, plunged far across the island, which seemed to our excited minds to be sinking under the enormous weight of water dashed across its sandy bosom. The darkness of the night was lit up by the long line of foam on the curling waves just before they broke in all their fury upon the island. Daylight brought us no relief or hope; it only showed us the great and increasing danger threatening the vessels and ourselves. As if to increase the general dismay, the flag-ship *Colorado* let off a number of rockets, signals of some danger they had to encounter. Abandoning all hope of saving their ships, those in charge of the *prizes* slipped their anchors, spread their sails and, profiting by wind and tide, steered direct for the sandy shore of Santa Rosa. To our great joy they made their way safely to the beach. As the tide receded they were left imbedded in the sand high out of the water.

During all this excitement, there happened west of us on the strand, an accident, that concerned us far more than the safety of the *prizes*; it was the total loss of a cargo of flour and other provisions for the troops. This was doubly a loss for us, for it was a gain to the enemy to whose shore it all floated, and who for days afterwards were busily engaged before our eyes in hauling the barrels out of the water. For several days after this violent storm, every tide brought to our shore pieces of wrecks, whole cane-brakes torn probably from the Mexican swamps, quantities of timber, etc., which showed us that the storm was felt elsewhere. The two standard *prizes* with their outfit and cargo, and the arrival of abundant wreckage, changed the monotony of our lives.

When fair days came during the rainy season, the soldiers, like spirited chargers brought out from the stalls where they had been unwilling tenants, were most eager for a dash of any kind towards the enemy. Shortly after the storm mentioned above, Post-Captain Bailey of the flag-ship *Colorado* thought he would turn to account this fiery disposition of the men. He took some of the Zouaves, some regulars, and a number of marines,—in all about one hundred and sixty men, to “cut out” a fancy propeller in the bay, fastened to the navy-yard dock. Armed for battle, they started from the *Colorado*, where the *rendezvous* took place, in three launches, with muffled oars, under cover of night and some friendly clouds, for the enemy’s lines. Supposing that they would meet with opposition, Col. Brown determined to support them even if his support should bring on a general battle. He therefore ordered “all hands to the guns.” Each cannon had its “dead light,” the “eight” at their posts, the “reliefs” at “orders;” the infantry were served with forty rounds and ordered to “sleep on their arms”—which means not to sleep at all. After a patient and anxious delay of two hours, we saw signal lights pass along the enemy’s beach, then a rocket and another, 3, 4, 6. Our men are evidently discovered. Now the distinct cry of the watchful sentry, “Turn out! turn out!” rolled over the waters to our ears. Then the “long roll” was beaten in every encampment along the bay. Not a gun, however, was yet fired. This silence of arms filled us with anxiety. Were our men entrapped and captured? After a long suspense, we heard the splash of the oars, now unmuffled, and in a few moments our men were on shore.

They told us that the little steamer had gone up the bay to Pensacola, eight miles distant; finding things so quiet, they rowed along the docks until a sentry challenged them. This faithful guard, receiving no answer to his challenge, called the officer of the guard who, likewise receiving no answer, ordered the “turn out.” Our men enjoyed amazingly the fright they gave the men across the bay. We may expect now a little retaliation in the way of a surprise from the other side. The water on our side of the bay, at least where they could surprise us, is too shallow to allow them to reach shore with their boats. This difficulty for them is one of our protections.

In the latter part of August, we were, in spite of the broken weather, in great expectation of a severe battle, owing to the following incident. In the bay, on the north side of Santa Rosa, is quite a little fleet of armed schooners, tugs, etc. This nascent navy manœuvres every day in the

inside waters, going through various evolutions, probably to satisfy themselves and terrify us. When the wind is strong, some of these schooners dash with great speed towards the gulf, but, on reaching our lines, tack and return towards Pensacola. These lively and threatening boats are allowed to roam over the bay as much as their captains wish, for the very good reason that we cannot prevent them and do not like to draw their anger on us just yet.

Towards the end of August, on a bright windy day, the largest of these schooners, carrying four guns and flying an admiral's pennant, was unusually bold. She came several times to our lines, and sometimes passed them, then tacked and returned up the bay. Now we have strict orders not to let any of these *young* men-of-war pass out to sea, lest they should injure our commerce. The question therefore for us is: does this schooner intend to profit by the fair wind, and give us the slip? In the afternoon she became so bold, that Col. Brown ordered Battery Scott, should she again cross the lines, to fire a shot through her rigging, and, if this should not check her course, to sink her. Late in the afternoon, the sprightly man-of-war was coming again down the bay before a strong breeze, apparently determined this time to "run our blockade." On she came, steering directly for the exit of the bay. About sunset she reached our lines. Hoping she would tack and run back, the commander of Battery Scott, Captain Robinson, waited till the last moment, till she was directly abreast of his battery. Let the consequences be what they may, he must obey orders. Trailing one of his heavy "James' Rifle" cannon on the young and proud man-of-war, he sent a ball across her bow, but she held on her way. He sent another ball, this time through the rigging, doing a little damage. This shot "brought her to;" she dropped anchor, hauled down her secession pennant, and all was again quiet. She remained under our guns till the return of the tide, when she weighed anchor and, without returning a shot, sailed up to Pensacola.

As this was the first cannon discharged at the enemy, it created considerable excitement on the island. We expected, of course, a response from the other side. Consequently the men in the fort and in the batteries were ordered to man their guns, and the infantry were served with forty rounds of ammunition. Our poor supper of salt pork, hard-tack and coffee without milk, which was just being prepared, was abandoned. We remained till a late hour in expectation of an attempt to vindicate Southern honor outraged by our summary interference with the intentions of the "rising navy;" the battle, however, ended with our own two shots.

From prudential motives, the authorities resolved to double the sentries and keep increased watchfulness over the enemy's movements.

New troubles arise. Over at the navy-yard, is a government floating dry dock, the most magnificent structure of the kind, they say, belonging to the United States. This, of course, fell into the hands of the South with the navy-yard. The day after the two shots were fired from Battery Scott, we could see hundreds of the enemy occupied in doing something with the dry dock. Though watching them closely with powerful glasses, we could come to no conclusion about what they were doing on board the dry dock. Next morning, the dock was floated out into the bay, and the great number of men was still on board busily engaged. A hostile intention was, of course, presumed. A council of war, to which I was gratuitously invited, was called. After an exchange of a few remarks, it was unanimously agreed not to permit any one to work on the dock. Captain Robinson, whose battery is in the brunt, received orders to enforce the decree of the council of war. Pointing his heavy guns at the valuable property, he fired a few shots in rapid succession, at it or through it, with no other result than the scattering of the hundreds on board of it. Like so many divers they plunged into the water and made for shore. We thought surely we were to have a battle now; but this ripple also passed off without bringing any return of compliments from Gen. Bragg, who commands the forces on the other side. They say his love for the old flag explains his pacific disposition.

Deserters from Pensacola brought us, some days after this little incident, Southern papers which contained laughable accounts of the fright caused on board the schooner and amongst those working on the dry dock by the few shots sent so dangerously near them. An indignation meeting, the deserters said, had been called by the people of Pensacola, to protest against the inactivity of Gen. Bragg, who refused to resent such an insult.

From spies and deserters we discovered that the fear of our cannon stopped the work on the dry dock, only during the day time; and that during night they continued to carry on their hostile preparations, whatever they were. Another council of war was called. The question proposed was, shall we destroy the dry dock, and thus effectively thwart the hostile designs of the enemy. The strong objection to this proposition was, that this dock belonged to the United States and had been constructed at a cost of over two mil-



lion dollars. It was contended that destroying the dock would be destroying our own property and injuring ourselves; and some maintained that an act of this kind would require the permission of Congress. It was, however, admitted by all that, if we failed to destroy the dock, the enemy would employ it to destroy us. Finally, on a vote being taken, it was found that a majority was in favor of its destruction. Captain Alexander N. Shipley, an experienced trooper of the plains, asked for the honor and danger of being entrusted with the perilous undertaking. His request was readily granted.

On Saturday, August 31st, many men went to confession, in expectation of being among those whom Shipley would select to share his honor. On Sunday, Sept. 1st, after Mass, the arranging of plans and selection of men most suitable for the expedition were begun. On Monday, Sept. 2nd, Captain Alexander N. Shipley coolly and confidently matured his plans, which were these: that he should have a light but strong boat manned by ten picked men, some charged shells, and a quantity of highly combustible material; and that very night he should go over and set fire to it. About 9 o'clock on the evening of Monday Sept. 2nd, 1861, we bade God-speed to Shipley and his little crew, who are all Catholics, and who had gone to confession just before starting. Launching their boat as noiselessly as possible, with muffled oars they made direct for the dry dock. The day had been excessively hot, even for Santa Rosa; the night was dark though not cloudy; not a breath of air stirred the surface of the extensive Bay of Pensacola; even the nocturnal mocking-bird, as if partaking of our anxiety, held his peace for once; crickets, bullfrogs and alligators were the only disturbers of the painful silence of that terrible night—terrible for what might be the result of our late rough handling of the enemy. The piercing scream and the flapping of the wings of the numerous water-fowls that collect in great swarms in these waters, and whose slumbers were now disturbed by the gliding of the boat amongst them, enabled us, to a certain degree, to follow the route our friends were pursuing. At last even these indications ceased, and we became alarmed for our brave companions. The beach was lined with officers and men whose eyes and ears were strained to their fullest tension to catch the least sign of their position on the tranquil water. "What has become of them?" "Have they missed the dry dock in the darkness?" "Has the tide, always very strong at the point they wished to reach, swept them where they did not wish to go?"

These were questions hastily whispered from one to another by all on the beach, hoping, however, that no discouraging answer would be given.

Captain Shipley and his men had taken with them, as I said, the most inflammable material and a few loaded shells which they were to place near the fire as soon as started, and which, by exploding, would help to spread the flames and deter people from daring to approach to extinguish the conflagration; they also brought with them a few signal rockets to inform us, in the last extremity, should any mishap befall them. Eleven o'clock came and went; the different reliefs of guard and picket were changed, and no news yet of our intrepid friends. At half past eleven exactly, we beheld the faint flickering of a flame like a candle-light, which instantaneously burst forth into a terrific blaze, enveloping a great part of the dock. "*Les voilà!*" exclaimed our little teetotum of a French cook. These were the first loud words spoken since the departure of the expedition, and all burst into a loud laugh. In a little while an explosion rent the air, and new flames shot up from the now doomed dry dock of Pensacola navy-yard.

About daylight the boat returned with its crew safe—at least all alive. They found, it is said, some men on the dock: in the scuffle that ensued no firearms were used, and no prisoners were taken. Before setting fire to the dock they distinctly heard the crowd on shore, who were probably coming out to work. Capt. Shipley thought, from the work begun, that the Southerners intended changing the dock into a powerful floating battery. It continued to burn for four nights and three days, changing its location in the bay at every flow and ebb of tide. At night it cast a terrific and, to some minds, an ominous glare over land, gulf and bay. Some pretended to see queer spirits gathering nightly around the moving fires, and could hear them deliberate about the fate of the republic.

All felt sure that this last attack on Southern defences would undoubtedly bring on a battle, and all preparations were made on our side. Yet, Gen. Bragg, or some authority, has resolved not to notice this summary interference with Southern plans in these waters. Papers brought over by refugees and deserters had spiteful articles about "Yankee boldness and brutality," and severe criticisms of the conduct of those who failed to prevent all this when they could have done it, or who now idly fold their arms and placidly look on whilst the havoc is being committed. But in spite of all this, the end of the war does not seem to be nearer.

Alas! alas! when shall we be friends again? Pray that this war-curse may be speedily removed, and that the people may learn from it a lesson beneficial to their souls.

Yours truly in Christ,  
MICHAEL NASH, S. J.

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CHAPLAINS FOR THE MEXICAN WAR—1846.

*Correspondence.*

(*Concluded.*)

FR. REY TO FR. McELROY.

MONTEREY, NOV. 10th, 1846.

*Rev. and dear Father Superior,*

P. C.

Since your favor of Oct. 3rd, which I answered by return of mail, I have had no news from Your Reverence. I suppose you still enjoy good health and are doing much good at Matamoras. I received a letter from Fr. Provincial a week ago. The principal items in it were: the death of our dear scholastic, Hugh McCaffrey, and the acquisition for the novitiate of Mr. Hoban, of Washington, and of Rev. Mr. Gallagher. Fr. Samuel Barber is socius to the master of novices, and Fr. Wm. Clarke *curat valetudinem* at Bohemia.

After much inquiry as to the loss on the part of the Mexicans, during the attack on Monterey, I have come to the conclusion that there must have been at least three hundred men killed and three hundred or more wounded. This is two hundred more than the number given in my last letter.

General Taylor received despatches from Washington last week by a special courier, Major Graham, in answer to his official communications after the battle. The terms of capitulation, especially the armistice of eight weeks, are disapproved, and he is ordered to prosecute the war with energy. In consequence of this order, preparations are being made for the movement of the troops. The 2nd division, commanded by Gen. Worth, will start next Thursday for Saltillo, where it is to remain to protect our rear from the enemy. General Butler's division, reorganized and now comprising, I think, the First Ohio and the First Kentucky Regiments,

who took part in the attack on Monterey, and the Second Ohio and Second Kentucky, are to be stationed here with some artillery. The other volunteers will start for Tampico with the first division, commanded by Gen. Twiggs. General Patterson's division, with the volunteers now at Camargo, will meet them at Victoria, and march with them to Tampico. General Taylor will then have massed at Tampico an army of 700 men. The question now arises, what shall I do. If this movement of troops should render your presence unnecessary at Matamoras, you might come here to Monterey, as it is the most central place for the troops left in this province; I would then follow Gen. Taylor's army. If you decide to remain at Matamoras, I do not yet know what I shall do. Be so kind, therefore, as to write to me immediately and help me, by your good advice or direction, to find out what is the will of God. I suppose it will take about two weeks before Gen. Taylor can be ready to start for Tampico; I hope to have an answer from you before that time.

Several of our wounded died; others, in greater numbers, have left for their respective states; those still here are nearly all doing well. Many of our soldiers here have been attacked by fever and ague; some few have died: I have been kept constantly busy in attending the sick and dying. I can now make myself understood tolerably well in Spanish, and can understand nearly everything said to me in the same language; I find this a great advantage.

I recommend myself to your prayers and holy sacrifices,  
Your very devoted brother and servant in Christ,

ANTHONY REY, S. J.

FR. MCELROY TO FR. REY.

MATAMORAS, Nov. 20th, 1846.

*Rev. dear Father in Christ,*

P. C.

The last letter I received from you was the one describing the siege of Monterey, I sent it to Rev. Fr. Provincial. I wrote to you on the 4th inst. and have not heard from you since; I fear that you may be sick or that your letter may have been missent. Be pleased to write as soon as you receive this. My latest news from Georgetown is contained in Fr. Provincial's letter of Oct. 23rd. Bp. Whelan is anxious to have a house of Ours at Richmond, so Rev. Fr. Provincial went to Richmond; he thinks it would be a good place for a day-school and has written to Fr. General to tell

him about it . . . . A large number of troops arrived from the States, and are encamped opposite Burita awaiting further orders; some say they are to embark at the Brazos for Vera Cruz. There was a report in town yesterday, that the Mexicans had made a proposal to negotiate with the United States and that hostilities would be again suspended. I do not know what credit the report deserves . . . . We have had a number of cases of fever and ague here during the present month; there are about two hundred sick in the hospitals now, but only two or three are in immediate danger.

Please inquire about Charles Gould of the Baltimore regiment of volunteers commanded by the late Col. Watson; his mother has written to me and is anxious to hear about him. I sent for him when the regiment passed through here, and he promised to go to confession to your Reverence. Sister Mary Eugenia, of the Visitation Convent, Baltimore, has written to me inquiring about her brother, Joseph B. Millard and her brother-in-law, Capt. F. Brittan; both are in the Washington Volunteers; please let me know about them . . . . There are no regular troops here; we are trusting entirely to the volunteers for protection.

MATAMORAS Nov. 25th, 1846.

*Rev. dear Father in Christ,*

P. C.

My last letter to you was on the 20th inst.; that evening yours of the 10th was brought to me, and I would have answered before this but for another attack of fever and ague by which I was seized on the same evening. Yesterday I had my chill and fever, and am to-day taking quinine, which, I hope, will effect a cure and prevent a relapse.

At this distance, I am unable to give you the advice you ask of me; it rests with you to see whether it is more *ad majorem Dei gloriam* to remain in Monterey, or to accompany the army. Keeping the same motto in view, I could not leave this post, knowing as I do the good that is to be effected here, and being uncertain of what might be done at Monterey. There are three regiments of volunteers stationed here, and a company of artillery in garrison at Fort Brown. Besides these, we have, at all times, a number of transient troops; at present, a regiment of Tennessee cavalry and several companies of recruits, are encamped near the town. I heard the confessions of a number of the recruits last week. Many sick soldiers are sent into the hospitals from these regiments; I gave all the sacraments to three persons last

week, two of them have since died. I cannot leave a certain good for anything uncertain.

Since Tampico has been taken by our naval forces, Gen. Taylor may be led to change his plan of operations. It is said that his intention is now to secure all the principal posts he has taken in the different departments, as the government wishes to retain them. To effect this, he may concentrate all his forces at one point, perhaps Tampico, to be ready for further operations in January next, if peace is not declared. The troops now collecting at the Brazos and at Burita, are to go to Tampico, which is to become the base of operations; supplies can be brought there by sea: this will greatly facilitate the advance of our army on San Luis, or even on the city of Mexico . . . . Since writing the above, I have received this day's paper, which I send you; it corroborates my information . . . . Last night and to-day we have been having a "norther;" it blew a gale last night, and is quite cold to-day. At this moment, I learn that the recruits of whom I spoke above are on board the steamer that goes from Camargo to the mouth of the river; there they are to embark for Tampico . . . . Praying our Lord to direct you by his Holy Spirit, and to preserve your health for his greater honor and glory,

I remain your devoted brother in Christ,

JOHN McELROY, S. J.

FR. REV TO FR. McELROY.

MONTEREY, NOV. 30th, 1846.

*Rev. and dear Fr. Superior,*

P. C.

I wrote to Your Reverence on the 9th of this month, with regard to the probable movement of our troops and begged you, at the same time, to advise me as to what, in your opinion, was best to be done *ad majorem Dei gloriam*. I requested an immediate answer, yet the latest mail has brought me no letter from Your Reverence; your last was dated Nov. 4th. The main body of Gen. Taylor's army will soon be in Victoria, midway between Monterey and Tampico, where the men are likely to be stationed for some time, as Tampico is already in the possession of our navy. Should you like to go to Victoria, which is not as far from Matamoras as it is from Monterey, I would remain here in the North, and occasionally visit Saltillo and other places where divisions of our army might be encamped. If you have not already written to advise me of your wishes, please

do so without delay. I think it advisable *ad majorem Dei gloriam* that the bishop of Texas be again requested to give us one of his clergymen as a companion. For more than two months, I think, there has been a large force of our men at Camargo, and many are sick and dying without spiritual consolation or assistance, as both of us have been employed elsewhere. Now that our army will be more widely scattered and very likely more numerous, as it is reported that reinforcements are leaving the States to come here, I would direct your attention to this subject. Mr. Malachy Reilly is very well, he distinguished himself in the storming of Monterey, I think he has written lately to his beloved wife; hence all mystery or cause of fear about him is removed. I visited Saltillo recently, as I thought it would help on the end and object of our mission if I were to go there and officiate, with due solemnity, on the first Sunday after our troops had occupied the town. I left here on Wednesday the 18th, with my orderly or servant, and arrived in Saltillo on the following day; the distance is sixty-five miles. We were both on horseback, and rode thirty miles the first day and thirty-five the second; twenty miles of the road we found exceedingly rough and stony, the rest of it was pretty good.

On my arrival, I went at once to see the Rev. Pastor, Dr. Sanchez, who received me with the greatest cordiality, and invited me with so much kindness to stay in his house, that I thought it but right to accept the invitation. The following days I visited the town, the camp of Gen. Taylor, who will never stay in a town if he can avoid it, and the soldiers' hospital, where I found a large number of patients. I heard three confessions, and administered extreme unction to a dying soldier; Fr. Sanchez accompanied me, and promised to help the dying as well as he could in my absence. On Sunday, I sang High Mass, Fr. Sanchez acting as deacon, and one of his curates as subdeacon; the musicians of the 5th Infantry played the organ and sang the Kyrie, etc. Many of our officers and privates were present, together with a great crowd of Mexicans; over two hundred of the latter remained with our Americans after Mass, to hear the English discourse that I delivered on the last judgment. Every one seemed pleased with the discourse and with the High Mass. The church is about the same in size and shape as St. John's, Frederick; it is very richly adorned. The exterior is a mixture of all styles of architecture, without symmetry, but laden with a mass of sculptured ornaments. I left Saltillo on Tuesday, and reached here the following

evening, in time to give extreme unction to a soldier who died the next morning.

MONTEREY, Dec. 8th, 1846.

*Rev. and dear Father Superior,*

P. C.

I received, on Sunday last (Dec. 6th), your letters of Nov. 20th and 25th, for both of which I return you many thanks. You see that the mail is pretty slow, and that we must have a little patience in waiting for answers to our letters . . . Charles Gould is very well; I told him about two weeks ago to write to his mother. Mr. Joseph B. Millard is well; Capt. F. Brittan is in the commissary department at Camargo. I am sorry to see that the fever has got hold of you; should it become worse, I would consider it my duty to pay you a visit, that we might consider together the advisability of your return to the United States. But I hope that the fever season is over now, and that your health is not only improved but entirely restored. My own health has been and still is very good. The Sunday before last, however, there was no service, as I had been sick during the night; I suffered from biliousness for a few days after. We have had several cases of fever and diarrhœa among our men during the last two months, but very few were serious. I am in hopes that the approaching winter will put an end to these diseases; I say the approaching winter, for although the nights are pretty cool now, the heat, during the middle of the day, is so great as to cause serious discomfort to those who have to walk or ride exposed to the sun.

Mr. Malachy Reilly went to his duties this morning; he will soon leave here for Victoria. General Taylor, with a force of from two to three thousand men, will start for Victoria during the present week or, at latest, on Sunday next; Gen. Patterson and his division will join him on the way. When they shall have taken possession of Victoria, Gen. Taylor will go as far as Tampico to examine that place. When he has obtained the information he desires, he will appoint one of his generals to command at Victoria and Tampico, and return with his staff to Saltillo, where he will establish his headquarters. Hence, I have determined to remain here for the present, as I can be of no service to the troops on the march. Since there will be but few of our soldiers here at Monterey during December, I intend to visit Gen. Worth's division, and to spend my Christmas at Saltillo; after that I shall go to Parras, where Gen. Wool is with his division. On my return, I shall remain here over



Sunday, and then visit the garrison at Camargo, and, if not prevented by unforeseen events, I shall go to Matamoras, where I expect to be about Jan. 20th. We shall then be able to determine where the greater glory of God requires us to fix our headquarters—your Reverence perhaps at Victoria or Tampico, and I at Monterey or Saltillo. Be so kind as to write to me about twice a month, and especially notify me of any change of residence. I shall do the same.

FR. MCELROY TO FR. REV.

MATAMORAS, Dec. 12th, 1846.

*Rev. dear Father in Christ,*

P. C.

Yours of the 30th of Nov., written five days after my last to you, has just come to hand. I most cordially agree with you in desiring another priest; I have bewailed our need of one ever since you left Camargo, where, from all accounts received, not less than three hundred persons must have died without assistance, the mortality there having been even greater than it was here: had Mr. Estagny remained with us, that should have been his place: I fear there is little hope of obtaining another priest from good Bishop Odin now; I shall, however, write to him forthwith, and urge upon him the necessity of sending us help. . . . If you think that greater good can be done by dividing your time between Monterey and Saltillo, than by accompanying the army, remain where you are by all means; if Gen. Taylor is to return to Monterey, that will be the best field for your zealous endeavors. It was rumored of late that our hospital here was to be broken up; the rumor is now contradicted, and a change of physicians only is to be made; probably the sick at Camargo will in future be brought down here. Work among these, as well as among the troops stationed here and those who pass through to the interior, will afford as much profitable occupation as I could get at any other post. There are fifty Catholic soldiers at Fort Brown, and here in Matamoras are sixty soldiers' wives, nearly all Catholics, besides about a hundred English-speaking Catholic residents of this town. All these form quite a respectable congregation. Besides, there is this advantage in being located in the same place for some time, — when it can be done, one becomes known, especially in his daily visits to the hospitals, the former inmates make him known to the new-comers, and he can treat with them freely and familiarly, and frequently with success. In this way, I have been

able to receive into the Church a large number who have since died, and, I trust, happily; I have given the last sacraments to twelve persons in danger of death.

As for conciliating the natives by travelling among them, I believe we have done little; they seem to increase in hostility, day by day, towards all Americans. Our Lord had other views than those of the President in sending us here; I hope he will give us grace to carry them out for his own honor. Were we indeed four instead of two, we should still have enough to do; one could be with Gen. Wool's division and another with the army on its march, etc. But I trust that the congresses of both republics, now in session, will devise ways and means of effecting a peace.

You will hear with surprise of the death of Mr. John O'Reilly, the merchant who was so kind to us on our arrival here; he left for New Orleans on the 12th of last month, and died on the day after he reached there.—R. I. P.

There are nearly two hundred sick in our hospital now. . . . General Patterson is here making arrangements to march to Victoria with about one thousand seven hundred volunteers. There has been, and there is yet, a great deal of fever and ague in this town, but it has not proved fatal; I have been freed from it after two attacks, and, thank God, my health is now good.

MATAMORAS, Dec. 17th, 1846.

*Rev. dear Fr. in Christ,*

P. C.

Yours of the 8th inst. came to hand to-day. I answer it at once to let you know that Camargo is to be in part evacuated, at least as far as the sick are concerned; one hundred of them were brought down a few days ago and we expect the rest every day; with them come doctors, medicines, hospital furniture, etc. We are thus assured that the hospital here is to remain as it is now, a general hospital, during the war. I think your intended arrangements, as detailed in your letter, are very good; should it be in your power to visit us next month I shall be much pleased at your doing so, if you can leave the sick without danger to them.

We had a mail from the North to-day; no letters from Ours. Gen. Scott was to sail from New York for Tampico on the 30th ultimo, the object of his coming was not known; some conjecture that his mission is pacific, others think that he comes to take command.

Our hospitals begin to be filled up again, we have nearly three hundred sick at present. Dr. Wright, I regret to say,

leaves us; he is to go to Victoria with Gen. Patterson, whose column will take up the march on Sunday next, Dec. 20th. My health, thank God, is now good; the weather here is pleasant; I wish you a Happy Christmas and the same for the New Year.

I am your affectionate brother in Christ,  
JOHN McELROY, S. J.

FR. REY TO FR. McELROY <sup>(1)</sup>

MONTEREY, Jan. 4th, 1847.

*Reverend Father Superior,*  
P. C.

I have received your favors of Dec. 12th and 17th, for which I return you many thanks; I cannot as yet travel to the South or to the East, as I have here in Monterey about five hundred sick and wounded, besides the garrison of about two thousand men, regulars and volunteers; and in Saltillo, about two hundred sick and an army of five thousand men, Gen. Wool having united his forces with those of Gen. Worth. All are under the command of Major General Butler. Since you are nearer to Victoria, and less engaged at Matamoras than I am at Monterey and Saltillo, I think you could more easily take care of the army there. It is now about five thousand strong, and ought not to be neglected for any length of time, as among the two thousand regulars now on the way thither, nearly one half are Catholics. Should you prefer to establish your residence at Monterey, which is more central and will always be a general hospital town and strongly garrisoned, I would have no objection to taking charge of the other places alone, at least until we can get a companion; I would spend about two weeks in each town where there might be an American force of two thousand men or more. Finally, if you determine to stay in Matamoras altogether, I shall be obliged to leave Monterey and Saltillo, for a time, without a chaplain, so that I may visit, at least once during Lent, those portions of our army which are in Victoria and Tampico. However, I leave the whole matter to your consideration and care, and shall act according to your direction. Since my last, we have had many rumors of war, and great movements of troops. Gen. Taylor, having left Monterey with the 1st, 3rd, 4th, and 7th regular infantry regiments, and several companies of artillery and dragoons, as well as with the Tennessee, Georgia

<sup>(1)</sup> Endorsed in Fr. McElroy's handwriting: "Fr. Rey, Jan. 4, '47. This was the last I received from him."

and Mississippi volunteers, and having had his force still further augmented by the addition of the 2nd regular infantry from Camargo, had advanced as far as Monte Morales, seventy miles from Monterey, when he received an express from Gen. Worth stating that Santa Anna, with a large force of men, was within two days' march of Saltillo, on the road from San Luis Potosi. The Ohio and Kentucky volunteers stationed here were ordered to march at once to Saltillo with Col. May's dragoons. Gen. Wool advanced from Parras to the mountain-pass, within ten miles of Saltillo, and Gen. Taylor came back to Monterey, where he learned that all the commotion had been caused by a false alarm; the Mexicans were not threatening Saltillo. Finding this to be the case, I determined to go to Saltillo as I had previously planned, and, accordingly, I left Monterey for that place on Dec. 22nd. On the following day, General Taylor resumed the march to Victoria which has been already occupied by Gen. Quitman.

On Christmas day, an express to Gen. Wool again announced that the Mexican army was advancing on Saltillo. Officers and men were at once ordered under arms, and the volunteers, who were encamped out of town, were marched into the city. I thought this too might be a false alarm, so I rode about three miles out of town, on the road to San Luis Potosi. I returned about 5 o'clock P. M., at which time the men were allowed to retire to their quarters to take dinner; but alas! the fine turkeys, which some of the officers had left roasting on the fires with no one to care for them, were burnt to a crisp. Well, patience! one cannot expect better fortune in time of war. But some other-turkeys had to pay for the mischance on the following Sunday. I preached in Saltillo on Sunday, and left for Monterey the next day. During my stay I heard twelve confessions, and administered the last sacraments to one of our soldiers. Since my return, I have annointed five of our soldiers; others, too, who are very sick, require my particular attention. Henceforth the garrison of the citadel, six hundred men, will be marched to the church on Sundays. They will give good example to the volunteers, and prevent misbehavior in the church.

MONTEREY, Jan. 11th, 1847.<sup>(1)</sup>

*Rev. and dear Father,*

P. C.

I received a letter from Rev. Fr. Provincial yesterday, in which he says that, if Your Reverence be of little service in Matamoras, you ought not to go to the army, as you could not endure the fatigues and privations of the camp, and that I must not be surprised if you should return to Georgetown and leave me in Mexico alone. From these expressions I conclude that you will not proceed any further than Matamoras, and that you will ere long leave that city to return to the United States. Consequent upon this, it is now my intention, if the weather permit and nothing else interfere to change my resolution, to start on next Monday, Jan. 18th, for Matamoras, where, with the help of God, I expect to be on the 24th of this month.

You know that Gen. Scott has been at Camargo, and, in consequence of his late orders, most of the regular troops are in motion for Camargo, Matamoras, and Tampicò. It seems that he will march, as soon as possible, against Vera Cruz; he is to leave Gen. Taylor in these northern provinces to protect them from any attack of the Mexicans. I shall remain in Monterey until I find out whether or not I am likely to stay longer than a year in Mexico, I shall find plenty of occupation in these provinces while I am waiting. I have no other news later than what is contained in my last of the 5th inst., which you have, no doubt, already received.

I commend myself to your prayers and holy sacrifices.

Your affectionate brother in Christ,

ANTHONY REY, S. J.

FR. MCELROY TO FR. REY.

MATAMORAS, Jan. 19th, 1847.

*Rev. dear Fr. in Christ,*

P. C.

Yours of the 4th inst., just received, has relieved me of much anxiety. I feared you were sick, as I had not heard from you since the 10th of last month; thank God you are well and attending to your duties A. M. D. G. In the first place, I must state that, from my own knowledge of the spiritual wants of the army, and of the sick and dying more especially, and from your suggestions made to me, I wrote to the Very Rev. Mr. Barry, Vicar General of Charleston,

<sup>(1)</sup> This was the last letter written by Fr. Rey.

who had begged me, in several letters, to obtain from his bishop permission for him to come and labor with us. I told him that his presence with us at this time would be very useful for the good of souls, and that, although I was not authorized to invite any one except a Spanish priest to join us at government expense, yet I would cheerfully share my income with him, and that he should not want for food, raiment, etc. I requested him to ask the bishop's permission himself, and he sent my letter to the bishop, but permission was not granted. This I learned two days ago from a letter he sent me. I saw a notice of Bishop Odin's sailing for New Orleans some time ago, which prevented my writing to him, as I knew not where to address him. I do not now know where I can apply for help with any prospect of success, and must leave all to our Lord.

2. All things considered, I am of opinion that I should remain at this post for the present; we had here very recently four hundred sick soldiers, with two regiments of volunteers, and one company of regulars, besides from fifty to sixty soldiers' wives, most of whom are Catholics; were I to leave here they must be abandoned. My inability to ride on horseback would unfit me for work at Saltillo, as I am told that the road from Monterey to that town is impassable for a carriage.

3. With your experience of what can be done with the Catholic soldiers, you are the best judge as to the way in which your time may be most usefully spent. If you conclude to visit Victoria or Tampico before Easter, I have at present no objection, still I would thank you if you apprized me of your projected visit in time to allow of my answering your letter before you leave Monterey.

4. Although there is at present no prospect of peace, humanly speaking, still I confidently hope that our Lord will give us that blessing ere long; this would relieve us and enable us to join our brethren in Maryland. Many changes will be made in the position of troops before Easter. Gen. Scott is now at the Brazos, preparing for his expedition to Vera Cruz; as is thought here, he will call at Tampico and take thence all available forces; perhaps too he will take those that are now at Victoria.

5. I hope you have received the *ordo* for 1847, Fr. Vespré sent me duplicate copies by different mails; I shall send you a copy, if you have not received your own.

6. To my former daily occupations, I have added, for the last few months, the teaching of a class of boys. I have now nine whom I teach two hours a day; I give them the essentials in English and catechism (which I teach to all alike,

Protestants as well as Catholics) and Mass-serving; two of the boys assist me at Mass every day with edification. I have also a class of female children, nine in number, ranging from seven to fourteen years of age, to whom I teach the catechism for two hours every day. Four of these children have never been baptized, I hope to prepare these for baptism, and a few others with them for First Communion, which they will receive about Easter. All of them are the children of persons connected with the army.

MATAMORAS, Feb. 15th, 1847.<sup>(1)</sup>

*Rev. dear Fr. in Christ,*  
P. C.

My last to you was on the 19th of January. On the following day, I received yours of the 11th, imparting to me the pleasing news that I might expect you on the 24th. Since the receipt of your letter, I have not heard a word from you in any way, and this causes me no little uneasiness; I conclude that you must have written and that your letter has gone astray. Do write on receipt of this and relieve my anxiety. I had a letter from the Provincial, stating in substance what you communicate; I answered His Reverence, and now await his answer to fix the time of my departure, which will not be, I think, until after Easter. We have only one regiment here, the Indiana Volunteers; all the regulars have been taken by Gen. Scott. There are but few sick in the hospital. I have but little to do. The Rev. Mr. O'Reilly, from Rochester, New York, arrived here on Saturday, and preached for us yesterday. He will be detained here some weeks, settling the estate of his late brother, the merchant of whose death I notified you. He lodges with me. I recommend myself to your holy sacrifices.

I am yours sincerely in Christ,  
JOHN McELROY, S. J.

GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR TO FR. McELROY.

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF OCCUPATION,  
Camp at Monterey, Mexico,  
April 13th, 1847.

*My dear Sir,*

Your very kind and congratulatory letter of the 16th ultimo was received yesterday, and, for its expressions of

<sup>(1)</sup> Endorsed in Fr. McElroy's handwriting: "This letter Fr. Rey never received, having been put to death in the meantime; it was returned to me, as well as that of the 19th."

heartly sympathy with our army in its labors and success, my warm thanks are as heartily returned.

Your anxious inquiries in regard to the fate of our excellent friend, the Rev. Mr. Rey, I am sorry to say I am unable to answer with any satisfaction. Many inquiries have been addressed to persons connected with the wagon-trains which were attacked by the enemy, and his journey traced to one of them, but it is impossible to determine whether he is a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, or has met with a sadder fate. Trust me that I shall continue to interest myself warmly in his fate, and hope most truly that he has been spared by the enemy, and that soon some light will be thrown upon the circumstances of his absence.

I am, most sincerely, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Z. TAYLOR.

*The Rev. John McElroy,  
Chaplain U. S. A.  
Matamoras.*

COLONEL JOSEPH TAYLOR TO FR. MCELROY.

MATAMORAS, May 17th, 1847.

*My dear Father McElroy,*

Several days since, I forwarded the trunks belonging to the late lamented Fr. Rey to Major Eastland, *via* the mouth of the Rio Grande, and sincerely hope they may arrive in time for you to take them with you. I had them put up in good strong boxes and, I think, quite secure.

Accept my best wishes for your health and safe return to your home.

Very truly yours,

J. F. TAYLOR.

P. S. The express is just starting, and I write in a great hurry.

*Rev. Father McElroy,  
Brazos Island,  
Texas.*



GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR TO FR. McELROY.

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF OCCUPATION,  
Camp near Monterey, Mexico,  
June 1st, 1847.*My dear Sir,*

Your very kind letter of May 10th, written from Matamoras before your departure for the United States, was received in due time.

Although much occupied, and particularly with an increased private correspondence, I cannot pass over your letter without acknowledging my grateful appreciation of your esteem, and permit me at the same time to express my regrets that, though your labors in the sacred office have been of so much good, you were unable to accomplish one of the great objects of your mission to this country.

It would have been much more agreeable to me to have had the pleasure of expressing my sense of your faithful services before you left the country, but my letter will find you in the circle of your friends, and it may prove quite as agreeable to you to know that, though your presence is denied to us, you will always be remembered. It is to us a source of high pleasure, that we have in our intercourse met with your sympathy and warm good will. We all wish you prosperity and health, and shall ever feel great interest in your welfare; in this no one is more sincere than I am.

It is much to be regretted that no further intelligence can be obtained of the fate of your reverend and estimable colleague, Mr. Rey; details have, on inquiry, come to my knowledge which, though doubtful, in their minute character, as to truth, nevertheless seem to confirm the general belief of his having been wilfully murdered, even with the knowledge of his sacred profession. Should absolute facts come to my knowledge, I shall inform you.

Accept for yourself my high esteem and regard, and the hope that I may yet have the pleasure of meeting you again.

Yours most sincerely,  
(Signed) Z. TAYLOR, MAJOR GENERAL,  
U. S. Army.

*Rev. John McElroy,  
Georgetown College,  
Georgetown, D. C.*

## INNSBRUCK.

UNIVERSITÄTSSTRASSE, INNSBRUCK,

February 1st, 1888.

DEAR FATHER,

In answer to your request, so deftly and so kindly urged, I feel myself simply forced to yield and literally to give my conquered hands, as the Latins put it, to a letter from and about Innsbruck.

The following is probably the usual preconceived, not to say prejudiced, picture of the capital of the Tirol presented by the imagination:—A quaint old town either well up the side of a mountain, or perched on a summit; streets narrow and crooked; houses dingy and weather-beaten; people in dress and ideas a couple of centuries late; men in knee-breeches and sugar-loaf hats ornamented with feathers; women attired after the gaudy fashion of the figures around a Christmas crib, or in the style so familiar to us from maps of national costumes some fifteen or twenty years ago, that were supposed to represent an actual state of things: castles, towers, turrets, moats and draw-bridges, in more or less advanced stages of neglect or decay, are probably thrown in to complete the romantic picture. This, at least, in a confused way, was once my idea of Innsbruck, and I have good reason for believing that others have been equally fertile in fancy. Yet such a representation is, or would be, all wrong.

Innsbruck is neither on a mountain-side nor on a hill-top, but in the very centre of a valley, that smiles, like most valleys, in summer, though just at present it is anything but pleasant to look upon; the streets are not narrow and crooked, but wide and straight, and furnished with sidewalks; the houses are not dingy and antiquated, but bright and modern; in fact, the city, in all material comforts, is modern enough to be convenient and uninteresting. About the ideas of the people it would be difficult for me to express an opinion, for many reasons, the principal one, however, but of itself all-sufficient, being our mutual ignorance of each other's vehicle of communication; this is very inconvenient for me; modesty will hardly allow me to suggest that it may be a great loss for the other party also. Yet, as far as we may judge from externals, they are much the same as city folks all the world over; for it is not in cities that na-

tional characteristics are to be sought for. The stove-pipe hat, and the frock coat, those two great civilizers and emblems of advanced culture, are as common here as elsewhere. If you saw without hearing, and could at the same time prescind from the multitudinous forms gorgeously decked in military splendor, you might imagine yourself in some thriving, enterprising little town of the western world — Frederick, for instance. (These epithets and the comparison are not made at random but are the result of deliberate reflection.) But your ears would soon dispel the illusion, and the vast proportion, or rather disproportion, of the inhabitants, clad so resplendently, “only to be kilt” as Mr. Free expressed it, would likely cause you to feel grateful that, after all, it was not an American town. Here, as elsewhere on the continent, every person so unfortunate as to be of the masculine gender and singular number is compelled to serve in the army; it is the old Spartan law over again; yet, to the honor of Catholic Austria be it mentioned, that ecclesiastical students are practically exempted from the hardships of this law, and that the Church is freed from the grievances that press so heavily upon her in consequence thereof in France and Italy.

The Valley of the Inn is one of the many plains—and the largest, I believe—formed by interruptions in the Alpine chains. It is a perfectly level plateau some ten or twelve square miles in area, eighteen hundred feet above the sea-level, which fact confers upon Innsbruck the distinction of being the highest city in Europe. The measurement here given is in Austrian feet, which, to our common mortification, I have been told, are somewhat smaller than American feet. I tried to remove the imputation by asserting that Americans had no feet of their own, but that these, like the language, were borrowed, for the time being, from the English—something startling, physiologically. On account of this great elevation, the winter in the valley is severe, while only a few miles away there are districts of perpetual spring—as Meran for example—to which invalids flock from all parts of the world. But no invalid, and indeed no healthy man, would come to Innsbruck for that purpose. I cannot tell you how low the thermometer falls, for I am completely at sea in this thermometer business; in America, Fahrenheit; in Italy, Centigrade; in Germany, Réaumur;—it is too much to give up the convictions of a lifetime for mere local fancies, so I never think of consulting a thermometer any more, except that which nature has provided, and this tells me that it is at times very cold in Innsbruck. Snow began

to come in October, and is still coming, and will continue until May: sleighing and skating are very excellent, but, above all, coasting, which offers splendid opportunities for dislocating a collar bone; it is a business here no less than an amusement, being utilized for bringing down timber from the surrounding hills.

It is said that the Valley of the Inn would be sterile and uninhabitable if it were not for the beneficent influence of the scirocco. In this disagreeable wind is verified the old saying: "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good;" for, beneficial as it is to vegetable life, it is anything but pleasant to human existence. I had often experienced it in Rome, where it produced a feeling of lassitude and helplessness that rendered any intellectual or manual work difficult; one simply lasted until it passed away, usually after a couple of days. But here its effects are more painful. Innsbruck is the limit of its travel, and it seems true to say that its sting is in the tail; for, to the enervating effects it produces everywhere, there are added here headache, feverishness and nervous excitability, from which few even of the stout Germans escape; and acclimatization is, in most cases, no security. The city of Innsbruck lies directly in the track of the scirocco, which comes up from Italy through the narrow opening of the Brenner, for there are towns and villages only a few miles away where these disagreeable effects are never felt. September, October and the early spring, are the ordinary seasons of its visitation, but even in the depth of winter it is apt to make an unwelcome call, cleaning away in a single night all the snow that covers the valley and the mountain-tops. In this connection a curious fact is related, viz., that sand from the African desert has been found on the surrounding mountains, blown thither by the scirocco. I hasten to disclaim all responsibility for this tale; but if it be true, it shows how needless it is for us to follow the eloquent counsel of the great orator, to go to the burning sands of Africa, since the burning sands of Africa very kindly come to us.

The valley is surrounded on all sides by immense mountain-peaks, bare and rocky, which, especially on the North, separating the Tirol from Bavaria, stand up sheer and perpendicular, great walls of rock towering up into the clouds and forming an impassable barrier against foreign invasion and enterprise. Wherever one turns, mountains piled on mountains meet the eye, some, far above the snow-line, enclosing miles of glaciers that it would gladden the heart of many a Woodstock scientist to investigate. From these mountains two impetuous streams (they can hardly be called

ivers) rush frantically through the valley in a chronic state of exasperation—the Sill and the Inn—and from the latter, in conjunction with some bridge that formerly spanned its rapid though clear blue waters, the town upon its banks is named.

Although surrounded, we are not completely hemmed in, as there are passes in several directions which the railroads have utilized with skill and much expense, I imagine; and it would be difficult to find a university better suited for the vacation rambles of its students, who are free to avail themselves of such opportunities. It may be unnecessary to add that the travelling advantages of the Jesuit students are much the same as those of Woodstock—nay less, for the villa is within walking distance, and medical specialists of every description, all Vienna-trained, abound in the city. Within view is the famous Brenner Pass—the highest railroad in Europe not a cable road, leading down into Italy only seven or eight hours away; Munich, famous for beer and music, is a journey of three hours by rail on account of the circuitous route, though actually scarcely more than sixty miles distant,—indeed one of the long walks of the students is into Bavaria; the most romantic regions of Switzerland are separated from us only by the scarcely less romantic Vorarlberg; while a night's travel will leave you in Vienna, the gay capital of the empire, by the banks of the blue Danube.

This description of our situation will suffice for a composition of place; if more be desired, any gazetteer will give a much more detailed and interesting account—and it may be well worth the reading. Innsbruck, though somewhat noted, in recent years, for its stained-glass factories and its mosaic works, is principally famous only on account of its university, and to this, perhaps, quite as much as to the sci-rocco, its very existence is due.

The university is a government institution, just like the army or navy, and the professors of every faculty, not excepting the theological, are appointed by imperial decree. It can in no wise, therefore, be called a Catholic university, as Louvain, for instance; for, since the professors are government appointees, they will represent naturally the political views (and here this includes also religious questions) of the party that happens to be in power, liberal or conservative as the case may be. From this category, of course, the theological faculty is to be excluded; and I take it for granted that the meaning of "liberal" in European politics is well known. Yet, on account of the relation between Church and State in Austria, the professors in the university,

like other state officers, whether believers or unbelievers, are, on certain occasions, obliged to show official deference to the religion of the empire, by assisting decorously at divine worship;—as on the Emperor's birthday, in the Corpus Christi procession, etc.; and last December, for the same reason, they had to take part in the Pope's jubilee, for so the command came from Vienna. Unfortunately, by far the greater number of the secular professors at present are liberals; yet there are a few good practical Catholics, as Herr Pastor, the young though already famous disciple of Dr. Janssen, the celebrated historian of the Reformation in Germany.

I have by me a book entitled "History of the University of Innsbruck," but I shall not inflict upon you a synopsis; partly because it does not belong to my present purpose, and partly, if not principally, because the work mentioned is written in confusing German, in which tongue I can hardly yet be called even a novice but, at most, a dazed and timid postulant on first probation, wondering when the habit of speech will be given, and longing for it. I cannot resist the temptation to add, hoping you will not be offended thereat, that a more trying probation it would be difficult to undergo, and they are to be congratulated who passed it successfully before the use of reason came to show it in its true light, and to add to its difficulties. Let it be sufficient to say that the University of Innsbruck, after all the ups and downs it has experienced during the past two or three centuries, is now a university in the genuine meaning of the word, *universæ scientiæ*, embracing the four faculties of theology, law, medicine and philosophy, that are supposed to include all science, with all the rights and privileges accorded to such institutions.

The Academical Senate or Board of Directors, as it would probably be called in America, consists of fourteen members: the *rector magnificus*, the pro-rector, four deans, one representing each faculty, and, for the same reason, four pro-deans and four senators; to these offices, only professors of the university are eligible.

The *rector magnificus* is not so imposing as his title, and the office is ornamental rather than needful, and even the ornament is of a very light kind. His presence is supposed to add solemnity to certain functions; he signs certain documents, and hands degrees to successful aspirants; duties which require no vast amount of erudition nor any particular fitness in the art of ruling. Good nature and a solemn countenance, if they can go together, would be the best qualities for a *rector magnificus*. He makes his first public

appearance in the beginning of the year at the "handshaking" in the great hall of the university, on which occasion he stands off in one corner of the room and the new students walk up to him one by one, shake hands with him familiarly, in solemn silence, and then pass on to their seats; this impressive ceremony, which implies so much, has an equally impressive name—*der Handschlag*; he also presents the degrees in solemn silence, and, with like solemn stillness, he may be seen at civil or religious celebrations where the university has to be represented. The badge of office is a brass stick, called a sceptre, and a golden chain worn around the neck, like the collar of gold which Malachy won from the proud invader; but these precious emblems of rectorial authority are very seldom used. The office is annual, and by election; the electors, sixteen in number, are chosen by the professors, each faculty contributing four electors. The pro-rector is the retired *rector magnificus*, who, for a year, supplies when the actual incumbent is unable to shake hands, or to sign documents, or to hand the degrees; he is merely a *supplens pro vice*. Fr. Kobler, formerly of St. Francis Xavier's N. Y., and Fr. Wenig are the only Jesuits who ever occupied the stately office of *rector magnificus*; the latter was elected to it several times I think; with the present liberal preponderance in the professorial staff it is highly improbable that any Jesuit will again be elected for many a day to come; however, nobody's usefulness will be much impaired thereby, as is evident from the harmless functions of the office, and in itself the fact is not to be deplored.

Each faculty has its own dean, who must be a professor of that faculty, annually elected by the votes of the other professors of the same department. His duties are to transact all business with the students, to arrange the hours of examinations, to notify examiners, etc., in short, to do what is done by our prefect of schools. He too is entitled to a brass stick and a collar of gold on state occasions. The pro-deans are the retired deans who supply in case of emergency. In the same way each faculty elects one of its members to the senate or consulting body of the university; three years is the term of office, but its duties must be very indefinite, since one of the senators told me he did not himself know them; so that I can hardly be expected to explain them. The senators wear nothing;—of course I mean nothing indicative of their rank, though, in all else, they conform to the conventionalities.

In the university catalogue, wherever the different faculties are enumerated, theology holds the first place, the place of honor; and thus, theoretically at least, deference is shown

to it as the *Regina Scientiarum*. Philosophy, however, has the last place, and deservedly, for under that title is not included scholastic philosophy, the handmaid of the divine science. In university language, philosophy means any branch of science not embraced under the other three faculties; thus, mathematics, classics, geography, history, languages and modern philosophical vagaries come under that head; scholastic philosophy is a part of theology.

By referring to the university catalogue it will be seen that the teaching staff in each faculty is divided into *professors* and *privat-docenten* (such is the plural form of the German word *privat-docent* which I am forced to use here through ignorance of any English equivalent), a distinction likely to puzzle, since, as far at least as I know, there is nothing analogous in English or American colleges, with whose workings we are more familiar. As the cowl does not make the monk, so the holding of a chair in the university, and the right to teach, do not constitute a *professor*, for which a special government appointment is needed. Thus you will see in the catalogue this year that one of the lecturers of dogmatic theology is a *professor*, while the other is merely *privat-docent*; the expounder of one volume of Gury is likewise *professor*, while he who dilates and dictates concerning the other is *privat-docent*. This is entirely arbitrary and means only that one is acknowledged by the government as a professor with certain rights and privileges and obligations, while the other is only tolerated in the professorial chair, and can be dispossessed whenever it seems good to the authorities, or can leave without licence whenever it seems good to himself. Only the *professors* are state officials, between whom and the government a contract exists with mutual obligations; they are paid for their teaching, while the *privat-docenten* labor gratis and teach either for love of the work (which is not impossible in Germany) or with the hope of promotion to a vacant professorship (which motive is not impossible anywhere); moreover, the *professors* are compelled to retire when they reach their seventieth year, but they retire on full pay; only *professors* are electors, or eligible for university offices. The *privat-docenten* have sometimes to work for many years before being promoted to a professorship; some labor on thus in expectation for ten or fifteen, perhaps, even more years; for the promotions are not made in any regular order nor according to length of service, but simply as it may suit the fancy of the government—*stat pro ratione voluntas*. The *privat-docent* of six months may receive the coveted promotion, while a brother, who has struggled on for a dozen years, may have



to continue struggling on indefinitely, until the order comes to move up higher; it is a splendid example of selection, independently of all foreseen merits—*ante prævisa merita*. There are also a few others in the catalogue called *extraordinary professors*; I can only say that the epithet is not used in its obviously laudatory sense, but in some technical meaning unknown to me, and I never thought it worth the trouble of special inquiry, since the two divisions mentioned are the principal and regular ones; it is sufficient, therefore, to mention them.

The Society was expelled from Austria, by imperial decree, during the troubles of '48, but was permitted to return again in 1852, after the storm had blown over. The theologate of the province was reopened at Innsbruck; but, up to this time, Ours had no connection with the university, nor even, I believe, with the *gymnasium*, that had been under their control previous to the expulsion. A few years later, in 1857, the government determined to complete the faculties in the university, which, since the intermeddling of that little would-be pope, Joseph II., had been a university in name only, with neither a theological nor medical department; it was determined, therefore, to begin by restoring the faculty of theology. Mgr. Gasser, Bishop of Brixen, in which diocese Innsbruck is situated, one of the most distinguished prelates of his day, and a leader in the late Vatican Council, was, of course, consulted on a matter of such importance, and his opinion was, that an eclectic school of theology was an impossibility, and that the only way to conduct it with any hope of success, was to give it into the hands of a religious order, with traditions and a unity of doctrine, in important matters at least. His authority and his reasons prevailed, and so, in 1857, the theological department was entrusted to the Society, in whose hands it has since remained. Thus, the University of Innsbruck, in its theological faculty, presents the unique spectacle of Jesuits who are state officials, paid for their services out of the public treasury, and enjoying all the rights of such a position. I remember reading, sometime last year, in a Canadian paper hostile to Ours during the late unpleasantness, that if the bill, then before the legislature, passed, Canada would enjoy the unenviable distinction of being the only country in which the Society was recognized as a corporation: the writer probably knew nothing of Austria or Spain, or, perhaps, even Portugal. Here, we are not merely a corporation, but, in the university at least, an integral part of the government.

In the theological faculty there are two exceptions to the

statutes concerning professorships proper, which it will be well to note. The Jesuit professor retires, or is retired rather, at seventy, in accordance with the general regulation, but he enjoys no pension for past services; he simply returns to his original nothingness. This is due to no want of good will on the part of the government, which expressed its readiness to treat all alike, but superiors declined to avail themselves of the privileges of the pension law. The second exception is in regard to the examination for theological degrees. In the other faculties, as I have said, the examiners are appointed by the government, or, which comes to the same thing, are *professors* in the university; but for divinity examinations, the government appoints only one half of the board (two examiners), while the bishop of the diocese appoints the other two (any two doctors of theology recognized as such by the state); and as his standing appointments are the *privat-docenten* of theology, it happens that the teaching corps is also the examining board.

In America, with so many various openings for private enterprise, where the state interferes so little with the individual, and where all move precisely in the same plane, with equal chances for the goal (as far, at least, as that is possible), it is difficult to understand the importance, and even necessity, of state certificates and university degrees in Germany. They are no ornamental piece of parchment, tied with a colored ribbon, to be hung up in an office like a picture, yet signifying little beyond so many years of actual attendance at college, or the good will of an educational institution towards one more or less distinguished in social or political life; on the contrary, they are the hard-earned reward of serious toil, and a necessary means of satisfying literary or scientific ambition. Without a certificate or degree, there is no opening to the literary world, no entrance to the intellectual arena, no pass to the society of the learned; and without it, too, many ways of making a respectable livelihood are cut off; and, as all these testimonials are given by the same authority, viz., the state, there is no such thing as a high standard here and a low standard there, and, consequently, no shirking of the more honest exactions in one place to procure readier and easier honors elsewhere. The system has its imperfections, notably its uncalled-for intermeddling of the state with personal liberty; yet, there is an element of good in it, which all must recognize. The easiest way to show the importance of this state approbation will be to bring forward one or two instances. No school is recognized unless the director can produce a

certificate, showing that he has successfully passed through the required classes in the state *gymnasia*. Hence, in all our colleges, the director or prefect of studies, who represents the college before the state, must be a certificated graduate of the *gymnasia*. The consequences of this law are evidently inconvenient, and, until recently, in several of our colleges, a secular person, who had made the *gymnasium* course, was employed nominally as director, owing to the want of Jesuits duly qualified; and, only two years ago, a college was on the point of being closed because the director happened to die and there was no one to take his place. The college was saved, however, by another father, old in the service, offering himself to make the necessary studies and examinations before the state board — not an easy job, as it is conceivable that one may be a star of the first magnitude in all the sublime sciences, and a mere nebulous speck in geography, fractions, syntax, the art of penmanship and other cognate branches.

In the same way, no one can occupy a chair in the university, even as *privat-docent*, unless he be fortified with the degree of doctor in that particular branch which he aspires to teach. For this reason, all of Ours who teach in the university have had to make special studies and to pass special examinations, besides those proper to the Society and common everywhere. Supposing, first, the case of one, not of the Society, who goes for the doctorate of theology, the process is briefly as follows: he must spend four years in the theological course, during which time he has no repetitions to give nor examinations to make; these four years of attendance qualify him to present himself for the four examinations in the four special branches of theology which are demanded by the university; these are moral theology and sacred eloquence, dogma, scripture with oriental languages, and canon law. The examination in all is eight hours, two hours to each matter; but there must be an interval of at least three months between each examination, that is to say, *ad minimum* one must remain a year at the university after the four years of theology; but there are very few, indeed, who feel satisfied to present themselves for examination at intervals of three months, and six months is the time usually employed between the different attempts; thus, six years are consumed in the university.

With scholastics, whom superiors wish to take degrees to be qualified, if needs be, to teach in the university, the case is still more difficult; for, after the regular course, with the usual yearly examinations, including the examination *ad gradum*, two more years are spent in preparing for the four

state examinations, which are not easy; and thus, the *examen ad gradum* here is deprived of its one charm, the single element of consolation which it has elsewhere to compensate for its peculiar difficulty, that it is the last anyhow on this side of the grave. If one fails in any of these branches, a second trial is permitted any time after an interval of a month and a half; but a second failure in the same matter cancels all previous merits, and disqualifies the unfortunate candidate from ever again seeking honors in any university of the empire; though he may go elsewhere to try his fortune.

These examinations, whether successful or unsuccessful, are fruitful, as the candidate has to pay each examiner and the presiding officer five florins every time he appears before them—that is, twenty-five florins for each examination; and since there are four examinations, supposing no failure, the total expense of an examination is one hundred florins (somewhere in the neighborhood of fifty dollars); of course if the poor fellow fails, to his other miseries is added increased expense. Besides this, seventy florins are paid for a diploma, which sum is divided amongst the professors and other officials of the university according to their degree. Moreover, the professors, besides their fixed salary from the government, receive from each member of their class one florin for every hour of lecture, and thus a popular lecturer in a popular branch of study may sometimes treble or quadruple his already convenient salary. Our scholastics have to pay their way just like the other *auditores*, but, as this money is afterwards paid back to the professors, it is in this case like the ocean yielding up its waters to the clouds. Education, salt and tobacco, the three fundamental necessities of life, are in Austria, as in Italy, government monopolies.

If you look through the catalogue of the province of Austria you will find two things to puzzle you—perhaps it would be more correct to say, one thing, and the absence of another. The one thing is, that there are two theologates in the province, one in Pressburg, besides the one here in Innsbruck; and the other cause of surprise would be that it is a province without philosophers, that is to say, students of philosophy, for, of the genuine article there is ample abundance. Nor would you be much enlightened upon being told that, *de facto*, there are not two theologates, and that there is a scholasticate in which nothing but the most approved doctrines of philosophy are taught, although no mention of it seems to be made in the catalogue. The explanation is to be sought for in the military law of the coun-

try; everything here is subservient to the vast soldier machine, a state of things to which one can never become reconciled, though he must indeed soon become accustomed to it; instead of man being originally the pugnacious, warlike, savage being represented in the philosophical dreams of Hobbes and J. J. Rousseau, it would appear that such a state is rather the term of his perfect evolution. As I have said, all unfortunate males are forced to serve their country in the army for a certain number of years. The people submit to this quite naturally; indeed one good man completely took my breath away and rendered me speechless for discussion by demonstrating how superior this compulsory service is to the system of voluntary enlistment in England and the United States, where men join the army from mercenary motives. It was useless to argue; our very first principles were evidently at variance. There are certain exceptions to this law of universal conscription, and amongst them students of theology are especially named, but on condition that there is no interruption of study. For this reason our philosophers are called theologians in the catalogue, and the *auditores theologiæ*, *Sec. I.*, of Pressburg (or Posonium) are in reality the philosophers of the province, while the theologians proper study here in Innsbruck. One advantage or disadvantage, according to different points of view, of this military conscription law is, that native Austrians are deprived of the *magisterium* between philosophy and theology, for the years of teaching would be an interruption to their theological studies, and, in order to enjoy the advantages of the exemption, those studies must be continuous. The province does not suffer much, I think, from this regulation, because so many of its members are German or Swiss subjects not covered by the law.

Although theological students are exempt from military service, the exemption is not altogether complete, and to some extent they live under military control during all the years that they would have had to spend in the army, if not exempted from actual service by their manner of life. They are not compelled to live in quarters, nor to drill, nor to wear a uniform; but, in case of need, scholastics are liable to hospital service, and priests must be ready to follow the army as chaplains. This is a great improvement on the Italian system, where every one, cleric or no cleric, has to carry a musket, and where no chaplains are provided for the soldiers. In Massowah, last year, at the time of the massacre, as it is called, there were indeed two or three priests with the army, but as common soldiers, who were unable to convey spiritual aid to the unfortunate men killed in the conflict.

Furthermore, those who escape the draft, on account of theological studies, have to report at certain times to the nearest military headquarters (nowhere hard to find); and they must acquaint their military superiors when they move from one place to another. For this purpose, each one is provided with a small note-book, in which his goings and comings are stamped and dated by the military authorities. For instance, a scholastic, having finished his philosophy at Pressburg, is ordered to Innsbruck for theology; he goes to the appointed official in Pressburg and presents his little note-book; this is duly stamped and signed, bearing witness to the legality of the departure, and upon his arrival in Innsbruck he must appear before a corresponding official there, who again stamps and signs the book, this time bearing witness to the legality of the arrival; his movements are likewise recorded in the government books, so that he can be easily found in case his services be needed. I should have mentioned further up that every one connected with a university, either as teacher or student, has the privilege of half-fare on any railroad in the empire.

There is nothing special to be said of scholastic life here, it is much the same interesting story everywhere—a happy cycle of class, circles, sermons in the refectory, tones on Sunday, and renovation verses; these last mentioned, by the way, bear a striking family resemblance all the world over. The scholastics attend classes in the university, together with the secular students, giving, I believe, all the edification their rules demand. The circles, however, are private, and, as in Rome, there are but two weekly. With regard to preaching in the refectory, it may be interesting to know that every one has to preach twice during the year; for one sermon, some months of preparation are allowed, but, for the second, the usual two or three days. Ignorance of the vernacular is no obstacle to ambition, since each one is free to employ the language that pleases him best; the only general law is, that each must preach, whatever be his mother tongue. Hence we are treated to a great variety of tongues, living and dead, or which, if not dead, ought to be; it is a genuine Pentecost, as far as the preachers are concerned, though, judging from my own experience, the hearers are not so fortunate as they were on that eventful day, for they hear not every man their own tongue wherein they were born. An Austrian Jesuit must be something more or less of a linguist, since within the Province four or five totally different languages are spoken by the people in various parts of the empire.

The special work of the Society, however, in Innsbruck,

and the most interesting, and perhaps also the most productive of good, is to be found in the *convictus*, or boarding-school, attached to the theologate, and under the full control of Ours. The theological students who attend the university may be divided into three classes: externs, half-boarders, and boarders, or *convictors*, as they are called. With regard to the externs, it is sufficient to mention here that they board in the city, just like law or medical students, that they are subject to no control on the part of Ours, and that nobody is responsible for them; they are simply independent young men, attending the university course, as the students in the other faculties. But it is different with the *convictors*; they occupy what is curiously termed a wing of our building, since the whole edifice consists of a front and one wing, and the wing is twice as large as that which is considered the principal portion—a synechdoche probably in both cases, *continens pro re contenta*, since the community, in the much smaller portion, is more principal than the *convictors* in the far greater section. The *convictus* is, in fact, a seminary, subject to rules and judicious religious discipline. The *convictors* are all theologians and wear the clerical cassock. Although mostly Germans and Austrians, many other lands are represented—Switzerland, France, Italy, Russia, Poland;—and from the United States, too, there are nearly thirty at present, mostly, though not entirely, from the West, and of German origin. There are in all two hundred and eighty three theological students in the university, of whom one hundred and fifty three are *convictors*, as it is impossible to admit more for want of room; those who live outside have to wait their turn for a vacancy.

Amongst the *convictors* are many members of religious orders, students of theology, and even these have to conform in all things to the rules of the establishment; the orders represented are, for the most part, Benedictines, Cistercians, and Premonstratensians—they, of course, wear their own religious habit. Thus, under the same roof, there are two distinct communities, who have no more communication with each other than if they dwelt in different counties, with distinct chapels, refectories, recreation grounds, etc. The rector of the house is indeed superior of all, but, practically, he has little to do with the *convictors*, being represented amongst them by one who is styled “Father Regent,” assisted by another, called the “Father Prefect,” though not a prefect in our sense of the word, for his duties are rather those of a minister, and, in addition to these two officials, there is a spiritual father; these three live in the so-called wing of the *convictus*.

The government is decidedly paternal and liberal, and I know of no seminary in which the students enjoy so much freedom and exemption from *small* regulations. This is all the more surprising, as one wrongly expects to find greater strictness and far less liberty than in America; and it is to be added, that the past history of so many distinguished and holy men in the ranks of both secular and regular clergy, who have gone forth from this *convictus*, proves conclusively the wisdom of the system. It would be easy to mention many illustrious names of living men, famous in the Church, like the present Bishop of Treves, Mgr. Korum, a leader in the splendid hierarchy of German bishops, who affectionately give to Innsbruck the credit for all they have done for the glory of God. There could be no more striking refutation of the assertion, so often repeated even by well-intentioned people, that the Society is not suited to manage seminaries. It is difficult to explain away facts, and the fact is, that the Collegio Germanico in Rome is undoubtedly the best seminary in the eternal city; and it is equally true that the seminary here in Innsbruck, if we are to judge from effects, is second to none anywhere; and I speak not of intellectual eminence, which no one denies, but of the sound, solid, religious training imparted, that produces serious, earnest, devoted priests, conscious of their high calling.

The daily religious duties of obligation consist of Mass, meditation (made by each one in his room and not in common), spiritual reading and beads. The spiritual father gives the points every evening, and he also gives frequent exhortations. The conduct of the young men is very edifying, and they are held in high esteem in the city. A retreat of eight days is made every year, beginning on the first of January, and very many receive a religious vocation during that time; last year, fifteen left the *convictus* for the novitiate, most of them in consequence of the retreat; four joined the German Province, while the names of the other eleven are to be found in the Austrian catalogue.

The *convictus* is not a modern institution; it is older than the university, and goes back almost to the days of St. Ignatius himself. Blessed Peter Canisius was stationed in Innsbruck in 1560, in which year he founded a college here, and two years later he added to it a *gymnasium*. Shortly afterwards he left the Tirol, or perhaps I should rather say Innsbruck, and was succeeded by Fr. Nicholas Lanoy, a Belgian, who had been received into the Society in Rome by our Holy Father himself, under whom his noviceship was made. Fr. Lanoy succeeded Fr. Claude Le Jay as



rector of the college in Vienna, and, on the expiration of his term of office, was sent to Innsbruck to carry on the work inaugurated by Blessed Canisius. As the college and *gymnasium* were already in a flourishing condition, he immediately conceived the idea of adding a *convictus*, but his appointment to the government of the new province of Austria, as its first provincial, interrupted this design. In 1566, he returned to Innsbruck to execute the plan he had already conceived, and three years later the *convictus* was established.

In its original conception it was not exactly what it now is; it was designed as an ecclesiastical seminary for poor students, who aspired to the priesthood but had not the means with which to carry out their pious desires. Fr. Nilles, one of the university professors, has written a brief but most interesting history of the *convictus*, from its first foundation, with all its vicissitudes, down to the present time. In the beginning it was supported by daily charity, and Fr. Lanoy himself used to go from door to door begging for alms. For a time, the students who came were received into the houses of the people of the town, and lodged and boarded until a house was rented in which they all lived together, and then several of the noble families sent daily, from their own tables, food for their support. Meanwhile, grants and donations continued to come in and, after a couple of years, a house was purchased and dedicated to St. Nicholas, whom the *convictus* still claims for its patron. It is unnecessary to speak of continued additions and, for a certain period at least, uninterrupted material progress.

The fame of the students for piety and learning was widespread, and their wonderful skill in music is recorded thus: "*Præ omnibus quidem artem musicam mirifice colebant . . . . ut fere nullus actus publicus, nulla pompa sollemnis (Eniponte sine cantoribus et musicis seminarii haberetur.*" The words *actus publicus* are very indefinite, but I presume they do not mean a *public act*, in the scholastic sense, for it is hard to see what part music could have in such a performance. I may say, in passing, that the musical fame of the seminary still survives, though the clerical musicians do not now go traveling around the country, as was the case in those earlier days, for we are told "*et non in urbe solum sed etiam in suburbis ad majores solemnitates musicam S. Nicolai videmus petitam.*" Even after the seminary had ceased to be for poor students only, eight scholarships were kept for such as showed any special musical talent. In this respect the *convictus* of to-day is no discredit to the *convictus* of two centuries ago; its church choir is famous still, and, on the occasion of

the Pope's jubilee celebration, the army of cassocked fiddlers, flute-players, horn-blowers, etc. that crowded the stage, gave it the appearance of a Theodore Thomas concert.

When good Maria Theresa reigned, she manifested a desire to establish a college of nobles, but experienced difficulty in settling upon a place; whereupon some of the enemies of the Society at court persuaded her that the *convictus* in Innsbruck was admirably suited for the purpose, and that the Jesuits had no particular business there, in fact that their sphere of usefulness would be very much enlarged if the seminary were taken from them. The good empress, desirous, no doubt, of this useful enlargement, sent a court dignitary, called in the documents *Illustrissimus*, with orders for the regent to dismiss all the students except the eight free musicians, and to prepare the house for the reception of the nobles. The regent remonstrated saying that there were many others in the seminary on scholarships, besides the eight musicians; to which the *Illustrissimus* replied: "*hos abire posse quocumque vellent*"—an exceedingly liberal offer, embracing both Jericho in the East and Halifax in the West, to say nothing of the future world. But, through ecclesiastical influence, the storm was averted for a time, and it is fair to believe that the empress never intended any act of injustice, and gave the order under some misapprehension.

It would take too long to relate all the annoyances suffered under the unfortunate reign of Joseph the second, whose sole aim in life was to harass the Church in every petty way, under the cloak, and possibly under the conviction, that he was furthering religious interests. Finally came the suppression of the Society, which did not immediately affect the *convictus*; and the seminary continued for two more years under the same rector. After this time the rector resigned, and the government seized upon the property, selling the vacant ground and dividing off the building into private residences, which were also sold to private families. Thus matters remained until 1858, when Ours, put once more in charge of the theological faculty, were enabled, through the generous assistance of friends in the city, to regain by purchase the property that had belonged to them nearly a century before. The *convictus* was reopened; in that first year, thirty seven *convictors* were admitted; and, year after year, the number has kept on steadily increasing, until now there are one hundred and fifty three, as I have said, with over a hundred more in the city waiting for a vacancy. It was expected that this year fewer students would come on account of the reopening of the seminaries in Prussia, but the expectation, so far, has not been verified.

A few words will suffice about the half-boarders, so distinguished from the externs. They lodge in the city, but are obliged to wear the ecclesiastical dress and to attend all the common exercises in the *convictus*, such as meals, spiritual reading, Mass, exhortations, etc. Amongst these, too, are many religious. No one can be promoted to orders unless after three years' residence in the *convictus*, or unless he can produce a certificate to show that he has passed that length of time satisfactorily in some seminary. At least one American bishop has appointed the regent his vicar-general, with full powers over his subjects in the *convictus*.

The theological students, as is meet, represent the grave and solemn element in the university, but the other four or five hundred young men keep things lively, and prevent the little town from giving way to its natural drowsiness. They are divided into five social clubs, or societies, distinguished from each other especially by the color of their peculiar caps, in shape exactly like a tambourine, which, notwithstanding their shallowness, cling to the head in some mysterious way which it has ever puzzled me to understand. Of these societies, two—the Whites or Austrians, and the Reds or Swiss—are, in profession and practice, Catholic, so that their colors are as much an avowal of faith as the sign of the cross would be. Most of them belong to a sodality under the charge of one of our fathers, and a fundamental law of their society is that no member must aid, encourage or abet the practice of duelling, under pain of expulsion. The other three clubs are called liberal; they practise no religion, but duelling is practised instead, as a part, perhaps the characteristic part, of their programme. It should be added, however, that the duelling is on the French plan, viz., to vindicate honor with a scratch, not with the heart's blood; insults are sought for in order to have the pleasure of avenging them and of getting scratched on the face, and it is curious to see these young men going about with their faces all scarred, glorying in what are, to others, only signs of their utter folly. Between the liberal and Catholic clubs there is a continual feud, and they seldom meet in the streets without giving and receiving marks of mutual esteem; and conflicts of quite a serious nature are not infrequent.

Perhaps it will not be out of place to say a few words about the people of the Catholic Tirol. The best proof of the Catholicity of the Tirol is the rather extraordinary fact, that not a single one of the numerous spires and steeples spread all over the Valley of the Inn, with its 30,000 inhabitants, marks an heretical place of worship. Here in Inns-

bruck, there is an obscure meeting-house, a room in a private dwelling, for the use of such travellers as like to go to church when away from home, because, in a foreign land, this is the best way to meet one's countrymen. But there are not wanting positive proofs of the faith and fervor of this singularly religious people. As I have said, the winter is severe, much the same as it is in Woodstock, and the mornings especially are severe and bitter; yet, at 5 or 5.30, the dark streets are lively with people on their way to early Mass; the weather has no effect whatsoever upon their devotion; be it a frost that pierces to the bone, or snow nearly knee-deep, or pitiless rain falling in torrents, it is all the same, the day has to be begun before the altar; and if you enter the church a quarter of an hour later (and any church will answer for the experiment), you will find the large building (cold as a barn, for there is no heating apparatus) filled with a coughing congregation, each member of which is provided with a candle, with which to read his or, in the vast majority of cases, her prayer-book, as the church provides no light except that which is necessary for the priest at the altar.

Unfortunately, in the city, although there is no Protestantism, liberal Catholicity is not unknown, owing probably to the influence of the university and to the fact that Innsbruck, as the capital of the Tirol, is a central military station and the seat of the Landtag or legislature of the province. But in the surrounding country one finds himself in an atmosphere of the purest and rarest orthodoxy; large crucifixes stand by the wayside, before which the head is always bared and not seldom the passer-by kneels to offer a silent prayer; there are also simple shrines, adorned with flowers and candles and the image of our Blessed Lady, before which a lamp is ever kept burning, or statues of some favorite saint, most frequently here of St. John Nepomucen. There are places of pilgrimage in every direction, the lasting memorials of some divine interference in favor of man or of some religious event, with the miraculous picture of the Blessed Virgin, black and indistinguishable from age and exposure, and surrounded with the *ex voto* offerings of the simple rustics for many generations, which, it must be confessed, speak very little for their artistic skill, though consoling proofs of their simple, beautiful faith. It is no unusual thing, even here in the city, to see long processions of men, women and children, two by two, reciting the beads in common; and, in the Tirolese cities, the custom still prevails of carrying the Blessed Sacrament to the sick with all the solemnity prescribed by the ritual; I do not think this is done now any-

where else in the cities of Germany. On such occasions, of course, every head is bared, and down bends every knee, regardless of snow or mud in the streets.

If I were asked what is the special object of Catholic devotion in Italy, as witnessed in Rome, I would have no hesitation in answering, the Madonna, for the sight presented by a Roman church any evening in the month of May is an extraordinary one, not easily forgotten; and, to the same question about the Tirolese, I would answer, the Blessed Sacrament. The daily Communions are very numerous; scarcely a day passes without exposition of the Adorable Sacrament of the altar and Mass *coram Sanctissimo*; the solemn Mass on festival days is in presence of the Blessed Sacrament exposed; Communion *extra missam* is always followed by Benediction; and in many other ways this great Mystery of Love is seen to be an object of special veneration.

The priest is, as in Ireland, treated with the greatest respect, and has to be continually raising his hat to men saluting or women curtseying; while little children run to meet him from afar for the privilege of kissing his hand. It was different in Rome; there a priest or a bishop attracts no attention whatsoever, and even a cardinal is rarely saluted in his rambles along the country roads; nor could anything else be expected, for if the poor Roman had to salute every ecclesiastic, he might as well dispense with head-gear altogether. Besides this, however, we sometimes met with signs of disapprobation in the shape of scowls, or caw-caws to signify crows, or a muttered *pretacci*, which is supposed to be the acme of contempt, or sometimes even stones were hurled after us when one desired to be particularly emphatic; —the stones were the only things that hurt, and they only sometimes. This was done with all the more impunity, as the poor priests or religious, on gospel principles, and from motives of natural prudence also, never resented these insults, but got out of the way as quietly as possible.

Sometimes, however, it happened that these violent protesters against priestly influence made a mistake. Just about the time I arrived in Rome, the revolutionary press was making a fierce fuss over an incident that had occurred a short while before, in the neighborhood of Tivoli. One of these anti-clerical fellows met a couple of ecclesiastical students, and, as he had probably often before abused such people with impunity, he saw no reason for denying himself the pleasure of a repetition on the present occasion. The poor wretch was a stranger in those parts, else he would have hesitated at the sight of the black cassocks trimmed with red, the object of universal respect throughout all the

surrounding country, for they were students of the Irish College whose villa is at Tivoli. Following the wise counsel of Horace,—

non tamen intus  
Digna geri promes in scenam.—

I shall omit what took place in the meantime, leaving the more graphic imagination to supply, and say only that when the students got through with him he was a pretty badly used up man; in those few moments he had learned a lesson about latent clerical force and ecclesiastical vigor, of which he might have gone down to his grave in ignoble ignorance, had not luck thrown him in the way of useful information; it is to be presumed that the lesson taught him, at least, to be more discriminating in future. The revolutionary press, as I have said, took up the matter with spirit, clamored for vengeance, and wanted to know if foreigners were to be allowed to terrorize peaceful citizens; but the good people of Tivoli sided with the vigorous ecclesiastic, and the unfortunate victim of clerical blows and anti-clerical sympathy hied him off out of the neighborhood as speedily as possible; and so the matter was dropped. Nothing of the kind would ever happen here; and even the liberals treat the ecclesiastical dress with becoming respect, or at least give no external sign of disapproval.

Faith and loyalty go hand in hand, and the House of Hapsburg has no more devoted subjects than these stalwart Tirolese. When Ferdinand was driven from the throne in '48, he sought shelter in the Tirol; and there he was as safe as in an impregnable fortress. The whole Valley of the Inn is sacred to the memory of Andreas Hofer, whose statue adorns the court-church of the Franciscans, while the song recounting his virtues and sad death is sung or whistled every hour of the day in the streets, or played by the band on all great occasions, together with the national anthem.

At the time of the reformation, Protestantism penetrated even into the Tirol, and made no little headway; and it is one of the greatest glories of the Society, that the flood of heresy was driven back and completely shut out by our earliest missionaries, the chief amongst whom was our Blessed Peter Canisius. The story of their labors and of their success is a wonderful one, almost incredible, and that of Blessed Peter, especially, shows how rightly he was named the "hammer of heretics." From that day to this, Protestantism has made no appearance in the Tirol, and, consequently, the spirit of revolution and of infidelity has gained no foothold amongst this simple people. Their whole his-

tory may be summed up in the threefold end—Pro Ecclesia Dei, pro rege et patria.

Apologizing for the length of this letter, and recommending myself to your holy sacrifices and prayers,

I remain,

Your servant in Christ.

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A MIRACLE OF ST. JOHN BERCHMANS,  
IN THE AUSTRIAN NOVITIATE.

The following letter, containing an account of what seems to be a miraculous favor of St. John Berchmans, requires neither introduction nor explanation. It happened at St. Andrä, the novitiate of this province, in the beginning of this present month (February). I am sure you will be glad to find a place for the account in the forthcoming number of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

J. A. C., S. J.

*St. Andrä, Feb. 6th, 1888.*

The novice A. M. had suffered so severely from rheumatism in both shoulders, by day and night, that for three weeks he was unable to sleep except for a few moments at a time. For fourteen days the house doctor attended him, applying internal and external remedies, but without avail. In addition to this sleeplessness, fever and a general prostration and weakness of the body followed, and finally the left side of the head was also attacked. A physician from Wolfsburg was called in for consultation, and, after a careful examination, he pronounced the condition of the patient very serious and the action of the pulse and heart very irregular. He wrote out certain prescriptions for internal and external medicines, to be used for two days, but if during that time no improvement took place, the prescriptions were to be changed.

This was on the afternoon of February the 3rd. During the evening of this day and the morning of the 4th, the patient followed the doctor's orders, and about 8 o'clock in the morning made a visit to the master of novices. To the inquiry whether he felt any better, the sick man answered that he experienced no relief and that the pains were as acute as ever, especially during the night when he attempted to lie down for a little rest. The master of novices then told him of the favor granted through St. John Berchmans

to a young boarder in our college at Linz, who had suffered from an affection of the eyes, and advised him to place himself under the protection of the saint.

The novice answered that he had already made a novena to the Sacred Heart and St. John Berchmans, for whom, since his entrance into the novitiate, he had cherished a special devotion; but that so far his prayers had remained unanswered. The master of novices then suggested that he should have recourse to St. John Berchmans alone, since it might be the will of the Sacred Heart to glorify the new saint. He promised and went away.

As severe pains in the head were now added to his other sufferings, so that he was unfit for any mental labor, he employed himself for half an hour, by way of distraction, with chaining beads. While thus engaged, he felt himself interiorly urged to pray immediately to St. John Berchmans, and asked permission to go to the dormitory for this purpose. There he took out a picture of the saint, placed it upon his table, and, kneeling before it, recited three *Hail Marys* and *Glorias*, together with the proper prayer of the Church, and a hymn. Whilst reciting the last stanza of the hymn, he applied a relic of the saint to the left shoulder, where the pain was greatest, and begged to be cured. Instantly all pain ceased; he did the same to the right shoulder with the same result; he then applied the relic to his head, and there, too, on the instant, all pain likewise vanished. He went immediately, well and perfectly cured, to the master of novices and related what had taken place.

Yesterday, the 5th, he went to the church, where he used to suffer most, on account of the cold, and sang in the choir with the others during the Mass and general Communion of the sodality of the young men, who had that morning finished their annual retreat. He experienced no inconvenience whatever. He is perfectly cured.

During the time of this sickness, he had experienced also great spiritual dryness and desolation, which also disappeared entirely with the bodily cure. The novice himself looked upon this spiritual change as more wonderful than the healing of his bodily infirmity. At 6 P. M. on February the 5th, a solemn thanksgiving took place in the novitiate, at which most of the fathers also assisted. The master of novices related what had taken place; the hymn, which the sick novice had recited at the time of his cure, was sung by all before the picture of the saint; then followed the *Te Deum* with its versicle and prayer, and finally the prayer of the Church in honor of St. John Berchmans. *Mirabilis Deus in sanctis suis!*



## VERY REV. FR. GENERAL'S JUBILEE AUDIENCE WITH THE HOLY FATHER.

In order to present His Holiness, in the name of the whole Society, with gifts and congratulations on the fiftieth anniversary of his priesthood, and to thank him for conferring the honors of canonization on our three Blessed, Very Rev. Fr. General requested an audience of the Sovereign Pontiff for himself, the FF. Assistant and Secretary, and for the five provincials of Spain, Portugal and Belgium, who had been summoned to Rome for the feast of the Canonization of the three Blessed. The Holy Father assented, naming for the day of the audience, the twenty-second of January, at 11.30 A. M. Accordingly, on that day, shortly before the appointed hour, the above named fathers were in the halls of the Vatican, at the pontifical audience-room. Along with them had come the Father Superior of the Mission of the Philippine Islands, the substitute of the Secretary for the Spanish assistancy, the socius of the Procurator of the Society, the socius of the Provincial of Belgium, four fathers of the Gregorian University, the rector, the prefect of studies, the professors of scripture and of second year metaphysics and, lastly, Fr. General's companion, a brother who brought some of the gift offerings. Since the room where the Sovereign Pontiff sat was not very large, the Pontifical Chamberlain thought the fathers too many to go in together, and he saw to the division of the party into two.

Not long after the appointed time, Fr. General entered with the Assistants, followed by the five FF. Provincial. When the Holy Father saw the first of them barely across the threshold, "Nearer," he said, sweetly and kindly, "come nearer and stand around about me;" and when Fr. General and the Assistants had made the three customary prostrations, "arise," he added, "and remain standing." But as the other five fathers, who came behind him, were just beginning the third prostration, the first delayed rising, and, in the end, all remained kneeling. Then the Sovereign Pontiff made ready to listen, and Fr. General thereupon began a short address, which had three parts.

He told, in the first place, how much and how fervently the whole Society had prayed that His Holiness might reach that most auspicious and blessed day on which he had cele-

brated his golden jubilee, and congratulated him on the magnificent and splendid display of love and devotion to the holy Apostolic See and the Sovereign Pontiff himself, which had been made by Catholic and non-Catholic peoples and their princes. He next expressed the deepest gratitude for the remarkable favor conferred on the Society by the decree of the highest honors of Heaven's Blessed to three sons of the Society at the same time, and went on to enumerate the Holy Father's titles to the gratitude of the Society, from the very beginning of his pontificate, mentioning two in a special manner, his wise guidance of the Society, and his full confirmation of its institute and privileges from the Holy See. Lastly, he expressed the feelings of gratitude, regard, love and devotedness of all the sons of the Society towards the Holy See, and declared them all most ready in all things to obey him and to serve the Church. This address was short, and it was put strongly, though plainly, and without parade of words.

The address over, he handed to the Sovereign Pontiff a beautiful case of bank-notes to the amount of 105,000 lire Italian, which both Ours and our college pupils and sodality members, throughout all the provinces and houses of the Society, had contributed as a gift offering to the Sovereign Pontiff, for the jubilee of his priesthood. He presented also a very beautiful crucifix, exquisitely carved in ivory by the famous artist Bissoni, which was put in the hall of the Vatican set apart for the public exhibition of gifts of this sort. He then said there were other gifts, which could not just then be brought to those same halls; to which the Holy Father answered: "Send whatsoever you choose and I shall have it exposed."

The Holy Father listened to Fr. General with close attention, and, to judge from his countenance and demeanor, with much pleasure. After a brief recollection, he began his answer, which showed how well he remembered what had been said to him; for he took up the same three points, changing only the order, passing from the first to the third, and then returning to the second. He spoke slowly, articulating every word in clear and kindly tones, not in a formal, but in a familiar manner, as a father to his children. He said that he had listened with pleasure to the sentiments expressed by Fr. General; as for his sacerdotal jubilee, it was no new or unheard of thing to reach one's fiftieth year in the priesthood, and he had intended to keep it without any unusual public solemnity, but privately with his household and the Cardinals Palatine. When, however, some noblemen of Bologna had become aware of this intention of

his, they expressed a wish that it should be made a public festivity for Catholics, not of Italy only, but of all the world. The gradual spreading of these small sparks had started everywhere those vast flames of love and devotion manifested in so many different ways ;—in the sacred pilgrimages to venerate the Apostolic See of Peter, in gifts beyond number, of costly price and beautiful workmanship, in the appointment of special ambassadors, in autograph letters from kings and emperors, among others the Queens of Spain and of England, the Emperors of Austria and of Germany, the Republic of France and the President of the United States of North America, and in the most noble men whom these had sent to honor him ; adding that such a wonderful tribute of veneration and respect for the Apostolic See, and that from nearly every nation, even those which do not profess Catholicity, must be ascribed to God alone, who most clearly wished to show forth the immovable firmness of the Church and of the Apostolic See, in spite of the many whirlwinds and storms raging against them, so that all might see how the Church but fairer grows amid oppression, verifying the poet's

*Merges profundo, pulerior evenit;*

and that God wished, moreover, to console him in his many bitter occasions of grief.

He next spoke of the Society, saying that it had ever been dearly and highly appreciated by the Sovereign Pontiffs, who thought that its members were a bulwark to religion and the Church, and itself a legion of the bravest warriors, ever obedient to the call of the Holy See and ready always to accomplish vast undertakings for the Church and the salvation of souls. He himself had much esteem and fondness for the Society, and had shown it from the time of his elevation to the supreme pontificate, not only in his intercourse with two of its Generals, Peter Beckx and Anthony Anderledy, but also in bringing into the Sacred College of Cardinals Fr. Camillus Mazzella, whose virtue and learning were in such high repute among his colleagues, and in employing Cardinal Franzelin in affairs most important and delicate. The Society, on its part, had ever obeyed him, and minded not only his express wishes but even his slightest beck, as he had found especially in the revision of studies ; and therefore, for the good and fame of the Society, he had, with most fortunate results, taken steps such as the decree confirming our Institute and privileges as set forth in the Apostolic letters, and the one inscribing our three Blessed in the Calendar of the Saints ; but in all this he was

only following the examples of his predecessors. And when Father General remarked that His Holiness, by his confirmation of all previous approvals of our Institute and of the privileges granted by former pontiffs, had himself done as much for the Society as all the other pontiffs together since its beginning, His Holiness answered that other pontiffs also had deserved well of the Society, like Paul III., who gave it existence and added many goodly favors. He then began recording the beginning and progress of his love for the Society; as he had loved it in boyhood, when first put under the fathers of the college in Viterbo, to get from them his first instruction and literary knowledge, so his love grew stronger when he came to study philosophy and theology in the Roman College under the best masters, such as Fathers Tapparelli, Manera, Perrone, Caraffa, and others whom he named and praised; he had been wont, when a close friend of Cardinal Sala, to visit often Father General John Roothaan, whom he used to hold in the highest reverence, and whom he now praised in a brief but lofty tribute. Reverting once more to the Blessed raised to saintly honors, he said he often commended himself to them, and made special mention of his deep devotion to Saint John Berchmans, which he had conceived as a boy in the college of Viterbo, on receiving from Father Ubaldini, the Rector, a little image of the young saint, then but Venerable, whom, with joy of soul, he had just now raised to the ranks of the saints. Adding a few other things, which escape the memory, he concluded, after having spoken about half an hour.

Father General then begged the Holy Father to bless him and the other fathers present, the whole Society, and those who had contributed any share of the money and gifts. He consented most kindly, and said he would bless Father General, the Assistants, the Provincials, and all the provinces, houses and members of the Society, along with all others mentioned by Fr. General, expressing also the wish that the Provincials present would bring to their provinces the announcement of this blessing, which he then gave in solemn formula, with great sentiments of devotion. He also requested Father General to tell him the name and office of each of the fathers present, and, when it was done, as they approached to kiss his hand and foot, he had a few kind words for each, praising especially their respective countries and peoples. When Father Provincial of the Belgian Province presented him with an album of the Belgian colleges, he received it pleasantly, making honorable mention of Fathers Franqueville and Matyss, whom he had known as provincials of that province, when Pontifical Legate in Bel-

gium. Bidding Father General remain, he dismissed the others, so that those who were waiting outside might come in. After a kind reception on their entrance, while all were standing round him after having made their prostration, Fr. Rector of the Gregorian University was the first presented. He offered a precious reliquary containing relics of the five Saints, Aloysius Gonzaga, John Berchmans, Camillus de Lellis, Leonard of Port Maurice, and John Baptist de Rubois, who had been pupils in that university. The Holy Father showed that this was very pleasing to him, and said that, after exposing it in the exhibition hall, he would ask it back again to keep it in his own room. Father Prefect of Studies then displayed a volume giving a list of the young men in attendance at the schools of the university, whereon the Holy Father took occasion of lavishing praise on the university and its studies and professors, declaring that with all these he was fully satisfied, that he had recommended this lyceum to the foreign bishops then in Rome, and that he was greatly rejoiced by its prosperity and its daily increasing roll of students. Next came Father Superior of the Philippine Mission, who presented a gold pen, set with gems and enclosed in a silver case, on which was engraved a Latin distich, in which the pupils of the Manilla Normal School begged His Holiness to sign his name with that pen on the Bull of the Canonization of Saint John Berchmans; which, with a fatherly kindness, he promised to do. The same father said there was a table made of precious woods and inlaid with ivory and silver, all beautifully carved by the Indians of his mission, which was already in Rome but could not just then be carried into the Vatican halls. He presented a gold ring, set with most precious stones, the gift of the Archbishop of Manilla, along with printed and handsomely bound letters, which told of the undertakings, the labors and fruits of Ours in those distant regions. The Holy Father desired to make the acquaintance of each of the other fathers in particular; until, at length, after an hour or more, all took leave, bringing away feelings of love, gratitude and consolation, which will not easily vanish from their souls.

## THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

*Extract from a Letter of Fr. Victor Garrand.*

NORTH YAKIMA, Dec. 9th, 1888.

REVEREND AND DEAR FR. SUPERIOR,  
P. C.

The number of Catholic families has been increasing here of late, and more are expected before the end of winter, as well as during the spring. As for the town itself, it is assuming, more and more, the appearance of a city, and gives far better promise than might have reasonably been expected in the beginning. The work upon our church is progressing slowly; but I feel confident that, when completed, it will be a very neat and substantial structure. Thus far, in its erection, I have contracted debts to the amount of eight hundred dollars, hoping that money would come in gradually; but as yet I have been disappointed. However, I have no fear of a deficiency in funds, when the time for final settlement arrives. Nevertheless, I have informed my creditors that I rely upon the good will of the people, and that, in the event of their insisting upon a prompt payment, they may have to send me to jail for a while; in which case, doubtless, those who are holding back their subscriptions will be sure to come forward. But, as I have already said, there is no real danger of my being placed in so awkward a plight.

The ground for the school-house, which is to be devoted to the Indians, has not yet been broken; but the lumber has been bought and the plans drawn up. And although work will not begin before March, beyond all doubt the New Year will witness the realization of what we have so long desired.

The unfavorable weather delays the work upon the Sisters' school, and, of course, postpones all operations on the one for the Indians. However, I hope to have the latter well started in March. We expect to open with at least twenty Catholic children from the reservation, and will probably have some from other quarters.

Yesterday, the feast of our Immaculate Mother, and the anniversary of the opening of our chapel for public worship, was the occasion for the most elaborate ceremonies that,

have yet been seen within its walls. Before the Mass, I had the happiness of receiving an entire family, consisting of a mother, two boys and five girls, into the Church. It was to be an especial feast for them; so they had decorated the altar very beautifully with garlands and flowers, and, best of all, had spent the three days preceding in a sort of retreat under my direction. I adapted the Spiritual Exercises of our Holy Father to the occasion, and beheld the usual gratifying results. The celebration of the feast, therefore, began with the recitation of the Nicene Creed and the Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Contrition. Then followed the ceremony for the baptism of adults, and afterwards that for children. Although we had started at nine o'clock, the time passed so rapidly that it was after eleven o'clock when the Mass was begun. It had been my intention to give a short instruction, but, whilst reading the Gospel, I was so much affected that I took advantage of the lateness of the hour, and announced that the sermon would be given at Vespers. So, in the afternoon, with the same numerous congregation and my eight neophytes before me, I gave expression to my feelings, and called upon all to join with me during the Benediction, in returning thanks to Almighty God and his Blessed Mother for their many blessings and favors to each of us there present.

During the baptism, each of the boys received, as his white garment, a surplice; in, which they afterwards appeared whilst serving me at Mass. The five girls in white robes received, along with their mother, the veils which they had previously made. Everything tended to move the heart, as well as to please the eye; and, in the evening, when all was over, the good mother came to thank me, saying, as indeed she might with great truth, that she had never felt so happy in her life. I gave her my blessing, and expressed the hope that our Blessed Lady would ever keep the souls of each of them in the blissful state in which they were that day.

I have great hope of receiving others soon. That our Lord and his Blessed Mother may be pleased to lead many of these poor people into the true fold, is the ardent prayer and desire of his unworthy minister, and

Your Reverence's servant in Domino,  
VICTOR GARRAND, S. J.

*Letter from Mr. Post.*

ST. IGNATIUS, MONTANA,  
Feb. 23rd, 1888.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,

The Mission of St. Ignatius, from which this letter is dated, was the third which the worthy Father De Smet founded here in the Rocky Mountains; the first being St. Mary's Mission, about forty miles south of Missoula, in the Bitterroot valley, and the second, that among the Nez Percés Indians, which is now known as the Cœur d'Alène Mission.

Father De Smet, it is true, was the first who succeeded in gathering our Indians around the foot of the cross, and so he must be said to have given life to our mission; but its fostering and developing element, must be attributed to the courage and zeal of our dear old Father J. Menetrey, now residing in Missoula with good Father J. D'Aste.

St. Ignatius, in the so called Flathead Indian Reservation, can be said to-day to be a really flourishing mission. Our Indians, mostly of the Flathead and Kalispel tribes, as well as the many half-breeds who live around here, are, generally speaking, succeeding well. Attendance at church is by no means a burden to them, and, in fact, they all give evidence of true Christian faith. One thing, the regret of which Your Reverence will surely share with me, is, that some Indian families seem not to understand their natural and inalienable duties towards their children. Boys and girls, eight, nine and ten years of age, can be seen running about by the score, and, though they come to church, they never attend the school. What is the reason? you may ask. It is said that some of the Indians have an altogether misplaced parental affection, and hence they cannot bear their children's absence. You know our two schools are mainly for boarders, and thus our pupils have not many chances to be with their folks; some few, however, get permission to spend their long vacation at home. At present, we have about seventy boys; the Sisters' school counts, I believe, more than eighty pupils. Our school-house and residence have become too small, and one class has to be taught in the chapel; hence our superiors have resolved upon building a new residence. The new building was commenced on the feast of St. Francis Borgia; and even at present it attracts great attention. It is two stories high, and the carpenters, who, by the way, did the whole work, are at present putting



up the projected French roof, which is so constructed as to afford the advantage of a third story. A large chapel is comprised in this new residence; hence, the chapel in the school-house can continue to be used as a class-room, and it will probably take years before the school-house will need to be enlarged.

Perhaps you wish me to say something about the Indian language. First of all, you must know that the dialect spoken here by our Indians, viz., Selish or Flathead or Kalispel Indian dialect, is altogether different from that spoken either by the Nez Percés or the Blackfeet. Last vacation, some Blackfeet Indians came to take home a few boys, who had been at school here for years, and it happened that not even one of our fathers could converse with them, although they know the Selish dialect perfectly. I cannot say very much about the nature of the language, as Your Reverence will easily suppose; still, this much I can affirm, that there is something very peculiar in the Indian's speech. Some time ago, a tall blind Indian, about forty years of age, was with us during the noon recreation. He was, indeed, a splendid speaker, and I kept my eyes fixed upon him admiringly although I could not understand a single word he said. You should have seen his copious and graceful gestures, and heard the variety of tones he employed, all, as our fathers said, adapted to the nature of his discourse. This Selish dialect is understood by the Flathead, Kalispel, Kootenay, Bitterroot, Spokane, Colville, and Crow Indians.

So far I have done very little in the way of the study of Indian; not because books are wanting, for both an Indian grammar and dictionary have been on my desk for a long while. The grammar was written by our late Father Mengarini. The dictionary comprises two volumes: Indian-English and English-Indian, but, it is said that to learn Indian by means of private study is a pretty difficult undertaking and, perhaps, an altogether useless attempt. The most efficient method would be to learn it by conversing with Indians or, perhaps, the best of all would be to do the latter and not to neglect the former, that is, to make a happy combination of the two ways.

Recommending myself to Your Reverence's prayers and holy sacrifices,

I remain your least brother in Christ,

J. POST, S. J.

*Fr. Viñtor Garrand to Rev. Fr. Cataldo.*

NORTH YAKIMA, April 4th, 1888.

REV. AND VERY DEAR FATHER SUPERIOR,  
P. C. and Alleluia!

As I am now confined to my room with a very bad cold, I think the best thing I can do is to give Your Reverence an account of the past three months' mission-work. First, then, we have been building what might be called a double church, the one up-stairs, for the whites of the neighborhood, and the other, a sort of half-basement, for the Indians. The former is now far enough advanced for us to hold divine service there, our first Mass having been celebrated on Maundy Thursday. The Sodality of the Sacred Heart has been well organized during the three months, and we have three promoters of the Apostleship of Prayer, each with a band of fifteen associates. Under the lead of these associates, the sodalists discharged the office of adorers at the repository, coming regularly, one after another, during the whole time of the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. This saved me a great deal of labor, as I had only to notify the promoters, and they saw the members and arranged with them as to the hours at which they could come to church on Maundy Thursday and Good Friday. Indeed, my white congregation gives me rather consolation than trouble, and, thanks be to God, its number was lately increased, during the month of March, by the arrival of four excellent Catholic families from Minnesota. This I regard as a special gift from St. Joseph to St. Joseph's Mission of Yakima.

The Indians are improving very much. My right-hand man is Ignace. I made a friend of him soon, and through him I can do, not indeed all that I please, but, certainly, far more than I could do without him. Charles Moun and his son Louis have, unfortunately, no influence at all; and, though I employ them a good deal, I always give Ignace the precedence. He is especially able to go ahead and take the lead. A word from him will make the heart of these Indians either thrill with joy or tremble with fear. The number of Indians that I have seen during my stay at Yakima has never exceeded one hundred together at our meetings. Last Sunday, about that many were present at Mass. They had come previously on Palm Sunday, and I had told Ignace that our next meeting would be at Attanom, on the eighth of April.

"No Mass on Easter Sunday for the Indians!" he exclaimed. "That is not good, father."

"Well," said I, "I cannot go to Yakima City on that day, as I have too many whites to attend to here. So, if you all wish to go, go there; but you will have to go to Father Raiberti. He will be there."

"But why not come here?" Ignace persisted.

"Because," I answered, "your church here is not yet finished, and you told me yourself that you did not like to be with the white people."

"Would you be displeased if we should come here?"

"Oh, by no means. On the contrary; come and you will be welcome; but the place where we must meet is Attanom, on the 8th of April."

With these words we parted, but on Holy Saturday all my Indians were here; and Ignace told me triumphantly:

"I bring you ten Indians to be baptized—two babies and eight grown people."

"Do they know all that they should know?" I asked.

"Some, yes; some, scarcely enough; but I answer for them that they will know by and by. They are all under my control."

Here Ignace introduced his friends to me, one after another. There were three old squaws in the number, who knew very little, but Ignace said that their heads, being old, were as hard as stone, and that it was difficult to make them understand well; but he added that they believed firmly and thoroughly, and that, moreover, Augustina, his wife, would teach them. So I said, "All right!" There were also three young women, wives of Catholics, who were well enough instructed. On Easter Sunday, therefore, I had a very solemn festival at North Yakima. On Saturday, I had begun to hear the confessions of my Indians at a late hour, and had been obliged to quit them several times, to hear some of the whites; so that at midnight I had heard only half of them. Ignace, however, sent them all to bed, most of them sleeping in the basement of the church, and, at five o'clock in the morning, they were again knocking at my door to make their confessions. At half past eight I had heard them all. Then I celebrated the first Mass, for the Indians only, and fifty-seven of them received Holy Communion. They sang their sweet songs and said their cadenced prayers during Mass, as usual. The Mass being over, I dismissed them until after the Mass for the whites.

At ten o'clock the whites came. For many of them, it was the first time they had seen the new church, and they

filled it up so well that, though I was greatly fatigued, I felt very much encouraged and strengthened. The dizziness in my head passed away while I was preaching, and I preached more fervently than I had done for a long time. My white congregation has reason to be proud of its choir and charming music. During the Mass, I almost fancied myself back again in Father Loyzance's great church in Troy, and my heart was indeed filled with delight.

After the Mass for the white people, Ignace rang the bell, and again my Indians crowded into the church. I first announced that, on the third Sunday after Easter, that is, on the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, the whole tribe of the Yakima Indians, as well as the surrounding tribes, and, in fact, all the Catholics of the neighborhood, should be present at the blessing of the Indian school, and at the same time should bring their children and give them in charge to the Sisters. The satisfaction and joy they all expressed at the announcement brought tears to my eyes, and, for a little while, I was unable to speak. Then I repeated it more calmly and told them to come in their best attire, as we should have a procession from the church to the school, and a grand religious display at the blessing and occupation of the school; for on that day we intend to do something worthy of the occasion. If Your Reverence could only attend the celebration, I know it would greatly increase the solemnity of the feast and bring no slight consolation to all my parishioners. After the announcement, and a short instruction on the Easter Communion, I proceeded to the baptism of the grown people, for all of whom Ignace stood as godfather, and then I baptized the babies, thirteen in all. Four marriage ceremonies followed this, and, at half past two, I was able to go to Brother Carfagno, who had been waiting patiently for me with a good dinner, which had now grown cold. He was very much satisfied with the results of the day's work, but scolded me because I did not take things calmly enough and was killing myself for nothing. He was somewhat right in this, and I am now paying the penalty by being unwell. But this cold will soon pass away. On my return from Attanom next Sunday, I intend to begin my retreat, though it comes at an inopportune time just now; July or August would be better, as during those two months there is comparatively little to do. Next year I shall choose that time. I commend myself to the pious prayers of Your Reverence; I need them badly, for, after all, I am but a very poor missionary.

Ræ Væ infimus in Xto servus,

VICTOR GARRAND, S. J.

## BRAZIL.

### MISSION OF THE RIO GRANDE.

Before entering on a description of the Rio Grande Mission, we shall state, in a few words, the religious condition of the German colonists before the coming of the missionaries. The first immigrants arrived from Germany about the year 1825; some of them founded the city of Sao Leopoldo, whilst the others began to cultivate the land in the neighboring districts. They were not remarkable for religious fervor, partly because they had grown up in the fatherland during the days when religion was at an ebb, partly because there were in the new country no German-speaking priests. Thus it happened that Catholics, intermarrying with non-Catholics, followed about the same religious principles as the latter, and sank into indifferentism. Nay, such became the state of affairs, that a layman used to read and chant the Mass from a missal. These evils increased during the revolution of 1834-45, when unbridled license obtained. Nor was there any change for the better until the year 1848, when the Austrian Province sent two fathers of the Society to alleviate the wretched condition of the abandoned German colonists. One, Fr. Austin Lipinski, founded a parish at Sao Miguel, the second, Fr. Sedlach, established the mission of Sao José. The colonists were filled with joy at the coming of the fathers, who found an abundant harvest. They traversed those vast regions, exhorting the faithful to erect churches and open Catholic schools; but, finding themselves too few in number for such a wide field of labor, they asked help of the German Province, whence they obtained Fr. Michael Kellner and Fr. Boniface Klüber, both of whom arrived during the month of August, 1858. Fr. Klüber founded a residence at Sao Leopoldo, and was appointed pastor of that city in the beginning of the year 1859. He was a man of unflagging energy, and gave himself up without respite to his priestly work. He was untiring in giving missions, and in teaching the German and Brazilian children; he revalidated marriages, and travelled with apostolic vigor throughout the length and breadth of the land. Indeed it were difficult to estimate how much he labored, how many souls he gained

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to God; for, in those days, many a Catholic was awakened from the fatal languor of indifferentism; many a non-Catholic was brought into the Church.

But, as might have been expected, man's arch-enemy did not leave unmolested so happy a course of events. In these regions, Protestantism and indifferentism had long held sovereign sway; Catholics, without asking for a dispensation, had intermarried with non-Catholics, to such an extent, that but little difference was visible between Catholics and Protestants. Hence, the heretics conceived a most violent hatred against the importunate missionary, for having declared war against indifferentism. Around these heretics there rallied others, Catholics by name, but infidels at heart, who were led by the editor of a German masonic gazette. They were joined by many Brazilians, who, whilst keeping up an outward show of Catholicism, refused, nevertheless, to be converted and return to the use of the sacraments. These enemies of religion spread lies and calumnies everywhere among the people. "The missionaries," they said, "are disturbers of the peace, nor can quiet be restored unless they are driven out." And this result, indeed, was only prevented by the vigorous resistance with which the colonists encountered the machinations of the infidels. Fr. Boniface, whom they hated most, was recalled from his post by his superiors, in 1868, and returned to Europe.

Whilst this relentless war continued against the German fathers, greater tranquillity was enjoyed by the Spanish and, subsequently, by the Italian fathers in the city of Porto Alegre, where they ministered to the spiritual wellbeing of the Brazilians. Little by little the ill feeling towards the German fathers subsided, and, as the number of Germans increased yearly, and new colonies were founded, it became necessary to call for new missionaries. In order to further still more the interests of the German colonists, Very Rev. Fr. Beckx intrusted the mission of the Rio Grande to the German Province. This was on the 14th of July, 1869. At that time Ours had already founded the residences and parishes of Sao Leopoldo, Sao Miguel and Sao José. The German Catholics of Porto Alegre soon procured a chapel of their own, and a missionary was assigned to them. Afterwards the extensive parish of Santa Cruz was established, its first pastor being Fr. Joseph Stuer. To these were added the new parishes and residences of Sao Pedro, Sao Joao, Santo Antonio, Sao Salvador, Bom Principio, Sao Sebastiao and Santo Ignacio. Thus Ours have, at present, thirteen residences and sixteen parishes, whilst they also attend some ninety stations. Our vast and painful work, our rugged and

unremitted travels have, by God's grace, borne fruit. On Sundays and holidays, the colonists drive in large numbers to the churches to be present at the High Mass and sermon. They approach the sacraments frequently, and lead a most Christian life.

The first endeavor of our fathers had been to establish, even at the smallest and poorest stations, Catholic schools, supported by the colonists, and supplied with good teachers. There was, however, as yet no school for higher education, and those who wished to pursue their classical studies were obliged to go either to Protestant or to infidel teachers. This was a serious evil, and in order to remedy it, a college was opened, on July 31st, 1870, at Sao Leopoldo, with five scholars. This number, it is true, gradually increased, yet it was necessary to strive, during eight consecutive years, against great difficulties. For the college was without money or a fitting edifice, many parents detested religious education, numerous calumnies were afloat concerning the Jesuits, and the public was prejudiced against them, especially during the sway of the Kulturkampf in Germany; and besides we were opposed by the Protestants and the freemasons. But every outward circumstance has given way before the constancy and unwearying toil of the professors. A splendid college building has been erected and the scholars have distinguished themselves in the public examinations, so that to-day the Protestant college in this city has but a few pupils, whereas the college of the Society has two hundred boarders; some of these are Germans, but the greater number are Brazilians. All are in the best possible dispositions.

It was also necessary to provide for the education of girls. Hence, by invitation of Fr. William Feldhauss, then Superior of the Mission, six Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis arrived from Germany at Sao Leopoldo, on Easter-day, 1882. Here they founded St. Joseph's Academy, where a solid religious and superior literary education is given to the young ladies of the city as well as to one hundred and thirty daughters of the nobility. Not long afterwards, more sisters arrived and founded an academy in Santa Cruz. They also opened at Porto Alegre a day-school, which numbers two hundred pupils, a school for colored girls, and a hospital.

We must add that, in 1870, the missionaries founded a Catholic journal, the *Volksblatt*. This was an undertaking of great practical importance, for, of the two German papers then published, one was Protestant, whilst the other upheld atheism and Darwinism. Both were constantly spreading among the people the most atrocious falsehoods concerning

the Catholic faith. Our paper, which was called the Jesuits', vigorously resisted these two during the space of ten years; it unmasked their errors, and gave a true explanation of Catholic principles, until, finally, its adversaries no longer dare to publish such arrant calumnies. Such, then, have been the rise and progress of the German Mission of the Rio Grande.

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TEXAS.

—GONZALES, TEXAS, March 12th, 1888.

REV. DEAR FATHER,  
P. C.

I received a postal card, requesting me to continue my correspondence. Yesterday, Sunday, as I was thinking over the day's labor, cooking, singing Mass, confessions, sermons, sacristan work, I thought a detailed description would be interesting; but then came the thought — it would be so trivial and so self-conceited; and so, this morning, as I had a little spare time, before riding to Coe Valley, I concluded to build again St. Ignatius' Mission, where, during this winter, I have encountered only "northers" and rain; so that I have never had, since mid-December, one congregation of respectable numbers, about twenty or twenty-five, and more than half of those non-Catholics. I am afraid that it is not worthy of a place in the LETTERS, but do as you please, and if you want that Sunday work, drop me a card to that effect. Now for Caseto and a sixteen mile ride over wretched roads.

Yours in Christ,

F. P. GARESCHÉ, S. J.

In my last letter I spoke of St. Ignatius' Chapel at Lockhart, Texas, called by the citizens "the Mexican barn." Fr. Morandi, whose companion I was for some years at Seguin, had transferred to that place a part of our old frame school-house, having purchased a couple of acres outside the town. Finding the situation unsuitable, principally because there was no access to it save through property which might be at any time fenced, I sold the lot, and undertook to build in a more convenient place. From the sale I obtained \$200 in cash, the remaining \$300 in notes. Two hundred more were collected in the town, one half by an ice-cream entertainment, the other by subscription, in which Catholics and



non-Catholics united. I began to build in September, and in November said Mass there for the first time.

The building is 55 by 26 feet, with a projecting south chamber at the rear, in which the priest can sleep; furniture for this room, as also the principal vestments for the Mass, were left here by Fr. Morandi. The altar is in a semi-oc-tagonal apse, two small apartments being cut off from the sanctuary for sacristy and confessional, the former adding space to the priest's apartment. The top of these rooms is adorned with scroll-work, stained and varnished like all the other mouldings and scroll-work; the ceiling and sides of the church are of varnished Texan pine. The outside of the church is painted lavender gray, trimmed with reddish brown. There is a neat railing to the sanctuary and to the choir gal- lery. The altar, which costs me about \$35, is the one used by us in the college chapel, painted white and blue, with carv- ings of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Most Pure Heart of Mary and the I. H. S. and nails of the Society in the middle, bronzed. The reredos, steps and tabernacle, are an addi- tion; the panels of the former are of cypress, diapered, with nickel stars in each diamond; the frame painted white, blue for the chamfers and mouldings. The tabernacle and reredos are surmounted by black walnut scroll-work. Above the apse, the semicircle, studded with nickel-plated stars, is also crowned with scroll-work, repeating, though not exactly, the pattern on the apartments. We have also a neat set of sta- tions. The lot is well fenced, panelled on the sides, pick- ets in front, total cost \$1300. A charitable lady in St. Louis sent me \$100; Fr. Lalumière, who has assisted me in all my undertakings, sent me four hundred intentions which the bishop and his priests kindly aided me in fulfilling.

So much for the building, to which I hope to add a belfry and bell this autumn, if the Lord gives us a good crop. As for the spiritual edifice, alas, that is another *opus*. At first a general protest was made against the Mexicans, who form the majority, and to whom we owed the purchase of the former lot. I compromised by giving the north half of the auditorium to the Mexicans and the other to the "whites," so distinguished in Texas.

The faith is wonderfully dead in these Texan Catholics, so long abandoned. Fr. Morandi used to say Mass in a Mexican *jacal* to which only two of them would go. When he transferred the school-house to the lot he had purchased, he was recalled to Mexico, and from that time until I took charge they had Mass but twice. I can count the regular communicants on the fingers of both hands; when I com- menced, the fingers of one hand were more than sufficient.

My principal layman, Irish, had been a freemason and had not been to his duties for over forty years. His wife had never made her first Communion. His two daughters were educated in a convent at Austin, one is a communicant, the other is not allowed by her husband to go to confession, and but seldom to Mass; the three boys are nearly ready for Communion. The other, and the principal family, is German; the father, mother, and married daughter (the wife of my carpenter), are monthly communicants, the three sons have lost the faith, though I have hopes for the youngest, whom I have made treasurer of the congregation. Of the Mexicans, only one family goes to monthly Communion, father, mother, two daughters and two sons, whom I prepared for their first Communion. Some three or four others occasionally approach. As for the Protestants, you cannot conceive their utter ignorance of our faith, nay their absurdly false notions about its doctrines. Still they come willingly to hear me, in which they contrast favorably with those of Gonzales.

This year has been an exceptional one for the repeated and severe "northers." Such sleet and snow and ice were never known; and I assure you that, on more than one occasion, the ablutions were freezing, and once the paten froze to my lips at the "Agnus Dei," though I had kept the chalice and cruets on the stove to the very commencement of the Mass. But we have our consolations. One convert, one Catholic child saved from the sects, making her first Communion and advancing year by year in piety and devotion; one family, after a year's work, becoming monthly communicants; a congregation that numbered only ten communicants at Easter, now giving twenty or more every month, as at Columbus, where a Sisters' school deserves all the credit;—these give me more consolation, cause more rejoicing than the most crowded mission with its triumphs ever did. It was of Columbus that the vicar-general of Galveston wrote to my bishop: "I hear that Fr. Garesche has done great things; but it is easy to build churches; if he does anything with that congregation at Columbus—that will be a miracle." The last time I met him he acknowledged that the miracle was there. I attributed it to the Sisters, as I do now, my share being the forcible retaining of the school, against the conviction of bishop and Rev. Mother, and, of course, blowing, as loud and tunelessly as I can, the trumpet, and clashing the cymbals. *Laus Deo.*

## MEXICO.

### AN ACCOUNT OF A MISSION GIVEN AT THE CHURCH OF STA MARIA IN PARRAS, IN THE DIOCESE OF DURANGO.

At the break of day, on the 10th of December, the two fathers who were to give the mission reached Parras, to the great gratification of the clergy and people who had been eagerly expecting them. Two years previously a mission had been given in this same place by Fr. Labrador with great success; and, consequently, the present missionaries found the ground well prepared.

As the stage-coach rolled into the city, the fathers were met by a large concourse of people under the leadership of the pastor of Sta Maria, Don Feliciano Cordero, and were conducted to the parochial residence. After a short rest, Fr. La Cerda, superior of the missionaries, proposed to the people the order to be followed by those desiring to profit by this season of grace. He announced that the exercises of the mission, for the grown people, would be given in the evening, while those for the children, under the direction of Fr. Argüelles, would be given in the morning.

On the following day, the mission for the adults began with every prospect of success. The missionaries, the curate and his assistant, Don José Bocardo, vested in penitential copes, proceeded from the sacristy and prostrated themselves before the main altar. The crucifix from the main altar was then borne in procession around the church. During the procession, the fathers sang the hymn "A mission os llama," to which the five thousand voices of those who thronged the spacious church answered in chorus. The procession was followed by a doctrinal discourse by Fr. La Cerda, the recitation of the rosary by the pastor, the singing of the "Salve Regina" or other hymns; and the exercises of the evening were concluded by a moral sermon.

Every night the concourse of the people increased, drawn by the fervor and earnestness of the missionary. The pastor was delighted, as he saw among those whom the word of God attracted, old sinners who had not crossed the threshold of the church for many years. On the first night of the mission, while Fr. La Cerda was preaching on the End of Man, the use a Christian should make of creatures, the

nobility of man who is the crowning work of creation, the height of man's destiny, and the love and perpetual praise due to God, a *rancharo*, who was standing near the pulpit, threw himself on the ground, struck his breast and cried out: "Oh Father, pardon me, for I've been a greater brute than my horse, but I shan't be so any more." And, in fact, during the rest of the mission, the man never left the church, except to get some necessary food.

On the following night, the sermon on death produced a most profound impression. The silence of the tomb reigned throughout the assembly, while the preacher explained the solemn truth that death is written on the brow of every man. The effect of the sermon was heightened by a catafalque, reared within sight of the whole audience, whereon burned two candles whose flames, fluttering in the wind, illumined momentarily a fleshless skull—fitting symbol of the end of all worldly glory.

The next sermon was on judgment. But Fr. La Cerda was obliged to leave it unfinished. The mourning and weeping became so frequent, and the outcries of sorrow were so vehement and so continuous, that it seemed as if the people had realized that the terrible day of reckoning, when the Lord shall judge the living and the dead, was already upon them. I saw an old man stretched on the ground, weeping copiously and in broken accents crying out continuously: "O Father Jesus, pardon for my sons, pardon for this poor old man who has always found you a Father! O Father Jesus," he cried out in a heroic outburst of love, "pardon for the tears that your dear mother shed at the foot of the cross, and if ever the children of my heart should be about to offend you, destroy them!" The hymn "Perdón oh Dios mio" was then chanted by the immense crowd, and seemed a necessary alleviation from the pain of such great sorrow. So finished the moving exercises of that night, so full of salutary grief which the grace of God had excited in every heart.

On the evening of the 17th, a sermon was given to prepare the people for the final act of the mission—the forgiving their enemies. Fr. La Cerda preached on the parable of the prodigal son. Opening the Bible he began his exordium by saying: "I ask you, my brethren, to give ear to the words of our Lord, in order that the call which I am going to make this evening, to all sinners who desire to cast themselves into the arms of our heavenly Father, may be most efficacious." He then read the telling narrative of the prodigal son, the inimitable simplicity of which is so peculiar to the books of divine inspiration. His discourse was marked

by persuasiveness and an enchanting eloquence, and finished by an appeal to the Virgin Mother of all sinners. So well prepared had the people been by this exercise that they awaited with eagerness the opening of the following exercise. For many hours before the first bell the whole church was filled; and several times the pastor was obliged to go and assign places to the people. The men were put in the presbytery and the four chapels of the church, while the body of the church was occupied solely by the women. The customary exercises opened the evening; but during them a look of unusual expectation was on every countenance, and from time to time the audience glanced impatiently towards the pulpit. Finally the preacher appeared in the pulpit, and, after rendering a homage of love and fealty to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, began his discourse by relating the parable of the ungrateful servant. The fervor, the rapid eloquence and the simple but keen insight with which the preacher paraphrased the bible narrative, moved the people to sentiments of Christian charity and forbearance. The tears and breathless silence in which they listened were proofs sufficient of what was passing in their hearts. The missionary paused for a moment, and then asked pardon of his hearers for whatever disedification he had given them. The pastor, addressing the missionaries, asked pardon for himself and his beloved flock, and begged the Lord to give them all the grace to persevere in the learning that showed the way to heaven. The Blessed Sacrament was then borne in procession through the church, while Fr. La Cerda exhorted the people to forgive their enemies, in imitation of their Lord, who deigned to pass among them forgiving them their offences. It was certainly a day of glory and triumph for the Sacred Heart of Jesus as he moved among so many souls who were returning to him and offering in holocaust to him the rebellion of their most unconquerable passions. I shall not easily forget the profound impression produced by that processional march of the King of Heaven.

After that day the tribunal of penance was the consolation of the many souls that flocked in crowds to be reconciled to God. Another missionary came to Parras to help to gather the abundant harvest that was ripe for the granaries of heaven. Confessions of five, ten, twenty and forty years were heard. One old sinner of eighty years made his confession for the first time. More than five thousand five hundred people went to confession, of whom three hundred were children preparing for their first Communion.

REMEMBRANCES OF OUR FATHERS OF THE OLD SOCIETY  
IN PARRAS.

The mission of Parras was begun by Fr. Gerónimo Ramirez, a tireless and zealous workman, and an intrepid missionary, who has left, throughout the republic and in other lands, a lasting remembrance of his learning and holiness. We do not know whether Mass was first said in the mission by Fr. Ramirez or by Fr. Espinosa, but a work of art belonging to the church attached to our former college in the city, shows that it was said by a father of the Society. The picture of which we speak is in the possession of the curate, the licentiate, D. Feliciano Cordero. It is a bust of our Savior, and is a very creditable work of art in the opinion of those fitted to judge. Below it is the following inscription, which the writer has often seen: "Before this sacred picture, the first Mass was said in the cave of Texcalco by a priest of the Society of Jesus, on the feast of the Assumption of Our Lady, in the year 1594." This document and the fact that Our Lady of the Assumption is the titular feast of Parras, give a foundation to the belief that the fathers of the Society mentioned above, and not a religious of some other order, were the founders of this Christian community.

Great must have been the joy felt by the fathers on again entering, after more than a century, that very church whence their brothers in religion had sent up their prayers to heaven. It is still in good condition and has the great solidity characteristic of buildings of former generations. The well preserved retable of the high altar is in the taste of that time, and the statues of the saints of the Society which adorn it have not much artistic merit, though that of St. Ignatius, which occupies the centre over the altar, seems to be from a more skilful hand. The great and immortal chief stands in the midst of his children, holding in his hands the divine book of his Constitutions. In the chapels, there are paintings of much taste and greater merit. Some of them would attract the attention of artists. In this church Fr. Argüelles gave the instructions in catechism in the last days of our mission.

Those happy days for the pious city of Parras seemed to have returned, when, in the church of St. Ignatius, they heard from the sanctuary the voice of one of his children. After a few moments of prayer, Fr. Argüelles ascended the pulpit, and one could have noted in his countenance the ineffable joy he felt at standing where his brethren in religion had stood, for the last time, more than a century before, on

the very day of the expulsion by Charles III., to bid a last good-bye to their children. We have found out, and Fr. Argüelles will forgive us for telling it, that when he ascended and left the pulpit, he kissed the floor in a transport of joy, bathing it, perhaps, in the sweet tears that such happy memories drew from him. On an elevation in the picturesque valley in which the city is situated, is the place where the first Mass was said. It is a cave, called the cave of Texcalco, cut out of the rock, some four yards high and about three wide. The people have always cherished a great devotion for the spot, and have placed within the cave a wooden cross with a white shroud hanging from its arms. The present owner, D. Antero Perez, a Spaniard, told one of our fathers that it was his intention to decorate this memorable place, to preserve the recollection of the foundation of the mission and of the city.

There is another memorial of our fathers in the character of the people of the neighborhood, who, in their manners, their religious spirit, and their Christian courtesy, show the indelible impress of the teaching that their ancestors received from the fathers of the Society. And it gives them great pleasure to be able to say that the Society of Jesus lives again among them, after so many vicissitudes and so long a separation. And the hope that the illustrious sons of Loyola may come back to their home, is fed by the faith that they taught them, and by the sweet and gentle consolation which, with lavish hands and ardent zeal, they have been pouring upon the people of the city and country. May the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary grant their prayer.

FROM A LETTER WRITTEN TO BR. MANUEL MIRANDA,  
PROFESSOR OF RHETORIC IN SALTILLO.

ST. SIMON, Dec. 27th, 1887.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN XT.,  
P. C.

We began our retreat on November the 25th. During it I had a distraction in the thought of giving a retreat to the people attached to this *hacienda*. When my retreat was over, I proposed it to Fr. Luis G. Morandi, the Rector, and he gave me his permission. Then I began to be somewhat afraid, as I know how useless I am, but still, my dear brother, our Lord made use of me in '81, so that no one could say "I did this," but that all should praise God.

The number of *rancheros* who came for the retreat was three hundred and twenty-five, a very considerable number,

if we consider the scanty population of this *hacienda*. They were lodged in rooms and corridors, which were fitted up as dormitories by the tireless coadjutor, Br. Manuel Revuelta.

At length my work began. The scholastics helped me, by taking charge of the reading at 2 P. M. and the explanation of Christian doctrine at 5. Frs. Minister, Vermeiren, Marin, Castro and Grajales heard most of the confessions, and even Fr. Rector gave his help. All of their community exercises were gone through with so well, and with such modesty and silence, that Fr. Larracochea, our former rector, who came from Puebla to pass some days here, said, "They are more like novices than like *rancheros*." This father gave four or five of the sermons. My dear brother, had you but seen my battalion drawn up in the corridors and the court-yard of the college! Had you seen them, as I did, the day of Communion! Had you heard all weeping when the hour of separation came on the last day! . . . . What devotion at prayer, what attention to the sermons, what compunction, what tears in their confessions! How many sincere reconciliations of enemies, what humility, in those who bore old grudges, in kissing each other's feet! What joyful faces on the day of Communion, what clear tokens that their souls were in the grace of God! Blessed be His Majesty! My bark was little, my net unserviceable, but Jesus, Mary and Joseph, to whom I consecrated this retreat, gave me efficacious helps to make a good catch of big, heavy fish.

I must tell you some of the humorous things, which show the simplicity of their souls, so that you may see how God is with them. The last day, they did not seem able to leave me. No matter how much I told them that this was the work of our Lord, they kept on crying, laughing, kissing my hands, going down on their knees, embracing me, asking me for pictures . . . . Some said to me: "Give me a photograph of Your Reverence to remember you by all my life (*todita la vida*)." One tall fellow, with light hair and beard, and dressed in black jacket and pantaloons, came into my room, stood looking at me with much seriousness, and finally said: "Hear the truth (*verdad*), Father, I am going to give you something for cigarettes (*que le vó a dar pa sus cigarros*)." Another came in with some candy and said, "Father, eat this candy they brought (*tragieron*) me." "My child," said I, "why don't you eat it yourself?" "Good-bye," he answered, "I would give you my heart (*conque yo quero darle mi corazon*)." Then he took a piece, bit it, and went off crying. The words italicized will show you the *rancheros'* pronunciation.



When they had gone home, and I had a chance to look after my prayers, I shut myself up in "our department," and came out only after an hour and a half. Excuse this account, brother, but tell me what are your thoughts. I guess them; you are thinking of God, and thanking him, and you see in all this the grace of vocation. Do not forget, you and all my brothers, to pray to God that I may correspond with this grace.

Your brother in Xt.,

IGNACIO LEON, S. J.

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### FATHER VERDIN'S JUBILEE.

DEAR FATHER,

I was aware that you were already in press, yet I was unable, owing to circumstances, to put together the items about Fr. Verdin's golden jubilee which I fancied would please you. But, by the way, for a short while, a week or two ago, we were thinking of anything but his jubilee; for it appeared quite possible, if not to some extent probable, that he intended to spend it with the Society triumphant or, as some—*arguendo*, of course, *non asserendo*—put it, with the Church suffering. At least he himself seems to have felt that there was not much humor in the situation. "Did you think you were going to die, Fr. Verdin?" some one asked him afterwards in recreation. "Well," he remarked with that short humorous "ha ha!" of his, "I really did, for the first time in my life, wonder what that other world could look like." All, of course, is (in that far) well, that ends well, but it appeared for a time that there was going to be a "slip between the cup and the lip," and that where man had been for some time proposing, God was now going to dispose.

He did not, however, dispose against the jubilee celebration, but, on the contrary, so rapidly promoted Fr. Verdin's convalescence that he is now quite strong, as far as that quality can be predicated of him at sixty-six. And, indeed, he needed all the staying powers at his command to take his part in the long ceremonies of the jubilee Mass, and to indulge in the mild dissipation of his jubilee holiday. He is to be congratulated on the miracle (he does not distinguish, but I imagine he means of the third order) thus performed in his favor; for he bore up without any apparent

fatigue throughout the whole day, and, for that matter, was fresh and hearty the following day.

There was very little secrecy about the celebration, nor was it, of course, our object, for the local Catholic and secular journals were full, for a week before, of miniature biographies or panegyrics of Rev. John S. Verdin, S. J.; and occasionally a bold-faced caricature of his handsome features amused us, perhaps pained his relatives, and suggested to his legal friends a capital provocation for a sensational libel suit. Like every other progressive American institution, however, these things served the purpose—of advertising the man and the occasion. Accordingly, it was not long before parties and missives began to disturb the quiet of his room, all coming in for the jubilee to talk over old times and to say how delighted they all were to wish him a very happy feast upon the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into religion. Among a number of the communications sent to him on the occasion, many were full of humor, droll reminiscences and laughable instances in the past.

On the eve of the auspicious day, Fr. Rector invited him to meet the students in University Hall. This hall, as Fr. Verdin noticed in his remarks after the reception, was completed and frescoed during his administration. It was in the ornamentation of its ceiling that good Fr. Costa, who was well known in the East and was minister here at the time, lost his life. The addresses tendered, each of which was presented with a large and handsome basket of flowers, were brief, but elicited much feeling. "The mere thought, Fr. Verdin," said a neat little boy who spoke for the preparatory department, "that you have been so long a chosen soldier of Christ, would fill us with respect for you, but we are more drawn to you by the knowledge that you have always been the special friend of little boys, and, although we are pretty thoughtless fellows, we are as grateful to you as if you had done those kindnesses to ourselves. The little boys with whom you dealt are big boys now, big whiskered boys of thirty or forty or even of fifty years of age. They are not quite so lively as they were so long ago. They have grown solemn, they say, in the struggle of life; but if they were not scattered everywhere they would certainly like to come and thank you to-day for much of the happiness of their school-boy days. They would not, however, thank you as little boys, so we thank you for them. We thank you in their place for all the kindnesses they experienced from you in the class-room and the yard; we thank you in their place for all the good you did them by teaching them to be good boys, so that they might be good men. For

ourselves, we only wish that our desires could make your jubilee, if possible, a more happy one." Their words caused the good father no little emotion, as was evident from the tone and nervousness with which he expressed his gratitude for the affection which the rising generation manifested towards one of the old landmarks. After he had listened for a while longer to some choice pieces of music in his honor by the college choir, he bade his young friends good evening and gave them an invitation to his jubilee Mass, and, that they might be all the happier on the morrow, informed them that his jubilee meant a whole holiday for them.

At nine o'clock the following day, he sang the first High Mass he has intoned for years. Nor did he appear to be fatigued; for immediately after Mass he gave the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, kneeling the whole time of the exposition. He was assisted by two of his fellow students at the university fifty or more years ago, Fr. Florentine J. Boudreaux, as deacon and Fr. J. G. H. Kernion, as subdeacon. Fr. Weber, who himself celebrated his jubilee last September, was assistant priest, Fr. Schapman, Vice-Rector of St. Xavier's, Cincinnati, acted as master of ceremonies. FF. Provincial, Higgins, Bushart, Frieden, Lalmière, Rosswinkel, and Hagemann, Rectors and Superiors, respectively, of Chicago, St. Mary's, Detroit, Milwaukee, Osage Mission and Florissant, together with FF. Socius, Thos. O'Neil, Hoefler and Votel, the Rector-elect of St. Mary's, were seated in the sanctuary. Fr. M. Dowling, Vice-Rector of Creighton College, Omaha, preached the jubilee sermon. An abbreviation of the sermon appeared in the *Globe-Democrat* of the following day; it is a fair sample of his thought, which was spoken with unusual eloquence. High Mass, as I have already said, was followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, thus prolonging the services to nearly twelve o'clock. When it was over, Fr. Verdin retired to his room for a short rest and to make his thanksgiving.

At dinner, which almost immediately followed High Mass, and in which Fr. Minister had gone to extraordinary pains to show his appreciation of the event, his substantial solicitude for the wants, and his nice regard for the taste of his guests, a number of addresses were made or read to Fr. Verdin, conveying the good wishes of the various colleges in which he had labored during the last fifty years. On behalf of Fr. Rector and the community of St. Louis, Fr. Magevney said that we all joyfully united in thanking God with him for the glorious crown of his fiftieth year.

He alluded to the work Fr. Verdin had inaugurated or accomplished at the university, and the host of friends in the city to whom his name is yet as familiar and the music of its utterance as sweet as the silver melody of the bells in our "old church steeple."

Fr. Higgins was grieved, he remarked, at the inconsiderate freedom with which the orator of the day had helped himself to the staple figures of the occasion, but still he would not refrain from taking this occasion of referring to Fr. Verdin's work in Chicago and in the interest of St. Ignatius' College. He dwelt upon the spirit of earnestness which marked the good father's zeal in this difficult field, and concluded the well chosen expression of regard entertained by himself and his community for Fr. Verdin, by a warm allusion to his charity which had always singled him out in the province as the object of every one's friendship and affection. Charitable under every circumstance himself, he taught others to be charitable, and us his brethren to love one another. "For this we thank you, Fr. Verdin, and upon this particularly do we felicitate you on your jubilee festival."

"If the old college of St. Xavier's," said Fr. Schapman, "cannot have the first place among those who congratulate you to-day, she should certainly possess the choicest place in your recollections, as you, Fr. Verdin, certainly hold in hers. But whether first, second, or last, she will be surpassed by none in the thorough heartiness with which she offers you her greetings and felicitations. This, dear Fr. Verdin, I am commissioned to say for every division of her community. They will have me assure you that the fruit they are now reaping is, in their conviction, due in a great measure to the pioneer efforts of yourself and your companions. But what they prize most of all is the cheerful sunshine of fraternal charity with which you have warmed and brightened the religious atmosphere around them. The sense of gratitude which this has awakened in their breasts cannot easily be told in words; but they would say that, henceforth, their daily wish and prayer shall be, that our Blessed Lord, the dearest interests of whose heart you have thus so signally promoted, may ever keep lengthening out your span till every other college of the province has had as large a share of your charitable ministrations as old St. Xavier's."

One of the old Woodstockians then presented His Reverence with the album of choice verses in which his late spiritual charge at Woodstock expressed their jubilee greetings. He said that it was always hard successfully to convey another's feelings; doubly so when this was connected with the nicer obligation of presenting the greetings of some

of Fr. Verdin's absent but heartiest well-wishers. "Your many spiritual solitudes," he continued, "have established relations between Your Reverence and thousands whose gratitude and esteem prompts them to say to-day much more than your religious modesty will permit you to hear. Among these thousands, none, perhaps, will be received with more cordial affection, as none surely have been less behind hand in extending to Your Reverence tokens of their devotion and joy, than your friends in Woodstock. You alone can put the right interpretation upon their sentiments, as you alone can fairly understand or justly conjecture that secret, in your mutual relations, which has prompted their individual expressions. To us it is indeed very gratifying, that all your late spiritual children, from your very devoted friend, the Rev. Rector, to the youngest brother in the community of Woodstock, send a filial congratulation to 'dear Fr. Verdin.' Some say more, some say less, but all, as it were emulating the cheerful kindness with which each was sure to be heard, have spoken as they know you speak, and as you taught them to speak,—gayly, pleasantly. What they say would, as I told you, overtax me to convey as they meant it, or is of that niceness of sentiment which would be marred or indelicately intruded upon by a repetition, even in this sympathizing presence. It is, then, with signal pleasure that I feel enabled to offer you their own neat formula of their jubilee greetings, instead of a forced assurance to you of what should be, as this little album amply testifies actually has been, their sincere mindfulness of your golden jubilee. Permit me then, dear Father, to insert these few words, as a preface to Woodstock's little volume of love and esteem, that they may always say that to you, for the album itself, which, upon its handsome pages, each Woodstockian has very affectionately said for himself."

Apart from their appositeness, many of the productions and selections in the album are characteristic; some, too, exhibit a graceful and even singular art. It looks a little invidious to select where there is so much that challenges admiration, but I cannot refrain from transcribing one or two selections that grew very popular at sight. I give no names and therefore respect the modesty of the retired artists:—

Rest thee, old soldier of God!  
 And garland thy brow with these leaves,—  
 Not of the Delphic laurel  
 Which conquering leader receives;  
 But a wreath of the golden *Ioto*  
 Which Rest in her slumbering weaves.

For Action and Rest are one,  
 As Work and Prayer are the same,  
 Action is Rest in God  
 If the souls of men we reclaim,—  
 And Rest is Action untired  
 If we feed Zeal's aspiring flame.

—  
 "A threefold cord is not easily broken"—ECCLES. iv, 12.

For two score years and ten  
 A triple cord hath bound,  
 As one, the hearts of twain ;  
 And in this threefold band  
 One strand was silk—the Blue  
 Of Faith and Constancy.  
 The silver thread of Hope  
 Was there to light the gloom  
 Whose shades contrast with joy.  
 But strongest was the strand  
 Of golden Charity,  
 Whose might from him was drawn  
 Who is in essence Love.  
 O Triple Cord, last on,  
 Nor snap for many a year !  
 Last on till Faith and Hope,  
 The Silver and the Blue,  
 Be merged into the Gold  
 Of endless Charity.

—  
 Laudes nonne tuo conduntur nomine—VERDIN?

Tu VIR namque DEI, candidiorque NIVE.  
 DIVE Dei serve, o VERI et virtutis amator,  
 Augens divitias et bona quoque DIE !  
 VER vitæ Domino VERNI illi cordis amores  
 Devoti : juvenis munera pulchra VIDE.  
 Nec desunt huic NERVI, sed VI pollet et æquo,  
 Quem IN rectos calles fortiter IRE juvat ;  
 Huic toties DENI faciunt fastidia nulla  
 In Domini RE anni ; sed volat alacrior.  
 RIVE VENI fluctus alias qui volvis in oras,  
 RIDE iterum nobis, concitus INDE REDI.

There are, I say, other very pretty pieces, but I have cited enough. Does it not, as you read, strike you that jubilee poetry and renovation verses exhibit other varieties than those suggested by their *differentiæ specificæ* ? The afflatus, of course, I allow for ; but I feel impressed that while the spirit of song breathes but where it will, at these semi-annual crises its breathing is heavy sometimes, especially when it breathes in Greek or Hebrew, not to allude to its Vedic ex-pirations, very measured indeed. However, it would not be

hard now to persuade Fr. Verdin that every bard, English and even Latin, in your mountain home, even he whose short, shrill note was "Me too," breathes very very sweetly.

Fr. Rector concluded the ceremonies by presenting Fr. Verdin with a number of letters from the East, West, North and South. The scholastics from the various colleges in the country, the tertians with the Fr. Instructor, convents, congregations, religious and priests in nearly all the great cities East and West, old students of the university, ladies and gentlemen from a number of the neighboring and even distant states, had written or telegraphed their good wishes or sent on letters full of merry sayings or happy recollections of the old times. Some of these, the affectionate letter, to mention but one or two, from the scholastics of Spring Hill, and the happy little note from the professors of the Immaculate Conception, New Orleans, and a number of telegrams from Woodstock, Georgetown, Washington, New Orleans, Milwaukee, etc., Fr. Rector read; but the great bulk of the correspondence he simply handed to the good father that he might peruse them at his leisure.

Fr. Verdin spent the afternoon in attending to the numbers who crowded around to see him before the day was over. In the evening, he was at the disposition of the community once more, and was entertained by them, in the Philaethic Hall, with music, poems and reminiscences of the old place and his fellow pioneers. It was a pleasant evening; the rectors of the various houses were there in a body, and conduced very materially to render the enjoyment of all, but especially of Fr. Verdin, as complete as possible. Fr. Verdin, who seemed to have actually grown strong by the exertions which he had put forth in the morning, was all to all and everywhere, evidently proving that the spirit of his lifelong cheerfulness and kindness has not grown old with the length of years or less buoyant with the weakness of age.

Were this letter shorter, and I not, as I suspect, almost too late for your present number of the LETTERS, I would have been pleased to add a word or two as to our coming migration and things and places connected with such a topic, but not now.

Yours affectionately in Christ,

C.

## FR. JOHN BAPST.

### A SKETCH.

John Bapst was born at La Roche, a village of the canton of Fribourg, Switzerland, December 7th, 1815. His parents were prosperous farmers, and were therefore able to give their three sons, Joseph, John and Abel, a thorough education. At an early age, John was sent to the village schools. Even at this time he gave promise of his subsequent brilliant career. His assiduity in study and his quickness in acquiring knowledge commended him in a special manner to his teachers. His piety was not less remarkable than his studiousness. While naturally gay and fond of the sports of boyhood, he possessed a wonderful degree of self-control, a rare love of the things of God, an open hand and a generous heart that beat in quick sympathy with the poor of Christ. To these gifts was joined a virginal purity of soul. Brought up in the saving atmosphere of a thoroughly Catholic canton, far from the blighting influence of a large city, faith took such deep root in his soul that, ever after, in his subsequent life, amid heretics and infidels, it made him victorious in every encounter. The love of good was instilled into his young heart in such a way as to make him proof against all the temptations of later life.

Even at the early age of eight, he gave signs of the destiny towards which the hand of God was guiding him. He used to relate with a merry laugh, that at this period of his life, all his leisure moments were employed in building little altars, singing Mass and Vespers, and preaching soul-stirring discourses to a vast congregation composed of beings no more vital than the listening oaks and contrite willows of his native forests.

Having finished the course at the schools of La Roche, he was sent, at about the age of twelve, to the famous college at Fribourg. Here he passed successively through the course of grammar, humanities, rhetoric and philosophy. An old school friend of Father Bapst's, who still survives, has recently written concerning this stage of his life: "John Bapst was ever regarded as one of the most brilliant and,



withal, thorough students in his various classes, especially in philosophy."

The course of philosophy at St. Michael's lasted two years; but such was Father Bapst's eagerness to be enrolled among the sons of St. Ignatius, that he could not await the completion of his philosophy, but, at the close of the first year, applied for admission into the Society. He was received into the novitiate at Estavayer-le-lac (Stäfs), canton of Fribourg, September 30th, 1835. The late Father Enders, who had entered the same novitiate a year previous to Father Bapst's coming, relates the impression he created on his arrival: "He was then nineteen years of age, and possessed a really noble countenance, at once handsome and betokening a wonderful candor. He won all hearts from the very start." At the end of his first year of probation, the novitiate was transferred to Brigg. Father Bapst ever recalled these days of his noviceship as the happiest of his life. He was esteemed as one of the fervent among the novices, while his piety was ever free from all evanescent sentimentalism. His was a manly piety, a piety not unmingled with a religious gaiety, springing from a deeply religious soul, and growing in vigor as years went on, until it made itself felt in his subsequent masterly direction of the interior life of many religious souls.

The year following Fr. Bapst's entrance into the novitiate, his brother Joseph, his senior by two years, went to join him at Brigg. Joseph Bapst was an edifying novice. After taking his vows, he was engaged for a number of years as teacher in the College of St. Michael. He was an excellent religious, but was a prey to torturing scruples. He could not be persuaded to assume the responsibility of the priesthood, and, as a consequence, was obliged to leave the Society, after a religious life of twelve years. His departure caused great grief to Fr. Bapst's brotherly heart. Joseph had received minor orders, and, until his death in 1883, wore the dress of an ecclesiastic. He continued to hold the chair of philosophy at St. Michael's College even after the expulsion of the Society from Switzerland in 1847, and eventually became its rector, following in all things, as far as he could, the traditions of the Society, for which he ever retained a filial love.

In Sept. 1837, at the end of his noviceship, Father Bapst was sent to the scholasticate at Fribourg, to pursue his philosophy for two years. After completing his course of philosophy he studied rhetoric for a year. In 1840 he began his professorship at St. Michael's, his *alma mater*. Here he taught for three years, of which the first was devoted to the

upper class of rudiments, the other two, to the class of third grammar. "Though not possessed of a commanding presence, and destitute of any great personal authority," writes a companion of those days, "he was able by his religious self-control, his engaging piety, as well as his marvellous prudence and tact, to obtain and keep perfect control of his class—no easy task, as the class numbered from fifty to sixty scholars. During the last year of his teaching he had among his associates the Very Rev. Father Anderledy, now General of the Society.

He entered upon the study of theology in 1843, and, during his four years' course, showed that herein lay his forte.

During his first year of theology, Fr. Bapst suffered a severe blow in the loss of his younger brother Abel, who died while still a student at St. Michael's. Among his fellow students was the venerable Father Charles Billet, a cherished friend of Fr. Bapst, to whom, as well as to Brother Adolph Kraus, of Exaeten, Holland, we are deeply indebted for much valuable information with reference to Father Bapst's early career.

On the thirty-first day of December, 1846, Father Bapst, then in his third year of theology, had the great happiness of receiving the order of priesthood at the hands of the Right Reverend Stephen Marilley, Bishop of the diocese of Lausanne, Switzerland. On New-Year's day, 1847, Fr. Bapst, with tender devotion and unbounded spiritual joy, which manifested itself in his frank, open countenance, offered for the first time the holy sacrifice.

At the urgent recommendation of the noble-minded councilman Joseph Leu of Ebersol, the Jesuits, who had established themselves in Fribourg in 1818, and in Schwyz in 1836, were, by a decree of the council of Lucerne, passed Oct. 24th 1844, invited to Lucerne. This excited the indignation of the radicals, who organized a volunteer army for the overthrow of the "domination of the Jesuits" in Lucerne. Their attacks were especially directed against the noble councilman, whose assassination they procured, and in November, 1847, with the help of the reformed cantons, they commenced a warfare against the Catholic Sonderbund (separate alliance of the Catholic cantons), which ended in the expulsion of the Jesuits from Switzerland.

Fr. Bapst was sent to France to make at Notre Dame d'Ay his third year of probation under the enlightened direction of Fr. Fouillot, who ever afterwards retained a cherished place in his heart.

In the early part of May, 1848, when his tertianship was drawing to a close, he was hurriedly summoned one after-

noon to the room of the Father Instructor, who communicated to him the order of the Reverend Provincial, Father Minoux, directing him to proceed at once to Antwerp, there to take steamer for America. Father Bapst was stunned by the unexpected news, and was greatly distressed. He was unable to hide his grief; tears sprang to his eyes, and he felt powerless to restrain their flow. His fellow-tertians, on his return to their midst, noticed his great emotion and eagerly inquired its cause. "I am ordered to America" he said in broken accents, "and I have never thought of that land. I do not believe I was ever made for the missions." His sympathizing brethren, to whom he had greatly endeared himself, had often heard him express the natural repugnance he felt for the foreign missions, and were not surprised at the agitation he manifested. They knew, too, how keenly his affectionate heart would feel the wide separation from his native land, so passionately loved by every true Swiss. "Write then," they urged him, "to Rev. Father Provincial, manifest to him your repugnance for the missions, and he will not hesitate to change your destination." "Oh! I will take care never to pursue such a course;" he bravely replied, "I did not ask to go, but my superior sends me; I obey. May the holy will of God be done!" He bade farewell to his brethren and proceeded without delay to Antwerp, where he met forty other members of the province, bound like himself for the great republic of the West. Among them was V. Rev. Fr. Anderledy, who afterwards labored on the missions in Wisconsin. The poor exiles, on their arrival in New York towards the end of May, 1848, were received with open arms by Fr. Ignatius Brocard, formerly Provincial of Switzerland, then the Provincial of the Maryland Province, and by their American brethren of the New York Mission.

Some of their number were destined for the West, others were reserved to toil in the province of Maryland. Among the latter was Father Bapst. Soon after his arrival, while still totally unacquainted with the language and customs of his adopted country, he was sent by Fr. Brocard to the Indian Mission at Old Town, Maine, which had been, for nearly twenty years, deprived of the ministrations of a priest. His journey thither and his first labors in that wild region are best described by himself in a beautiful letter addressed to his beloved friend and constant adviser, the venerable Fr. Joseph Duverney, who died the death of the just at Frederick ten years ago. Here is a translation of the letter, originally written in French:—

OLD TOWN, June 10th, 1850.

TO REV. JOS. DUVERNEY, S. J.,

*My Reverend and very dear Father,*

P. C.

I have received the letter which you were kind enough to write in reply to the difficulties which I had put you. I know not how to thank you for it. This dissertation so lucid, has cleared up all my doubts. I was well aware that between Protestants of good faith and ourselves, everything might be reduced to this point—the proof of the insufficiency of private interpretation and the infallibility of the Church; but whilst I had sufficient skill not to let myself be dishonored in the combat, I was not always skillful enough to win a complete victory; never having gone to the bottom of the question, I maintained the truth, but found it hard to bring conviction to the mind. I shall now enter upon the campaign with greater security . . . I await with impatience the remainder of that dissertation and the answer to the other questions which I have sent you. I have other doubts of no less importance to propose. I shall make ample use of the freedom which in your ingenious charity you have been pleased to allow me.

In return, since you are good enough to say that a full account of my mission would interest you, I shall relate in detail the most edifying things that have happened since my sojourn on this solitary island in the midst of savages. I shall speak of good and ill with all that sincerity which friendship demands; but Your Reverence must know in advance that most of the facts that I am going to write, I have already related in letters which I have sent either to Europe or to Georgetown.

I must not then begin my account *ab ovo*, still, a remarkable thing that preceded my setting out for America must not be passed over in silence. After the unfortunate events that cast upon a strange land all the Jesuits of our province, I was sent by Rev. Fr. Minoux to Notre Dame d'Ay, there to make my third year. Never, up to that time, had I had a thought of becoming a missionary. One night, some time after the long retreat, I had a singular dream: I saw in my sleep a people who were not fashioned as other peoples; their color, above all, struck me; they were not negroes, and still, they did not resemble the whites. At the same time a voice told me distinctly that on the morrow I should set out to go and live among these strange men that I saw before me. The next morning my dream was still perfectly present to my mind; I was most eager to tell it in recreation, not neglecting to remind them that I must be off that very same day. All the fathers began to laugh; for they knew my repugnance for the foreign missions. Wonderful to relate, the same day at 3 P. M. a letter came from Rev. Fr. Minoux, bidding some of us to start immediately for the missions beyond the sea. At six o'clock that day I was on my way to America.

I shall not describe here our long and tiresome voyage. Having reached New York we were met by Rev. Fr. Brocard, who came to receive the Swiss exiles. He offered me the mission among the Indians at Old Town; I accepted it, not without some disappointment. Having embraced for the last time the companions whom Providence had brought with me to America, with Fr. Eck I boarded a steamer bound for Boston. Carried along by the steam we arrived at that city in an incredibly short time. After some days of rest there, I had finally to part with the last friend that remained to me in this world. Alone then I went aboard the steamboat, and in two days reached my destination—Old Town. When I beheld my new home for the first time, my heart began to beat in a wonderful way. I stepped into a canoe to cross the river that separated me from my island. The Indians who had been informed of my arrival, had prepared a brilliant reception for me. The moment I was descried upon the river, all assembled at the spot where I was to land; when I put my foot on

the island, the noise of cannon announced the arrival of the missionary; a large flag was dipped in his honor; the ringing of the bells, long silent, announced to the tribe a day of rejoicing. Soon the Indians surrounded me with great respect and welcomed me after their own peculiar fashion. I had no sooner set my eyes on these savages than to my astonishment I recognized the very men whom I had seen in my dream at Notre Dame d'Ay. They led me first to the church, where, after a hymn of thanksgiving, I wished to address them a few words in French; but I soon saw that no one understood me. At length they brought me to the house intended for my use. When I saw myself alone on that wild island, three thousand leagues from my country, my heart still sad with the thoughts which overpowered me when I broke the ties that bound me to parents and friends, then for the first time I realized the full import of the sacrifice I had made. I wished to talk with the Indians but it was impossible to make myself understood; still the expression of good will which they manifested finally touched me. The next day I had the good fortune of saying Mass for the first time upon my island; at the end of a few days I began really to understand my situation; I had found an Indian that spoke French.

They assigned to me as an attendant the daughter of a great chief. She is really accomplished, and is well able to take care of a priest's house. Some time after my arrival she came into my room to put it in order. After some moments she turned towards me and said: "Father, I have something to tell you."—"Well, speak it out."—"I believe that I shall be saved," she exclaimed. I began to laugh, and asked her why she said that. "This is my reason, Father; some time before your arrival when no one as yet spoke of you, nor knew of your coming, I saw one night, whilst sleeping peacefully, two priests come to our island, and at the same time I heard a voice that said to me: 'Go, tend them in their house, and if you do it as you should, you shall be saved.' Some time thereafter," she added, "you came; and without my speaking to any one of my dream, the Indians chose me to take care of your house." Finally she asked me what I thought of the whole affair.

The mission of Old Town was founded by a father of the old Society, Fr. Rasle. After he had converted the savages of Maine, and had devoted himself to their service during more than twenty years, at the cost of immense sacrifices and incredible privations, he was at last butchered by the Protestants at the foot of a cross which he himself had erected. This tribe continued to be directed by our fathers until the suppression of the Society.

It was on the 7th of August, the anniversary of the re-establishment of the Society that I came in the name of that same Society to take possession anew of that precious inheritance of our ancient fathers, made fruitful, as it has been, by so much blood and so much sweat.

I had imagined on my arrival that all the Indians were still good Catholics, as in the time of our missionaries. But my illusion did not last long. I soon perceived that they had degenerated greatly. During more than twenty years they have been without a priest, and they have lost both faith and morals. The Indians are commonly drunkards by profession; perhaps half of them no longer believe in hell, nor purgatory, nor confession, nor Communion, nor Church, nor fasts, nor abstinence, nor festivals, nor anything else; moreover, they are estranged from each other by such implacable hatred, that they are driven from time to time to the very last excess. When I had recognized the greatness of the evil, I resolved to remedy it. To accomplish this I had to speak to them; so I set myself to study their language with earnestness. Their language which has no analogy to any living tongue, seems, as I told you in my last letter, to be derived from the Hebrew, of which it appeared to be a corruption. This conjecture is confirmed by the opinion of some American historians, who make our Indians descendants of the Jews themselves. However it may be, at the end of some months, I knew enough

of their language to hear confessions, and now not a week passes without my giving the Indians an instruction in their own tongue.

One of the most deplorable vices prevalent among the Indians is drunkenness, and their drunkenness is so much the more mischievous that when they are drunk they become savage again in the full force of the term. When I came to the island, every hut was a tavern, where brandy was either sold or drunk, and where, consequently, they wrangled and fought continually. I leave you to imagine the disorders, the excesses, the miseries that resulted therefrom . . . Serious ills require stringent remedies. Having in a course of instructions in Indian laid bare the crime of drunkenness and its awful consequences in this life and the next, I formed a temperance society; men and women all entered it. Once the society was firmly established, I publicly declared that whoever got drunk in future could not enter the church, until he had asked public pardon for the scandal he had given. The Indian character must be known to understand the great severity of this punishment. They were struck with fear and for a long time I believed that drunkenness had disappeared forever from our favored island. But at last habit, that second nature, got the upper hand. One day they came to tell me that such a one was drunk. It was a critical moment. I sent word to the culprit that if he wished to enter the church he must submit to the rule laid down. The sentence came upon him like a thunderbolt; some of the tribe even muttered threats against me, but I remained immovable. At last after some shifts and a manifestation of incredible repugnance, one Sunday, this proud child of nature was seen to advance with lowly mien to the centre of the church, and there on his knees in presence of a large congregation beg pardon for the scandal he had given. We had other cases like this, but I held firm and soon drinking would have been brought within bounds but for a circumstance of which I shall speak soon, and which has frustrated all my efforts. Unfortunately, drunkenness was not the only vice that prevailed among these Indians whom I had come to evangelize.

For more than twenty years an evil has had sway among them which is probably incurable. I speak of party divisions, which separate them into two hostile camps. These divisions are the result now of hate, now of an old grudge, then again of fights and excesses of all kinds; they have caused more than fifteen priests, who have succeeded each other rapidly upon the island, to abandon this post as untenable, and who had exhausted all possible means of reconciliation; and should I myself be obliged to retire, these divisions will be the cause of it.

Here is the occasion on which these two irreconcilable parties were formed. Twenty years ago, perhaps more, the great chief, without the consent of his savages, sold some of the common tribal land, and even some acres which belonged to individuals; the money he kept for himself and his friends. Infuriated by this act of injustice, half of the savages left him and chose another chief. At that moment the demon of discord fixed his court at Old Town and uninterrupted wars have not ceased to desolate the island. Each year sees these savages quit the woods where they have been on the chase, and run together to Old Town to tear one another to pieces like ferocious beasts. The victorious party having marched over the island for several days, everywhere inspiring terror, finally cuts the mast of the vanquished. With them the mast is the symbol of power, and once cut the party to which the mast belongs is considered vanquished.

Since my coming to Old Town, now close upon two years, I have already assisted at two of these civil wars, "quorum pars magna fui." I shall tell you of the second of these. Some weeks after my arrival I was visited by the great chief of a distant tribe; he had been called to act as mediator between the two parties. The Indians gave him a most worthy reception. In his honor they had a public dance, at which I myself had to assist. Nothing more innocent than this dance. In place of musical instruments of all kinds, they had a small bag filled with lead. An Indian of high

dignity shook the lead for the purpose of making the measure, whilst the others leaped in time, one after the other, and without ever touching one another, and at the same time sent forth a cry intended to lend assistance to the instrument of lead in regulating the measure. At the outset this cry was low and slow; as the dance went on, the cry became higher and quicker, until at length they reached a pitch beyond which it would be impossible for the human voice to go, while the quickness of the cry became extreme. Then they stopped, but only to begin again.

On the morrow the great chief, the mediator, called together the assembly. I assisted, holding a place of honor. After the great chief who presided had presented the letters with which he had been charged by his tribe, and which consist of different emblems, according as one wishes to signify peace or war, friendship or hate, emblems which they pass from hand to hand to all who assist at the assembly; after, I say, the letters had been thus passed around, the great chief made known the object of his visit, which was the reunion of the two parties. After he had ceased to speak the orators of each party spoke in turn. Theirs is a savage eloquence, but I do not believe that in the eloquence of our greatest orators in the national assembly at Paris can there be found anything so natural, strong and just. I was astonished. Their language abounds with figures, and is graceful and delicate. It is nature that speaks, it is true, but nature freed from all the trammels to which overwrought civilization often subjects our greatest orators; it is a robust nature that, unfolding itself like the oak of the forest, is full of life and majesty. Those who represent the Indians as a degenerate race are certainly wrong. Generally their judgment is sounder, their mind more masculine, their character more energetic and their passions stronger than the whites'. After the orators had expended their long eloquence, the great chief, the mediator, gave his decision in favor of the new party. The effect of this decision was that they immediately came to blows. The old party dissatisfied with this adverse decision, and, above all, exasperated by the troubles which the other party had stirred up, swore that they would be avenged, and I was fully convinced that a war of extermination was about to break out. On account of a sufficiently close analogy, I shall call the old party the radicals, and the new, the conservatives. The radicals, then, unable of themselves to bring about an engagement that would issue in victory to themselves, called to their assistance a neighboring tribe. They made their preparation for war, and soon the rumor was bruited about that they were already on the march. After a few days we saw the river covered with canoes carrying a hostile army. Consternation had preceded them at Old Town. Many, not only women and children, but even men, had fled at their approach. While they were coming ashore, a deputation from the conservative party hurried to tell me to close the church to these strangers, who had come to lay waste the island. I answered that I closed the door of the church on the excommunicated only, and that the old party and their allies had not as yet been excommunicated. Hardly had they left, when a committee from the radicals entered my room; they came to beg me to go before their friends to the river-bank. I replied, that the priest received his parishioners only at the church. Still, they disembarked peacefully enough.

The first days were spent by the radicals, the far stronger party, in feasting, dancing and debauch. During this time, both parties kept sending me deputation after deputation, to induce me to announce myself in their favor. They attach sovereign importance to the opinion of the priest, whose authority, notwithstanding their caprice, is always of great weight among them. My answer was always invariably the same: "I am of no party; I am the priest of one as well as of the other; I have not come here from so great a distance except to save your souls." I knew that should I declare for one party, I would alienate the other forever. Still, the radicals, who were more numerous, were not satisfied with my neutrality. I saw that the moment was at hand when they would say: "He that is not for me is against me." To keep the independence so necessary

to my position, see what I did. I called them all together at the church. After I had explained to them the guilt and the atrocity of the discord which divided them, I asked them if they still wished for war. All answered: "We desire peace." "Then," said I, "you must arrange things amicably." "What concessions?" they asked me. "Throw down your two masts, depose your two chiefs and choose in their place the one who can command a plurality of votes." Both parties replied: "We cannot accept these conditions." I had foreseen this; and thinking only of how to take advantage of their reply to regain the independence of which I had so great need, I spoke to them thus: "Since you do not wish to follow the advice of the priest, and wish only to prolong your hate and your divisions, so let it be; but don't put your foot in my chamber again to consult me about party affairs; for the future I shall content myself with fulfilling in your regard the duties of my ministry; and since you do not wish to listen to me, you shall answer before God for the evils you are about to cause." Having broken off thus abruptly, I left without further ceremony.

From that moment I was left perfectly tranquil. But immediately the radicals began to dictate as masters. They summoned the remnant of the conservative party to a conference. The latter knowing well that in such a conference, the stronger party would have irresistible arguments, stubbornly refused to attend. Then the radicals sent for an American magistrate, whom they had gained over, and through him again summoned the conservatives to be present at the conference. The conservatives sent a refusal, even more decided than the first; then the radicals, pronouncing them contumacious, made the magistrate declare that the new party had forfeited all rights. This was not yet enough, they must pull down the mast of the fallen party. To insure success they determined to intimidate the conservatives. Mysterious reports were bruited abroad. They said that they would put all to fire and the sword; that they would burn all the houses of the conservatives, and cut down all that resisted. When all was consternation, they resolved to strike the last blow; they fixed upon the day when the ill-fated mast was to be cut up. Heretofore, even the most hardened had pretended to respect the priest; but passions were aroused to such a pitch that I saw well that all was lost; some insults that they had offered me, the many menaces that were sent me, and numerous warnings that I received from the Canadians, as well as the Americans, gave me to understand what to expect from the Indians. Not being able to avert the storm, I let it take its course. At last came the fatal day, on which the mast was to fall. The conservatives gave over a useless defence. At the hour appointed, all the radicals assembled in the public square. They marched to the place where the condemned mast was standing. They formed a circle, enclosing it entirely, and then amid the firing of cannon and internal music the sappers armed with axes, began the work of cutting it up. When at last they saw it fall, a thunder of applause and curses rent the air. They dragged it to the public square; there they heaped upon it all kinds of indignities and curses. A frenzied orator made a wild speech, which I could not follow. Then, amid the booming of cannon, the fall of the new party was publicly and solemnly proclaimed. After this the radicals, ranged in order of battle, marched around the whole island, as if taking possession. A dance ended this glorious day.

I thought that it was all over, when the next morning a deputation made up of the principal chiefs of the victorious party waited upon me. After some moments of silence the speaker of the party began in these terms: "Now that without spilling a drop of blood we have pacified the island, that this peace may be lasting, we come to invite you to bless our mast, the only lawful one, and to pronounce before this mast a discourse by which you, the priest, promise to use all your endeavors to defend it and to oppose with all your might the setting up of a new mast. It is the only means of making the peace firm." Then, as if the whole affair could offer no possible difficulty, they wished to settle the hour for



the carrying out of this ceremony. To accept their proposition was to abandon the conquered and declare for the victors. But I could not in conscience abandon the conservative party that they had just crushed; for the conservatives had called the priest to the island, and almost exclusively supported him. But, on the other hand, it was dangerous to resist a victorious party in the flush of triumph. What was I to do? It was impossible to evade a direct reply, my savages were before me, anxiously waiting. Here is the answer I made: "I do not object to bless your mast, and deliver the discourse which you demand; but such a step requires the authorization of the bishop; if you wish, I shall write to his Lordship and if he allow it, I shall be most eager to comply with your request." These words fell like a thunderbolt; in a flash they saw at once the justice and full import of my words. They stuttered and stammered in bringing forth their objections, but I held firm; and there the affair rested. The following day the government agent gave the visiting Indians an order to leave the island at once; it was executed without delay, and soon calm began to reappear.

When the conservatives had recovered from their fright and had seen the strangers depart, they resolved unanimously to set up again the mast so ignominiously cast down. This was accomplished peacefully enough; for the radicals, no longer supported by their allies, were not in a condition to offer resistance. Still, these two masts were perpetual sources of hate and strife. I did my best to prevail upon the more moderate of the two parties to do away with the two masts — the causes of so much trouble. During my absence, the Indians themselves, tired of such disastrous divisions, decided to cut the two masts and to put up one in their place. On my return I found the two parties reunited and a new mast standing in the place formerly occupied by that of the radicals. But I soon saw that the peace was but a smoothing of the surface, and that the new mast would before long be the occasion of new difficulties. After a conference on this subject with the bishop, we decided to induce the Indians to cut down this new mast, too; his Lordship was to come to Old-Town to give confirmation. I had a large and beautiful cross made. The bishop himself proposed to the Indians to pull down the mast and put in its place the symbol of peace and salvation. On the arms of the cross were written in large characters these words of the Gospel "*Rogo ut omnes unum sint.*" All the Indians welcomed the proposal of his Lordship except four, and they had refused to attend the meeting. They determined upon the moment when, in presence of the bishop, the mast should be cut to pieces. When all was ready and the whole people reunited around the mast, the four refractory Indians ran up and protested with all their energy against the proposed step. The other Indians took no heed of their protestations and began to cut the mast; then these four furious with rage surround the mast, clasp it tightly in their embrace; as the others continue to strike at it with their axes, the four cry out that they shall cut the mast only after having cut their bodies in pieces. Unhappily these four were men of very great influence, and it was evident that their example was working its effect; to prevent an inevitable conflict the bishop ordered the other Indians to retire immediately. The effort was abortive; victory was on the side of revolt. But divine Providence had not lost its rights.

Hardly had the bishop quitted Old Town than the cholera, having made the tour of America, fell upon our island as upon a prey abandoned to its pleasures. Its ravages were terrible: within a few days more than twenty persons were carried off. To escape the plague the Indians, from the very beginning, had fled in all directions; still, many were overtaken by death whilst fleeing. All that remained upon the island, with the exception of three, were successively attacked by the epidemic. During fifteen days our island presented a most horrible sight. I myself counted in one hut as many as fifteen sick persons, heaped one on the other upon a little straw, which, indeed, had become rather filthy litter than straw; in their midst were two dead bodies; I could hear only the death rattle,

and the cries of those whom cramps and the most frightful convulsions were torturing. The infection was such that the passer by on entering, or even approaching, a house began to grow faint. To take care of all these sick people there was a small girl of twelve or thirteen and some relatives who, in their fright, made only momentary visits from time to time. I was fortunate enough to save all the sick, except one woman, from dying without the sacraments. Soon the epidemic spread to the whites; at Bangor, where the ravages of the plague were great, the parish priest, after incredible exertions, was finally attacked and had to take to his bed; so that, for some days, I found myself in sole charge of all the sick within a radius of ten miles. It would be difficult for you, Reverend Father, to form an idea of the sad position of a priest, left thus alone in such circumstances. Day and night, without intermission, he has death before his eyes. Around him he sees but terror and consternation. The one whom he has left in good health in the evening, he sees the next day dead or dying; and knowing that he himself is not immortal, he expects momentarily to be attacked by the plague and to die without priest, without sacrament, without friend, perhaps without any human aid. But, as you see, I escaped. A singular thing occurred at this time. They had offered, in vain, prayers of all kinds to obtain the cessation of this terrible plague. One night, the sister of the cholera's first victim had a dream, in which she saw the cause of the cholera and of all the ravages which it had made; it was the mast which they had not yet cut up. She had hardly related her dream when two Indians went and cut down the mast. At the time there was no protest, but when the cholera had disappeared the four recalcitrants, of whom I spoke above, together with the large following which they had now gained over, came again to make their protestation, and now things have come to such a pass that it has become an affair of state. They are determined to put up another mast on the Fourth of July, the anniversary of American Independence. It will be the occasion of fresh troubles. For, on the one hand, the bishop is determined to use vigorous measures with those who fear not to despise his authority; and, on the other, I do not believe that the haughty self-will of the Indians will draw back through fear of the judgments of God and the threats of the Church.

These radicals speak of the bishop, the priest and even of religion with the utmost contempt. This is not all. Having heard that I wished to establish a Catholic school on the island, solely to cross me, they have sent a messenger to the government to demand a Protestant school; and as the council of Augusta is almost entirely made up of Protestant ministers, it is probable that the Protestant school will be established, and then all is lost for the Indians.

So, Reverend Father, after two years of sacrifice and devoted labor I am about to witness the destruction of this mission, founded amid so many hardships by our ancient fathers and given back to the Society by the Holy See at the instance of the Fathers assembled in council at Baltimore. And I do not hesitate to predict that, if we abandon it, this sad island will soon contain but a few scattered relics of the Catholic religion.

I told you above that I had succeeded in driving out drunkenness from among us by the establishment of a temperance society, but that an unforeseen circumstance had spoiled all. This untoward event was the cholera. On the appearance of this scourge, the physician said that strong drinks were a good remedy against the epidemic; so I was obliged to recall the decree that I had made; and, since then, drunkenness has become more prevalent than ever. If, then, I wish to convert the Indians, I must make these habitual drunkards promise once more to give up all intoxicating liquor entirely. I can assure you that this time it will not be easy. Having banished drunkenness, it will be necessary to overcome party spirit, the source of so much hate and bitterness. This is not all, either. During the period of above twenty years that the Indians have been without a priest, they have lost their faith; continually in contact with Protestants, who make use of every occasion to instil into their

minds the poison of their errors, the Indians are too credulous and too ignorant to distinguish the true from the false; finally, without knowing it, they become Protestants, and reject one after another all the positive articles of our faith. I must then instruct them once more, and revive the faith, dying in their hearts. But to work such a miracle, what signifies one man, who is ignorant of English and expresses himself only with great difficulty in their language! Happily I have with me Mr. Force, who, with the exception of the priestly character, which he has not yet received, has all that is necessary for success in this mission. If Rev. Fr. Provincial will leave him with me, I shall not despair of overcoming, with God's aid, all these difficulties, and shall even indulge the hope of seeing religion and virtue flourish once more on the island, and of seeing renewed amongst us the wonders of the Reductions of Paraguay, where the missionary was the father of his people.

The Indians of Old Town are but the smallest part of our mission; our glory and consolation are the stations among the Irish and Canadians, scattered over the whole extent of the state of Maine, with whose care we are charged.

In my next letter I shall speak of these different stations and the missions which I have given there. I shall make you partaker of the well-founded hopes which I have for the future of religion in these northern regions of the Union; I hope that an account of these apostolic excursions will interest you more than the monotonous recital of the wars and miseries of my Indians.

This evening I start for Boston, whither Rev. Fr. Provincial calls me. On my return I shall take up again my unfinished narrative; and I hope to find here the rest of the dissertation that you have so willingly promised to send me. I am so busy, my mind is so preoccupied that I do not know how I have written this letter. I beg you to excuse the many slips which it may contain. I have not even time to re-read it.

Pray for me, Reverend Father, and be assured of the love and religious regard of your ever devoted brother in Jesus Christ,

J. BAPST, S. J.

*(To be continued.)*

## MISSIONARY LABORS.

During the Christmas holidays, the missionary band came home to rest for a few days. Some had not been in their own rooms since the previous August. While here, Fr. McCarthy lectured on Education, for the Redemptorists, who are building a large parochial school. The papers speak of it as "Rome's first gun"—"the Catholic school battery unmasked"—"our public institutions threatened," etc. All interested took sides, and many lukewarm Catholics were converted. The president of Harvard College scandalized Puritanism by his desertion to our ranks. Catholics demanded citizens' rights; the legislature appointed committees; their report was our virtual victory. Excellent parochial schools are being built that threaten to make the magnificent structures erected by the state, mere monuments of bad laws. Others of the band "occupied" various pulpits; after which preliminary exercises, we started out on our regular work, three to Little Falls and three to Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

During the mission at Poughkeepsie the cold was intense, being one day ten below zero; and it seemed lower still in the basement of the church about 5 A. M. At Vassar College, outside the city, the maiden observers recorded twenty-six below. Poughkeepsie is an old Dutch town. The Vassar family, by diligent brewing of good ale, became wealthy, and lavished their wealth on their native town. Streets, schools, college, hospital, are called Vassar; at every turn there is evidence of the excellency of their ale; and, to this day, the inhabitants testify to the same by frequent recurrence to the liquid itself. The Catholic schools are public schools, taught by salaried Sisters. The parish priest marched about a thousand children to the public school, one day, and demanded place for them. The selectmen were in a dilemma; to accommodate that number they would have to build a new school; but if they built a new school they knew the children would not be sent to it, as they had a fine parochial school, fully equipped; so they were forced to make the Catholic school a public school. We visited Vassar College and were surprised at the numerous modern scientific opportunities, and edified at the *apparent* restraint of curiosity and the silence observed by some. There is a

bridge building here to cross the Hudson ; it is wonderful in its seemingly dangerous height and spider-like architecture. It will be one of the longest and highest railroad bridges in the country.

At Little Falls, Frs. McCarthy, McDonald and Byrnes had 2145 confessions ; we had 2280 confessions, 41 prepared for confirmation, 22 for first Communion and 4 converts.

At Biddeford, Me., Frs. MacDonald and McDonald had very hard work. Besides about 2000 confessions, there were 100 prepared for confirmation, 51 for first Communion and 14 converts. The class of instruction is always a great worry and strain on the conscience of the teacher. When one has grown up without the sacraments, or, perhaps, any religion at all, there is an awful fog-bank of ignorance and indifference to be gotten out of ; the missionary must work hard and the grace of God must be at flood tide. Some of the most doubtful cases are men brought by the girls to whom they are about to be married. Put the girl out of the question and it seems like putting out the light of both faith and reason. "Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book ; he hath not eat paper, as it were ; he hath not drunk ink ; his intellect is not replenished ; he is only an animal ; only sensible in the duller part ;"—this would be an appropriate introduction for some. Fr. McDonald tells of one notable exception, where a German, only nine months in the country, had been taught in English, by the girl that brought him, all the prayers and catechism perfectly ; and when Fr. McDonald says "perfectly," he does not mean "indifferently well."

Fr. Langcake, at South Berwick, Me., had 365 confessions, 35 prepared for first Communion and 7 converts. Fr. McCarthy, at Castle Garden and Governor's Island, had 563 confessions. Frs. Byrnes and Himmel, at Matteawan, N. Y., had 1300 confessions, 12 prepared for first Communion and 1 convert.

On Feb. 19th, we began our Lenten work. Twenty-four men were engaged in these missions, 18 of these were tertians ; sufficient to inoculate the whole country with their salutary fever. Imagine the effect when their efforts were confined to the New England and Middle states. To praise their work sufficiently would be to shock their modesty. Suffice it to say, they alone heard 33,728 confessions, which is only a circumstance indicative of the incalculable good done by their prayers and exhortations.

At the Immaculate Conception, N. Y., Frs. McCarthy, Brandi, Dooley and Tynan gave the most important mis-

sion of the Lenten series. It lasted one month; 10,000 confessions were heard.

At Salem, Mass., Frs. MacDonald, Richards, Coleman and Klein bewitched the old town of unsavory memory. Cotton Mather must have turned uneasily in his grave, had he known of this Jesuit invasion of his old stamping ground; 4680 confessions were heard, 107 confirmed and 7 baptized.<sup>(1)</sup> Throngs of people are often spoken of at missions: here, at the closing exercises, the collectors found it impossible to reach certain parts of the church. Those experienced in parish work, and remembering the zeal of collectors with the eye of the pastor upon them, can appreciate what a crowd this means.

Frs. M. McDonald, Wallace, Chester and Ziegler were at St. Mary's, Providence. There is a mission given here yearly and one might suppose it necessary to seek sinners with the lantern, but the number of confessions, 6690, surpassed any previous record, to the surprise of residents and consolation of the missionaries; 183 were confirmed, 11 baptized and 40 left under instruction for 1st Communion.

At St. Mary's, Oswego, N. Y., Frs. Langcake, Scully, Quin and Rapp had 2400 confessions and 157 confirmed. This was the most distant mission of the season. *Quam speciosi pedes evangelizantium pacem.*

At New Haven, Conn., Frs. Byrnes, O'Brien and Daly gave a very successful mission; 4200 confessions, 3 baptized and 35 prepared for 1st Communion. Whilst there, they exchanged amenities with the resident Dominicans, great mission-givers also in these parts. They have one advantage in their toga-like habit, the graceful undulations of which, at the simplest gesture, are as impressive for the common people as an oratorical period from the unadorned Jesuit.

At Haverhill, Mass., Frs. Himmel, Quill and Gunn had 3500 confessions; at Hingham, Mass., Frs. McElhinney and Fox had 801 confessions in one week. From here Fr. McElhinney went to Georgetown, Mass., about six miles from Haverhill, whence we heard rumors of great success. A retreat for men was begun by Fr. McCarthy, at Lowell, Mass., and finished by Fr. McElhinney; 2500 confessions were heard. About this time, Fr. McCarthy seems to be ubiquitous; now at Lowell, then, between same dates, in N. Y. (14th St.), again at St. Monica's, N. Y., and before the close of that mission at Newark, N. J. This is not a case of trilocation nor anachronism, but what we technically call

<sup>(1)</sup> Whenever baptism, confirmation, etc., are mentioned, understand adults.

overlapping; an arrangement by which one man begins a mission and ends it and begins another on the same day; or one begins two or three missions in succession and another ends them in similar succession, assisting each other during the week and separating at the beginnings and endings; a beautiful process, much less complicated in practice than expression, by which a man can work right along for an indefinite period without occasion for rest.

March 11th.—At St. Monica's N. Y., Frs. McCarthy, Byrnes, Brandi, Daly, Tynan, Richards, and O'Brien heard 8000 confessions. The figure is flattering to the missionaries, considering the proximity of our church, St. Lawrence, where Fr. McTammany was attracting great crowds, at the same time, by his eloquent Lenten conferences.

At Spencer, Mass., Frs. Langcake, Coleman and Quin heard 1400 confessions and prepared 6 for 1st Communion. Spencer is renowned for giving the Society a novice-master.

At Cambridge, Mass., St. Paul's Church, Frs. R. MacDonald and Klein had 3089 confessions, 174 for confirmation, 110 for 1st Communion and 3 converts; and this in the very shadow of the walls of Harvard College, and in a church originally Unitarian, possibly the very one Holmes sang of fifty years ago, as

*Our ancient church! its lowly tower,  
Beneath the loftier spire, . . . . .  
Like sentinel and nun . . . . .*

Then Catholicism was a speculation for Harvard students, now a Jesuit missionary waxes eloquent before a Catholic congregation, within a stone's throw of the centre of Unitarianism. A few years ago, a Holy Cross College boy led the Harvard law school, *facile princeps*.

At St. Mary's, Grand St., N. Y., Frs. M. McDonald and Wallace did the hardest work of the season. It was called an annual retreat, but in reality was a regular mission, conducted by two men where there should have been four. They had 4900 confessions.

At Baltimore, St. Joseph's Church, Frs. Himmel, Fox and Ziegler had 2080 confessions, 9 for confirmation and 2 baptized. On the feast of St. Joseph, the Cardinal administered confirmation and was present with about twenty-five of the clergy at solemn High Mass. Fr. Fox preached a learned and eloquent panegyric.

At the Cathedral, Albany, Frs. Byrnes and Scully gave a week's retreat for men: they had 1100 confessions, and acted as deacons of honor on Palm Sunday. At our church,

Providence, Frs. Langcake and Tynan gave a retreat during Holy Week; they had 2100 confessions.

At the church of St. Catherine of Genoa, 155th St., N. Y., Frs. Quill and Chester had 1600 confessions, prepared 19 for confirmation, made 1 convert. Shortly after the mission (*post hoc*) the parish priest was offered \$60,000 to build a new church.

During Holy Week, Frs. R. MacDonald and M. McDonald were at Arlington, Mass. Though two had given a mission there the same time last year, the confessions were comparatively more numerous. They had 1602 in one week; last year, 1660 in two weeks.

At St. Columba's, Newark, N. J., Frs. McCarthy, Tynan, Quill and Dooley gave a two weeks' mission the latter part of Lent. The pastor, by actual count, numbered 1200 souls in his parish, at the mission 1700 confessions were heard.

Fr. Gunn gave a retreat for men in Holy Name parish, New York, and had 700 confessions.

Frs. McElhinney and Daly gave a renewal of the mission of Lent '87 in St. Joseph's, Philadelphia. Fr. Morgan, an ex-missionary, expressed himself more than satisfied with the result.—High praise coming from such authority!

Fr. Brandi gave a triduum to the convent girls at Manhattanville. Those with him say it was with regret they saw him detailed to cater to the spiritual appetite of the innocent when his help was so valuable in the harvest of ripe old sinners.

Fr. Quin's Holy Week labor at Dobb's Ferry deserves special mention, his sermons on Good Friday and Easter Sunday roused the neighborhood.

Up to date we have given more missions this year than any previous year in the history of the province, and our time is already well filled up in advance for next year.

H.

#### MISSION FOR THE ITALIANS IN NEW YORK.

In the parish of the Transfiguration, New York City, there are, according to the pastor, Rev. Thomas F. Lynch, at least 4000 resident Italians, not counting the many who live in the neighborhood, and the floating population of immigrants, whose number is steadily on the increase. Fr. Lynch has two Italian priests exclusively occupied with the Italians. On Sundays the basement of the church is given up to the Italian Catholics; four Masses are said for them; Vespers are held, etc. Though there are in the city two Italian churches, still it seems that neither is frequented by as many



Italians as the church of the Transfiguration. This fact suggested the idea of giving a second Italian mission in this church, the first having been given two years ago by some Passionist Fathers.

Our mission was very successful indeed, and proved how inexact was the account given in the April number of a well known Catholic magazine, of the religious dispositions of most of the Italians in New York. The mission lasted only one week—Easter week—too short a time for the needs of the people; nevertheless, more than 2500 confessions of Italians were heard. We cannot give the exact number, since the two Italian priests attached to the church helped our fathers in hearing them.

All the usual exercises of the mission were given, and at all of them the church was filled with people, particularly in the evening. It was very consoling to witness the eagerness with which the people, from the very first day, approached the sacraments. Many also were the returns to God. The success, indeed, was so marked that the zealous pastor, who is really interested in the spiritual welfare of the Italians, has resolved to have a similar, or longer, mission given to his Italians every year. FF. Cardella, Degni and Massi gave the mission.

The Archbishop is very solicitous for the spiritual welfare of the Italians, who have been heretofore rather neglected. Good missionary priests will not be wanting, since the bishop of Piacenza has offered to furnish them.

A report has reached us that another Italian mission is to be given by Ours next July in the church of the Immaculate Conception, New York City. C.

#### MISSION AT URBANA, FREDERICK CO., MD.

A short mission of four days was given by Frs. Brandi and Dooley at Urbana, Frederick Co., Md. The exercises began on Wednesday evening, May 23rd. As most of the congregation lived far away from the church, it was useless to expect attendance at 9 A. M. and 3 P. M., and consequently the exercises usual at these hours were omitted. The evening exercises usually lasted two hours, from 7 to 9, consisting of instruction, beads, sermon, and Benediction. In the morning, Mass began at 5.30, followed by an instruction on the commandments. Considering the rainy weather, the condition of the county roads, almost impassable with mud, and the distances which most had to travel, the congregation assembled in larger numbers than could have been

expected. The church was crowded every evening, and all listened with the closest attention.

The mission was closed on Sunday afternoon by Father Rector, who, arriving unexpectedly, was induced to give the papal blessing. We were informed that the entire adult population of the parish, one man excepted, had approached the sacraments. There were four or five who had not been to church or sacraments for many years. To perpetuate the good done, steps have been taken to put the Apostleship of Prayer in a good working condition. May the Sacred Heart grant that the last and least of the tertians' labors may result in the confirmation of the faith amongst the Catholics, and its spread amongst those who are as yet without the fold.

B.

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### FR. SACHÉ'S GOLDEN JUBILEE.

Fr. Louis Saché is very dear to the hearts of many members of this province, for he was novice-master in the old mission of New York and Canada from 1853 to 1862, and again from 1866 to 1871. On Trinity Sunday this venerable father celebrated the golden jubilee of his priesthood, *les noces d'or*, at Quebec, in the residence of our fathers, founded by him in 1849. At seven o'clock he said a Low Mass in the sodality chapel. At the gospel he turned around and said a few touching words to the faithful assembled, begging them to join their intentions to his, during the holy sacrifice, first, to thank God for the great grace that had been vouchsafed him in being called to the priesthood; secondly, to beg pardon of God for the faults he had committed in the exercise of the sacred ministry; and thirdly, to obtain the grace of making a better use of the few days of life that might yet remain to him. After Mass, he knelt before the Blessed Sacrament, renewed his priestly promises, and then intoned the *Te Deum*. In the meantime the members of the sodality of our Lady had taken up positions around the sanctuary, and Mr. Lemay, Librarian of the legislature, read, in the name of the sodalists, whose director Fr. Saché had been for many years, a magnificent address. Fr. Saché attempted to answer, but was so overcome by emotion that he was barely able to utter the words: "Pray for me."

During the day, the superior, Fr. Désy, received a tele-

gram from Rome couched in the following terms: *Summus Pontifex jubilans Patri Saché jubilanti benedicit.*—CARDINALIS MAZZELLA. Fr. Saché also received affectionate letters of congratulation from a great many of his old novices, among them Rev. Fr. Campbell, our Provincial.

The Cardinal Archbishop, the rector of Laval University, the parish priests of the city and other distinguished ecclesiastics honored Fr. Saché by dining with him and the other fathers at our residence.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the officers of the sodality of St. Roch, whose director Fr. Saché had been at two different times, also presented him a beautiful address. The two sodalities, as well as various religious communities and many citizens, offered him numerous and rich gifts in memory of his jubilee day.

At five o'clock in the evening the religious celebration was concluded with solemn Benediction. The choirs of the two sodalities joined together to furnish the music. Fr. Th. Caisse preached an excellent sermon on "The Church, our Mother"; how we ought to love her, and, in token of our love, surrender to her our minds, our hearts, our tongues, our arms, our all. Fr. Saché, assisted by FF. Charaux and Turgeon, gave Benediction, at which many members of the secular clergy were present, also a goodly number of distinguished laymen, among them Mr. Mercier, the Prime Minister, and two other members of the cabinet.

That our Lord may grant the saintly father the grace of offering up the holy sacrifice still many years, is the earnest prayer of all his old novices.

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Catalogus Sociorum  
Missionis  
AMERICÆ FÆDERATÆ  
SOCIETATIS JESU

Ineunte Anno 1809.

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R. P.

CAROLUS NEALE  
SUPERIOR MISSIONIS  
A Die 9 Dec., 1808.

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IN DISTRICTU COLUMBIÆ  
COLLEGIUM GEORGIOPOLITANUM

- P. Franciscus Neale, *V. Rector, Mag. nov., Proc. Miss., Rector eccles. SS. Trinit., Excurr. ad Alexandriam*  
P. Enoch Fenwick, *Oper., Conf. et conc. in T., Excurr. ad Alexandriam*  
P. Leonardus Edelen, *Oper.*  
P. Petrus Epinette, *Soc. mag. nov., Doc. theol.*

MAGISTRI

Carolus Bowling  
Adamus Marshall, *Aud. theol.*  
Jacobus Redmond  
Michael Magan

} *Nov. a die 10 Oct. 1807*  
*Doc. catech. in T.*

COADJUTORES

Joannes McElroy, *Empt., Adj. proc. miss.*  
Patritius McLaughlin, *Ad omn.*

NOVITII COADJUTORES

Gualterus Barron, *a die 10 Oct. 1807*  
 Laurentius Lynch " " "  
 Josephus Marshall " 6 Dec. "  
 Petrus Kiernan " 7 Jul. 1808  
 Christophorus O'Hare, *a die 11 Jul. 1808*  
 Christianus Simmering " 20 Dec. "

IN STATU NEO-EBORACENSI

RESIDENTIA AD S. PETRI  
 et Collegium Inchoatum  
 New York Literary Institution

P. Antonius Kohlmann, *Sup., Vic. Gen. diœces., Recl. eccles.,  
 Conf. et conc. in T.*  
 P. Benedictus J. Fenwick, *Adj. recl. eccles., Oper., Conf. et  
 conc. in T.*

MAGISTRI

Jacobus Ord  
 Michael White  
 Jacobus Redmond } *Nov. a die 10 Oct. 1807*  
 Jacobus Wallace }  
*Doc. catech. in T.*

IN STATU MARYLANDIÆ

RESIDENTIA AD S. THOMÆ

R. P. CAROLUS NEALE, *Superior Missionis, Dirig. Moniales  
 Montis Carmeli*  
 P. Joannes Henry, *Oper., Excurr.*

RESIDENTIA AD S. IGNATII

P. Carolus Wouters, *Oper.—Nov.*  
 Josephus Mobberly, *Nov. coadj., Empt., Ad omn.*

RESIDENTIA AD NEWPORT

P. Sylvester Boarman, *Oper.*

RESIDENTIA AD NEWTOWN

P. Franciscus Malevé, *Oper., Excurr.*

## IN STATU PENNSYLVANIÆ

## RESIDENTIA PHILADELPHIENSIS

Ad SS. Trinitatis

P. Adamus Britt, *Recł. eccl., Oper.*

## RESIDENTIA LANCASTRIENSIS

Ad S. Mariæ

P. J. Gulielmus Beschter, *Recł. eccl., Oper., Excurr.—Nov.*

Residentia Conewaginis, Goshenhoppenensis, et ad S. Josephi, Philadelphia, in Statu Pennsylvania; et Bohemiensis, Fridericopolitana, Alba Paludana, et ad S. Josephi in comitatu Talbot, in Statu Maryland., propter penuriam Nostrorum, ab aliis sacerdotibus occupantur.

## VITA FUNCTI

Kelly, Thomas, *Nov. schol., 16 Aug. 1808, Coll. Georgiop.*P. Spink, Jacobus, —1808, *Resid. S. Ignatii*R. P. MOLYNEUX, ROBERTUS, 9 Dec. 1808, *Coll. Georgiop.*

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## OBITUARY.

### FR. IGNATIUS BELLWALDER.

Fr. Ignatius Bellwalder was born at Oberwald, Canton Wallis, Switzerland, Feb. 24th, 1814. He made his studies at the college of our fathers at Brigg, in the same canton, where also he entered the Society, Oct. 10th, 1833. In the Society he made his studies at Fribourg and at Brigg, and was for a time professor in Schwyz. He was ordained priest at Fribourg April 10th, 1846, made his tertianship at La Lucerne, France, and then was engaged in the ministry at Brigg.

Upon the expulsion of our fathers from Switzerland he went to Oleggio, Italy, thence to Verona, where he remained for a few months. From Verona he went to Neustift and Gengenbach, Baden, where he worked three years in a parish. He was next sent to Paderborn, Westphalia, where he was minister in the college. During the Franco-German war he was stationed in our residence at Mainz. At the time of his leaving for America he was Superior of the beautiful shrine "Kreuzberg" near Bonn. He arrived at Boston, *via* New York, Aug. 27th, 1867, together with Fr. (now Cardinal) Mazzella and Fr. Nopper, and remained at Boston six months, when he was sent to Conewago, where he remained two years and six months. From Conewago he was called to the German Mission, Buffalo, where he remained eight years, part of the time Superior at St. Ann's. He returned to Boston in Oct., 1878. In 1883, his mind having become impaired, he was obliged to leave Boston; whither, on his recovery, he returned in 1885. Early this year he was again attacked by his old sickness, and was, in consequence, transferred to Mount Hope Retreat, near Baltimore, for treatment. There he died, a few weeks after arrival, on Feb. 22nd, and was buried at Woodstock.

Fr. Bellwalder was a very active, zealous and self-sacrificing priest and a man of great kindness of heart.—R. I. P.

### BROTHER CONRAD MEYER.

Bro. Meyer was born at Hirschhoff, diocese of Paderborn, Westphalia, Sept. 14th 1820, and entered the Society at Sault-au-Récollet, Dec. 16th 1861, some years after coming from Germany. After finishing his noviceship, he spent seven years in the residence of St. Michael's, Buffalo, and when that house was transferred to the German Province, he came for about one year to St. Lawrence's, N. Y. The years between 1871 and 1873 he lived with Ours of the Indian missions at Sault Ste Marie, Algoma Co., Michigan. After making his last vows in Fordham, in 1873, he was appointed sacristan of St. Peter's, Jersey City, whence, in 1877, he was sent to St. Francis Xavier's, N. Y., as wardrobe-keeper and infirmarian. In that house he died a most edifying death on the night of March 3rd, of this year, surrounded by the fathers, who had learned to revere the hidden virtues of his life.

Bro. Meyer was a man of singular gentleness and modesty, ever willing to oblige, and indefatigable in his work. One had to be under his care when ill, to learn all the beautiful sweetness of his character. Gentleness, fidelity and charity seemed to be virtues which he practised in a very high degree. For some years before his death he was afflicted from time to time by slight attacks of pneumonia; but nothing could make him

relinquish his duties of infirmarian. His last illness began towards the close of February. He received the last sacraments on the feast of St. Matthias, but lingered a week after, edifying all by his humility and resignation. To requests for prayers he would say that his prayers were not worth much; and, as if to show his perfect assent to God's holy will, he kept constantly repeating "Yes, Yes," in affirmation of the offering of his life to the Master whom he had so well served. Just before his death many of the fathers, who were leaving the confessionals for the night, surrounded his bedside and imparted a final absolution. He died quietly as he had lived, unknown to the world outside, and too modest to let even his brethren perceive all the secrets of his virtue. *Ama nesciri et pro nihilo reputari*, was true of him; and with good reason could Fr. Rector, at the close of the men's mission the day after, allude to his death as precious in the eyes of God: "He has lived," he said, "twelve years in the college, unknown to you, perhaps his name never heard of by you; but his life was hidden with God. His meek, gentle nature made him loved by his brethren, who saw in him the example of one living in the service of God, unknown to the world, but filling his life with treasures of merit for eternity."—R. I. P.

#### FATHER JOSEPH ISOLABELLA.

Fr. Isolabella was born March 28th, 1838. He entered the Society in his twentieth year, and, being destined for the mission of California, was sent by his superiors to make his noviceship in this country. He accordingly came to Frederick, to the novitiate of the Maryland Province, and there took his first vows, Sept. 28th, 1859. Having completed the course of rhetoric, he took up philosophy at Boston and afterwards at Georgetown. He then went to California where for five years he was engaged in teaching at Santa Clara. Returning to the East in 1869, he studied his theology at Woodstock. On his return to California he resumed the office of teacher in Santa Clara until, in 1878, a severe illness brought him to death's door. Having recovered, he was appointed, in 1878, Minister of St. Ignatius' College, San Francisco, which office he held till, in 1886, he was transferred to Santa Clara in the same capacity. On Palm Sunday last he took a cold, which in a short time developed into rheumatic fever. On Low Sunday he breathed his last, in the fifty-first year of his age, and the thirty-first of his life in the Society. An able administrator and a good religious man, he was esteemed by his superiors and beloved by all, who not only mourn their own private loss, but also the blow which his sudden death has inflicted upon the mission.—R. I. P.

#### FATHER JOHN E. HOLZER.

Fr. John E. Holzer was born on the 29th of December, 1817, in the village of Mutters, about three miles from the city of Innsbruck, the capital of Tirol. The village is the centre of a parish embracing two or three other villages under the control of the Premonstratensian monks and affiliated to the great monastery of Wilten. Wilten is now a suburb of Innsbruck, but was a Roman Station in the days of Julius Cæsar, and, for many generations later, the principal seat of Catholicity in Northern Tirol, from which Innsbruck itself depended in spirituals as well as temporals. It is needless to say that the young boy was brought up in Catholic faith and piety, for there are no more devoted children of the Church than these simple, stalwart Tirolese; and this was particularly true of that period, when as yet modern ideas had made no inroad into his part of the Tirol. From all accounts, his mother was a woman of singular piety. His father was what was considered well off in the little village community; at least, he was able to defray the no slight expenses necessary for his childrens' education. Fr. Holzer received his first in-

struction in the village school, and when fourteen or fifteen years of age was sent to the *gymnasium* in Innsbruck. The Society of Jesus had not returned to Innsbruck at this time and the school was under the charge of the Premonstratensian and secular priests. Indeed the Society had no house in Innsbruck nor in the Tirol for several years after Fr. Holzer's entrance into it. While attending the classes of the *gymnasium*, he boarded in the city. He was not merely a good scholar, but by them who still remember his youthful days in Innsbruck, he is described as having been a distinguished pupil, the first in the classes amongst all those who attended the college; and this reputation he maintained afterwards in the Society. His acquaintance with the Latin and Greek Fathers remained apparently unimpaired until almost the last days of his life. Father Conway, whose words we are now citing, recently made a long and wearisome journey to Mutters to secure further information on the early life of Father Holzer, but found his only living relative to be a niece, who knew little or nothing about her uncle.

Father Holzer entered the Society on August 10th, 1835, and made his noviceship in Gratz, at that time the novitiate of the Austrian-Hungarian Province. He had as co-novices several young men who were destined to become famous in the history of the Society, and even of the whole Church, as Card. Franzelin, Fr. Tuzer, Fr. Patiss, etc. Fr. Holzer had one brother and one sister; the brother was a Franciscan, and for a time a missionary in America. He was a preacher of some fame in Innsbruck, where he died fourteen years ago; the sister was a nun who also died some years ago in Salzburg. A curious story is related by his brother Aloysius—in religion Francis de Hieronymo—which is worthy of being mentioned here. He was much younger than his brother and like him received his education in Innsbruck after Ours had taken charge of the *gymnasium*. While a student there, his mother had exacted a promise from him, on her death-bed, that he would never pass a certain church in the city, containing a miraculous picture of the Blessed Virgin, without entering to say a few prayers before the sacred shrine. For some time he was careful in keeping his promise, but afterwards became remiss and neglected it. One day as he was passing the church, with no idea of entering it, he saw his mother, who had been dead some months, standing on the steps of the church, her face angry and one hand raised threateningly towards him, while with the other she pointed towards the church door. This apparition made such a powerful impression on him that he immediately applied for admission into the order of St. Francis. He was a very zealous priest and often told the story of his vocation, remarking jokingly that he had been forced against his will to become a Franciscan.

After one year of rhetoric in the novitiate, Fr. Holzer went to Linz for his philosophy, in which place Fr. Weninger was at that time professor of ethics. He was obliged to interrupt his philosophy to go to Innsbruck as prefect in the new Theresian College of Nobles which had just been given to the Society. He completed his course of philosophy at the university, remaining for two years afterwards at Innsbruck, first as teacher of poetry and then as professor of rhetoric. Here he perfected himself in the classics and was accustomed to write Latin and Greek letters with equal elegance and facility. In the following year, while still a scholastic, he was sent to the novitiate as professor of the juniors; and the catalogue states that he was, at the same time, subminister and superior of the rhetoricians—rather unusual offices for a young scholastic to hold. At the end of the year, he returned for theology to Innsbruck, where Fr. Weninger was professor of scripture and Fr. Yenni a student of theology. Even during this period, he had to teach and act as prefect while studying. He remained here until the troubles broke out in '48, during his fourth year of study, and with so many others he was compelled to flee to America. Meanwhile, writes Fr. Fleck from Guelph, Bishop Power of Toronto had applied for German fathers and obtained

Fathers Caveng and Fritsch with Br. Joset of the Swiss Province. They arrived at St. Agatha, also called Wilmot, in Upper Canada, on the 3rd of July, 1847, and took charge of that parish and the environs. The following year (1848), Fr. Holzer was sent to help them. He resided, however, in New Germany with the title of Superior of both houses. He labored very zealously and is not yet forgotten by the good people of that place. When Bp. Charbonnel, who succeeded Bp. Power, saw the great relative importance of Guelph, he asked our superiors to transfer the fathers to that place, which was done on Jan. 28th, 1852.

The German Catholic population of Guelph was at that time considerable, but Fr. Holzer soon learned enough English to provide for the Irish also, who formed the main portion of his flock. He never became an accomplished English preacher, it is true, but his excellent doctrine and holy earnestness made his people consider him truly eloquent. The work he performed in Guelph was wonderful. The congregation had been sadly neglected, most of the adults knowing little about the reception of the sacraments, whilst few of those under eighteen years of age had received their first Communion; moreover, the former pastor had for just causes been suspended, but did not wish to leave the place. Fr. Holzer managed, nevertheless, to restore perfect order in things both spiritual and temporal.

When he came to Guelph, there was on Catholic Hill, as it is called, an unplastered church and a small wretched house for the priest, but no Catholic school. His first work was the restoration of faith and piety. This he began by building a stone convent which he confided to the Sisters of Loretto. It was a parochial and boarding-school, and soon became famous, even amongst the Protestants, furnishing an incredible number of subjects to all the religious communities of the diocese of Hamilton, to which Guelph had been allotted when, in 1856, the diocese of Toronto was divided into three. Fr. Holzer next erected a boys' school, which he furnished with excellent lay teachers, and thus withdrew all the Catholic children from the public schools. Later on he even procured a charter and began St. Ignatius' College, which however had to be discontinued, owing to the lack of students; but the stone building itself, which is still used as a residence, is grand and solid. Then he built a hospital, which he entrusted to the nuns of St. Joseph, this in turn being followed by an orphan asylum and a home for old people. This last establishment has done much good, and is at present very prosperous.

These extraordinary achievements, to use the words of Father Archambault, who was his assistant there during his last year, certainly earned for him the title of the Canisius of Upper Canada, and always went hand in hand with equally heroic work in attending to the spiritual wants of his congregation. His parish embraced twelve outlying missions, for the care of which he often had but a single priest to help him. His frequent excursions occupied him day and night, and covered distances of forty, sixty, and even a hundred miles, and this over the worst of roads and through woods and swamps. He considered a walk of twenty miles each way but a trifle. Even in his last years, one of ten miles was no unusual occurrence. Many a surprising and edifying anecdote might be told of these apostolic journeys, if space allowed us. Once, for example, after riding a long distance, he was on his way home, when he was suddenly taken sick, but for some weighty reason he determined to push on without stopping. He fought long and hard against his sickness, until at last coming to a house and finding it impossible to go further, he dismounted and asked for assistance. As soon as he entered he found a poor man dying. The man eagerly asked him whether he was a Catholic priest, and on Fr. Holzer saying that he was, "Thank God!" the sufferer exclaimed, "I have prayed for this happiness; I have not seen a priest for years, and was afraid that I should die without one." Fr. Holzer then heard his confession, anointed him, and otherwise prepared him for death, which was not far off. Another idea of some of his journeyings may be gathered from recalling how, on a similar occasion, being com-

pelled to seek refuge over night in a woodland hut, and being shown to the only spare room, the attic, he awoke in the morning to find himself buried beneath two feet of snow which had drifted in upon him through the rotten and gaping roof.

His chief care in the ministry was, perhaps, that of teaching the catechism. To this work especially he devoted his whole soul, and even at this early date, he began to prepare the little "Catechist," a book which engaged his attention in the latter part of his life, and to which he had just put the finishing touches shortly before his death.

But Fr. Holzer's great success excited the hatred of the Orangemen. Guelph was a very hotbed of them, and they had already burned to the ground the former humble Catholic church, though this was before the coming of our fathers. The sight of the new buildings exasperated them, and they repeatedly sent Fr. Holzer threatening letters, even resolving upon his death. Finally, in 1857, they had fully determined to burn, or destroy in some way, church, convent and priest's residence on the coming 12th of July. The danger was by no means imaginary, and the excitement was something tremendous. With great effrontery, they gave public notice of their plans; but nothing could daunt the courage of Fr. Holzer. He, too, as Fr. Petitdeumange, who was with him at Guelph in 1864, tells us, gave a notice, which was a stirring appeal to the Catholics of Guelph and the neighboring country, to come and fight, if need be, for their church. They came, several hundred strong, and were in the church early on the 12th, ready to give the Orangemen a warm reception. Those worthies duly arrived as they had sworn, but they were told it would hardly be safe for them to venture too near the Hill—the Catholics were well armed and even had a cannon in the belfry. They accordingly decided to postpone their attack indefinitely and dispersed, venting their ferocity in curses and blasphemies. It may be added that, since that day, every 12th of July has passed very quietly in Guelph.

Fr. Holzer, in the account of the affair which he wrote to Rev. Fr. Hus, mentions that one of these fiends, who had boasted that he intended to feast that day in our church and would carry home the head of the priest as a trophy, was killed a few days later by a tree that fell on him. Another, the grand-master of a neighboring county, who had sworn that he would sleep in the convent after driving out the nuns, soon afterwards met a sudden and horrible death, brought on by excessive drinking.

A few months later, Fr. Holzer fought another fight, one less famous, yet not unimportant. His superiors did not see clearly what prospect there was for the future in Guelph, and had thought once or twice of relinquishing the mission. Fr. Holzer at once grew eloquent in its defence. In a letter to Fr. Hus (Jan. 10th, 1859) he says: "Every one of our fathers greatly regrets leaving this mission, which is one of the best in America. . . . But the main thing and the chief attraction for members of the Society is the recollection that *Upper Canada has been the glorious field of so many confessors and martyrs of the Society*. Canada should ever be for the Society a most cherished and holy ground." And again in a letter dated Feb. 21st, 1859, he says: "Concerning the Upper Canada missions of the old and present Society I can say this much, that there is a peculiar grace attached to them and to the missionaries who, out of love for these poor people, underwent so many hardships and sufferings and persecutions. . . . When, in 1649, the chiefs of such remnants of the Hurons as had escaped the massacre of their nation, resolved to emigrate to the lower St. Lawrence and settle under the walls of Quebec, the fathers consented, loath as they were to leave a land endeared to them by the sweat and blood of their martyred brethren. . . . The missionaries were dispersed; Fr. Bressani went to Italy, FF. Lemer cier and Poucet to the West Indies, Fr. Grelon to China; but *distance did not wean their hearts from their long cherished affection for the mission of their early years*. Nay, when we were speaking of a certain father who had spent but one year in Canada, you yourself told me that he had left his heart in Guelph; and the letters I receive from fathers now in Europe, but formerly in

Canada, breathe a special love and fondness for the Canadian mission. Hence you may understand that it is no small sacrifice for us to abandon these poor people to their fate." The heart of Fr. Hus was touched by this pleading, and the fathers remained.

After accomplishing such great ends with most limited resources, Fr. Holzer began to build a large and magnificent church. This was during the summer of 1863. The parishioners opposed the project, which they considered far beyond their means; but, nevertheless, the foundations were laid; progress, however, was impossible. Fr. Holzer's one defect was too much zeal, hence, though he performed wonders and created works that cost him \$50,000, he had contracted a debt of \$20,000, and found himself unable to cope with it. Being, moreover, a foreigner, he did not, perhaps, understand sufficiently all the minor details of his parish, or rather he was in a measure too far ahead of his people. Yet his intentions were always the holiest, and when once he had conceived an idea, nothing but an utter impossibility could have stopped him. Fr. Archambault calls him a true German.

Labor and anxiety now began to tell upon him, but he did not abate his efforts. During the autumn of 1863, however, his health began to fail visibly. On the last night of that year, he travelled a considerable distance to visit a sick parishioner, and returned after midnight benumbed with cold. He retired to bed, but could not warm himself. The next morning, Jan. 1st, 1864, just as he had descended the stairs to give Communion to the brothers, he fell to the floor unconscious. It was a severe stroke of paralysis in his right side, a visitation of Providence to which nearly all his subsequent sufferings were due and from which he never entirely recovered. Fr. Holzer was hereupon relieved of his duties as pastor, which he had fulfilled without interruption for fourteen years, and a few days later he was removed to the Hôtel-Dieu in Montreal, where he remained several months. During all the years he had spent at Guelph, he had been a model priest, and even to the present day people there speak of his gigantic labors, his great endurance, and his unconquerable energy. Bishops and priests admired him equally well, and always spoke of him in the highest terms. To Ours as well he was a constant source of edification; his wonderful modesty, amongst other virtues, even in times of delirium, showing how habitual the practice of his rules had become.

From Montreal, Fr. Holzer proceeded to Fordham where he was minister, prefect of health, librarian and consultant of the house, besides hearing confessions in the church and explaining the catechism and the points of meditation to the brothers. He also worked on his still unpublished translation of Avancinus; every meditation was to be supplemented by an appropriate passage from the *Following of Christ*. In later days at Manresa, he was engaged revising the work and preparing it for the press, but his health was then too much shattered to admit of its completion. His health improved at Fordham and, after two years' absence, he again returned to his Canadian missions, where he remained two years more as *operarius*. As the debt in Guelph was still very considerable, there was not yet any question of building, and besides Fr. Holzer no longer had the administration of affairs. Several years later, the fathers decided to abandon the original plan and build a much less imposing church.

With these years, the life-work of Fr. Holzer may be said to have been accomplished. In 1865, he was back again at Fordham, only, however, to go to Chatham the following year; and again, in 1867, to return to Fordham. He lived in New York for the five following years, chiefly at Fordham as *operarius* in the parish, some two years being also spent at St. Lawrence's in Yorkville. After this he was once more in Canada for two years, at Chatham and his beloved Guelph successively, until, in 1875, he left Guelph, never to return. He was now stationed for about seven years in St. Francis Xavier's, in New York, doing whatever little work his constantly failing health would allow him; and in 1882 he took up his abode in St. Francis' Hospital, Jersey City. Here he was kindly

cared for by the good nuns, while the filial devotion of his altar-boy to the venerable invalid was rewarded by a vocation to the Society.

It was from Jersey City that Fr. Holzer used to make his famous excursions to Manresa, where Fr. Gleason, who, as a novice, had attended him in his first illness, enjoyed the privilege of caring for him again as novice-master. Poor Fr. Holzer had been a paralytic during the twenty years that had passed meantime. His famous picnics, with a novice or two, in the woods along the secluded borders of the Black Creek, his baths in the Hudson even as late as October, his shovelling of snow in winter, but, above all, his superintendence of the novices' work at the Grotto of Lourdes, where by their labors he converted the tiny stream into a miniature lake and adorned its banks with beds of flowers, have made his memory a peculiarly happy one to those who met him there. The recreation and employment he thus found were the only natural means, he often declared, which sustained his ebbing life. When bad weather or bodily fatigue compelled him to remain indoors, he generally spent the time in revising his contemplated compendium of Scaramelli, his translation of Avancinus and his original work "The Catechist," besides long hours he gave to the perusal of St. Chrysostom's "Preparation for Death."

Not long after the closing of Manresa, Fr. Holzer was sent to Georgetown College. Here, as we are informed by a recent letter, he was always the same patient and gentle sufferer, in spite of his helpless condition; and, though he must have been very lonesome, no one ever saw him sad. When he was able to be out of doors, he spent his time in the graveyard, trimming the hedge and raking the paths, with an old servant to help him. The boys always paid him the greatest respect. The story of his doings at Guelph had got among them, and they were ready to look upon him in consequence as quite a hero. He used to read the religious newspapers a good deal, and keep an old copy of Card. Bellarmine's *De Septem Verbis* by him reading it almost constantly. On feast days, the scholastics used to dress him in a clean habit (for no amount of attention could keep his ordinary habit presentable), shave him with more than usual care, and bring him over to the fathers' parlor, so as to be with the community in recreation. This seemed to make him very happy. His health, however, soon grew alarmingly worse. His speech became more and more difficult, and at times he was obliged to recur to a slate, where, with some trouble, he would manage to write a scrawling sentence or two.

He seemed to have some presentiment of his coming end. About April 17th he fell sick, and insisted on taking to his bed, after which he sent for Fr. Minister, and said that he was going to die. "I feel it there," he said, touching his chest. In his *Ordo* there was a slip of paper marking the date April 20th, the day on which symptoms of erysipelas first appeared. In the same place there was another slip with the following sentences written under the title "Death": "There is nothing so uncertain as when death will come. How many there are who, to all appearances, might promise themselves a long life, when they are suddenly called away by the hand of death, to appear before God's tribunal to answer for all the deeds of their whole life. O my God! give me the grace that I may never offend thee in the future. I am weak, it is true, but I can be strong in thee, my Lord and my God. Mercy, my God, mercy." The house diary of Georgetown records that at nine o'clock on April 23rd, a sudden change for the worse set in, and Fr. Tarr was called to give the last absolution; and then, on the feast of St. Fidelis, the patron of Tirol, Fr. Holzer's native country, and while his religious brethren were reading the litanies of the Saints, Fr. Holzer gave up his soul to God. *May he rest in peace.*

## FATHER VINCENT REITMAYR.

Fr. Vincent Reitmayr was born at Augsburg, Bavaria, on the 10th of July, 1851, and received his classical education in the Benedictine school of his native city. At an early age he felt himself drawn to the service of the altar. Faithful to the call from on high, and burning with zeal for souls, he resolved to devote his life to the service of God, amid the trials and hardships of the apostolic life. Accordingly, on the completion of his collegiate course, he sailed for America, and entered St. John's College, Minnesota, to pursue the studies which were to prepare him for the priesthood. To complete his theological course, he afterwards repaired to St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, where he was a model of fervor and regularity. In 1874, he received holy orders at the hands of Bishop Machebœuf, Vicar Apostolic of Colorado, and spent some years in attending to the spiritual wants of various missionary stations in Colorado. From this field of sacrifice and toil, he was transferred to the diocese of Grass Valley (now Sacramento); and Virginia City, Nevada, was for a considerable time the chief scene of his labors. Wherever he went, he gained the goodwill and esteem of all, Protestants as well as Catholics; and many are the sweet remembrances of virtue and of priestly devotion which his name even yet calls up among the rough pioneers, to whom he ministered the consolations of religion in the mining districts of the Silver State. Everywhere he showed himself a saintly priest and zealous missionary, so that he might well say in the words of the Apostle: "Our glory is this, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity of heart and sincerity of God, and not in carnal wisdom, but in the grace of God, we have conversed in this world."

But zealous for better gifts, and aiming at a still higher perfection, he decided upon entering the religious state, and he applied to Rev. Fr. Congiato, Superior of the California Mission, for admittance into the Society. His desire, however, could not be granted immediately, because his labors could not at that time be spared by his bishop, Rt. Rev. P. Manogue. After waiting patiently for about a year, and having obtained the willing consent of his ecclesiastical superior, he began, at Santa Clara, his first probation, on the 2nd of April, 1883. From the moment of his entrance into the novitiate, it was evident that he had made up his mind to become a faithful follower of Christ, by generously embracing the cross; rapid, consequently, were his strides in the way of religious perfection. Immediately upon taking his religious vows, he was sent to St. Ignatius' College, San Francisco, where he was made first prefect of the students' preparatory department. Here his virtue and excellent natural qualities served him in good stead; for by his meekness and forbearance, coupled with due firmness, he gained the affection and respect of both teachers and pupils. For nearly three years, with unflinching courage and zeal, he exercised this arduous office; but with last December came a severe cold, caught in the performance of his duties; it settled upon his lungs, and resulted in the fatal disease, which was to cut short a useful life. The symptoms, which day by day became more pronounced, as well as his increasing weakness, induced his superiors to send him to the milder climate of Santa Clara. They hoped that the change might benefit him. They were hoping against hope. No improvement in health followed; on the contrary, his decline was steady and rapid, and the medical attendants soon pronounced his case to be beyond human skill. But the good pleasure of God was now, as it had ever been, the rule of our dear father's conduct. He accepted his sickness as from the hand of God, not only with gentle resignation, but with joy and gratitude.

A novena in honor of the Holy Face of our Lord was begun in his behalf; and during the novena he daily received holy Communion; but the face, which he was destined to enjoy, was the face of the glorified Redeemer, bright with the brightness of eternal life; and on the seventh day



of the novena, fortified by the sacraments of the Church, in the deepest sentiments of resignation to God's holy will, and of gratitude for the privilege of dying in the bosom of the Society, Fr. Reitmayr peacefully surrendered his soul into the hands of his Creator, on the morning of the 17th of April, 1888.—R. I. P.

## MR. CHARLES F. WORPENBERG.

On the 15th of May, in St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, Mr. Charles Worpenberg fell asleep in the Lord, in the 26th year of his age. In the preceding December, he had received the last sacraments, but he rallied from immediate danger. On the Sunday before his death, he went down to the parlor, to see his father and sister, and on returning to his room, he experienced great difficulty in breathing, which caused him to ask for extreme unction. He also received the Viaticum. From that time, he sank rapidly, until on Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock, it became evident that the end was nigh. For the next two hours, he prayed as only a soul can pray, when it realizes that it is about to render an account for every thought, word and deed. While sitting on the edge of the bed, so that he could breathe more freely, he wished to join aloud in the prayers for the dying, but at Fr. Rector's bidding, he contented himself with following in spirit. The formula of the vows, acts of faith, hope and charity, and other prayers were read to him, and he dwelt on them with the greatest consolation, occasionally asking the reader to pause, that the words might sink deeper into his soul. Finally, during the community meal, at six o'clock, he kissed his crucifix, uttered the name of Jesus, and fell back into the arms of Mr. Rielag. His head was gently laid on the pillow, but his soul had passed away. What a beautiful death! Conscious to the very end, he knew that he was to die, and he met death without fear, brave soul that he was, for death to him was but the entrance into life.

Mr. Worpenberg was a treasure, truly and wholly the Society's. At the tender age of twelve years, he came to our college in Cincinnati, and from that day, he never left the fostering care of the Society, but was nurtured in its spirit and principles. After finishing rhetoric, he went direct to the novitiate. After his juniorate, he made his course of philosophy at Woodstock, and came West, full of life and vigor, in 1886, to begin his teaching. Faithful had he been in his student life, and now he longed to employ his zeal in active labor. But God was satisfied with his good will. After a few months of teaching, he fell a prey to a fever-wasting consumption, which never left him.

In his school-days, he was remarkable for a winning gaiety and cheerfulness, which made him beloved by masters and playmates. Though he naturally preferred his books to the college sports, he always mingled freely with his companions. "Charlie" was always a favorite. He early took rank amongst the leaders of his class, and maintained it to the end of rhetoric, though success never dazzled his humility. In study and piety, he was a model to the whole school.

To his religious life, he brought all his boyish virtues, and strengthened them day by day. His child-like simplicity remained with him to the end. His spirit of obedience was shown in the exact observance of his rules. And who that knew him failed to remark that calm repose and gentleness of manner, which so charmed all with whom he had intercourse! But the point of rule which he observed to perfection was the one ending, "studiis se diligenter impendant," and may we be pardoned if we add with a sigh, "licet nunquam ad exercenda ea, quæ didicerint, perveniant." Not to speak of his constant application, we may mention that with him conversation always drifted into a literary or scientific channel. His natural love for study was increased and strengthened by obedience and zeal. And young as he was, he had made no mean progress on the path of learning.

A scholastic who had frequently heard him descant like a master on

the latest theories and experiments of the physical sciences, one day remarked, "I suppose that your specialty is the sciences." Judge of his surprise, when he received the reply, "No, I care very little for the sciences,—I study them only to keep up with the times." During his teaching in St. Louis, he longed for the Christmas holidays, not for rest, but that he might have a whole week *to devote to Suarez*.

Brief though his life, 'twas not in vain. The double end of the Society he attained,—his own sanctification, by the holocaust of self;—his neighbor's sanctification, by sending out from his fervent heart the oil of charity, to calm the troubled waters around him; by spreading the fragrance of his virtues in the garden of religion; by letting his light shine to all men.

The memory of our gentle, modest brother shall linger in our hearts and be with us on that day, when we meet again in the Kingdom of our Father.—R. I. P.

FR. EDWARD J. SOURIN.

This venerable father died at Loyola College on Pentecost Sunday. A sketch of his life is in preparation and will be printed in the next number of the LETTERS.

# Varia.

*Albania, Gennaro Pastore.*—The Turks have done everything in their power to cause a miscarriage of justice in the trial of the murderers of our scholastic, Gennaro Pastore. First, the consuls of Austria and Italy, who by right of treaties should have taken an official part in the trial, were prevented by the local authorities from exercising their right, until a formal order from Constantinople secured it to them. Second, the monstrously unfair manner of conducting the trial compelled the consuls to demand, through their ambassadors at Stamboul, that an extraordinary commissary should be sent to reopen the proceedings. Third, this man, a high officer of the Ministry of Justice, arrived at Scutari; nevertheless, the trial, which closed on March 20th *during his absence*, ended in acquittal, notwithstanding the energetic protests of the consuls, who, to give point to their protest, withdrew before the close of the proceedings. Fourth, the sentence was published immediately, in the midst of the acclamations of the Mahometan public, and, in spite of the renewed protest of the consuls, the murderers were at once set free. Fifth, upon complaint of the Austrian and Italian ambassadors in Constantinople, the Sublime Porte ordered the re-arrest of the accused; but, a few days later, two of them were set free once more. Sixth, by a last and most vigorous intervention, the ambassadors succeeded in obtaining the re-arrest of all the accused and an order of the Sublime Porte, transferring accused, tribunal and trial to Constantinople. Seventh, accordingly, on March 31st, the accused were put under escort, on board a ship which sailed on that day from San Giovanni di Medua for Constantinople.—*Germany.*

*Austria.*—The fathers of the Austrian Province have opened a college at Travnik, in Bosnia.—There are two houses of missionaries in the province, Steyr and Laibach, and two novitiates, St. Andrä, and Tynau in Hungary. Last October, the Bishop of Klagenfurt in Carinthia, put his diocesan seminary in charge of Ours, which gave the Liberals occasion to vent their rage against the Jesuits. Fr. Köbler is the superior.—Budapest, the capital of Hungary, has had no house of the Society since the suppression. But recently a plot of ground was bought and a church will soon be erected.—In Kalocsa, our college has been complimented by the Minister of Public Instruction. He proposed it to the *gymnasia* of the land as the type of what they should aim at. This is the only *gymnasium* of the empire of which Ours have full control; the professors are approved by the government, having submitted to the tests required by law.

Fr. Milz, who was provincial for six years, is now rector and master of novices at St. Andrä. He has been succeeded in the provincialship by Fr. Schwärzler, formerly rector of the scholasticate in Pressburg.—Cardinal Ledochowski, whose friendship towards the Society is so marked, received from V. Rev. Fr. General a magnificent reliquary with a relie of St. Peter Claver, as a token of thankfulness for his labors in behalf of the canonization of the apostle of Cartagena. His Eminence sent the reliquary to his nephew, a novice priest in the novitiate of St. Andrä, with the request that it remain there forever.

Fr. Grisar will leave Innsbruck for Rome in August, to devote himself entirely to the historical researches which the Holy Father has imposed upon him.

At Innsbruck the triduum in honor of Blessed Edmund Campian and companions was celebrated with great pomp: High Mass in the morning, sermon and Benediction in the evening. On the closing day (Sunday) the military band, twenty-four strong, accompanied the people in the singing of "Grosser Gott."

We have received the programme of the splendid celebration of the Pope's

Jubilee in the *convictus* at Innsbruck. The programme is divided into two parts: the six speakers in the first part celebrate Pope Leo as *princeps belli*; in the second he is praised by as many as *princeps pacis*. Between the addresses eight pieces of vocal and instrumental music were performed.

**Bombay.**—There are nearly 800,000 inhabitants in Bombay. Of these 53,000 are Christians, 300,000 Zoroastrians (Parsees), 300,000 Hindoos, while the rest are Mahometans. The most wealthy are, it is said, to be found among the Hindoos, but the most industrious people are the Parsees, "second," as they like to say, "only to the Europeans." Of the 53,000 Christians of the island of Bombay, only 3000, perhaps, belong to the jurisdiction of Archbishop Porter, the great majority being Goanese, or, as they like to be called, "of the royal *Padroado* of Portugal." They are now directly under the Bishop of Daman. Daman is a small Portuguese territory along the coast north of Bombay. The bishop, however, who has the honorary title of Archbishop of Cranganore, resides in Bombay. The recent *concordat* between the Holy See and Portugal, instead of lessening the great pretensions of our *Padroados*, has, up to this at least, served only to make them still more pretentious. Before the *concordat*, the followers of the royal *Padroado*, throughout the whole of India, were under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Goa. The *concordat* raised Goa to the rank of a Patriarchal See with three suffragan dioceses, those namely of Dahan, Cochin and Meliapore, while it cut away from diverse vicariates greater or less districts in order to supply these new dioceses. This division became the cause of new difficulties. For as some were left under the Propaganda and others annexed to it, the malcontents raised a dreadful storm, threatening in their wrath schism and apostacy, should their own claims meet with less favor. The poor Portuguese bishops, however, soon learned what was the cause of these troubles. The Bishop of Daman, in particular, had some sad experiences on more than one occasion. The source of the whole commotion in favor of the *Padroado* against the Propaganda is simply the eagerness of the former to have a thoroughly native clergy, inclusive of the hierarchy. But as Portugal sends out the bishops, they are immediately stigmatized as emissaries, with no other intent than to concentrate all the wealth of the churches at Goa, in order to increase the ecclesiastical fund of the crown. It would be wrong, however, to blame all the Goanese for what is the doing of only a few. The rioters are, indeed, but few, and reside, it is said, in Bombay. Still, as is always the case, these few mislead the common people and even render the efforts of the better disposed entirely useless. Unhappily in our own, as well as in the *Padroado* jurisdiction, the common people are by far the majority—cooks, butlers and fishermen. All of them would be good enough Christians if it were not for the rioters, who, when Easter approaches, show that they care very little whether they belong to the one or the other jurisdiction. It must not be wondered at that in this hotbed of religious contentions, Hindoos, Parsees and Mahometans are very indifferent about becoming Christians. In fact, whenever in India there is a tendency to our holy religion it is in general observable only in the up-country, in villages especially, where castes are unknown. So it is in the Sunderbunds, so likewise in Madura. But in a town like Bombay, all care for one's soul is lost in the thirst for riches; while every highminded religious sentiment is stifled by the sight of such quarrels as the above, and the licentious lives of so many Europeans. Another, and by no means the least, cause of indifference is that in the schools and universities indifferentism and naturalism are either directly inculcated, or easily allowed to creep in. Naturally the natives of India are a deeply religious people. Howsoever absurd the injunctions of their creed, they are faithfully carried out. Hindoo temples are spread in astonishing numbers throughout the whole of Bombay and, on the festival days, each one is thronged with worshippers. No Hindoo ever passes the temple without paying his *salaam*, which he does by putting his hand to his forehead. Their sacred cows, going from shop to shop in the bazar, pass unmolested through the most crowded thoroughfares, and no grocer will ever dream of hindering them from seizing whatever they like. The common people among the Parsees are just like the Hindoos. At sunset you may find throngs of them gathered on the seashore in order to worship God in his purest creature, as they say,—in the sun. Before every Parsee's house the sacred light is kindled and burns all night long, for no one is allowed to extinguish it. As Zoroastrianism is, theoretically at least, Monotheism, the Parsees may be more disposed to receive the Catholic religion, but the learned

amongst them are just as much inclined to believe nothing at all. Still less hope of their conversion is to be entertained as there is a powerful *esprit de corps* amongst them which leads them to exclude or rather boycott every one who turns Catholic. A young man of one of the leading families, who, whilst studying in London, had become a Catholic and married there a Catholic lady, came home and set up an establishment, but, after a very short time, unable to regain his social position, was obliged to return to England. Another Parsee gentleman, converted many years ago by Bishop Meurin, has been compelled, up to the present time, to keep his Catholic belief a secret. In regard to the Mussulmans, they are out of the question altogether, for besides the ordinary reasons which hinder their conversion, there is this, that one of the direct descendants of the Prophet lives here in their midst. But again, how strange! the present representative, who is a boy of but thirteen years, entitled "His Highness Aga Khan," has a devout Catholic for his private tutor, while all his male relatives are day-scholars at our College of St. Mary. It is really astonishing to see how beneficent the natives are. In the first instance their benefits are conferred, as must be expected, upon their own caste. And here again the Parsees are foremost. There is however one drawback in these benefits. Newspapers, marble slabs, etc., are all called into use to give them publicity. Some great hospitals, with a full staff of doctors, nurses, apothecaries, thus spring into existence, the government contributing as an incentive to others, as much as the founders themselves. There is even a large hospital for animals in Bombay, where all sick animals, as horses, cows, and dogs, are nursed. Only the other day the governor laid the cornerstone of an enlargement of this same building. In former days the natives contributed largely to the building of St. Xavier's, but nowadays their charity is more confined to their own interests.

Upon educational and school affairs, I will add nothing further. Suffice it to say, that notwithstanding the zealous efforts of civil and religious corporations to establish new schools and colleges, St. Xavier's not only has not lost, but is even continually gaining pupils, especially Christian boys, and still stands foremost among all non-government schools.—*Extract from a letter to Fr. Heinze.*

**Books.**—During the year 1886-87, our fathers of the province of Aragon published fourteen new works, most of them on asceticism and hagiography. The most important publication, probably, is the first volume of Fr. Cassajonana's Theology. They also issued twenty-one reprints of old works.

The 2nd and 3rd vols. of Fr. S. Schifini's Philosophy are out.

The fourth edition of Fr. Jungek's Roman Hymnal has appeared.

Fr. Th. de Regnon has published a very learned and able work: *Métaphysique des Causes*.

**France.** *Par le Rév. Père du Lac.* A collection of charming letters, written by the rector of St. Mary's, Canterbury, to his pupils, while they were away from the college during an epidemic.

In the press: Fr. Pesch's Logic and Fr. Frins' long expected work on St. Thomas' teaching *De Gratia*; also Fr. Connolly's Speaker and Fr. Meschler's Commentary on the Exercises.

**Boston, Gov. Ames.**—At a banquet on the occasion of the 151st anniversary of the Charitable Irish Society, Gov. Ames paid the following tribute to the Jesuits in Massachusetts: "I have had occasion the last year to go round the State a good deal, and I went to your colleges, and I recall that I went to one college, and there to my utter astonishment I found that the professors had no salaries; they had to work teaching the boys for their living; all they got was board and clothes. That isn't the fashion over at Harvard. And I went to another college, Boston College. I remember the night I went to that institution accompanied by the staff. I remarked to General Dalton that it was going to be very dull. 'We have had enough of these commencements, I said; let us go in a little late,' and we did so. Let me concede, however, that I was perfectly astonished when I went in to find a commencement different from any I had ever attended before. Here I heard the students discussing the theory of Henry George on land ownership, and I was amazed at the eloquence with which the question was discussed, and I felt sorry that I was not there earlier, for those boys discussed that question with as much ability as though they were members of the United States Senate, and I know I said on leaving: 'Those boys do not appear like college

graduates, but seem more like men who have graduated from the university of experience."

**Brazil, Itú.**—Our College of St. Luiz was opened on the 26th of February, and we have already two hundred and fifty boarders, a number somewhat lower than we had hoped for; but the decrease is due partly to the disease which was prevalent last year in the college, partly also to the opening of several new colleges in the neighborhood. The college at Nova Friburgo is doing very nicely; it has won a marked reputation, and has more applications than it is able to satisfy. I learned during the vacations that an allowance of money which used to be sent from the United States to the Protestants of Brazil, has been withheld of late, at least in some places, and that in consequence Protestantism is now in decline here. I could not discover why the income was suspended, but as for the failure of faith in Protestantism, it is quite natural, for no one in these parts becomes a Protestant out of religious conviction, but out of love for the holy dollar. You may judge. A minister having but little to do receives \$3000 a year; and the inferior employees get a good sum in proportion; and of course this prospect of a comfortable salary is a good inducement to some to embrace the new religion, either as employees or as ministers. I have been told that the carnival in Rio Janeiro has this year been more impious than ever. Religion as well as its ministers and holy rites were laughed at in the public squares, and mocked in such a way as to outdo the excesses of paganism. Meanwhile the government remains blind.

Last January the Bishop of St. Paul called his priests to a retreat and a synod. The retreat was preached by Rev. Fr. Aureli, the Superior of our mission. The number of priests present was one hundred and sixty. The retreat was a great success. Another of our fathers was invited to Pernambuco and to the far distant Pará to preach a retreat to the clergy, the seminary, a few good ladies, and the religious of St. Dorotea. He came back after five months of labor and travel.—*Extract of letter from Fr. Galanti.*

**Calcutta.**—Archbishop Goethals, S. J., and several of our fathers engaged in the missions of Bengal have lately sent to the Provincial of the Belgian Province, to which the mission belongs, the most touching appeals for reinforcements. The archbishop proves in his letter that the present need of assistance is not due to our undertaking more works than we could well carry on, but to the fact that God is blessing the labors of Ours with an almost marvellous fruitfulness. Whole villages and towns seem to be moving spontaneously towards the Church; in many localities Protestantism has entirely lost its foothold and the natives are coming in hundreds asking for instruction and baptism; and alas! the laborers are too few to supply the demand and those that are working are nearly overcome by the strain placed upon them.

In addition to this movement among the natives towards the Church, we are forced to open a college at Darjeeling. For years this has been the desire and prayer of many of the most influential inhabitants, and petition after petition has been sent to superiors begging them to open an educational institution for the higher studies. Indeed the Catholics have been so much in earnest about this matter that, supported by the viceroy, they appealed to the Sovereign Pontiff himself; hence, through the intervention of Mgr. Gagliardi, Apostolic Delegate in India, the district of Darjeeling, which had been a Capuchin mission, was annexed to the Archdiocese of Calcutta and thus became a part of our mission of Bengal; and now, notwithstanding the scarcity of men, the college must be opened. However, owing to the generosity of the Belgian Province the most urgent demands have been supplied and our Lord seems to continue to pour out his blessings upon the labors of Ours in the Indies.

**California.**—The novitiate of the California Mission is now ready for occupation. The house, a handsome brick building of four storeys, is situated near the village of Los Gatos among the foothills at the base of the Santa Cruz Mountains; and is distant from San José, with which it is connected by the South Pacific Coast Railway, some ten or twelve miles. The site, at the entrance of the narrow cañon where the trains rush at once from the beautiful valley of Santa Clara into the midst of mountain and forest scenery, is extremely picturesque. Having an elevation of some six hundred feet it commands the entire Santa Clara valley rich with orchards and vine-

yards and cornfields and olive gardens. To the north is seen the southern part of the Bay of San Francisco stretching away to the horizon; to the east, the reddish-brown Coast-range, from the midst of which, twenty miles away, springs up the world-renowned Mt. Hamilton with its famous observatory, that can be easily distinguished with the help of an ordinary glass. To the south the valley stretches away between the mountains till it joins the Valley of the Salinas; while to the west the pine-clad peaks of the Santa Cruz Mountains hang over us, and shield us from the moist winds that blow in from the vast Pacific. Standing on the grounds among the orange and lemon trees, that in a few years will form a beautiful grove, one looks down two hundred feet upon the Arroyo de los Gatos, winding amid the alders, beyond which are the white houses of the thriving little town, famous in California legend. Around us on every hand are the gently rolling hills covered with vines, and crowned with the orange, the lemon, the apricot, the almond, the peach, and every other kind of fruit tree that makes California famous (for at this elevation we are in the "warm belt" where frost is seldom seen); while overhead glows the brilliant azure sky that for nine months out of the twelve scarcely knows a cloud. It is expected that by the beginning of next August the novices and juniors will be permanently settled in their new home.

*China, Zi-ka-wei.*—At a distance of about five English miles from Shanghai is located one of the chief Christian settlements of China, Zi-ka-wei. Its origin can be traced as far back as the seventeenth century; it was even then in a flourishing condition. Its marked importance in the country induced the Jesuits, as soon as they obtained again a foothold in China, to select that village as a central point for their Christian and civilizing labors.

The observatory of Zi-ka-wei is well known and the meteorological researches of the director, Father Dechevrens, are taken note of and appreciated by the entire scientific world. It may not be equally well known, however, that the observatory forms but part of a vast institution in which not only literature but also the sciences and the fine arts, even the humblest trades, are thoroughly taught.

The college proper is a large and beautiful building girt on all sides by magnificent gardens. It numbers, at present, about one hundred pupils, all sons of Chinese Christians; they are divided into three classes with a staff of four professors for each class. The course of studies differs in no way from that of the other schools of the empire; that is to say, it is exclusively limited to the reading of the "classical books" of China. The curriculum comprises a period of seven years, at the end of which the students are expected to present themselves for the academical honors of "Soutsai" a degree which is equivalent to that of 'Bachelor.' The sum of seven hundred and fifty francs per annum for each pupil covers all expenses of board and tuition. Those among the students who desire to become priests are, after their seven years' course, sent to a preparatory seminary (*petit séminaire*) where four years are devoted to the study of Latin and of the principal branches of a collegiate education. At the end of that term they enter the grand seminary, to spend one year in the study of philosophy and three in that of theology. They may then present themselves for ordination after two more years of training in the exercises of the sacred ministry under the enlightened guidance of a European missionary. The orphanage is the most interesting portion of the institution. It is especially reserved for pagan orphans, who are brought up, within its precincts, in the principles and practice of the Christian religion. It occupies two long rows of well ventilated houses, in each one of which a useful trade is taught. In that system of orphan training all the branches of industry find room. One meets there with carpenters, turners, joiners, sculptors, draftsmen, weavers, shoemakers, tailors, printers, book-binders, painters, etc. Up to the age of twelve, the orphan is under obligation to attend the preparatory schools; he may then select a trade of his own liking. After a few years of apprenticeship, he is declared proficient in his trade and is entitled to a monthly salary. He may also, if he pleases, leave the orphanage and set up for himself, but in that case he pledges himself, in writing, to return to the institution three or four times a year for religious exercises. Shanghai numbers, to-day, hundreds of those workmen trained in the schools of Zi-ka-wei. Their skill is highly valued. The orphanage is under the immediate supervision of a Jesuit father and four brothers, two of whom are European and two Chinese. They have one hundred pupils in their charge, whom they train in sculpture, drawing, carpentering and printing, tailoring

and shoemaking. The carpenters exceed the rest in number. By far the greater portion of the furniture of the Catholic churches in the north of China, such as altars, pulpits, confessionals, etc., are the handiwork of our Zi-ka-wei orphans, who receive orders even from Mongolia and Corea. Their work vies in excellence with that of any European carpenter; it is certainly as durable, and unquestionably cheaper. Their statues of Christ, the Blessed Virgin, their framed *Ecce Homos*, are not surpassed by whatever is done best in the same line in the west. It is generally granted that the Chinese are devoid of imagination, that they are utterly incapable of doing the slightest bit of artistic work without a model to guide them; yet it must be admitted that such is their power of imitation that very often it is impossible, even for a connoisseur, to distinguish between the copy and the original. Architectural drawing forms the specialty of about half a dozen of our Chinese draftsmen. A European brother draws the model which they diligently and skilfully copy. The plans of all the churches, schools, and other buildings erected by the missionaries, as well as special maps of all the provinces of China, are drawn in the institution. Those maps are considered the very best known, and are of a very large size, measuring six feet square.

The painting schools hold a prominent place in the system on which the orphanage is conducted, and it may be stated, without fear of exaggerating, that the pictures, whether they be in oil or water colors, which the orphans turn out yearly, may compete in brilliancy of tone and finish of detail with the most prized productions of your European artists. These paintings are chiefly of a religious character as they are generally destined to adorn the walls of the Catholic churches in China.

But the printing department is undoubtedly the most important. From its presses have already issued an enormous number of works, several of which contain exquisite lithographs and wood engravings. The printing is done in fifteen different languages. Father Zottoli's great work was published here; so too the famous "Cursus lingue Sinicæ." The *Yi-wen-lu* a bi-weekly is edited and printed at Zi-ka-wei. Its sale is extensive and its reputation growing.

Besides the above mentioned wonders, the institution possesses a library, a museum and an observatory which deserve honorable mention. The library contains upwards of 20,000 volumes, a splendid collection of manuscripts, and Chinese parchments rare and quaint. Father Heude, well known among naturalists, is in charge of the museum. Whatever of zoological and mineral specimens could be gathered in China and the surrounding countries are displayed in cases and on shelves. The collection may be said to be a complete natural history. Father Dechevrens, the distinguished astronomer, of whom mention was made at the beginning of this sketch, is the director of the observatory. Built in 1873, and enlarged considerably since, it affords admirable advantages for meteorological observations. That Father Dechevrens and his assistants have not missed the opportunities offered of minute investigations into the meteorological phenomena, can be inferred from the carefully preserved meteorological tables.

In conclusion we must add that a building is portioned off for experiments in terrestrial magnetism, and another for studies in barometric and thermometric variations as registered by photography.—*Deutsche Kolonial-Zeitung*.

**Disputations.**—In most of our colleges the class of Philosophy hold, from time to time, philosophical disputations. In Georgetown, on the 5th of June, one student defended twenty-two very difficult theses in Psychology and Natural Theology.—A neatly printed programme, sent out from Detroit College, in April, invites the clergy and other friends to witness a disputation on a number of theses taken from Psychology and Natural Theology.—At Fordham, on June 11th, a disputation took place on theses taken from Cosmology, Psychology and Ethics. Usually one or two papers are, also, read at these disputations on some important philosophical question.

But the most interesting programme comes to us from China, from our seminary in Zi-ka-wei, where Chinese youths are trained for the secular priesthood. On the 22nd of March, some of the principal theses of Cosmology and Psychology were defended, in Latin, of course, by Paulus Kiao against Simon Tsu, Petrus Yu, and Joannes B. Pe.

**Ecuador.**—Extract of a letter from the Apostolic School of Riobamba. In August 1887, an apostolic school was opened with eleven pupils at Rio-



bamba, under the direction of Fr. Muñoz. For this purpose the government enlarged, at its own expense, the National College, which it had already confided to the Society. Riobamba, situated near the Chimborazo, is in communication with Quito and Guayaquil. Its 12,000 inhabitants live in a temperature ranging between 15° and 20° C., among the productions of tropical and temperate climes.

In Ecuador, where the people are good and simple Christians, the fathers teach, hear confessions, preach, direct sodalities and write for the Catholic reviews. During vacation they give retreats to the clergy and missions to the people, who, as a rule, only then approach the sacraments. At Quito they direct the National College, and one is official promoter of the great National Basilica to be raised in honor of the Sacred Heart. Six fathers and four brothers have charge of sixteen tribes in the Marañon Reductions. Four Sisters of the Good Shepherd will soon go thither from Quito to teach the Indian girls.

In 1767, Ours were expelled from the tribes living north of Lake Titicaca, in Bolivia. Last year (1887), these Indians, who have ever proclaimed that they will have no priests but the blackrobes (Jesuits), goaded into revolt by the government, drove before them the opposing soldiery. The newly appointed governor declared that the presence of the Jesuits was necessary to appease the storm. Three fathers started with him last August and were absent five months. The Indians recognized the beloved blackrobes of their nation and submitted to their every demand. Joyfully they brought forth the well-preserved dalmatics, chasubles and chalices of the old Society. Not one illegitimate child nor marriage was found among them. All, without exception, went to confession.

In Bolivia, the Society has a college at La Paz, and efforts are being made to establish one at the capital (Sucre). The fathers are giving numerous missions and are well received by whites and Indians.

At Lima in Peru, during the year 1884, the Society was so fiercely attacked by the masonic lodges that it was judged prudent to close the college and keep only a residence. We hope that the college will soon reopen its doors, for the youth especially is in need of guidance.

**Egypt. Cairo.**—The government has granted permission to begin the construction of our new college. It will hold 600 students.—*Alexandria.* The solemn opening of our new college at Alexandria took place the 2nd of February.—The mission of *Upper Egypt* has been inaugurated. The beginning has been full of hardships, for we have arrived twenty years too late.

**Fordham. May Devotions.**—The May devotions in honor of our Queen and Mother were carried out with more than usual splendor this year. The statue of our Blessed Lady, situated in the college quadrangle, was the centre around which we gathered each evening to sing hymns and recite prayers in honor of the Mother of God. Sanctuary lamps and numerous candles placed in frames of varied shape, together with the reflection of an oxy-hydrogen light, were used for the illumination of the statue, whilst plants and flowers in abundance added to its beauty.

To keep up interest in the devotions, changes were made in the decorations every day, owing to Mr. Mulry's ingenious devices. Some time before the end of the month, preparations were begun for a grand final celebration. Days were spent in planning, and willing hands busied themselves in getting things ready. All the last day was spent in arranging for the illumination. Along the three sides of the triangular grass-plot in which the statue stands, were suspended, one above the other, double rows of Chinese lanterns of different forms and colors. At the three corners were erected as many triple crosses whose arms supported various colored lights. A five-pointed star of candles was formed on the edge of the circular flower-bed that surrounds the statue, and above the statue itself a crown of lights was suspended and then down around it, row after row, many tinted lights were placed on frames made for the purpose. In the foreground stood a small shrine in which was a statue of the infant Jesus under an arch of ivy and flowers. In the evening, when the lanterns, candles and lamps were lit, the scene was very beautiful. The exercises were as brilliant as the illumination. Rev. Father Provincial came from the sacristy, accompanied by two acolytes, and took his position in front of the statue. The cadets were drawn up in line and fired a salute of four volleys in honor of their Heavenly Queen. After all had joined in a hymn, Rev. Father Provincial, in a short and fervent address, urged all to the

imitation of the virtues which made our Blessed Mother so pleasing in God's sight, and closed with the wish that all who were gathered there in love at the foot of that statue of bronze might some day without one exception kneel at the throne of our Lady in heaven to join in singing her praises forever. The singing of the litanies of the Blessed Virgin was followed by the reading of the solemn act of consecration to the Mother of God by Father Cassidy.

**France. Lenten Preachers in the Province of Paris.**—20 in different churches in Paris; 7 in cathedral churches; 33 in other churches outside of Paris.

**Etudes.**—The list of subscribers has already reached 2500, considerably surpassing the number of subscribers to the old *Etudes*.

FF. Perry and De Smedt took a conspicuous part in the meetings of the International Scientific Congress of Catholics lately held in Paris.

**Galicia.**—A new college is being built at Chyrow, in which there will be room for 600 boarders. The minister of public instruction, Mr. Gautsch, and six bishops were present at the laying of the corner-stone.

At Dobromil, Leopold and Lawrow, six of Ours are employed in the reform of the Ruthenian monasteries of Basilian monks. One is rector and master of novices, the others are superiors and professors. The number of Basilians under their charge is 69.

**Georgetown College.**—The subject of special interest to all Georgetownians at the present time is the approaching celebration of the centennial of the college. The event will be commemorated early in 1889, and efforts will be made conjointly by the faculty and the Society of the Alumni to render the celebration worthy of the occasion. If one may be permitted to forecast the outcome of these efforts by the reception which the announcement is having from old students, no fears of failure need be entertained. The distinctive features of the centennial can not be positively set forth at this early date. The religious ceremonies, which will inaugurate the festivities, will be on as grand a scale as the conditions of college life permit. His Eminence, the Cardinal, has graciously intimated his pleasure to attend. An academic session of the college will probably be held, at which many of her more distinguished sons, as well as friends whom she will be proud to honor, will receive, under the broad seal of the university, testimony of the esteem in which they are held. The literary exercises, under the auspices of the Society of Alumni, promise to rank with the most attractive that the college has known in her century's growth. The purely social features of the celebration will not fall below the dignity of the occasion.

The carpenters' work on the *Coleman Museum* is now practically completed, and the cases, which are modelled after those in the Smithsonian, will soon be ready. Father Frisbee has charge of the arrangement of the room, and his long experience and excellent taste in matters of this kind will insure an orderly and neat disposition of the college's valuable scientific collections. He assures us that the first place and most prominent position in the new room will be given to the collections of the Toner Circle. These collections, being the results of individual research by students, and having such an intrinsic scientific value, form one of the proudest possessions of Georgetown. The coins and medals will be placed in a prominent position. The well-known curator of the coin department at the Smithsonian, after examining the collection at the college, declared it one of the most valuable in the country. The Museum will be open by Commencement Day.

The Class of Philosophy gave a public lecture on Sound in Memorial Hall, Thursday evening, May 3rd. The speakers showed much careful preparation, and were particularly happy in the choice and treatment of the matter. Perhaps the most striking feature of the evening's display was the selection of experiments, which were entirely simple, yet most attractive, and proved beyond question the conclusions which they were meant to illustrate.

The most notable event of the present scholastic year was the opening of the special course of lectures on Electricity on Tuesday evening, May 8th. The lectures were begun at the urgent request of a number of professional gentlemen of Washington who, to meet frequent requirements in the practice of their profession, wished to gain a familiar acquaintance with the subject of Electricity. The lectures are given twice a week by the professor of physics, Father Frisbee, assisted by some of the members of the class of phi-

osophy. The first meeting was well attended; at the second, all the seats were occupied, and it is expected that at the subsequent meetings there will be more than thirty in attendance. The gentlemen have expressed themselves as delighted at what they have seen and heard thus far. After the first meeting, they formed themselves into a regular class-association, and elected Judge Stockbridge, ex-Commissioner of Patents, president. It is said that the lectures will be resumed after vacation. They are held in the physics lecture-room. Immediately after the last private lecture of this term, Father Frisbee, assisted by the class of '88, will give a public lecture on Electricity in Memorial Hall.

In our last issue we mentioned that the college bells had been placed in position, and all that was lacking was the great tower-clock. Now at last the clock is in position. The two dials, facing east and west, are 135 feet from the ground, and are 8 feet 6 inches in diameter. The clock proper measures 53 inches wide, 39 inches deep, and 65 high. It is an 8-day instrument, and is furnished with gravity escapement and compensating pendulum-rod. The works are highly polished and run very smoothly. The rod and ball of the pendulum proper weigh about 500 pounds. The hour-striking weight is about 800 pounds. The clock strikes at each quarter, two bells being heard at the first, three at the second and third, and the large bell alone at the hour. The college tower is so high above the surrounding country that the time can easily be distinguished from a great distance.

The usual devotions in the chapel, in honor of the Queen of May, were begun on the evening of April 30th by the blessing of a statue of our Lady, which was afterwards placed on one of the side altars, converted for the month into a lovely May altar. The beautiful custom among the Georgetown boys, instituted years ago by our late beloved Father John Sumner, of wearing, during this month, in honor of our Lady, a medal attached to a piece of blue ribbon, is as conspicuous this year as ever.—*College Journal*.

A letter just received from Georgetown states that both faculty and students were recently very much edified by the sight of 60 students going to Holy Communion on the feast of the Sacred Heart; the day was not a holiday and the movement was entirely spontaneous.

**Louvain.**—The sodality of university students celebrated the triduum in honor of the canonization of St. John Berchmans, in our church, during the last week in April. There was a solemn High Mass each day, Benediction and sermons both in Flemish and in French. On Friday, April 27th, Benediction was given by the *rector magnificus*, and the sermon was preached by the vice-rector.—Our scholasticate has been dedicated to St. John Berchmans.

**Madagascar.**—On last 4th of July, Mr. Campbell, the American consul at Tamatave, gave a dinner, to which he invited the most distinguished persons of the city. Among the first to whom this courtesy was extended, were our FF. Lacomme and Bregère. After the health of the President of the U. S. and that of the Queen of Madagascar had been drunk, one of the most prominent of the gentlemen present proposed the following toast: "Gentlemen, I cannot help thanking the United States' consul for the kindness he has shown to the French colony, by gathering together around this festive board so many of her principal men. Side by side with representatives of commerce, navigation and the press, we have the representatives of the Church. We are, indeed, glad to have with us on this anniversary of your glorious republic, those indefatigable toilers who are ever found in the foremost lines of civilization not only in Madagascar, but all the world over. Gentlemen, the health of FF. Lacomme and Bregère."

The U. S. consul, Mr. Campbell, is an old pupil of ours and a good Catholic, who is not afraid to make public profession of his religion.

The following account of the labors of Ours in Madagascar, sent to the directors of the Propagation of the Faith, will be interesting:—From July 1886 to July 1887, there were 4152 baptisms, 34,500 confessions, 31,325 Communions, 969 confirmations, 71 extreme unctions, 285 marriages. The entire number of Catholics amounts to 78,000, and the pupils attending our schools are 12,556.

These figures, says Fr. Caussègue, are quite small if considered apart from the circumstances in which Ours are toiling. Still, if it be borne in mind that, during the late war which lasted three years, the neophytes were en-

tirely without religious aid, the present results show that God's blessing is upon our labors. After three years of forced absence from their mission, the state of misery and degradation in which the fathers found it upon their return can be more easily imagined than described. Of course God watched over the faithful during the time of exile, and there were not wanting heroes who did all in their power to supply what they could to keep their brethren firm in the faith during the absence of Ours. The care which Providence took of the Catholics during their time of trial was especially notable with regard to the lepers, who, of course, when Ours were banished, would be left completely to themselves. But God took care of his own. "On the night following the departure of the fathers," says an Anglican minister of the London Missionary Society, "I heard a voice constantly saying to me: 'What will become of the poor lepers? Go help them.' 'This thought followed me everywhere. On the following Sunday, I went to their hospital and distributed fifteen or twenty francs among the sick, and promised to supply their wants until the return of the fathers. My friends in England sent me seven hundred and fifty francs for this good work and this enabled me to keep my word. I never made the least effort to induce any of those poor creatures to give up their own religion. I offered to pray with them on my first visit, 'but if this be at all disagreeable to you,' I added, 'I will confine myself to simply aiding you with my alms.' And so I did during the three years of the fathers' absence."

Father Cazeaux has sent to the Geographical Society of Bordeaux a paper on the cultivation of the vine in Madagascar.

**Madura.** — St. Joseph's College, at Trichinopoly, is in a very flourishing condition, the number of its students fluctuating between 990 and 1100. Two members of the faculty, FF. Jean and Sewell, are fellows of the university.

Last October the college gave a solemn reception to the governor of Madras. His Excellency was more than pleased with the reception, for which he very warmly thanked Fr. Rector. His discourse was mainly a eulogy of the Society and its method of teaching.

The Little Messenger of the Sacred Heart is published at the college in the Tamil language.

**Manila.** — Fr. Ricart, the Superior of the Mission, has been appointed Provincial of Aragon.

The government has granted \$4000 to Fr. Faura, at Manila, for the construction of a building for magnetic observations.

**Messenger of the Sacred Heart.** — The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for May keeps well to the brilliant promise of its April departure. The frontispiece—"The Madonna Enthroned" of Murano—is a handsomely engraved bit of pre-Raphaelite work. The historical story,—"The Rescue of the Madonna,"—complete in this number, is also strongly illustrated, and shows, in the vivid horrors of a siege, how it may be "easier to scale a bastion than to give an absolution." Of the other articles, the first instalment of the eventful life of "Father Peter Beckx, 22nd General of the Society of Jesus," and "Miracles of One of Mary's Saints" (the new Saint John Berchmans), are of general interest; as is also the account, from the Papal documents, of the growth of the now almost universal League of the Sacred Heart, of which the twenty-nine *Messengers*, in fourteen different languages, constitute the periodical organ. One of the "Songs of May" may become popular wherever true Irishmen are found. It takes us from

Sweet is the song of the exile  
When he thinks of his home in Loughrea—

into

The penitent heart of the May.

**Naples.**—Rev. Fr. N. Mola, Rector of the novitiate and Master of novices, has been lately appointed Provincial. In 1883 he stopped in New York, for some days, while on his way from South America to Italy. Notwithstanding the good will of Cardinal Sanfelice, Archbishop of Naples, our fathers have been unsuccessful in their attempts to get back the beautiful church of the Gesù in that city, while the Dominicans and other religious have succeeded in obtaining theirs. Our colleges in Naples prosper.

**New Mexico.**—The new college of Denver approaches completion, and it is expected that it will be ready for the opening of the classes next September. This college is intended to replace the colleges of Morrison and Las Vegas, becoming thus the only boarding-school of the mission.

The inhabitants of Las Vegas have been making efforts to retain, at least, a residence of the Society in their town. For that purpose they have even appealed to the Holy Father. Very Rev. Fr. General, hearing of this appeal, has withheld his final decision till the answer from Rome can be learned.

**New Orleans.**—On entering the Jesuits' church, should the eye of any one chance to range higher than the top of the altar, a statue of Our Lady would meet his gaze. Strange to say, a singular history is connected with this statue. Just before the revolution of 1830, there lived the celebrated sculptor Foyatier. He it was who made the equestrian statue of Joan D'Arc. All France was charmed by the artistic work, and Mary Amelia, the queen of Louis Philippe, gave Foyatier an order for a statue of the Blessed Virgin. Unfortunately the revolution broke out, and Louis Philippe was exiled. The downhearted sculptor was then obliged to sell his beautiful statue, the price of which was set at 30,000 francs (\$6000). But to make a long story short, the statue, some way or other, reached New York, and thence it made its way to New Orleans, and the fathers of this community purchased it for \$1500, and since then it has added to the beauty of the Jesuits' church. It has been in the possession of the Jesuits for about twenty years.—*Student.*

**Old Students.**—Mr. Thos. H. Dunn, a member of the class of '84 at St. John's College Fordham, was graduated on Tuesday night, at the Medical School of the New York University. He ranked second in a class of 197. His essay on 'The Medical Profession' received the special commendation of Dr. Loomis. The young doctor who won the first place had been two years longer at medical studies than Mr. Dunn, so that the latter may say that he was *princeps inter pares*. Honor to him, and to the famous Jesuit college that gave him his mental training.—*The Catholic Review.*

Mr. Francis X. Brosnan A. M. '87 of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, lead his class in the semi-annual examination at the Columbia College School of Mines.

Mr. Charles H. McKinstry A. B. '84, of St. Ignatius' College, San Francisco, graduated with honor at West Point on June 9th, taking the second place in a class of about 40.

**Omaha.**—The new collegiate church of St. John, adjoining Creighton College, Omaha, was dedicated on the 6th of May. The services were unusually solemn and beautiful, and attracted an immense congregation, amongst whom were many prominent non-Catholics. The dedication was performed by Bishop O'Connor. After the dedication, solemn High Mass was sung by Fr. M. P. Dowling, President of the college, assisted by Fr. Joseph F. Rigge as deacon, Mr. F. Mara as subdeacon, and Mr. J. Donohue as master of ceremonies. The sermon was preached by Rev. Fr. R. J. Meyer, the Provincial of the Missouri Province. The church is described as a truly magnificent edifice. It is 112 feet in length by 75 feet in width, with a nave of 62 feet; but the real plan of the building includes a total length of 184 feet, with a breadth across the transepts of 183 feet, and the present north wall is of a temporary character in order to admit of future extension. The style is Gothic. The front of the structure presents an appearance of great elegance and stability. On the north-east corner stands a quadrilateral tower; an octagonal spire surmounted by a cross, which is intended to rise to a height of 100 feet, being needed now to finish the tower. To the west of the main entrance is another tower, which has been completed and rises to a height of 83 feet. The interior is light and cheery; the roof is supported by Gothic arches and columns. The main altar is regarded as the handsomest one between New York and San Francisco, and cost \$5600, being chiefly of Italian and Tennessee marble beautifully sculptured. The stained glass windows are many and rich, and depict especially the lives of the saints of the Society. The church has cost about \$60,000 and will seat about 700 persons.—*Extract from Omaha paper.*

**Rome, Collegio Germanico.**—On April 30th, the Holy Father gave audience to the rector and a deputation of students of the Collegio Germanico,

who came to offer their jubilee gifts. First there were two large stained glass windows for the Vatican palace, one representing St. Leo the Great, the other St. Gregory the Great. These windows are remarkable pieces of art and were made in Munich. Next was presented the beautiful family-tree of the college. The fruits of the tree exhibit a compendium of the history of the college. There are the names of those alumni who died either for the faith or in the service of the plague-stricken. Among them is the name of the Blessed Robert Johnson, who died for the faith in England. Other branches contain the names of the 27 cardinals who were alumni of the college; the first is Flavius Orsini, the last, Cardinal Hergenroether. After the cardinals follow the 66 abbots, then 286 bishops. Other branches show the names of the 47 archbishops, the last being Archbishop Stadler of Serajewo in Bosnia. Then follow the 32 administrators of dioceses, and finally a great number of authors and other distinguished men.

Then the deputation presented the Peter's pence of the alumni and students and a superbly bound Album containing a brief history of the college written in Latin, and the photographs of the houses, villas and churches of the college.

Finally, they presented an address to His Holiness and the catalogue of a library which is in the Vatican Exhibition. This library contains the works of all the alumni of the college written since 1830. There are 85 authors and 358 volumes. The works range over the wide fields of Church History, Dogma, Moral, Apologetics, Canon Law, Exegesis, Liturgy, Philosophy, Astronomy, Mathematics and Literature. His Holiness received the deputation and their gifts very graciously, praised the work done by this college in the past and spoke of his hopes for the future. He referred with pleasure to the time when he was *Repetitor* in the German College, remembered the names of his pupils and their successful labors in after-life. On dismissing the rector and students, he bestowed upon all his Apostolic benediction.—*Germania*.

**St. Louis.**—The post-graduate course of lectures at the St. Louis University for 1887-88, embraced a series of private, semi-public and public lectures. The private series was opened by an introductory lecture on *Studious Habits* by Fr. H. Moeller, and was carried on through five lectures on *Modern Spiritism* by Fr. Jas. F. X. Hoeffler, ten on *Mind-life and the Cell Theory* by Fr. Jas. J. Conway, six on *The Human Compound* by Fr. Jas. F. X. Hoeffler, five on *The Noachian Deluge* by Fr. Jas. J. Conway, five on *The Ethics of Government* by Fr. H. Moeller, and four on *The Idea of God* by Fr. Harts. Of these lectures, that by Father Hoeffler entitled *A Review of the Promises and Claims of Modern Spiritism*, and Father Moeller's on *Social Abuses and Social Reforms*, are called, in the pamphlet issued by the university, "Semi-public lectures," as they were delivered in the University Hall. Abstracts of all the private and semi-public lectures are given in the pamphlet. The three public lectures, also delivered in the Hall, were *Glimpses of Everyday Life in Ancient Rome*, by Fr. John N. Poland, *The Chemistry of Photography* by Fr. Chas. M. Charropin, and *Leo XIII and the Modern Powers* by Fr. Jas. J. Conway.

The proposed new building of the Young Men's Sodality, connected with the St. Louis University, has attracted the greatest interest in St. Louis, and promises to become one of the most ornamental buildings on Grand Avenue. The sodality was founded by Fr. Damen forty-two years ago and has ever since been connected with the college church. A year ago the sodalists purchased a lot 100 x 150 feet, fronting on Grand Avenue at the head of Chestnut St., and there they intend to erect the new hall. Not long since, they sold their old hall, and were thus enabled to purchase the present lot and to have a surplus of \$10,000 for the new building. Thirty thousand dollars, however, is the whole sum needed, but, with appeals to their members and many outside friends, the sodalists expect to realize this amount in due time.

**Syria.**—The celebration of the feast of the university at Beyroot, on the first of May, 1887, was conducted with great pomp and solemnity. The Apostolic Delegate sang Pontifical Mass in presence of all the students. At dinner, besides His Lordship, there were present his Coadjutor Mgr. Gaudenzio and two Monsignori attached to the Nunciatures of Vienna and Lisbon, who were at the time visiting Syria.

The festivities were concluded by an Arabic play performed by the students. It was attended by a large number of distinguished Mussulmans. The scene

is laid in Arabia before the rise of Islam. It would have been difficult to have found a subject more agreeable to the audience, and more thoroughly Arabic. In the second scene the Kaaba or the Pantheon of Mecca was represented. Among the three hundred statues which grace its halls, there was one of our Lady. This is an historical fact, and, of course, our Blessed Mother's statue held a prominent position on the stage. It is also a fact that although Mahomet caused all the other statues to be destroyed, still he respected our Lady's and left it untouched. As the play progressed, its plot unfolded more and more clearly the state of Christianity which had existed in Arabia before it was destroyed by Mahomet and his followers. Great was the astonishment of the Mussulmans; it was depicted on their faces, and the impression produced was very favorable.

On the 9th of May, Ours again gained favor with the Turks by illuminating the university with electric light in honor of the Sultan's feast. Indeed the Sultan's good will towards the Church seems secured, for his present to the Holy Father on the occasion of his jubilee was a ring worth no less than forty thousand dollars.

Nor has the university been backward in expressing its joy to our Holy Father on his happy celebration. Quite a large purse was the outcome of the generous contributions not only of the Catholic students, but also of Schismatics, Druses, Jews and Mussulmans. Moreover, a beautiful polyglot album is preparing in which will be congratulations written in all the languages spoken at the university. This present promises to be very handsome.—*Relations d'Orient.*

*U. S. Senate.*—The following clipping is from the *Congressional Record* of March 1st, 1888. The bill for the *compulsory education of Indian children* was before the Senate. Senator Vest of Missouri said: "I am almost afraid to allude to the Jesuits; but I see my friend from New Hampshire [Mr. Blair] is not in his seat, and I can do so with safety. The best schools on this continent to-day are conducted by the Jesuits. Wherever you see an Indian school conducted by Jesuits it is conducted upon the proper principle, and that is the result of nearly a century of absolute experience.

"I visited those schools and found compulsory education for male children and for female children. The Jesuits commenced in the first place with the education of males, and they found that to be a failure. They found that the young man who had graduated went back to his tribe and there became the object of ridicule because he had adopted the language and the habits of the white man, and ridicule is the most potent weapon with the Indian everywhere. The result was that without any support except self-support, unaided and alone, he relapsed into barbarism, and then out-Heroded Herod in defense of savage customs and savage fashions.

"The result of this experience was that the Jesuits have now established dual schools for both sexes, the female schools under the conduct of nuns and the male schools under the conduct and management of members of the Jesuit order. When they graduate they intermarry, and the couple, assisted by the Jesuits and by the agent on the reservation, with a small piece of land cleared and a house erected and a bunch of cattle, in Western parlance, become the nucleus of civilization and Christianity. They support each other. I visited their houses and saw husband and wife living together, enjoying all the benefits of Christianity and civilization, and raising their children in the same way. Any of my brother Senators who have been along the Northern Pacific Railroad and passed through the Flathead reservation in Montana have seen the results of this Jesuit education.

"I was instrumental, and I am proud of it, as proud as of any act of my public life, some few years ago in obtaining \$8000 from Congress for the establishment of an industrial school under the charge of the Jesuits upon that reservation." Here Mr. Vest's time expired but, by unanimous consent, he proceeded as follows: "The result of that appropriation was that an industrial school was established at the Jesuit mission on that reservation, and you can look from the windows of the cars to-day and see comfortable houses, farms fenced in, horses and cattle grazing, and a law-abiding population, the result of that single experiment. Those Indians are to-day further advanced in civilization than any upon this continent except the five civilized tribes in the Indian Territory. I was there last summer and I saw the Indian boys, with their aprons on, engaged in mechanical pursuits. They make their own clothes, from hat to boots and shoes. They go into the forests and cut down

timber and cut it into lumber and build their houses. They are blacksmiths. They put up two dormitories, which accommodate forty boys and forty girls, and all the principal work, under the direction of a skilled workman, has been done by those Indian boys.

"They have learned agriculture. The Jesuits devote their whole lives to this service. The members of the order feel themselves dedicated to that purpose from their boyhood up, and I saw one of them who for fifty years had been engaged in this work among the Indians of North America, who had come here when he was twenty years old. This experiment shows that the industrial boarding-school is the only hope for the Indian. The Jesuits take charge of the children, and do not permit them to go back to their parents' houses until they finish their education. The parents can go and visit them, but they do it in the presence of a Jesuit father. When vacation comes they are taken out in charge of the Jesuits. The result is to be seen there by any one, a state of civilization advanced beyond that of any other tribe on the continent outside of the Indian Territory."

**Zambesi.**—Fr. Daignault, who finished his philosophy at Woodstock in 1876, has succeeded Fr. Weld as superior of the mission. Fr. Weld is master of novices at Graaff Reynet.

**Home News, Reception to Rev. Fr. Fulton on his return from Ireland.**—On the evening of Thursday, Apr. 18th, Rev. Fr. Fulton, then Provincial, arrived at Woodstock, and on the following morning, the fathers and students assembled in the library, to tender him their greetings on his safe return, and to bid him a hearty welcome home. The reception was most pleasing, by reason of the absence of all formality; it was a genuine family gathering, marked by the warmest feelings of joy and respect. After the orchestra had played a very pretty selection, Mr. Sherman ascended the platform, and in the name of Woodstock, welcomed Fr. Fulton home. Following, came a song of welcome by a select choir of theologians and philosophers. For the theologians, Mr. Casey's poem feelingly and naturally expressed the sentiments of their hearts on the joyous occasion. The "flower-song," a very sweet and plaintive melody, was then rendered by the orchestra, and at its close, Mr. McNiff, for the philosophers, read a short but thoughtful poem, expressive of the good wishes of all for the welfare of the province and the success of Fr. Fulton's efforts for the glory of God and the honor of the Society. After another address by Mr. M. Hullohan, and some more music, Fr. Fulton addressed the community. He thanked the scholastics very warmly for the reception, said he was happy to be with them once more, and then related some amusing incidents that happened to him abroad.

On May 19th, Rev. Fr. Lessmann, Visitor to the New Orleans Mission and Rev. Fr. O'Shanahan, the new superior of that mission, paid us a visit, remaining with us a few days.

The Academies of Theologians and Philosophers have proceeded as usual during the past year. Following is a list of the papers read:—

#### THEOLOGIANS' ACADEMY.

Methodism—a critique and refutation of article in <i>N. A. Review</i> : "Why am I a Methodist?"	F. P. Powers
Vagaries of a Free Religionist—critique and refutation of article in <i>N. A. Review</i> : "Why am I a Free Religionist?"	H. Woods
Craniotomy	J. P. DeSmedt
Congregationalism—critique and refutation of article in <i>N. A. Review</i> : "Why am I a Congregationalist?"	P. J. McGinney
Moral Necessity	M. Eicher
Lying and Mental Reservation—the Scholastic Theory	P. J. Casey
"    "    "    "    "—Theory of Grotius	E. J. O'Sullivan
Predestination ( <i>post pravis merita</i> )	J. M. Colgan
Unitarianism—critique and refutation of article in <i>N. A. Review</i> : "Why am I a Unitarian?"	T. E. Murphy
Origin of Jurisdiction	M. A. Noel



PHILOSOPHERS' ACADEMIES.

(Third Year)

Constitution of Bodies .....	A. J. E. Mullan
Immortality of the Soul.....	P. J. Murphy
The End of Human Acts .....	A. Taillant
Life.....	J. Dawson
Some Relations of Philosophy to Literary Criticism.....	F. J. Finn
Metaphysics and the Human Soul .....	G. O'Connell
The Act of Sensation.....	H. Casten
Truth and Reservation.....	J. M. Coghlan
Nature and Origin of the Human Soul.....	J. B. Gillick
The Existence of God.....	D. J. Murphy
Rosmini's Innate Idea .....	J. G. Kuhlman
Instinct .....	M. A. Higgins

(Second Year)

Sensitive Perception .....	M. Hussey
Transcendental Idealism.....	J. Raby
Causes of Being .....	H. G. Huermann
The Beautiful in Art .....	F. M. Connell
Synthetical <i>a priori</i> Judgments.....	R. A. Hennemann
Quantitative Extension.....	M. R. McCarthy
Philosophy and Science.....	L. Green
Technical Elements in Realism and Idealism.....	J. H. Smith
The Perception of Sound and Color.....	D. Lawton
The Universals.....	B. Keany
Dynamism.....	J. H. Meyer
Atomic Theories .....	J. Raby
Hylomorphism .....	B. Otting
Darwinism .....	M. Punghorst
Real Pantheism.....	M. J. Kane

(First Year)

Ancient Philosophy.....	J. B. Smith
Medieval Philosophy.....	F. Weis
Modern Philosophy.....	F. J. Lamb
Universals.....	F. J. McNiff
Kant's Synthetic Judgments <i>a priori</i> .....	J. H. Lodenkamper
De Lamennais.....	G. Heuisler
Testimony .....	M. McMenamy
What is the Testimony of History Worth?.....	J. Burke
The Syllogism .....	A. Gilbert

The *Spring Disputations* took place on April 27th and 28th.

EX TRACTATU DE ECCLESIA —The *Defender* was Mr. DePotter; *Objectors*, Messrs. Rogers and Powers.

EX TRACTATU DE DEO UNO ET TRINO —*Defender*, Mr. J. L. Smith; *Objectors*, Messrs. Clark and Corbley.

EX SACRA SCRIPTURA —*De Ultima Cena*, a paper read by Mr. Bechtel.

EX PHILOSOPHIA MORALI —*Defender*, Mr. O'Hara; *Objectors*, Messrs. Mullan and Higgins.

EX PSYCHOLOGIA —*Defender*, Mr. Porta; *Objectors*, Messrs. Fanning and J. H. Smith.

EX ONTOLOGIA —*Defender*, Mr. Weis; *Objectors*, Messrs. Taelman and J. B. Smith.

PHYSICS —*Lecture on Heat: Its influence on the states of matter*, by Mr. Connell, assisted by Messrs. Huermann and Raby.

GEOLOGY —*The Builders of the Sea*; an illustrated lecture by Mr. G. C. O'Connell.

Former Woodstockians will be glad to learn that Fr. Sabetti's new road has reached the completion of the circuit; the barn that was transferred to the hillside east of the college gate is now the centre of a group of farm buildings, including a new poultry house, and the surroundings have been improved; the hill to the north of the college has almost entirely disappeared.

Rev. Fr. Thomas J. Campbell was inaugurated at St. Lawrence's, New York, as Provincial, on Pentecost Monday, May 21st.

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ERRATA CORRIGE.

Page 143, 2nd line from the bottom, for standard read stranded

Page 215, 2nd line from the bottom, for *loto* read *lote*

Page 221, 4th line from the top, for take steamer read set sail

With this number we send an index for the first  
ten years of the LETTERS.

# WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. XVII, No. 3.

LETTERS FROM A CHAPLAIN IN THE WAR  
OF 1861.

(*Sixth Letter.*)

CAMP BROWN, SANTA ROSA ISLAND, FLA.,  
October 5th, 1861.

M. L. MOLONEY,

*My dear friend,*

We have had quite a change in the management of the naval squadron ruling in the southern waters. Flag-officer McKean, a great favorite among the soldiers, and, no doubt, among the men of the fleet, has been ordered to some other station, and Captain Bailey has been appointed his successor. The gallant new post-captain, whose brother is captain of Company I, 6th N. Y. Volunteers (Zouaves), has transferred his pennant to the *Colorado*. The change has caused a great deal of talk, but I think it is only talk.

At early dawn, Aug. 12th, the transport steamer *Rhode Island* hove in sight, and at 12 M. she cast anchor about two and a half or three miles off the island. The captain was probably induced to remain so far off, that he might be in deep water during the terrific storms about that time raging along the coast. All were anxious to have their mails, which were presumed to be on board the transport. But in such a storm, how venture to send the mail ashore, or go after it from the shore? About 5 P. M. we saw a large boat manned by a strong crew, under command of a lieutenant, put off from the flag-ship *Colorado*, and make directly for the newly arrived steamer. Men unaccustomed to the dangers of the

sea said the boat could not "live it." Others said: "Men-of-war's men know what they are about." Indeed, it appeared dreadfully rash to venture on such a voyage. From our storm-beaten island we beheld the fearless crew and struggling boat, tossed to and fro by the angry waves. Filled with anxious fear, we saw the cutter now disappearing, bow foremost, beneath the stormy billows, again rising into view as if issuing from the depths of the waters, then thrown on her beam-ends so that we could distinctly see her entire interior. Still the unselfish sailors, on their dangerous errand for the gratification of others whom they did not know, steadily pulled, in spite of wind and wave, directly for the distant transport tugging so fiercely at her carefully set anchor. With intense interest we watched the progress of the undaunted boat till the thick darkness of the approaching night and the stormy weather shut off cutter and crew from sight. Can they reach the transport? Can they safely bring our long-wished-for mail ashore?—these were questions frequently arising in our minds. Late at night, a cannon at Fort Pickens announced the arrival of the mail, and consequently the safety of the man-of-war's gallant crew. All is excitement in camp; each hopes (alas, how often some are disappointed!) to receive letters from dear ones at home. Finally, at early dawn, one of the teamsters drove up to our quarters with a whole wagon-load of mail matter, packages, boxes, etc. "Mails for the Zouaves, and a box marked 'glass' for the father," shouted the teamster. "Wine, wine!" exclaimed several officers who kindly offered their assistance in opening the box. Your generous favor was surely a godsend. Kindest thanks to you all for this most welcome gift. The flannel coat, etc. are just the quality of clothing required here in this warm climate. Rev. Father Tellier intends sending me something similar. The beads and medals, which were very much needed, are thankfully received. Friends in Brooklyn and Staten Island have also sent me a supply of these devotional objects for the soldiers.

I am offered every facility, and, if I needed it, every encouragement, for the exercise of the ministry among the troops. Col. Wilson has issued a "standing order" that sentries allow all those who wish to see me to pass their "posts." Moreover, if the time they are off duty (free time) does not suffice for the men to call on me, the orderly sergeant has directions to "omit from detail" (excuse from duty) any person or persons I name. Men come to me at all hours for instruction, confession, consolation; to read or write letters, etc. I hear confessions generally in my tent. A sentry, stationed in front of my quarters day and night,

informs me that a soldier wants to see me, if any one presents himself; if a soldier should call for me in my absence, the sentry, on my return, tells me that such a soldier was looking for me. I immediately send for the poor fellow, whose affairs I settle or promise to see to.

The poor soldiers are willing to lead the lives of good Catholics, but many have so far neglected themselves, or perhaps have been so far neglected, that they can give no other proof of their being Catholics than that they "have always blessed themselves night and morning." Poor fellows! several of those who had learned their prayers in childhood and youth have, by neglecting to say them, long since forgotten them. Some cannot read. What am I to do? Good will is, however, found on all sides—for there is no limit to the respect and obedience shown to "the father." Those who know their prayers, as well as those who do not know them but who can read, teach the prayers to those who have never known them or who have forgotten them. Officers and men, Catholics and Protestants, overwhelm me with all kinds of attention.

Owing to the poor health with which I was for some time afflicted in the beginning of my military career, the report got noised about that I was going to resign and return home. The men became very uneasy about it, and, after some complaining, came to inform me that they had made up their minds to keep me in spite of myself, or go home with me. On a certain day, whilst these wild reports of my resignation were being circulated amongst the soldiers, as we were seated around an hospital chest on which our humble camp dinner was spread, a Protestant officer suggested to the colonel the propriety of sending me to New York for a few months. "Such a trip," he said, "would not only benefit the father, but would greatly stimulate enlistment for the Department of the Gulf." Hearing these words, the colonel laid down his knife and fork, straightened himself up, and casting a stern glance at me, said: "Father, does this come from you?" I replied: "No sir; I should consider it a disgrace to leave my post." The colonel, bending forward and resuming his frugal meal, said in a subdued tone, as if the words were intended for myself alone, though they were heard by all: "It would be a disgrace, and you would be the first Catholic priest to bring disgrace on your church by deserting your post. Protestant ministers, who make a living of it, can and do abandon dangerous positions." After a little silence, for no one knew how to take in this novel conversation, he resumed, saying: "Father, you will remain here, and, if necessary, die here; and let your bones be

bleached white on the sands of Santa Rosa; teach me and my men never to flinch from our duty." After a little exchange of remarks, he broke out again into the following words: "Father, to leave your bones here would be the greatest honor you could confer on our holy religion or on your order . . . ."

After dinner he motioned to me to follow him into his quarters, and there he informed me that there were two persons, members of the mess, who wished to have it in their power to say of a priest what we say of ministers. He assured me that he did not at all suspect me of wishing to retire from the army, of wishing to abandon the poor soldiers who, I was aware, had enlisted because a priest accompanied the regiment. He merely wished, he said, in the remarks he had made, to profit by an occasion so unexpectedly offered him, of giving these gentlemen a salutary lesson. "These boys, for whose sake you have left the comforts of home, are very dear to me, father. I love them for their faith, which is down so far in their hearts, that it cannot be forced from them. They will die fighting for their faith which they will allow no one to insult gratuitously. They look upon honors conferred upon you as honors bestowed upon their Catholic faith and themselves. They are, to-day, prouder of, more attached to that faith than ever, because you are with them and are held in esteem by all, army and navy. I know you would not leave them. Full liberty to pass amongst the highest officers into your quarters, to have a little talk with you, more than repays these poor tars and soldiers for many a hard knock they have received for their fidelity to the faith." Becoming alarmed at the earnestness of his language and manner, I asked him: "Colonel, what are you driving at?" "Nothing, father, I feel like preaching the faith at the edge of the sword. Father, if I had the power, there would be but one religion." Col. Wilson is a very earnest, candid man, full of animation in his looks, words and actions; yet he holds himself under complete control.

We are in daily expectation of the arrival of a strong force of volunteers from New York to enable us to cross the bay and capture Pensacola—but alas, they do not come! By-the-bye, there is a report down here, that the distinguished son of the republic, Barnum, is organizing a regiment of humbugs to cheat the South into subjection. Is it true?

From the great number of venomous reptiles on the island, we might suppose this to be that peculiar region of whose existence poor Father Larkin used to tell us, and

whose name, he said, is: "Où-il-n'y-a-pas-de-bon-dieu." You could not walk five minutes in a direct line without coming upon a rattlesnake, or a moccason. This latter snake is said to be far more dangerous than a viper. There are two kinds, water and land moccasons, thus denoted because one is found generally in or near water and the other seems to avoid it. They are about eighteen inches or two feet long, and of the color and thickness of those large snakes called cow-snakes, so frequently met with about Fordham. One of the Zouaves has the gift of charming snakes. He caught the other day and brought into camp, a living rattlesnake having nine rattles. He is the wonder of the island. The boys indulge, I fear, too much in the dangerous sport of killing alligators. They brought to headquarters the other day, an alligator just killed, measuring about six feet. Besides these we have to contend against flies (blue, sand, black, red, round and hard), mosquitoes, bugs of more species than those of the flies, etc. etc., whose number and ferocity the rainy season has increased rather than diminished.

What, you will ask me, did all these creatures live on before we were cast to them? I really cannot say. Yet, from a fact I witnessed on the gulf-beach the other day, I think Almighty God had a very merciful end in view when stocking Santa Rosa with the various classes of creatures that with us claim supremacy over the sandy island. Going along the gulf-shore, saying my beads, I came to a nook in which were enormous quantities of dead fish, weeds and refuse matter of almost every kind. Near this mass, soon to be left by the tide, were troops of animals, from the little white mouse to the impetuous alligator, and swarms of insects, from the tiny gnat to the butting black fly, ready, as I suppose, to pounce upon their prey at the reflux of the water. Were not these creatures sent to consume this accumulation? Would it not soon become a heap of festering matter which would infect the neighboring country? The sharks infesting the water around the island, and rendering fishing and bathing rather dangerous enjoyments, might and undoubtedly do destroy much of this jetsam; still they could not devour it all.

On the 13th of September, picked men of the navy performed a daring exploit which we were sure would bring on a general battle, but as yet the affront is not resented. Allow me to relate the spirited dash of the gallant tars. Captain Bailey, Post-Captain of the fleet in these waters, was much annoyed at seeing the enemy slowly but surely organizing a little fleet in the Bay of Pensacola. The flag-ship

of this nascent navy was lately "brought to" by a couple of shots from one of our batteries. She has not, however, stopped her capering in the bay. Though she does not come so close to our lines, she is as bold as ever. Post-Captain Bailey would like to take his fleet into the bay and sweep every species of craft out of it. Circumstances, however, do not authorize him to proceed to such lengths. Judging from the success of several gallant acts of our men who, under the cover of night, dealt some terrible blows to the enemy, the flag-officer, smarting under the inactivity of his finely equipped fleet, resolved to carry off the whole of the proud young navy, and cover his squadron with glory. He entrusted the execution of the enterprise to Lieutenant Russel, an officer every way fit for the exploit. The lieutenant, highly elated at the honor conferred upon him, came ashore, and, having made some arrangements with the troops stationed on the island, decided on making the attempt on Friday Sept. 13th. The dangers and honors were to be confined to the officers and men of the commander's own vessel, the *Colorado*. Four launches, each armed with a swivel gun or howitzer, and each carrying forty men thoroughly armed for such an occasion, and of tried coolness and courage, were the preparations made by Lieut. Russel. That his men might be fresh for the work, Flag-officer Bailey, early in the afternoon, sent them ashore from his vessel lying at anchor about two and a half miles out in the gulf. This gave the Catholics of the party an excellent opportunity for preparing themselves for a Christian soldier's death. The good natured sailors and marines, whom I met as they landed from their boats, said to me: "Father, a little confession if you please; it may be our last." "Let us go up to my tent." "O no! right here." Kneeling down on the wet sand at the edge of the spent breakers, in the presence of the thousands respectfully and silently standing at a distance, the brave men made their confession. After their little prayer they rose and said: "Father, see that we are buried in a Christian manner." Soldiers and sailors soon mingled, and freely and hastily offered and received mutual compliments and congratulations. After sharing in our humble, coarse but abundant fare (I cannot say table), the best we could offer, Lieut. Russel and his brave men began the immediate preparations for their perilous cruise into the enemy's waters.

At eleven p. m. all is ready, and, with muffled oars, the boats move off silently from the island towards the opposite side of the bay. Their orders are, they tell us, to carry off or destroy the whole of the little fleet, or as much of it as



they can reach ; but in all cases, to "cut out" or destroy the "flag-ship," the proud little schooner sporting an admiral's pennant, which seems to defy our warnings. The bay was calm, tranquil beyond expectation, unconscious of the blood it was to drink that very night, or of the graves it was to furnish the soldiers mortally wounded and sinking down into its deep and peaceful bosom. With the exception of poor obedient soldiers, who can claim no moment of rest, the weary bodies spread over the earth's surface were enjoying a peaceful repose ; the breeze passing through the woods fringing the east and west shore of the bay had ceased to sigh ; the troubled billows of the gulf were calm ; the murmurs of the dying waves were hushed along the sandy shore of Santa Rosa. The very stars seemed to forget their laws of motion and hang silent and motionless over the scene. The mocking bird alone, whose notes are welcome always, but especially during night, disturbed by his charming song the appalling silence that enveloped our island and the surrounding waters. The sky, thickly studded with stars, as if peeping at the deadly preparations being made, was at first clear, but about the time the boats were nearing their destination it became overcast. Clouds began to ascend from the horizon, gather and thicken over what was to be the scene of the exploit of the *Colorado's* men. Is this darkness now settling over the water intended to protect our friends or to shut out from heaven's sight the deeds of blood and death to be enacted ?

Twelve, one and two o'clock have been announced, and no rocket, no shot to tell us of the defeat or victory of our boats. At 3 A. M. precisely, a pistol shot, a second, a third, several, came sweeping over the bay, and all again was silent. After a short time of painful suspense and distressing anxiety, we beheld a weak flickering light apparently on board the Southern "flag-ship." After another irritating delay, our feelings were aroused to their utmost tension by a wickedly rapid discharge of musketry which lasted about twenty minutes. Who are the sufferers ? Our men have given, thus far, no signal declaring their victory or calling for aid. The flickering light has now become a raging blaze, displaying the masts and rigging and sides of the fated armed schooner. So much of the plan has been successful. Where are our men ? Again ! Four cannon are fired in rapid succession. Are our men and boats sunk to the bottom of the bay ? The entire schooner is completely enveloped in flames. We are straining our eyes to obtain a glimpse of our navy-men by the widely extending light of the burning ship. The whole bay is lit up ; yet no sign of our brave companions. "Father,"

said a little fifer to me, "I wish I was with them wherever they are. I feel sick standing here thinking about them." This sentiment of the sympathizing little fifer, which might be differently expressed, was the universal feeling of the thousands lining the beach that terrible night. We know the sensations that harass, during the battle, the corps held in reserve. Just as our state of mind was becoming intolerable, our hearts were gladdened by three lusty cheers from our boats, still far off on the water. Now the excitement became intense. Cheer after cheer in response left the shore from thousands of throats to greet the incoming boats. Hundreds wanted to plunge into the water and swim out to meet the boys and get the news. "Are they our boys at all?" asked some. "Are the enemy, in our boats, after conquering our boys, coming now to play us an ugly trick?" asked others.

In the midst of these anxious doubts and calculations, up went a rocket from our boats, the stipulated signal of success. This brought, in response, from Pickens and the fleet congratulatory storms of rockets. During this pyrotechnic display, the boats suddenly made their appearance along shore, a signal for a renewal of vociferous cheering. Like spirit boats of some spectre ship, the launches, with oars still muffled, passed us noiselessly. Not a movement of an oar was heard. The men, refusing to land, kept on their course towards the point of the island on which Pickens is situated. Thinking they would halt at the fort, and fearing some might be dangerously wounded, I hurried down to the landing. The post-adjutant, however, informed me that they passed out around the fort into the gulf to their ship, without coming ashore.

It was precisely five o'clock when I entered the fort; so that the whole affair was accomplished in six hours. As my object in going down from camp was to attend to those who might be dangerously wounded, I inquired of the adjutant about the men. He kindly told me the boats halted for a short time, and the officer in command gave the following details: They found the "flag-ship of the Southern navy," not moored to the dock as they had supposed they would, but lying at anchor out in the channel. Pulling alongside, they made ready to spring on board, when they were challenged by the sentry keeping guard on deck. This poor fellow received as an answer the contents of a navy revolver; and he spoke no more. In an instant, those designated to board the craft were on deck, pistol in hand. The officers and men of the schooner, rushing out of their "wardroom," found their ship in the hands of determined

enemies, became utterly panic-stricken and, without striking a blow in defence of the navy, jumped overboard. Pursued by the pistol balls of the *Colorado's* crew, these terrified men swam for the shore, which fright and darkness and Yankee bullets probably prevented them from ever reaching. Our men now deliberately set fire to the vessel, re-entered their boats and rowed for the enemy's shore, where they landed, drove off the guards, spiked the cannon and pursued the guards to the barracks whither they had retreated. A strong volley of musketry from the barrack windows brought our men to a halt. They briskly returned the fire. Seeing the flames had taken such a hold of the schooner that they could not now be extinguished, and aware that the light from the burning ship would reveal the paucity of their numbers, the *Colorado's* boys hastened to their boats.

Determined not to let the enemy escape, the Southern soldiers followed their retreating foes to the dock. Finding them already in their boats and far out on the water, some rushed to the cannon to sink the daring "Yankees"—but the cannon were spiked. The dock or wharf soon became thronged with excited soldiers, now maddened by this new disappointment. Lieut. Russel wheeled his boats around, brought the howitzers to bear on the crowd, and swept these poor inconsiderate soldiers into eternity. The docks or piers were clear once more. No one to offer resistance. Our men had now time before starting for home to assemble their boats, and inform the lieutenant commanding of the state of the men and the casualties of the exploit. Ten received flesh wounds at the barracks, two were dangerously if not mortally wounded, one, on entering the boat, was accidentally run through by a bayonet in the hands of one of his comrades and one was missing. They again landed, made a hasty but fruitless search for the missing man, re-entered their boats, and started for their anxious friends. Casualties on our side: 13 wounded (3 dangerously), 1 missing. Three days afterwards, the missing man returned to us safe and sound. His explanation of his questionable separation from his comrades is, that in the confusion occasioned by the retreat from the attack on the barracks, he lost his way; when quiet was restored, he went to the village of Warrington, where he had some friends, who, he knew, would procure him the means of reaching his ship or Santa Rosa. These friends received him kindly, and enabled him, under cover of night, to reach Fort Pickens, whence he was sent out to his vessel. He brought us valuable information which will induce the authorities to be lenient in the

examination of his case. He says the enemy were busy all day the 14th in burying the dead.

I requested Col. Brown to allow me to go out to the *Colorado* to visit the wounded. The stately commander of the department courteously informed me that he could not give me permission to go on board as *chaplain*, it would be interfering with the rights of others. There was no objection to my going to the man-of-war as a private individual, and, when there, arranging matters with the authorities of the vessel. Leaving the quarters of the commander of the department, I found a messenger who informed me that the *Colorado's* boat was waiting for me opposite the camp. Hurrying to the place designated, I found the boat whose cockswain told me that he was sent ashore to take me out to the wounded men. . . . I heard the confessions of the wounded and others. The surgeon told me that all were doing well—there was no one whose wounds could be said to be dangerous. Boats were arriving from all the ships, congratulating the *Colorado*, officers and men, on their daring and successful exploit.

The sentries posted along the bay-beach have strict orders to report every movement they notice on the opposite shore. Deserters from the Southern army or navy, and "contrabands," black and white, are frequent arrivals from the other side. They generally appear in our neighborhood about morning, and always in first class boats. They amuse us very much with the wild stories they bring about the South. The authorities here are inclined to look upon these unfortunates as spies, and send them out to the transports or men-of-war, where they are given an opportunity to work for the cause of Uncle Sam.

Some time about the end of the rainy season, the lusty voice of a sentinel posted on the north beach of the island was heard about ten A. M. calling attention to an unusual movement on the enemy's side of the bay. In a short time, every one off duty, rank and file, was at the water's edge eyeing intensely the strange proceedings of our enemy. There was a large guard-boat, rowed by eight men, putting off from the shore and making directly for our line. Are they deserters? It cannot be. They would be fired on by the guard. Deserters would not dare leave their camp so openly. They are not messengers—they have no flag. Has the Confederacy collapsed? That is it. There is no authority. All have gone home. Such are a few of the wild speculations indulged in by the thousands of spectators of this strange incident. Steady and regular are the pulls, however, which are rapidly bringing the heavy guard-boat nearer to us.

Now, in mid-bay, the oars are still, and a sudden and apparently violent commotion in the boat! Is it a fight? The excitement amongst us is beyond description. What can it mean? There! a splash! Some one has fallen or is thrown overboard! A pistol shot! Another! The men in the boat resume their seats; and all is quiet. Now of course we know what all this is about. It is, we hear all around us, a summary execution of some good Union man. Some even went so far as to say they knew who this poor fellow was: that he was a ship carpenter who had gone from New York a short time before the troubles began, to work in Pensacola navy-yard. What a noble burial they will give his body when the tide will have laid it on our strand! In spite of these and many other positive assertions regarding the action of the guard-boat's crew, we all left the scene wondering what all this could be.

The boat was deliberately rowed back to her mooring, and we resumed the monotony of camp-life. "Was it not bold of those fellows to execute a Union man before our eyes, and, as it were, to say to us: 'This is what you may expect if we catch you?'" was repeated amongst the boys as they were eating their dinner.

But hear! The sentry's voice again calls all to the bay-beach. "A man swimming from the enemy's side towards our shore!" A rush was made for the vicinity of the sentry. All eyes are strained in search of the announced swimmer. "Where is he? Where is he?" is eagerly asked by the crowd. By the aid of a field-glass, I could see, near the site of what we had imagined to be an execution, a moving object. Later, we could distinctly see it was a living being slowly directing its course southward towards us. Our impatience to see this wonderful person could not be restrained. "Can't some one go out to meet him? Why does not the commander of the department send a boat out to save him? Can it be that he was killed and has come to life again? Is it a ghost?" . . . are questions on every one's lips. Still his progress is certain, but provokingly slow . . . We can at last distinguish his head. Some recognize his features. Oh! why does not the poor fellow swim faster, and inform us who he is? What was his crime? Why this peculiar mode of execution? The poor fellow is struggling! Has a shark taken hold of him? Has he been seized with cramps? Has his strength given out? He disappears! The men are wild with excitement. Bravo! there he is again! a steady swim for life and liberty. "Father, take my glass" said a naval officer standing near me; "look closely. I don't think it is a man. His manner of swimming is not

that of a man." I could see a large red head raised well above the water. The soldiers are really sick with excitement. Fearing his strength may fail him as he approaches the shore, several expert swimmers amongst the Zouaves are just ready to plunge into the water to enable the patriotic martyr to reach the shore in safety. In they jump! but, strange enough, this hero, perceiving the movement of the soldiers, halts for a moment as if afraid of their intentions, then deliberately wheels round and strikes back for the hostile coast. By this movement the mysterious navigator gave us a complete side view of his body, and thus enabled us to discern what he was—a large sized dog. Every effort was now made to induce the jaded animal to come ashore. Whistling, coaxing, calling, shouting—all known means of attracting the poor brute to us were resorted to in vain. Off he moves steadily and vigorously towards his late friends who so unceremoniously discarded him. Just as we had given up all hope of attracting him to us, the poor dog again "bout faced" and bravely stood in for Santa Rosa. No sooner had he reached the last ripple of the water than he lay down on the wet sand, utterly exhausted after his long and fatiguing swim. In complete silence we gaze from a respectful distance at the stranger. He is a large, strongly built dog. He remains stretched at full length on the beach. "Tis a mad dog!" shouted some in the crowd. The idea that the South had recourse to the expedient of sending mad dogs amongst us to drive us off the island seemed to seize the minds of all for the moment, and caused our brave soldiers to scatter; some made for camp to get their muskets, and informed the sentries by whose posts they passed, that Gen. Bragg had let loose a cargo of mad dogs on the island. In the meantime, some more brave or more curious than the rest, cautiously approached the new immigrant whom they found more exhausted than mad. The reassembling of the now pitying crowd seemed in no wise to disconcert the still panting brute. Finally, at a friendly call from one of the boys, the dog arose from the wet sand on which he was resting, fatigued by his long swim—a magnificently shaped large red dog, the right shoulder all raw from a fresh scald or burn. But look! What is that hanging from his neck? A large bottle or glass jar! "Rum! rum!" cried several. "Poison! poison!" shouted others. "See how green it is!" was the remark of nearly all. One of the Zouaves mustered courage enough to go up to the humble and friendly messenger, gently pat him, and untie the bottle from his neck, without meeting any kind of resistance. The little glass jar was eagerly and speedily un-

corked, but, instead of liquid of any kind, it contained an immense number of slips clipped from various Southern newspapers, which gave glowing accounts of victories by the Southern armies, the capture of Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, over which the Confederate flag was triumphantly floating. The Southern army was marching on Boston, which was to be in the hands of the Confederacy in a few days. Besides these terrible reports, there was in the bottle a letter addressed to "Billy Wilson, Leader of the Pet Lambs." The dog and bottle and letter were conducted to headquarters; thence to the fort. The slips were read and re-read. The commander of the fleet was requested by signal to come ashore. A great council of war was held. "Can it be true" was the proposition offered for discussion, "that a battle has been fought, the army annihilated, the principal cities in the North in the hands of the Confederacy?"—and the conclusion of the council was: "Can it be true?" Rising hurriedly in his place, Flag-officer Bailey said: "Gentlemen, I am going out to my ship, and I shall very soon answer the question which began and closed the council. I shall send the fastest gunboat I have to Key West, and, if necessary, to New York, to have correct knowledge of the state of affairs." No sooner was he on board his flag-ship than a series of signals was exchanged with a gunboat which instantly slipped her anchor and with full pressure was on her errand. The letter addressed to Col. Wilson, though somewhat comical, was in a very friendly and respectful tone. It ran thus: "The Bearer of these despatches is my dear friend *Manassas*, a thoroughbred blood-hound. I entrust him to you, Colonel, till I call for him, which I hope will be in a few weeks; perhaps in a few days. Have, I beg of you, Colonel, a special care of him till then . . . ." He advised the colonel to give up all hope of conquering the South, to leave the mosquitoes, flies and fleas, snakes and alligators of Santa Rosa, to give up hard tack and salt junk, and go over with his Zouaves to Pensacola, where a great welcome was awaiting them, where every attention would be paid to them, where every gratification would be offered them. He closed his letter by repeating: "Colonel, take good care of my noble friend *Manassas* till I call for him; for, if you don't come over to us, I shall go over to you very soon." The name of the writer of this strange missive was so blurred, probably by water reaching it, that it could not be deciphered. Following the name were the words: "Orderly Sergeant of (blurred again) Regiment." This so unexpected piece of intelligence, as well as the manner in which it reached us, suggested many

topics of conversation to idle soldiers. As said above, a steamer was despatched to Key West, and, if necessary, was to go to New York, to ascertain the real condition of affairs. *Manassas* has become a great favorite with all. The burn on his shoulder has been healed. Every night, and only at night, he regularly makes a friendly visit to each post of the picket line.

At the termination of the rainy season, our camp was moved to a more favorable location, and was laid out on a more scientific plan. The tents have been erected in ten parallel rows, leaving wide spaces called streets, which are named after the principal streets of New York and Brooklyn. Each row is occupied by a company having its own headquarters at the head of the street. Each company is responsible for the order and cleanliness of its own street. At the extreme end of the camp are regimental headquarters, which, of course, are distinguished from every thing else in this military town or encampment. They are formed of a large awning supported by many posts. Under each of the four corners of this awning is a "wall" tent, extending beyond the outside line of the awning, one for the colonel, one for the adjutant, one for the chaplain and the fourth for an office. The large open space between these four tents, and on which they open, is, on Sundays, the chapel, sufficient to accommodate all the officers of the command and guests from the fleet. During the week, it is a parlor, lecture and concert hall. Mass is said every Sunday at 12 M. or later. The regulars, men and officers from the fleet, as well as the volunteers, are present during the holy sacrifice. The regimental band, composed entirely of Catholics, discourses choice music during the celebration of the divine mysteries. There is quite a contest between those able to serve Mass (and there are many, officers and men and drummer boys) as to the one who shall have the honor of performing that office. Col. Wilson and his adjutant are models for the men. They remain on their knees during the entire Mass. The colonel does even more, he insists on Protestant officers, who come from the fort or the fleet to attend Mass, kneeling like himself. Last Sunday, a considerable number of Protestant officers honored us with their presence, but they remained standing. "Kneel down, gentlemen," said the colonel to them, "the God of heaven and of armies is under this tent." The strangers knelt. After Mass, I apologized to them, in the colonel's presence, for the interference with their faith. "And Father," said Wilson to me, "have Protestants no sins to atone for? Are we Catholics the only ones who have to do penance? Gentlemen, no matter what



the father's delicacy is, I shall insist on all doing a little penance." The strangers laughed and admitted that the colonel was right.

It is truly edifying to see the soldiers, in spite of the fatigues of Saturday night and Sunday forenoon, fasting till this late hour in order to receive Communion. Many of these poor fellows have been on guard (with "relief") for the twenty-four hours ending at 8 o'clock Sunday morning. By the time they are in from their posts it is 9.30. Then they have to brush up their clothes, clean and dry their rifles, polish their shoes, and burnish their buttons and buckles. . . After all this, comes inspection of men and arms. The performance of these various duties keeps the men busily engaged till 12 M., when Mass is about to begin. You can readily imagine the heroism required for men thus circumstanced, to fast till the late hour of Mass in order to receive Holy Communion. Yet every Sunday a number of the guard approach the altar. In our camp are a powder magazine and a well-stocked commissary store—these the boys call "warlike comforts." As the canvas affords us but a poor protection against the almost perpendicular rays of the sun, the soldiers have brought into camp, from the swamps and pine groves east of us, a quantity of boughs wherewith they have formed a tasty arbor around every tent. This scheme gives us the advantages of the forest's grateful shade, without the dangerous, death-bearing miasma said to be lurking in the luxuriant woods of the South. Walking up the "company" streets, you would see queer inscriptions placed by the light-hearted soldiers over their gayly decked tents. On one is, in flaming letters, "St. Nicholas' Hotel," on another, "Widow Flannegan's Boarding-House," then, "Washing done here." On another street we have "My own little home," "The wee drop," "Bowling saloon," "Our own tea and sugar store," etc. . . In fact, every company has its "boys," who have their own ideas, and their ways of expressing them.

The heat, since the return of dry weather, has become fearfully enervating. Officers, men, and even the horses and mules, are threatened with a total loss of energy. Still no pains are spared to keep everything and every one on a war footing. Generally the evening brings on great bustle and excitement in camp. No sooner has the last ray of the oppressive sun sunk into the refreshing waters of the gulf than a heavy weight seems to have been removed from our nervous system. For just then a cool invigorating breeze begins to blow landwards, from the salt water in which our island is bathed, and enliven the weary encampment. This

too is the moment assigned for the daily target practice for army and navy. As soon as the cool of the evening is felt, the fleet, fort and batteries belch forth shell and shot at their respective targets, to exercise the gunners in the use of those powerful instruments of death and destruction of which they are to become expert handlers. The enemy have selected the same hour for a similar exercise on their side of the bay. It is a terrific thunder storm, lasting usually one hour and a half. The whizzing of cannon balls, the screeching of shells, the roaring of mortars, give us an idea of what we may any day expect—the bombardment of the defences of Pensacola.

On the return of quiet, the boys, who, by this time, have shaken off the torpor produced by the day's heat, commence their fun, in the shape of all kinds of games and amusements. In one street you will find a band of minstrels; in another, a wandering troubadour; in another it is a cry of fire, and all the "machines" of New York are represented at the imaginary conflagration. In a fourth street you can hear the cabman crying out: "Want a carriage?" or the omnibus drivers calling out: "Ride up? Broadway and 14th street!" and so on; everything and anything to raise a laugh and thus break the tediousness of camp life. At other times, when, oppressed by the heat and parched by the salt food, we are wishing for a cooling drink, we hear tantalizing soldiers going up the street crying out: "Ice cream," "strawberries," or other well known words and expressions suggestive of very great gratifications impossible to be had here. In the morning, as soon as the little drummers have beaten *reveille*, we hear the lads crying out the morning papers, extras, latest news from the seat of war, etc. Yet we poor fellows receive no news from the seat of war. New York is the nearest port whence we can receive any reliable information about war or peace.

Col. Brown who has grown old in the army, and who, consequently, has been for a life-time accustomed to act and judge according to a strict interpretation of the "army regulations," finds it very difficult, it would appear, to get the volunteers to correct that careless, almost slovenly manner of walking, and presenting themselves before their superiors in age and dignity. Indeed this unhandiness in standing or walking or presenting oneself, so common amongst the youth of the country (if we judge of others by those lately enlisted), is really shocking to a military eye. Without having the remotest intention of showing the slightest mark of disrespect, the poor volunteers answer the questions of the commander of the department in the same tone, and

assume the same attitude they would take when conversing with any of those crowds so frequently met with on the street-corners in our large cities. Yet the "army regulations" are very explicit in saying that when a private speaks to an officer, or is addressed by an officer, he must "take the position of a soldier," i. e. a position which a well-bred man would assume when addressing a superior, and which will show his manly form to the best advantage.

Imagine a brave, patriotic, well-intentioned but green volunteer, approaching Col. Brown to ask a favor or make a complaint. He begins by nodding his head; he has his hands thrust into his pockets, he is leaning on one leg, he utters his first words: "Well, look here Colonel . . . !" Though perfectly harmless, this manner of presenting oneself before a superior officer is as much calculated to shock a man accustomed to military etiquette (real politeness), as the manners of Jack Tar, or those of his parrot, would shock pious nuns. The colonel widens his eyes, arranges and rearranges his spectacles, looks and looks again, to convince himself that the individual thus addressing him is wearing the uniform of a United States' soldier. After a struggle with himself, the venerable commander overcomes his emotion so far as to be able to say, even in a harsh tone: "Stand at attention! Come to attention!" Unconscious of having done anything wrong, the volunteer says: "Colonel, I'm all attention to anything you have to explain to me. I'm sure you will give me right."

"I tell you, take the position of a soldier."

"I give you my word, Colonel, we are just the boys that can take any position the Secesh now hold."

Col. Brown being a religious man does not curse or swear, but the scene just related puts his patience to a heroic test. He calls his orderly, whom he directs "to turn this man over to the adjutant to be instructed in the position of a soldier."

The poor volunteer, thinking he has given the colonel commanding a great idea of the courage, independence, etc. of the citizen soldier, cannot account for his present treatment. His indignation conjures up for him the idea that he has been decoyed into a "secession nest," and he persuades himself that he is a prisoner of war. "So this is what they mean by being a prisoner of war," he says to the orderly. The adjutant "turns him over" to the sergeant, the sergeant to a corporal, who puts the willing, brave, loyal volunteer through a series of "positions" that convince him

that he is not indeed among the "secessionists," but that the "regulars want to shame him, disgrace him, if not to kill him."

Returning to camp from Pickens, where I had been visiting a very sick soldier, I met Col. Brown just after passing through a scene like that described. "Chaplain," said he to me, "I am glad to meet you. You seem to have influence over these rough volunteers. Do insist on the observance of the 'army regulations;' I feel in a sinful mood. Return with me to the fort, I want to have a talk with you." Reaching his quarters, the commandant of the department, in a fit of military indignation, threw himself on his camp couch, and sent for Major Arnold and other executives whom he thus addressed: "So these are the kind of men with whose aid Congress hopes to put down the rebellion! I assure you, gentlemen, they do not know how to take the position of a soldier. And these are to constitute our army!" The adjutant ventured to say that they are excellent material, that they should be looked upon as recruits are regarded in the regular army. "Tut, tut," interrupted the colonel, "we want trained soldiers immediately. Congress, composed of men who never opened a military book, who have not the slightest idea of the 'army regulations,' who know nothing of the requisites of an army, legislate on a subject of whose definition they are ignorant. Unless military affairs are left in military hands, the country will be ruined." He concluded by enjoining on all to promote the study of the "army regulations."

Another very grievous sin against military regulations caught his eye as he rode out of the fort a short time ago towards our camp. He found a sentinel, instead of walking up and down at his post with his musket in some position from which he could instantly bring it to a "ready," seated quietly on the sand, and his gun thrown carelessly aside. How could he entrust the lives of his men to such guards? A cutting reprimand, in the shape of a special order to volunteers, officers and men, was the consequence. He informed the volunteers that a sentinel's duty is not only to let no enemy enter the camp but also to allow no one to leave camp. The commander of the department, wishing to ride outside the lines, was driving past the sentinel when he was "halted." "I am the commander of the department" said the colonel respectfully to him. "I don't care who you are; that's my order." O horror! the general had to wheel around at the bidding of a volunteer and return to the fort. Another scathing *miramur* was the consequence. Poor volunteers! with all their goodwill, they cannot do the thing

correctly. The zealous colonel commanding seems to forget that, when he first entered West Point, even he had to be taught many things the ignorance of which in volunteers so terribly shocks him to-day.

There is no prospect whatever of my being able to see a priest down here. There is a clergyman in Pensacola, but no communication is allowed between this and the other side. Flags of truce have been rejected, at least for the present. I have very little hope, therefore, of being able to see Rev. Mr. Coyle or Father Gache S. J., said to be chaplain in Bragg's army. Father Berthelet speaks of altar-breads having been sent to me. Please tell him I have not received them.

The government, mindful of our severe position, has sent us a cargo of ice. This supply will last us four months. Mass wine is becoming very scarce, and it is next to impossible for me to procure any here. Tortugas Island has nothing of this kind. It is purely a government post. It is an island sixty miles from the mainland, containing about fifteen acres, all occupied by fortifications. Here is Fort Jefferson, intended to be the greatest military depot in the world. No commerce; no other inhabitants than soldiers and their families are allowed on the island. In Havana everything could be procured with some trouble, but just now that place is reported sickly, and the authorities are strict in excluding all danger of yellow fever.

You may tell Father Berthelet or any of the fathers, that they need not send any more altar-breads. I have a contrivance in the fort whereby I can bake immense sheets of the thin bread, which are cut up into numbers and form to suit. Of course appearances are not all we could desire. The large ones for the altar are pressed between two hot flat-irons, and are therefore better baked and whiter and cleaner. We have to put up with many inconveniences, and we trust God will bear with our unhandy efforts.

Hoping that the horrors of war will soon be brought to a close, and requesting a fervent prayer for us all,

I remain yours, as ever, in Christ,

MICHAEL NASH, S. J.

## ST. INIGO'S.

May 23rd, 1888.

DEAR MR. K.,

Father John A. Conway, in writing to me from Austria last year, said he looked back to the mission he gave at St. Inigo's with Fr. Michael O'Kane as one of the most agreeable experiences of his life, and that he never felt so much like St. Paul, as he did preaching on the "end of man" in the Methodist church to some two hundred heretics. He did not mention the sail back by moonlight across the Patuxent's beautiful mouth—all of us lying out on deck and discussing the sermon. There is certainly a great deal of the romantic in our life down here. The variety is so great that the life is as new to me now, as when I first came eleven years ago. To a healthy man who loves "nature" it is a perpetual picnic. Father Vigilante used to say he would, at Woodstock, die of melancholy on account of the monotony of the scenery, "but here," he would add, "the river alone keeps me company with its changes from storm-lashed fury to glassy calm."

When I first went to St. George's and found myself in the middle of the woods, no house near, roads around all unknown, and lay down to sleep in the sacristy, the thought came, as I heard the wind of autumn roaring around the corner and the big owls hooting out in the woods, "Well, I wonder if I can't realize something of the feelings that the solitaries of old had on their first night in the desert." I was about as near to complete solitude as I could ever expect to be. Talk about pleasures of travel here! I started off to St. Nicholas', fifteen miles away. The ground was not frozen hard enough to support the horse, nor so soft as to let his feet sink into it, and yet, after the surface crust broke, the mud would be nearly knee-deep. It was hard enough for the horse to walk; but when he had to drag a buggy that was sunk in the mud with fifty pounds of muck on each wheel and one hundred and sixty pounds of flesh sitting in it, not to speak of "impedimenta"—well! I turned in to "Pug" Langley's about eight miles up on the bay, knowing that the ground would be frozen during the night. Langley lives on the bay-shore. He is an ex-novice, was educated at Georgetown and Worcester, and has trained three or four

men for the Society. His house is "home" to a Jesuit. The next morning, the tide was out and the smooth sand of the beach was like a plank floor. My horse's feet beat musically on this splendid track, while I had the grandest drive for some five miles that I ever had, and as good perhaps as anybody else ever had. It was very different from another ride on the same shore when the tide was high and the in-rushing breakers would dash up under the horse and he'd stand on his hind legs to avoid them. It was also a favorable contrast to the terrible scramble along the beach in the dark when the water, oozing from the bank, had frozen and formed in slippery "turtle-backs." After "flopping down" several times, with danger to the wrists, we had to wade out into the thin ice of the salt water and lead the obstinate horse, who would insist on striving to mount the "turtle-backs."

The bay-shore cannot be relied on for travelling. Sheets of ice, several miles in extent, are swept by east winds, and form icebergs that block the road. It is a fine sight—the forming of these icebergs. The front edge of the floating ice-field breaks off as it strikes the shore. The new edge behind it comes on, breaks off, and jumps on top of the preceding edge. So, edge after edge slides up and piles on, till we have a small mountain. There's also another obstacle to travel on the bay-shore. Crossing the mouths of the creeks that are outlets of marshes, a horse at certain seasons, and at any season if directed unskillfully, may sink into mud over his head. I always cross those places trembling with anxiety; I came near losing my horse once that way, and know of horses having been drowned in the mouths of the "cricks."

Generally, we arrive at the churches in the afternoon, and at once the big bells, put up by Father Jas. Cotting all over the county, are rung. St. Nicholas' bell, called "St. James" after Fr. Cotting, weighs 1120 lbs. Somebody brings a basket with the priest's supper. There's great rivalry in this matter; each lady tries to outdo the others, in meats, oysters, soft crabs, preserves, cakes and other delicacies, which the priest has not time to think about, though he thanks the donors all the same. It is sad to think that so many of their elegantly prepared viands go untouched. But still it affords them a chance to show liberality in things in which they are able to show it, and makes us trust that if they were able they would also exhibit it in other more substantial ways. After the bell, there are a few confessions to hear; later, comes a quiet fellow who wants to see about getting married, or to ask a question, or to "get back into mah chiche."

You would enjoy sitting in the sacristy of St. Nicholas' at night, in a chair in which all the old fathers have sat, and Father Cotting's old pipes on a shelf with many "traps" left by preceding pastors. Father Derosey, a Recollect, was the first pastor. You set your alarm and go to sleep in the fine room built by Father Gubitosi. The rats, flying squirrels, etc. come into the church ceiling about 11, from foraging, but soon quiet down. The whippoorwills, and the darkies dancing in the distance, have a soothing, soporific effect. In the morning, the whippoorwills are at it again, and the noisy mocking bird, and the alarm clock. Up you get, and down you go to open the front door of the church.

People come very early to church. Young men ride on horseback, and, after going home for breakfast, return to the late Mass. Once you start hearing confessions you keep at it, every now and then stopping to give Communion to those you have heard, until 10 o'clock. Then you say Mass and give your talk.

The churches in the country are all too small. The music in our churches is very uncertain in more senses than one. Country choirs generally aim too high. Unless the music is made simple and easy, and the number of singers so large that the absence of half a dozen will not deprive you of all music, the choir cannot be permanent. I have reduced the thing to its "lowest terms" to secure a basis of permanence. Let all the people answer the responses of High Mass. Put the *Gloria* and *Credo* into verses and let all the people chant them to an easy pleasant melody; the *Kyrie*, *Sanctus* and *Agnus Dei* are easy enough. This is the foundation. All the fine, sentimental, "fancy," cultured singing can be put in at the Offertory, Communion, *Sanctus*, *Agnus Dei*, and at the end of Mass, or at Benediction, if you have it, after Mass. If you have no "fancy" singing, you can do without it, and still your regular devout and pleasant ordinary High Mass can go on. If there's difficulty in getting an organist, I have generally a supply of two or three who do not know a note, but can accompany well enough, and correctly, by the chart method. There are several colored people who can by this method accompany any time in any key. This is not a theory or an experiment, but a success. After Mass, come the babies to be baptized, graves to be blessed, people who want holy water, beads, "scaffolds," "dem. little hearts," others who wish Mass said for their intentions, or who have a question to ask, etc. Then the "Siety" or Sodality.

"Bruvver Gyardiner in de cheer. De fus fing is de roll call!"



"Biby Bankins!"

"Hyuh!"

"Grigly Statesman!"

"Hyuh!"

"Unker Jawn Fugson!"

"Hyuh!"

"Whay's Sias Mushit at?"

"Dunno! Spec he's mannanosin fuh dinner."

"Hilary Cutchember!"

"Hych I is, sah!"

"Mogrit Lizer Finnick!"

"Prezsn! Me's presn!"

"Mr. Butler have de flo."

"I move dat we all go to Holy Communion nex Sundy in full bigalia."

"Significate yo sent, gempmum, by sayin 'Aye'. Dem dats opposed by 'No'. De 'ayes' has it."

Father McAvoy was present at a meeting last summer and, no doubt, thought of the Lime Kiln Club. He gave them a very nice and strong speech, which they still speak about. The "darkies" at St. Nicholas' are a fine set; very religious, generally sober and docile. Negroes are naturally religious. I never met one an infidel. The author of "Fetichs and Fetich Worship" says the same. Brownson, reviewing Father Thebaud's book on "The Irish Race," says that their civilization is higher and purer than that of the other modern nations because derived from a more ancient patriarchal incorrupt source; they migrated early from Siberia and were kept from injurious association by the sea. I say the same of the negroes with proper allowance for their inferiority in intellect and the "livery of the sun." The author of "Fetichs etc." describes the religion of the African as far superior to that of Greece and Rome. They came early from Asia with the ancient patriarchal traditions which they have kept. The desert was their protecting barrier. If negroes are taken early and taught religion, I believe they will be as pure as, if not purer than white people. "You sometimes will meet a man who thinks himself a fool—such a man is hard to cheat," so said the great Josh Billings. The man who deals with negroes had better always consider himself a fool—before they make one of him. They have a cunning all peculiar to themselves, with no admixture of pride in it. They will allow you to consider them anything you like, so they carry their point with you and *rient les derniers*. Perhaps this is a rough generalization and has many exceptions.

In regard to gratitude, which is said to be so remarkable

a trait in the African, I have seen little or none of it. They will always take pay for every service from their best friend and greatest benefactor. Perhaps this is the result of their training as slaves—looking up to white people for everything as a matter of course. They see all sorts of good and fine things coming from white people and imagine that there's an unlimited supply—that there's a concealed heap of money that the white people have somewhere. After the meeting on Sunday, I go to the wharf sometimes, and Alfred Biscoe has his canoe with sails "bent" to take me to Solomon's Island. I pay him a quarter. He never gives anything to the church, and will call on me with the utmost *sang-froid* when he needs my services in the middle of winter at midnight, to travel twenty miles facing a storm. It is foolish to expect much from the negroes, for they are like children as yet. Some of them though are high-minded and liberal, and I suppose all would be, if properly trained and instructed.

Speaking of sailing, lately I had a sick call after Mass to Solomon's Island, and a young man named Pat Sullivan came for me. His sloop, said to be the swiftest in Chesapeake Bay, showed her good qualities. I took the helm and Pat and his man Price put on all her clothes, full Sunday rig, and she went like a bird. I was persuaded to stay on the island to give Easter Communion to about twenty. My horse was tied on the other shore, and I had to go back with Pat, who was waiting in the beautiful island harbor. Three miles across and three miles back! We took a splendid little boy along with us. The boys that live near the water know all about handling a boat, and understand all the orders given. Pat, with a big boy, Frank Goodwin, undertook to go in this sloop to Jacksonville, Florida, but got no further than Hatteras, on account of head-winds, and turned back. It was bold for two inexperienced young fellows to start out on the big ocean, but both of them are ready for anything.

While going over the river, Pat left the vessel to us and "went below," where I could hear him opening oysters. On our way back, he threw open his little cabin doors and, with the air of a Delmonico, gravely invited me to supper. Delmonico would not have been ashamed of the "spread." We said grace with wonderful solemnity, and, though there was another plate on his little yard-square table, he would not touch anything till he had filled me right to the brim. Then he magnanimously called down the boy and, with the gravity of the treating cowboy when he steps up to the bar with a friend and cries, "Pard, nominate yer pison," he gave the little fellow the freedom of the larder.

That evening I came across some very well educated and refined people from Baltimore, who had married islanders, and were living down there far away from church and priest. Father Pacciarini had a chapel on the island during the war, and I still have the candle-sticks he used. We could have had a church there a few years ago—at the time when Fr. Conway “felt like St. Paul”—if we had had \$300. There are about fifty-three Catholics on the island. We hope to see a chapel there yet. They have a beautiful crucifix and candle-sticks, obtained through the influence of Fr. Hayes, and a fine vestment through Fr. H. L. Magevney. Father Southgate and I are supposed to “run” the island conjointly. He is a most edifying secular priest, very successful in spreading the League of the Sacred Heart, and obtaining subscribers to the MESSENGER.

Well, the next morning, having given all a chance to make their Easter and prepared old Mrs. Martin for death, I saw the steamboat coming around Pt. Patience, and ran for the wharf. Father Southgate, I was told on the boat, had got off at the last wharf above and was coming to let the islanders make their Easter. It is pleasant to land at Millstone; I know everybody, young and old, black and white, and an informal meeting with the people, in their every-day clothes and manners, is refreshing. You seem to come nearer to them in this way. We do not do so much good in the church as we would wish. In fact, some of the most experienced and sagacious missionaries have told me: “We do only one half our work in the church.” We do not know the people unless we see them at their homes. We see then many things that we would never have dreamed of, and only when we have seen all the family at home and been seen by them can we say, “cognosco oves meas.” Look here! This is enough foolishness to inflict on a good man at one time. Farewell. Love to all.

P. NEALE, S. J.

## FR. FREDERICK HÜBNER.

### A SKETCH.

On the 10th of September, 1849, Fr. Frederick Hübner died at Milwaukee. He had preached two days before in old St. Mary's, at the instance of Father, now Archbishop Heiss. As soon as he had closed his eyes in death, Fr. Anthony Anderledy, who had attended him in his last moments, went out on the sidewalk, weeping as he went, and told the passers-by of the loss the city had just sustained. One who could compel sympathy like this, from such a man as we know our General to be, must have risen above the average even in the religious family; hence, we think that a sketch of his life will prove interesting and instructive to our readers. We make selections from a communication sent us by Fr. Hoecken, of St. Gall's Church, Milwaukee.

### I.

The following is a verbatim relation sent by Fr. Joset, S. J., from Spokane Falls, W. T. We insert it as it stands for fear of polishing the quaintness and simplicity out of it.

Father Fred. Hübner was born of Lutheran parents, and was brought up in strict Christian principles, as they understood them. Every Sunday he was to go to church and back home to give an account of the sermon. At the university, he lost his faith and became a materialist; still he had made solid studies. An uncle of his, a distinguished physician at Leipsig, introduced him into the practice. After the death of his uncle, he succeeded him to the best patients. He had sick calls in Bohemia, and noted the cheerful countenance of this people contrasting with what he saw at home. It was to him an insoluble problem. "My own countrymen", he said to himself, "are much better off; how is it, then, that the poor seem the happier?" He was certainly in good faith; his character would not allow a doubt of it. The Heavenly Father knew how to bring him to the fold. A friend of his, a married man, imagined that his wife was unfaithful, and upon that became a maniac.

He had to be watched closely; for, in his fits, he attempted to take his own life. On one of these occasions, somebody said to his little son: "Kneel down; pray for thy father." The child obeyed, recited the *Our Father*, and immediately the fit was over. This was repeated several times, always with the same success. Hübner seeing this, said to himself: "The sick man knows not what the child is doing, there is an invisible agent at work here. If there are spirits, there is a God; that God must be honored; there must be a divine religion; and only one, as there is but one God;—I must find out that religion." Protestantism, examined by him, gave no satisfaction. He fell in with a Catholic bishop, and was soon convinced. He made up his mind at once to move to a Catholic country.

When he told his friends of his determination to travel abroad, there was a great outcry. "What do you stand in need of here?" they said, "you have the best practice and plenty of money." "Practice does not satisfy me;" said he, "teaching might suit me better." So he went to Vienna and made his abjuration in the hands of the bishop. Still the practices of Catholics were hard to him. When he noticed that there was a church in any street, he went around by other streets to avoid it, so as not to have to take off his hat. Invocation of the saints was hard to him. Once, being near a chapel of the Blessed Virgin, he said to himself: "I am a Catholic; I must honor the Mother of Christ; I shall go in for a few moments." The few moments lasted two hours, and all his difficulties vanished. He told the bishop, "I want to be a good Catholic; in the world I am too weak for it; I ought to be a religious."—"Very well," answered the bishop, "the abbot of such a monastery is my friend; I will give you a letter to him."

Hübner went to the monastery and was very well received; but the abbot said: "I am sorry; I have just received novices; every room is occupied and I have none for you." Hübner notified the bishop of this; whereupon His Lordship said: "Then you must be a Jesuit." "A Jesuit!" he exclaimed, "in becoming a Catholic, I meant to change for the better, not for worse."—"Yes," said the bishop, "you judge the Jesuits by your Protestant ideas" and explained to Hübner what Jesuits really were. When he heard and understood he had no difficulty; but at that time (1829) the only Jesuits in the Austrian empire were four old men in Gratz. To Gratz, therefore, he went, and was very well received. The poverty of these four old men was extreme; they had always a small bottle of wine on the table; but it was always the same wine. After having dined with the

fathers, he would go to a restaurant for another dinner. Anyhow he was willing to join them; but he was told that, being a foreigner, he could not be received without permission of the emperor. He returned to Vienna; had an audience, and exposed his case. The old Francis, then king, said something like this: "A Saxon! a convert! who wants to be a Jesuit! It is curious . . . Well . . . No, I like my own subjects and do not want them to be mixed with foreigners." So Hübner had to look somewhere else.

He came to Switzerland. We were co-novices. A truer exhibition of the "age quod agis" I think I never saw. Whatever he was put to—"totus in hoc." Whether he had asked for it or not, he got something to help his meditations on the Passion. Once there was a boil inside of the palm of his hand; he bore it in silence for five sleepless nights. While studying rhetoric in Brigg, he would thus encourage others: "Let us apply ourselves; Germany is in great need of good preachers." Studying theology privately, he would have ruined his health had not the superiors shortened his time. Procurator of the poor college of Brigg, he soon put it on a very good footing. There was a farm eaten away to the rock by the Rhone; he made a dam to throw the river away; people laughed at him, thinking that the first high water would wash away the dam; but the contrary happened; the dam stood, and a good piece of ground was restored to the farm, on which he planted fruit trees; then he pushed the dam further out and gained more ground. The owner of the opposite bank, who used to gain what we were losing, lodged complaints; but the judge told him, "You make a dam too." In the autumn he used to take along some stout mountaineers, climb the Alps, and come back loaded with valuable medical plants; he kept what he needed for his own pharmacy, at that time the only one in that part of the country, and sent the balance to Geneva in exchange for other drugs. In one word, when he was procurator, he was "totus in hoc."

The government had such an idea of him, that they consulted him on several matters. They sent him a diploma as *Sous-inspecteur des Ponts et Chaussées*. I left him in 1843, and only know that, some years later, he came to America. That his motto was there again, "Age quod agis," I doubt not. I heard that, when dying in Milwaukee, he said: "I have prayed to die somewhere unknown, and see, I die in the midst of brethren."

## II.

Besides this narrative of Fr. Joset, Fr. Hoecken has sent us two sketches in Latin from Fr. Weber of St. Paul's and Fr. Leiter of Buffalo, friends and intimates of Fr. Hübner. We should be glad to reproduce them in full; but they go over much of the ground that Fr. Joset has preoccupied. We shall, however, take advantage of some of the details which they furnish to complete the notice ourselves.

So soon as Fr. Hübner had made up his mind to enter the Society, he went to Rome and was received by Fr. Roothaan. His promotion in Switzerland was only a matter of time, and he was coming to that prominence which seemed his by natural right, when the revolutionary wars of '47, '48 and '49 swept over Europe and spoiled more plans than one. The revolution, as the world knows, was a fierce endeavor to establish a universal republic, and somehow the Jesuits were thought to be reared up to the monarchical idea; so, they had to be set aside. Many of our fathers, Italians mostly, went to Malta; others to England; others to the United States. There are a number at present, in both the eastern and western provinces, who came here under stress of the revolution, and, for men who were held to be violent royalists, they have settled down nicely to be peaceful republicans.

Among these exiles was Fr. Hübner. He went to St. Louis, and, for a year and a half, labored at St. Charles', St. Peter's and Portage. In the summer of '49, he was ordered to Milwaukee. There he was to work, in conjunction with Fr. Anderledy and a certain Fr. Brunner, for a double object: the interests of some of our fathers who had been driven from the German Province, and the establishment of a school that would in time create a want for a college.

Marquette College was therefore in its seed-life thirty-eight years ago, and much of what it is realizing now was dreamt of by him who cast the seed. Not long after his arrival in Milwaukee, he was stricken down by his last sickness. When his brethren were weeping at his bedside he said to them: "Why are you crying for me? Believe me, I desire nothing more than to die."

He had done his work as he had understood it and he fell asleep with the consciousness of a day well spent.

## THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

MEMOIRS OF FR. GREGORY MENGARINI.

Now when I am old, and life's shortening steps hurry me towards the tomb, I am asked to stop awhile and tell the story of the birth, infancy and premature death of the earliest of the Rocky Mountain missions. This labor, for such it is to me, is a labor of love; and my heart is overjoyed that its last feeble throbbings may thus be consecrated to the same sacred cause to which it consecrated the strength of its prime. But memory is no longer for me the placid stream preserving ever a calm and even flow; it is rather a mountain torrent, now full to overflowing and now completely dry, and, even in its fulness, broken by many a rock and rapid. I shall therefore tell things plainly and simply as they now come back to me, and should any one think that I narrate events too minute and unimportant, let him remember that they are to be valued, not by their real worth, but by the interest which they have for the heart of an old man.

In the year 1839, a letter from Bishop Rosati of St. Louis, Missouri, reached Fr. General Roothaan. It was the voice of a sorrow-laden heart echoing the cry of the divine Master: "Messis quidem multa, operarii autem pauci." The children of the western wilds of America had come to his door begging for some one to break to them the bread of salvation and he had no one to give them. He promised, however, to make every effort to satisfy their desire, and, turning his eyes towards Rome, he appealed for aid to Very Rev. Fr. General.

I was at that time a student of theology in the Roman College, and when I heard the appeal publicly read in the refectory, I was deeply moved. It seemed to me a manifestation of God's will in my regard. I thought the matter over, asked light from above, offered myself, and was accepted. I was told to hasten my examination, and, having passed it in January, I was made priest in March.

I longed, indeed, ready as I now was for work, to reach the scene of my labors; but the broad Atlantic rolled between me and the far-off shores of America, and another Atlantic could have rolled between those same shores and



the wigwams of those whom I was called to evangelize. Three busy months of labor and trial were to glide by before I should even leave Rome. Fr. Cotting had meanwhile applied for the same mission and had been accepted; so, together, on the feast of St. Aloysius, 1840, bearing with us the kind wishes of friends and the blessing of Fr. General, we started for Leghorn. But here delay awaited us, and it was only on July 23rd that our vessel, the *Oriole*, weighed anchor for Philadelphia.

Nine days on the Mediterranean, and the *Oriole* was breaking the surges of the ocean. From the moment that we had set foot on the vessel, my health had improved and Fr. Cotting's had ceased to be good. Seasickness, in its most troublesome form, was his portion up to the time when we entered American waters; and so violent was his attack that spitting of blood was of daily occurrence. Nor were his sufferings limited to the three weeks allotted in those days to a trip to America. A storm arose. Our vessel was driven from its course, and the three weeks became eventually eight.

The storm passed, but danger still haunted us. The sails, though lashed tightly to the spars, had, during the tempest, been rent to tatters. Old sails were called into requisition, and the ship, under full sail, strove to regain the distance which it had lost. The wind, however, was still blowing a gale, and our vessel rolled violently from side to side. The danger of upsetting was far from being imaginary; for, when the captain was called from his cabin, he immediately ordered sail to be shortened. Our perils were over for the present but new ones were in store for us. Provisions grew scarce and we were in mid-ocean. But God watched over us, and in the height of our distress, we sighted a sail. We signalled to it and were answered. We approached nearer, lowered a boat, made known our necessities, and were generously assisted. But the length of the voyage exhausted even those supplies, and again we were in need. On two occasions we hailed a passing vessel but could be spared nothing. A few inches of dried sausage had already become our daily allowance, and continued to be so until our voyage was ended.

Once, while we were in want, a shark was caught; and the cook, having taken some slices from it, prepared them nicely, and served them up at table. They tasted well to the hungry palate; but the captain, ordering shark cooked and uncooked to be cast into the sea, exclaimed with horror: "Do you not know that those who eat of the flesh of a shark shall be eaten up by sharks?" Indeed we did not

know that any such penalty had been decreed against shark-eaters, but what we did know was that we were hungry. On another occasion a dolphin was captured, but its flesh was tough and tasteless; and though we strove to eat it, it proved, even in death, a formidable foe to sharp teeth and sharper appetites.

One morning, however, when the ocean was calm and tranquil, we saw scattered here and there upon its bosom dark floating objects. They were sea-tortoises asleep. A boat was lowered and the captain and four seamen were soon noiselessly approaching one of the peaceful slumberers. With a dexterous movement, the captain turned it on its back, and while it clawed the air and wondered what had disturbed its dreams, it was tied and transferred from the water to the boat. "A fellow-sleeper was captured in like manner, but their comrades, taking alarm, disappeared in the depths of the ocean. The captives were bewildered by what had happened, and quietly allowed themselves to be taken on board the vessel. The smaller was soon converted into excellent soup; the larger was preserved alive until we reached Philadelphia.

Wearied by our long voyage, we landed at last in the "City of Brotherly Love;" but vain was our hope that our sufferings were over, for we found that the circumstances of our house there were such that but little relief could be afforded us. Hence, two or three days after our arrival, we took the train for Baltimore. It was afternoon when we started, and evening darkened into night, and yet we were speeding onward. Late at night the train slackened its speed and stopped. Our fellow-passengers rose from their seats and went out, but why they went or whither, we did not know. We looked out into the darkness but could see no sign of a city. Nevertheless, we left the train, and to our astonishment saw those that had left us so suddenly, seated at tables and eating. "Come," said I to Fr. Cotting, "let us follow their example." "It is all a speculation," said he, and hesitated. We were indeed hungry, but knew not what to do. While thus in doubt, a noise was heard; all hastily left the place and seemed to vanish in the darkness; the lights were quickly extinguished and we remained alone. To say that we were bewildered is to express the matter mildly. All that we could see were some lights receding in the distance. Just before the lights were put out, we saw a lady and gentleman walking near us. Neither Fr. Cotting nor myself knew any English, so I addressed the gentleman by "*Parlez-vous Français?*" He turned inquiringly to the lady, and she answering "*Pas beaucoup,*" both passed on.

Nothing remained but to raise our hearts in a fervent *Angele Dei*, and this appeal was answered. Suddenly we heard a noise of shouting; the lights which had been going farther and farther, seemed now to be coming nearer and nearer, until, in a few moments, a man rushed up to us and, saying something unintelligible, almost dragged us after him. We soon found ourselves dazzled by light and comfortably seated; but we felt so mortified that, for a long time, we dared not lift our eyes. It had been necessary, it seems, to cross a river and change cars; nobody, however, informed us about it, and, but for the help of our guardian angels, God alone knows what would have befallen us.

We had been standing on a pier, with a river flowing at our feet, and we were so bewildered that we did not dare stir, and so dark was it that we were unable to see objects a few feet distant. We reached Baltimore at midnight, were taken in charge by the runner of a first-class hotel, where we had to spend almost all of the little money that we had, and next day, after exhausting five languages in vainly trying to make ourselves understood by the hotel people, a Canadian was found who directed us to Georgetown.

Here, in our warm reception, we forgot the troubles and trials of the past weeks. Four days of rest, and we were again on our way towards St. Louis, but this time under the guidance of Fr. Larkin and a young companion, who were bound for the same place. We travelled by boat, and were about a month in making the journey. My ideas about America were at this time somewhat strange, and the first thing that met my gaze upon landing at St. Louis was certainly not calculated to destroy preconceived notions.

We had scarcely left the boat when our attention was attracted by two negroes in warm dispute. One was a young man, the other was well advanced in life. From words they came to blows, but blows given in a manner quite new to me. Each, ram-like, lowered his head and dashed wildly at the other, and, had not Dame Nature given each an extra coating of skull, results might have been serious.

When we reached St. Louis we found our college far outside the city; but, in the course of a few months, a single street, lined by a double row of houses, connected it with the city. Here we awaited the return of Fr. De Smet from Ft. Maragnon or Union, whither he had gone to meet a deputation of Flatheads. He returned with glowing accounts of his reception, and, having made a trip to Louisiana to obtain the things necessary for starting the mission, we were ready on April 24th to begin our journey. There were

six of us in the party, Frs. De Smet, Point and myself, Brs. Specht, Huett and Classens; of these, Br. Classens and myself are the sole survivors. Fr. Cotting, much to his regret, was detained in St. Louis, and we set our faces towards the wilderness.

We travelled by boat to Westport. One day I saw smoke breaking through the top of the steamer. I called out: "Fire! Fire!" Presently some of the hands rushed out, looked upward, and then disappeared. Seeing that they did not return, I followed them and found them engaged in extinguishing a fire that had broken out in the engine-room. "There is fire above also," said I. Having put out the fire below they hastened up and found that some hemp and cordage had taken fire under our wagons. Meanwhile, the steersman had been heading for the shore, but before we reached it, both fires were out. Another steamer had started from St. Louis at the same time as our own, and during our confusion had made considerable headway. Still, in endeavoring to avoid the current, it had gone too near the shore and, having run aground, it lost half a day in getting clear again.

Accidents will happen; but God permits them for his own wise purposes. There were on that steamer two negroes who, a few days before our departure from St. Louis, had committed a horrible murder. The police had been searching for them, and learned, after the departure of the steamer, that they were on board. Two men were instantly despatched on horseback to Westport with orders to arrest the murderers, and were making all speed, though with little hope of success. Had not the boat run ashore they would have been too late; as it was they arrived three quarters of an hour before the men, seized them upon landing, and took them back to St. Louis. The culprits were tried and hanged, embracing in their last moments the one true faith.

At Westport, our journey by land began. Forty-five years ago! It seems a long time now to look back through the dim vista of nearly half a century, and glance again at our little caravan when it first started to cross the plains. Fr. De Smet had engaged the services of a captain for the party, a man named Fitzpatrick, as well as those of an Iroquois hunter named John Grey, besides those of six Canadian mule-drivers. An Englishman named Roman accompanied us. Seeing that we were well provided with guides, several German and American families started at the same time and followed in our tracks. They were all Protestants, and sought, what many of them found, affluence on our western shores. There was a minister among them, who,

to follow exactly the precepts of the Gospel and bear the good tidings to the heathen Indians, had abandoned his wife in one of the eastern cities.

We had already been several days on our journey and had reached the Kansas River, when, casting our eyes towards it, we saw a water-spout twirling swiftly along its surface. Presently the trees on the river-bank swayed violently from side to side, numbers of them were torn from their roots, and a great mist, spreading rapidly over the river, discharged itself in a fall of hail. We dismounted until the shower was over, and then started forward again on our weary march. We had not gone far when Fr. Point saw, partially embedded in the soil, something that seemed to be a beautiful piece of quartz, oval in shape and about the size of a goose-egg. He hastened to pick it up, and found to his and our astonishment that it was a hail-stone.

If, in our times, when a railroad spans the plains, and when a traveller is whirled over them at the rate of twenty or thirty miles an hour, he feels little pleasure in the transit, much less could he expect to find pleasure when an hour's journey was lengthened out into that of twenty-four. We, however, had not come as tourists for pleasure, but as envoys of the cross; and hence we strove first to practise what we were afterwards to preach.

So the sun rose and the sun set, and the end of our journey was still over a thousand miles away. Sometimes John Grey would say to me in the morning, "Father, do you see that speck in the distance? To-day we must reach there."—"Then our day's travel will be short," I would answer. "We shall see," he would say laughingly. And the hours of the morning would pass, and we would be already journeying long under a scorching afternoon's sun before that speck would assume appreciable magnitude and distinctness of form; and the last rays of the setting sun would often show us, still some miles distant, the welcome grove where we were to find water and rest.

At night we kept guard by turns, Fr. Point and myself among the number; the only exceptions made being in favor of Capt. Fitzpatrick and Fr. De Smet. One morning, about an hour after sunrise, the discharge of a gun startled us. The report was followed by the prolonged moaning of one in pain. All hastened to the spot whence the cries proceeded, and, weltering in his blood, we found an American named Shotwell. The poor fellow had incautiously taken his gun by the muzzle to draw it from his wagon, the piece was accidentally discharged, the bullet pierced his liver, and in two hours he was dead. We could offer him no consolation, for

we found him insensible, and he remained in that condition until death put an end to his agony. We buried him there on the prairies and mournfully continued our way westward.

Sometimes we fell in with bands of Sioux and Cheyennes, but though importunate in asking us for various articles, they did us no harm. To lose the road and be in want of water had become such an ordinary matter as to be daily expected. But why speak of road when no such thing existed? Plains on all sides! Plains at morning; plains at noon; plains at night! And this, day after day! The want of water was sometimes so great that we were forced to boil putrid yellow water, which we found collected in some hollow, and strive to quell the pangs of thirst at the price of others equally great. But while water was scarce, game was often abundant. Prairie-cocks, prairie-hens, prairie-chickens, antelopes, supplied us with food. At times we saw the distant hills covered with what seemed to be clumps of stunted trees, but if even a gentle wind happened to blow towards that quarter, the trees would move up the sides of the hills and disappear; they were immense herds of buffaloes. Sometimes we fell in with a village of prairie-dogs, and once with a village of rattlesnakes. This latter we declined to enter, and prudently passed around it. I had begun to shoot the snakes as they rose hissing from the grass, but, seeing from the multitude of heads that I was wasting my powder, I soon desisted.

Thus time wore on until, upon reaching Rock Independence, it became necessary for us to cross the Platte River. It was about a mile wide, full of islands, and had a strong current. John Grey went in search of a ford and came back saying that he had found one. He immediately started ahead, and the wagoners began to follow. But, as people generally do, some thought that they could find a better way for themselves and so scattered after entering the river, thus leaving it uncertain, for those that came last, what way the guide had taken. A wagon had just entered the stream when I reached the bank, and I determined to follow it. All went well for some time, and we were nearing the other bank when suddenly I beheld the wagon upset, and at the same moment, I felt the earth slipping from beneath my horse's feet. I clung to the neck of the animal, if not gracefully, at least firmly; for, as I could not swim, I held on to life the more vigorously. The current was strong, but my horse was a good swimmer and in a few minutes both of us were landed on the bank. I turned to look at the wagon and saw it abandoned and floating down the stream. No lives were lost, but a man whom we called "The Major" had been in

imminent danger. I retired quite a distance from the others, hung up my clothes to dry and, comfortable once more, I betook myself to camp.

Slowly we toiled on while May, June and July scorched our pathway. At length, separation from the emigrants became necessary; they took the road towards Oregon and California, we kept more to the northward and pushed on towards Fort Hall.

We reached our destination on the feast of the Assumption and found some twenty Flatheads awaiting our arrival. Our provisions had been already exhausted and we had expected to replenish our stores at the fort. In this we were disappointed; for the commander, though very kind and obliging, could spare us only two bags of toro at one dollar a bag. Toro, a luxury not sold in civilized markets, is a mixture of buffalo meat, grease and berries; and though this was our first experience of it, it was far from unpleasant. But two bags could not last long, especially as the Indians were our guests and we were supposed to observe the rules of hospitality. However, when the end came and we had no more, we politely informed them of the fact, and notwithstanding that we had already faced hunger so often, we found its visage as ugly as ever. François Saxà, however, with Indian ingenuity, soon rid us of our unwelcome visitor. Fort Hall is on a branch of the Snake River. Taking a line and unbaited hook, he went to a hole in the river, threw in his line and began to twitch it from side to side. The hole must have been swarming with fish; for, in a short time, he had landed such a number, some caught by the fins, some by the tail, some by the belly, that all danger of starvation was quickly dispelled.

Snow had already fallen to the depth of four inches, when, in company with the Flatheads, we began, on Sept. 9th, the last stage of our long journey. Several days passed without any event of importance, when, all at once, we saw our Indians hastening down from the mountains and making signs that enemies were at hand. Soon we saw warriors galloping towards us, until about fifty Bannacks, armed with poisoned arrows, were drawn up at a short distance. At the first intimation of danger, our captain had ordered the wagons to be drawn up in a circle, and had seen that each man was at his post. None of the Indians of our party advanced to meet the Bannacks, for they had been engaged in a fight with them the previous year; neither did any of their party come over to us. Our captain advanced a little and told them by signs that we were Blackrobes, that we spoke to the Great Spirit, and that we were peaceable. They sat

there with countenances perfectly impassive and answered neither by word nor by sign. I had put on my cassock and had persuaded Fr. De Smet to do the same; and when the Canadians asked me where my gun was, I pointed to my reliquary.

As evening approached, our visitors drew off and camped at a short distance. When we arose in the morning, they were already up; and when we started, they followed. This they did on that and the next day also, never attempting to harm us, yet always close behind us. When the morning of the fourth day dawned, we arose expecting a repetition of the programme of the preceding days, but the Bannacks were nowhere to be seen. They had decamped in the night and we never saw them again.

Thus journeying we arrived at Hell Gate. If the road to the infernal regions were as uninviting as that to its earthly namesake, few I think would care to travel it. The trail, for it was nothing more, ran along the sides of steep mountains; so steep, in fact, that oftentimes it was only by attaching ropes to different parts of the wagons, and asking our Indians to help us, that we could keep the wagons upright; at other times we had to climb the mountains, and, unhitching the mules, to drag the wagons by ropes. At last, all difficulties happily overcome, we decided after two days' search, to settle on the St. Mary's River, about twenty-five miles from Hell Gate.

Our five months' journey was ended that the toil of a missionary life might begin. We pitched our tents and waited for our future flock to gather around us. Messengers were sent to call them; and meanwhile provisions grew scanty. Only a little *pechelse* remained in the bottom of the bag, and the brother came asking what he was to do. "Cook what you have," said I, "God will provide." The brother obeyed and his obedience was rewarded. That very afternoon the Indians began to arrive, each with his load of buffalo meat, and abundance was now our portion. "Did I not tell you," said I, "that God would provide?"

We soon set to work to erect a log-cabin and a church, and built around them a sort of fort protected by bastions. The earth was already frozen and the trench for the foundations had to be cut with axes. Trees had to be felled and trimmed in the neighboring forest, and hauled to the place destined for the buildings. The Indians were not inclined to lend a helping hand, and we needed their assistance. "Example is better than precept," thought I, and seizing an axe, I began to work. Some half-breeds would have deterred me by telling me that thus I would lose authority



with the Indians. I let my advisers talk and worked away. Soon a chief, throwing down his buffalo-robe, stepped forward, asked for an axe and joined me in my labor. The young men hastened to follow him, and our house progressed beyond expectation.

Let not my readers, accustomed to grander buildings, sneer at the first church and missionary residence among the Rocky Mountains. The walls were of logs interlacing one another, the cracks being filled with clay. The partitions between the rooms were of deer-skin. The roof was of saplings covered with straw and earth. The windows were 2 x 1, and deer-skin with the hair scraped off supplied the place of glass. Small as these windows were, the cold of winter crept in through them so persistently that we found them abundantly large.

I scarcely dare attempt to describe the cold; for, even now, when I think of it, a chill comes over me, so vivid is the impression upon me. At night we rolled ourselves in several blankets, and then in a buffalo-robe; yet in the morning we awoke to find robe and blankets frozen into one piece. We crept out of our frozen shell and set it before the fire to thaw; and this we did daily throughout the long months of winter. Mr. McArthur, clerk of the Hudson Bay Company, asked for two or three pairs of blankets more. The request astonished me, for I had already given him quite a supply. He explained to me that it was colder in-doors than out. "For," said he, "outside, a dew falls by night, and when the dew freezes it forms a coating impervious to the cold; but nothing of the kind happens inside." Though not lacking confidence in his out-door theory I never cared to test it. Shortly after the house was finished, a little incident occurred which will give some idea of the intensity of the cold inside our dwelling. I had filled a pan with water and placed it on the floor under my bed. It was not yet sunset when suddenly I heard a crackling noise, proceeding from the direction of the pan; I went to examine matters and found the water converted into one solid cake of ice, which, rising into a kind of hemisphere, was splitting into four parts. To say Mass was impossible except by keeping a fire upon the altar; for otherwise the water and wine would freeze. The loss of hands and feet from the severity of winter was a common thing not only in the beginning of the mission but also afterwards.

We were no sooner settled than Fr. De Smet, together with some Indians who knew a little French, began translating our prayers into Flathead. If all translations are doomed to lose either in exactness or in elegance, no one

will be astonished to learn that this first translation lost in both. Hearing François saying one day, "Lord, if you like, take my heart and my soul," I asked him whether he understood the meaning of the words. "Of course;" replied he, "nothing is plainer."—"And what is the meaning?" said I. "Well," answered he, "if God likes to take my heart, let him do so; If he doesn't, well, let him leave it alone." Thus, as we became better acquainted with Flathead, we found a new translation necessary, in order that Christian ideas might be presented in a form better adapted to Indian intellects. We no longer said, "Please, Lord, take," or "Be pleased, O Lord, to take,"—a form which to the Flathead was equivalent to "If you like, O Lord, take," but we used the simple imperative, "Take, O Lord," and they understood us. In fact, this prayer, so beautiful in every language, is especially so in Flathead. For this imperative form strictly enforces acceptance and admits of no refusal. When an Indian says "Take," the thing *must* be taken; and if he says "Take," he means to give. Hence, when the Flatheads offered their hearts, they really made the offering, and felt convinced that our Lord would not violate the most sacred rule of Indian etiquette by refusing the gift.

Thus were the material and the spiritual temple of the Divine Master daily progressing among them. Two things opposed the rearing of the second: polygamy and medicine. Multiplicity of wives, though almost universal in the tribe at the time of our arrival, was not a primitive institution among them, but a custom of recent introduction. When Clark was returning from his first expedition across the Rocky Mountains, he prevailed upon several Nez Percés Indians to accompany him and see with their own eyes the wonders of which he had told them. Among these Indians was one who was made a chief. Several years elapsed, and the Nez Percé returned to his tribe. His people gathered around him to listen to his story, and learned, among other things, that it was a doctrine of the whites that no man could be saved unless he had more than one wife. The Flatheads believed his words and began, each according to his wealth, to take wives. But there was one, an angel in human flesh, who was true to the nobler instincts of nature and the dictates of reason. This was Peter, the Grand Chief. Though urged to polygamy by the example of others, he always remained faithful to his first wife, and would think of no other. Admirable soul, to save whom Divine Providence had brought us thousands of miles! Already ninety years old, but with his mental faculties unimpaired, Peter had long desired to be a Christian. He had heard of our

religion from some Hurons, improperly called Iroquois in histories relating to the Rocky Mountains, and was among the most earnest in requesting the coming of the Black-robos.

The Hurons, or Iroquois as we shall call them conforming ourselves to received custom, had come from Canada as servants of the Hudson Bay Company, and, remarking the fidelity of Flathead women to their husbands, had settled with the Flathead tribe but with no other. Staunch Catholics themselves, they stirred up a desire in their new friends to embrace the faith which they themselves professed. The nearest place, however, at which a missionary could be had, was St. Louis, over a thousand miles away, and the intervening country was overrun by hostile tribes. A journey to St. Louis was enough to appall even a stout heart, yet several Hurons were found ready to risk their lives for the spiritual welfare of their adopted people. They set out and journeyed on for some time, but their destination was still in the remote distance, when, terrified by the dangers surrounding them on all sides, they abandoned the project and retraced their steps. A second party of Hurons was, however, found to engage in the enterprise, and, under the leadership of Big Ignace, penetrated even to the country of the Sioux; but, in endeavoring to cross it, they were discovered and all perished. Undismayed by the ill-success of the two former bands, a third was formed, and, under the direction of Little Ignace, happily reached St. Louis; but their difficulties and hardships were almost too much for human endurance and all except Little Ignace sickened and died.

This was the appeal of the Flatheads which had inspired Bishop Rosati's letter to Very Rev. Fr. General, and it was in answer to this appeal that we had come to the Rocky Mountains. His Lordship promised to do all in his power, and the brave Iroquois, now alone, started on his homeward journey. The joyous tidings of which he was bearer buoyed him up, and, though his horse gave out under him and dangers beset him on every side, he reached his tribe in safety. All had a warm welcome for him, but none a warmer one than the aged Peter. Months of expectation followed; then came the interview with Fr. De Smet at Fort Union, the baptism of Peter and some of the oldest warriors, lest death should snatch them away before the founding of the mission, the departure of Fr. De Smet for St. Louis, and his return with ourselves as missionaries.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE JESUITS' ESTATES IN CANADA.

"I am happy to inform you that the question of the Jesuits' Estates, which has been so long pending between the religious and civil authorities, and which has caused so much uneasiness in this country, will soon be decided favorably and to the satisfaction of all who are interested, and that my Government hopes, during this session, to submit a settlement in this connection for your approval. The obstacles which prevented the sale of the site of the old college of the Jesuits in this city have been removed, the principle of restitution in kind has been abandoned by the interested parties, and all that remains to be done is to determine the amount of the compensation granted. On the occasion of the settlement of this delicate question, certain Protestant educational institutions will receive a fair allowance, proportionate to the numerical importance of the minority in this Province."

Thus spoke His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Canada in his address from the throne at the opening of the last session of the legislature. The proposed settlement was brought about by a bill introduced by the Hon. Honoré Mercier, Premier of the Province of Quebec. The bill, as presented, recalls the confiscation of the Jesuits' estates by the imperial authorities, under the reign of George II, and the transfer of the same at a later date to the authorities of the former Province of Canada. It recounts the numerous appeals made to the civil authorities respecting these estates since 1799. It discloses the interesting correspondence, beginning Feb. 17th 1888, between the Hon. Honoré Mercier, the Holy See, and Fr. A. D. Turgeon, Procurator of the Jesuits in Montreal.

The government, in consenting to treat with Fr. Turgeon as representative of the Jesuits in Canada, wishes it understood from the start "that it does not recognize any civil obligation, but simply a moral obligation in the matter; that there cannot be a question of restitution in kind, as this has been abandoned by those concerned, but only a compensation in money . . . ; that the amount fixed as compensation be exclusively expended in the province; that any agreement made between the government and the Jes-

uit fathers will be binding only in so far as it shall have been ratified by the Pope and the legislature of the province ; etc."

These terms were accepted by Fr. Turgeon, and, in consequence, he was invited to submit to the government, in writing, his claim for a "reasonable and moderate compensation." Fr. Turgeon's reply to this invitation is a modest appeal for only one half of a single property—conceding twenty others. "I ask," he says, "from the Government of the Province of Quebec, one half of the actual value of only one of the properties which our fathers bought with their own money, the one in Montreal, that is to say \$990,000,00." He then suggests that, as soon as a settlement is arrived at, it may be possible, outside of the compensation allowed, to grant also a lot of land which would be a "monument to commemorate the eminently Catholic and conservative act" about to be performed.

This last suggestion was favorably acted on by the government, granting to the fathers the common of Laprairie. But in answer to the main request for compensation, the council answered as follows: "Seeing the difficulties surrounding the question, and the situation of the province, we are obliged with regret to say to you that we cannot offer more than \$400,000,00. To arrive at this figure, we do not take as a basis the intrinsic value of the property, as the religious authorities long ago abandoned the claim for a restitution in kind, and invariably limited their claim to an indemnity. The amount of this indemnity was even indicated by the religious authorities of this country, at Rome, which authorities on several occasions declared themselves willing to accept \$400,000,00. It is therefore impossible for us to exceed that sum." This offer, small as it was, considering that the property known as the Jesuits' Estates was worth over two million dollars, was accepted by Fr. Turgeon.

After presenting at length all the correspondence that brought this settlement about, the bill goes on to ratify the agreement, and to authorize the Lieut. Governor to carry it out.

So the matter now rests. The government feels that it has done its part "to put an end to the uneasiness which existed in the province in connection with the question of the Jesuits' estates." Meanwhile, our fathers are awaiting the decision of the Holy See as to the disposal of the compensation granted.

Catalogus Sociorum  
Missionis  
AMERICÆ FŒDERATÆ  
SOCIETATIS JESU

Ineunte Anno 1810.

R. P.

CAROLUS NEALE  
SUPERIOR MISSIONIS

A DIE 9 DEC., 1808

IN DISTRICTU COLUMBIÆ  
COLLEGIUM GEORGIOPOLITANUM

- P. Franciscus Neale, *V. Rector, Mag. nov., Proc. Miss., Rector  
eccles. SS. Trinit., Excurr. ad Alexandriam*  
P. Enoch Fenwick, *Min. Oper., Conf. et conc. in T., Excurr.  
ad Alexandriam*  
P. Petrus Epinette, *Soc. mag. nov., Doc. theol.*

MAGISTRI

- Adamus Marshall, *Aud. theol.*  
Carolus Bowling  
Gulielmus Queen  
*Doc. catech. in T.*

COADJUTORES

- Gualterus Barron, *Ad dom.*  
Joannes McElroy, *Empt., Adj. proc. miss.*  
Laurentius Lynch, *Ad dom.*  
Patritius McLaughlin, *Ad dom.*

NOVITI SCHOLASTICI

- P. Gulielmus Matthews *a die 17 Martii 1809, Rector eccl. S.  
Patrici Washington.*  
Ignatius Clarke *a die 1 Oct.* “  
Josephus Clarke “ “ “  
Simon Gartland “ “ “  
Franciscus Hopkins “ 28 Dec. “

NOVITII COADJUTORES

Petrus Kiernan	a die 7 Jul.	1808
Christophorus O'Hare,	" 11 "	"
Christianus Simmering	" 20 Dec.	"
Bartholomæus Redmond	" 1 Oct.	1809
Gulielmus Mullen	" "	"
Gulielmus Byrne	" 28 Dec.	"
Gulielmus McDevitt	" "	"
Ricardus O'Hare	" "	"
Ricardus Robinson	" "	"
Joannes Britt	" 1 Jan.	1810

IN STATU NEO-EBORACENSI

RESIDENTIA AD S. PETRI

et Collegium Inchoatum

New York Literary Institution

- P. Antonius Kohlmann, *Sup., Vic. Gen. diocesis., Recl. eccles., Conf. et conc. in T.*  
 P. Benedictus J. Fenwick, *Adj. recl. eccles., Oper., Conf. et conc. in T.*

MAGISTRI

- Jacobus Ord  
 Michael White, *Doc. ling lat., gracc., angl.*  
 Jacobus Redmond  
 Jacobus Wallace, *Doc. mathes.*  
*Doc. catech. in T.*

IN STATU MARYLANDIÆ

RESIDENTIA AD S. THOMÆ

- R. P. CAROLUS NEALE, *Superior Missionis, Dirig. Moniales Montis Carmeli*  
 P. Joannes Henry, *Oper., Excurr.*

RESIDENTIA AD S. IGNATII

- P. Carolus Wouters, *Oper.*  
 Josephus Mobberly, *Coadj., Empt., Ad omnia*

RESIDENTIA AD NEWPORT

- P. Sylvester Boarman, *Oper.*

RESIDENTIA AD NEWTOWN

- P. Leonardus Edelen, *Oper.*

RESIDENTIA FRIDERICOPOLITANA

- P. Franciscus Malevé, *Oper., Excurr. ad stationes in Maryland. et Virginia.*

## IN STATU PENNSYLVANIÆ

## RESIDENTIA PHILADELPHIENSIS

Ad SS. Trinitatis

P. Adamus Britt, *Recl. eccl., Oper.*Josephus Marshall, *Coadj., ad omnia*

## RESIDENTIA LANCASTRIENSIS

Ad S. Mariæ

P. J. Gulielmus Beschter, *Recl. eccl., Oper., Excurr.*

Residentia Conewaginis, Goshenhoppenensis, et ad S. Josephi, Philadelphiae, in Statu Pennsylvaniae; et Bohemiensis, Alba Paludana, et ad S. Josephi in comitatu Talbot, in Statu Maryland, propter penuriam Nostrorum, ab aliis sacerdotibus occupantur.

## VITA FUNCTI

Magan, Michael, *Nov. schol., 6 Jun. 1809, Resid. S. Ignatii.*P. Byrne, Joannes " " *28 Sep. 1809, Coll. Georgiopol.*

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R. P. NEALE CAROLUS.....	10 Oct. 1751	7 Sep. 1771	13 Nov. 1806
P. Neale <i>Franciscus</i> .....	2 Jan. 1756	10 Oct. 1806	
<b>O Q R S</b>			
<b>SCHOLASTICI</b>			
Ord <i>Jacobus</i> .....	7 Jan. 1789	10 Oct. 1806	
Queen <i>Gulielmus</i> .....	7 Jan. 1789	10 Oct. 1806	
Redmond <i>Jacobus</i> .....	2 Nov. 1776	10 Oct. 1807	
<b>COADJUTORES</b>			
O'Hare <i>Christophorus</i> .....	12 Jan. 1779	17 Jul. 1808	
O'Hare <i>Ricardus</i> .....	15 Apr. 1790	28 Dec. 1809	
Redmond <i>Bartholomaeus</i> .....	25 Aug. 1767	1 Oct. 1809	
Robinson <i>Ricardus</i> .....	15 Apr. 1790	28 Dec. 1809	
Simmering <i>Christianus</i> .....	12 Jan. 1780	20 Dec. 1808	
<b>W</b>			
<b>SACERDOS</b>			
P. Wouters <i>Cyrolus</i> .....	8 Apr. 1771	10 Oct. 1807	
<b>SCHOLASTICI</b>			
Wallace <i>Jacobus</i> .....	11 Mar. 1787	10 Oct. 1807	
White <i>Michael</i> .....	7 Jan. 1789	10 Oct. 1806	

## AURIESVILLE, N. Y.

Two pilgrimages were made this year to the shrine of our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, N. Y.: one by the men of Troy and Albany, on the 12th of August, the other by the women from the same two cities on the 19th. Up to the present, the report of this shrine seems not to have spread beyond the places named, and some have in consequence lost interest in the cause so intimately bound up with the place, namely the canonization of our Fr. Jogues and René Goupil and of the Indian maiden Catharine Tegakwita. The cause of this seeming indifference is not any lack of piety in the faithful, as was proved by these two pilgrimages, and by the fact, which the writer learned from a resident at Auriesville, that hardly a day passes that some stranger to the little village is not found visiting and praying at the cross, that marks the spot whereon René Goupil is supposed to have been tomahawked for teaching the little Indian children to make the sign of the cross. On Sundays, not a few, but numbers come from the neighboring towns and the country round with the same pious intent. In view of this state of things the interests of the Martyrs of the Mohawk may be confidently left in the hands of Providence. There is every sign of a silent and gradual development of devotion to our Lady of Martyrs and to her servants; and time will show whether the hand of God has not been directing the movement, which began with the desire to find the spot sanctified by the labors of Fr. Jogues; a desire which occurred in so remarkable a way to so many, at the same time.

How the spot came to be identified, and the little chapel of our Lady erected, and the pilgrimages inaugurated is already known to the readers of the *WOODSTOCK LETTERS*. Perhaps a word on the pilgrimages of this year will inspire some to pray for a speedy manifestation of God's will with regard both to their continuation and the glorification of his servants.

A triduum preached in our church (St. Joseph's, Troy) by FF. Loyzance and Nagle, prepared the men for their pilgrimage. The morning of the 12th was dark and rainy, but in spite of the weather nearly 300 men assembled at the church in the early morning and marched from there to the

train, which was to take them to Auriesville. All these men were to go to Holy Communion at the shrine. The trip therefore was made in prayer and silence. A delegation from Albany, with the Very Rev. T. M. A. Burke, Vicar-General of the diocese, at their head, joined them before starting. So the pilgrims numbered nearly 400 men. The rain fell during the whole journey, and the procession of these 400 men up the hill at Auriesville, in silence and under the falling rain, was a sight not soon to be forgotten. It was an act of genuine faith and piety which speaks well for our people in Troy and Albany. On the arrival at the shrine, Mass was said by the vicar-general, who was followed by Fr. Loyzance and Fr. Nagle. After the last Mass Fr. Burke preached. After the sermon, the procession back to the train was organized, and at 1.30 P. M. the shrine was once more deserted. It had been intended to bless the Calvary, which Fr. Loyzance, whose interest in the shrine has never abated, had prepared, and to erect a way of the cross; but the rain prevented all this.

During the week following the men's pilgrimage, Fr. McElhinney preached the triduum of preparation for the women. The effect of his labors, or of the greater devotion of the 'devout female sex', was manifested in the number of confessions on Friday and Saturday evenings. On Saturday especially, eight of the fathers were kept busy all the evening hearing the confessions of intending pilgrims. (It is no violation of the *sigillum* to mention this: that not a few asked whether they could offer up the pilgrimage for more than one intention, for the conversion of wayward son or husband, etc.) Something more than usual, of earnest faith and the penitential spirit, was felt in the atmosphere of St. Joseph's that whole evening. The next morning was all that could be desired as regards the weather. The women began to assemble at the church before 5 A. M. About that hour the church bells rang, warning them that, in half an hour, they should be ready to start; but the trains did not move till nearly 6 A. M.; twenty-one cars were needed to carry all who wished to take part in the pilgrimage, sixteen from Troy and five from Albany. As on the Sunday before, the trip was made in silence and recollection. There were over 1300 women on board the train. On arriving at Auriesville, the young ladies' sodality led the procession, chanting the litanies of our Lady as they marched up the hill to the shrine. There they found Fr. Quin (Vice-Pres. of St. John's College, Fordham) ready to begin Mass. At the Gospel, the father turned to the people and spoke for some time on the virtues of Fr. Jogues and his companion René Goupil, and

of the holy maiden Catharine. At the proper time, two fathers began to distribute Holy Communion, and for nearly an hour, they were employed in this consoling office; there were more than 1350 communicants, many coming from Amsterdam and from across the Mohawk. Fr. McElhinney of St. Joseph's, Troy, said the second Mass, and Fr. Fagan of St. John's College, Fordham, the last Mass; Fr. McElhinney preached the sermon.

After the last Mass, about half an hour was given for breakfast; it was then a little after 11 A. M. About 11.30, the pilgrims were again assembled and followed the procession from the shrine to an enclosure about 200 feet in diameter, some fifty yards off. Here the Calvary had been erected. The mound on which the cross has been planted is eight feet high and about twenty feet across. The figures of our Lord, of the Blessed Virgin and of St. John are six feet high. Fourteen men had come from the neighboring town of Amsterdam to carry the wooden crosses that were to mark the stations. Fr. Allan McDonell, of St. Joseph's, gave an exhortation here, after which came the ceremony of erecting the way of the cross. About 12.30 P. M. everything was over, and the pilgrims returned quietly to the trains which were awaiting them. The trip back to Troy was almost a repetition of that of the early morning. The day was fittingly closed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at St. Joseph's. Everything had been done to take away from the pilgrimage all appearance of a pleasure trip, and to make it, what the Church would wish it, an act of faith and of penance. The attempt was successful, and all who shared in the pilgrimage came away consoled and edified. The success is due of course to our fathers in Troy, and especially to Fr. Loyzance whose connection with the building of the shrine we have already mentioned.

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## FR. OUELLET AT GETTYSBURG.

The veterans of the *Irish Brigade* who are still alive met at Gettysburg last July to dedicate a monument to the brave comrades who fell beside them on that field twenty-five years ago. Two of the old army chaplains were present on the occasion: Fr. Thomas Ouellet S. J. of the 69th N. Y. Regiment and Fr. Wm. Corby C. S. C. of the 88th N. Y., now provincial of his congregation and resident at Notre Dame University.

Fr. Ouellet had left his Indians at Indian River, Ontario, in answer to the invitation to join in the celebration; and during his stay at Gettysburg, he and Fr. Corby were the guests of Fr. J. A. Boll of St. Francis Xavier's Church. To this church, on Monday July 2nd (as we learn from a local paper), "the veterans of the three New York regiments of the *Irish Brigade* (the 63rd, 69th, and 88th Infantry) marched with Gen. Robert Nugent at their head. A solemn Mass of requiem was celebrated by the beloved chaplains of the *Brigade* who, twenty-five years ago, administered to the spiritual wants of the brave soldiers, and to whom had often been entrusted the last wishes of their dying comrades." It was Fr. Ouellet, the senior chaplain of the *Brigade*, who celebrated the Mass, while Fr. Corby preached on "Prayer for the dead."

After the Mass came the ceremonies at the monument. In each of the speeches a neat tribute was paid to the chaplains present. Gen. Denis Burke, "the orator of the day," after eloquently recalling many an incident relating to that earlier meeting twenty-five years before, went on to say: "But we have witnessed some scenes which are not recorded by historians, but which nevertheless were as heroic as the charges of the *Brigade*, I refer to the conduct of our chaplains, Frs. Ouellet, Corby and Dillon, in the discharge of their sacred duties. In the uproar and tumult of battle, when terror and death were nigh, and many a cheek turned pale, they have been with us; constant in their trust, faithful to their duty, and devoted to the flag. Unwavering in their loyalty and unsurpassed in their devotion to their country and religion, these meek and humble followers of the Crucified bore with heroic fortitude all the trials and privations

which surrounded their perilous mission. When night closed on the victor and vanquished, we have seen them, lantern in hand, visiting the wounded, kneeling beside them, consoling those in pain and shriving the dying. They were the custodians of the last message from the departing spirit of the dying soldier to loved ones at home. It mattered not to them what religion the unfortunate sufferer professed, their generous souls went out in sympathy for his agony. And could our fallen comrades, the brave dead speak, their willing lips would this day swell the glorious testimony to their worth."

Gen. Burke's speech was followed by appropriate prayers for the dead comrades offered by the reverend and venerable chaplains.

In many a group of veterans on that day, stories were told of remarkable deeds of daring, on many a field of battle, in which one or other of the chaplains of the *Irish Brigade* played an important part. One of the clippings sent us says: "Soldiers tell of the fact that when the hail of bullets was falling around them, Fr. Ouellet was there. He did not care for the shot and shell. He was a soldier of Christ. One incident that Major Haverty tells is especially touching. At the battle of Malvern Hill, which was one of the fiercest during the war, they were literally fighting by the light of bursting shells. Fr. Ouellet, with his stole on and a lantern in his hand, was out at the very front line of battle, seeking out the wounded and asking: 'Are you a Catholic?' and 'Do you wish absolution?' One man who was badly wounded answered him: 'No, father, I am not a Catholic but I would like to die in the faith of any man who has the courage to come out and see me in such a place as this.' Fr. Ouellet gave the poor fellow conditional baptism and then continued on his work of mercy, giving absolution to the wounded and the dying, and cheering those who were likely to get well."

The veterans had not many words for Fr. Ouellet; they evinced the depth of their love for him by the warmth of their grasp and their manly tears of gratitude; but when the venerable chaplain had passed on they were eloquent in their praise of him to others.

AN ACCOUNT  
OF THE DROWNING OF MR. DUGUAY.

MONTREAL, Aug. 1st, 1888.

EDITOR WOODSTOCK LETTERS,  
P. C.

Your readers may be pleased to learn something of the boating accident which took place here during last villa, in which one of our scholastics, Mr. Adélaré Duguay, lost his life. The details of the sad affair are simply these. Twelve or fourteen scholastics from the two villas of Hochelaga and La Broquerie had arranged an excursion to Nun's Island, a mile or two above Victoria Bridge. Four boats started from Hochelaga early in the morning of July 7th, rowed around St. Helen's Island, and then steered across towards the city. This passage is always difficult, owing to the strong currents and the eddies formed by the massive piers of the bridge; but no danger is ever anticipated. It is granted that the Jesuit scholastics know the shoals and reefs and currents around the port of Montreal as well as the harbor-pilots, so that their frequent appearance during villa time along the docks, on their way up the St. Lawrence, does not excite any alarm in the minds of the on-lookers. The four crews made their passage across the river without accident, and then, aided by a favorable wind, started for the island, reaching there long before noon. At three o'clock they were ready to leave for home; but the wind which had been so favorable in the morning was then blowing furiously. The waves ran too high for the scholastics to leave the shore without being taxed with imprudence; but the security that habit gives made them venturesome. Two skiffs started out, each containing four scholastics. These had not gone more than a quarter of an hour when they realized their folly. The water was so agitated, that wave after wave entered the boat in which Mr. Duguay was seated. Some one stood up to call for help, when the frail bark suddenly capsized, throwing the four occupants into the water. The confusion that immediately followed is indescribable. The sides of the boat were clutched by the drowning men; but, whether for the heavier weight on one side of it or for the waves, it began to roll like a log. The



unfortunate scholastics lost their grasp at every revolution of the boat, but succeeded in regaining it each time. Mr. Duguay, more unfortunate than the rest, was carried away a few feet by a wave, and not being able to swim back, disappeared beneath the surface.

In the meantime, the occupants of the other boat, itself in a dangerous position and gradually filling with water, were in consternation when they saw their companions, five hundred yards off, struggling for life. It seemed almost certain death to attempt to take them into their boat, but they banished this servile fear, and hurried to the rescue of their drowning comrades. The sight was heart-rending. Mr. Duguay had already disappeared when they arrived; the three remaining were clinging to the boat; blood was streaming down the face of one of them who had been struck by a rowlock during the overturning. It was the work of an instant to help the nearest one into the boat, but seeing the danger to all attending the task of taking all into the already overlaid skiff, the remaining two offered the sacrifice of their lives, begging their companions to let them alone, and try to reach shore. "It would be better," said they, "to have us perish alone than five others with us." This noble act has not passed unnoticed; but we suppress names rather than wound the modesty which accompanies true heroism. Their offer could not be entertained by the rescuers, who insisted on taking them into their boat, exhorting them to confidence in our Lady of Liesse—to whom, by the way, our scholastics have great devotion, and after whom the boat was named. Two began to bale the water out, all to say the rosary; then was to be witnessed the surprising spectacle of a little skiff, half filled with water and laden with seven full-grown men, starting off against wind and waves for the nearest shore—Point St. Charles—nearly a mile away. The dangerous passage was made in less than a quarter of an hour. A sincere and fervent act of thanksgiving was offered to our Lady of Liesse when the boat touched the point. All Montreal saw nothing less than a miracle in the happy outcome of this dangerous trip. Much sympathy was shown to the scholastics by the large crowd that had gathered on the shore, but it was a sorry balm for sick hearts when the excitement began to abate, and they realized the dreadful loss they had sustained.

The remaining excursionists stayed on Nun's Island till the end of the storm. They reached the villa late in the evening, to learn the sad news of the drowning.

Mr. Duguay was born at La Baie du Febore, Que., on the tenth of December, 1861, and was one of a family of eigh-

teen children. To show at a glance the manner of life this large family led and the tenor of the lessons they received at the family fireside, it will suffice to say that, of the number, four are nuns of the Precious Blood, two Assumption nuns, and one brother is still in the Society. Adélard was sent to Nicolet College at the age of thirteen, completed an eight years' course of studies without interruption, and entered the novitiate at Sault-au-Récollet in March, 1882. According to the testimony of seven of his classmates, who are now in the Society, he always stood at the head of his class. Gifted with a brilliant imagination and sound judgment, he excelled in literature. During his juniorate he showed a preference for Greek authors, which he read at sight. Homer was his favorite. He wrote pure French; his style was charmingly simple and delicate. Everything his pen touched revealed a delicacy that could not fail of pleasing.

Since he entered the Society he has been connected with the music department; and during the past three years at St. Mary's College, Montreal, besides his ordinary class duties, he did much to keep up the musical reputation of the Gesù. He succeeded more than any one before him in making Fr. De Vico's Holy Week service popular in Montreal, by the brilliant rendering he gave it in 1886. On Fr. Rector's feast this year, he put *Athalie*, with Mendelssohn's music, on the stage. The invincible patience he displayed during the three months' preparation, in training eighty voices for this, was the object of praise both of fathers and scholastics. The preparation was long and wearisome; but the execution on the night of the feast surpassed even his highest hopes.

He was sent frequently to high-class concerts, and, last year, to the General Convention of the American St. Cecilia Society in Rochester, N. Y., to listen to good music, and to gather in material for future efforts of his own. He wrote music with facility.

He had already become well known in the city,—witness the manner in which his sad and untimely end was deplored in the numerous letters received by Ours. The Montreal *Star* (Protestant) produced a portrait of him, and spent itself in praise of his talents, musical and literary. The other French and English newspapers followed in the same strain. But these showed up only the qualities the outside world saw and admired. Those who knew the good scholastic behind the scenes, in the seclusion of community life, have only one verdict in praise of his childlike simplicity, his charity, patience and devotedness. His time and labor belonged to whoever asked for them. His whole soul entered

into the work he undertook, whether for himself or for the community; and the result was, what might have been expected, always happy.

His body was found after it had been four days in the water. It had floated down to Verchères, twenty-three miles below the scene of the accident. After an inquest, it was brought back to Montreal, then taken to the little cemetery at Sault-au-Récollet, where it now lies in peace.—R. I. P.

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

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## LETTERS FROM ALASKA.

*Letter from Fr. Genna<sup>(1)</sup> to Rev. Fr. Cataldo.*

ST. MICHAEL'S, ALASKA,

July 1st, 1888.

REV. FR. IN XT.,  
P. C.

According to your desire, I write once more this year, while still at the terminus of my long voyage. From San Francisco to Unalaska took eleven days. The long voyage on the Pacific was delightful, until the last night before we sighted the coast of the island. We had to wait at Unalaska a whole month, until the steamer, after its return from the islands of St. Paul and St. George, could take us to St. Michael's, where we arrived early on the morning of the 26th of June. Fr. Tosi came on board immediately to meet us and take us ashore, where Fr. Ragaru was waiting for us. All five of us were in good health, though we had suffered somewhat, especially during the early part of the voyage. Fr. Rosati had been sick on board for some days, but immediately on touching land he was well again. We refreshed our souls with the Spiritual Exercises, and the devotions of the month of the Sacred Heart. During this time, I gave a triduum to the sisters, who even wished to be given the Spiritual Exercises, either before setting out from San Francisco or in Unalaska.

<sup>(1)</sup> Fr. Genna set out from the Rocky Mountain Mission in April, 1888, for Victoria, in order to obtain the necessary faculties from the ordinary, at that time administrator of the diocese, Fr. Jonekau. The latter gave him the faculties and advised him besides, to take with him three sisters of St. Ann, in order to open a school for the Indian children. After this, Fr. Genna proceeded to San Francisco, where he met Fr. Rosati who was also going to Alaska. On the 13th of May, the five of them embarked in an Alaska Commercial Company's steamer.

Well, we are at the end of our voyage. So far, it seems that some of us will go to the place of the mission, to build a house for Ours and another for the sisters; the others will remain here for a month or so, until the steamer from Yukon returns to take us and what remains of our goods. At present Fr. Tosi is suffering from a cold; we hope that he will soon get over it. It can be easily seen that he has had to work a great deal. Your Reverence should send us fathers and brothers who are truly missionaries—strong saintly men. Bless me; pray for me. In union with your holy sacrifices, in the Sacred Heart,

Your Reverence's least and most devoted son in Xt.,  
G. GENNA, S. J.

*Letter of Fr. Tosi to Fr. Cataldo.*

ALASKA, July, 1888.

REV. AND DEAR FR.,  
P. C.

I intended to write you at some length and give you all the news from the North, but for quite a while I have not felt very well, and to do any considerable amount of writing causes distress. Your Reverence will be satisfied with the little I am able to say. First of all, as regards what I wrote last year concerning the missions of Alaska, when I was at Portland or Vancouver, I should rather increase the number I then gave of stations and Indians. I have not been able to go to the North this year, but hope to have a chance to do so next year. During the winter, if I am well, I shall visit St. Michael's in the South—a journey of about six hundred miles. Last autumn on the 24th of Sept., we arrived at Nuklukahyet where we found Fr. Robaut. As Fr. Ragaru felt quite played out, I left him there, where he passed the winter and learned the language. Nuklukahyet is at the mouth of the Tanana. Its small tribe is already more or less perverted by ministers and English Protestants. It appears that a minister will establish himself there, labor among the Indians for some time (i. e. usually until he has spoiled them), and then suddenly abandon them.

The Indians of the Tanana form three tribes who have not as yet been perverted to Protestantism. The other Tanana Indians, who live near the source of the river and speak a different language, have gone to Fort Reliance, where a minister established himself over a year ago. Fr. Ragaru will go with a brother to pass the winter there, but I told him, in case he found too much difficulty either with

the Indians or the Protestants, he should join the fathers at Nulato in the spring, where he will be able to stay. I passed the winter at Nulato, and had good health there. I found the Indians, though more or less spoiled by the preachers, very desirous of learning the true religion, especially the children. These are very good and full of intelligence.

From there we can visit Koyonkuke, five small villages that desire to have a father. Lower down are the Molumute whose number is not known. A minister who had occupied Anaklit on the coast, four days' journey from Nulato, made a great mess of it and is gone. *Deo Gratias!* Anaklit is the key to get at the Molumute of Golving Bay. It is a very important place and we shall have to occupy it later on; but now we must wait and strengthen ourselves in Nulato.

Last year I sent Fr. Robaut to Anvik, where the company had given me buildings for our use, but after two months, finding that he could not remain, he went to Nuklukahyet, where I found him on my return. In the meantime, two preachers had established themselves there to do their mischief; they have already bought a house and are building a school. I sent Fr. Robaut down with a brother to learn the language. The Indians became much attached to Fr. Robaut, who shortly after, from not taking care of himself, fell sick for a month. After his illness, he had to leave Anvik and go to Casuresky, fifty miles lower down, where there is a tribe of two hundred and fifty Indians untainted by Protestantism. There are also fish and meat in abundance all the year round. It is not however a central place for the other tribes either on the Shagalutk or Anvik rivers. As I have found a good place to build I shall establish the first school there, all the more as it is difficult to go to Nulato, since the company has not sufficient means to transport our things to Casuresky. Next year we shall see what can be done. Nulato is certainly the best place, but not just now. However, it will not be abandoned, but one of the fathers who went lower down will be stationed there, at least for some time. Up to this, the sisters have scarcely begun to labor; but I do not know how I can do so much, especially as everything has to be bought at a high price. On this account we must practise the greatest economy, and limit ourselves to absolute necessities. If Your Reverence will send two fathers and two brothers next year, perhaps I may be able to move lower down; otherwise I do not think I shall be able to leave the places already occupied. During my stay at Nulato, I built a chapel, and a house containing two rooms.

We have no need here of many brothers, one for each station is sufficient, but he should be able to do a little of everything. We cannot get carpenters here except by bringing them from San Francisco and paying them five dollars a day, as the company does. Now add the expenses of coming and going, and tell me whether it is possible for us to pay so much. The Indians can do nothing until they have seen it done beforehand; in time, however, even they will learn. I hope Your Reverence will do all you can to help us, and send us, as soon as possible, brothers who have solid virtue and practical talents. It is true that these missions are hard, but they give us very great hopes. The good to be done is incalculable; and besides, it will last as long as the Indians exist. It is almost certain that this territory will never be populated by whites, there are only some mines and a few fisheries, and these, in proportion to the size of the territory, do not count for much. Do me the favor to greet kindly for me all our fathers and brothers. Fr. Robaut, being four hundred miles away, could not write this time.

Yours in Xt.,  
P. TOSI, S. J.

*Extract from a Letter of Fr. Ragaru to Fr. Cataldo.*

ST. MICHAEL'S ALASKA,

June 30th, 1888.

REV. FATHER SUPERIOR IN CHRIST,

P. C.

Since my last letter to you, of Aug. 18th, '87, up till now, no occasion has presented itself to enable me to write to you again. Frs. Genna and Rosati have arrived from Victoria in good health and with three sisters of St. Ann. What shall I tell you of myself? Last year's journey was extremely severe on me, as was afterwards the very hard life, especially in winter. I have been eight months alone, and yet I find myself happy and most ready to labor and suffer without discouragement, although I well see that the work that offers itself is without limit. If we were able to have seven or eight fathers and brothers, we could at once take possession of other places of great importance, and thus save those poor Indian tribes from the invasion of the Protestant ministers. For example, in travelling I have had to pass through a small encampment of Indians all anxious to be instructed. Fifteen miles from these, there is another encampment of about two hundred Indians, also desirous of

instruction. I have not been able, nor am I now, to do anything for them, although there is danger of their being perverted by the Protestants. I am told that at another station there are more than four thousand who would very readily become Catholics, if a father could take charge of them before they are spoiled by the whites.

The Lord has twice saved me from drowning in the river Yukon. These accidents were due to the fact that I have no one to assist me. We have need here of brothers who are good religious and at the same time fit for active work; also carpenters and boat builders. Fr. Genna tells me that Your Reverence expected more letters from me last year, but you know that one can get letters from Alaska only once a year. Please send me a statue of our Lady; it would be a real treasure for us to possess one in these abandoned regions.

I commend myself to your holy sacrifices and prayers.

Your servant in Christ,

L. RAGARU, S. J.

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## CALIFORNIA.

*Letter of Father John J. Moore.*

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE,  
SANTA CLARA, CALIFORNIA,  
August 15th, 1888.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,  
P. C.

The California Mission is so separated from the rest of the Society's fields of operations in the United States, that some account of the work done by Ours in this remote corner of the country may well be presumed to be of interest to a majority of the readers of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS. With a view to stimulating a laudable interest in our affairs I have put together a few notes on the chief events of the past year.

Beginning with the advance made in the way of building and extending our lines, mention is to be made, in the first place, of the building and opening of the new novitiate, juniorate and house for tertians at Los Gatos, Santa Clara County, ten miles south-west of San José. It was erected entirely last year at a cost of somewhat over \$40,000. It

stands on rising ground and consists of a central building three storeys in height with a high mansard roof, and two wings on the east and west sides, of the height of two storeys. The central portion is sixty-four feet in front by a depth of fifty-five feet, while the wings, which are each twenty-seven feet in width, have a depth of eighty feet. So that by running back from the main building about twenty-eight feet, they form a court in the rear, opening towards the south. This court is surrounded on three sides by verandas; upon the upper one are placed the bath-rooms and other offices which are thus outside the main building. The third floor of the central building consists of two apartments, for the novices and juniors respectively, each twenty-five feet in width and fifty-two, in length, with lavatories at each end of the rear veranda, and separated by a wide corridor. The second storey, which extends throughout the whole building, is occupied by the chapel in the east wing, the infirmary rooms in the west, and the rooms of the fathers in front. On the first floor are the refectory, with a kitchen adjoining but distinct from the main building, the library, school and meeting-rooms, parlors and store-rooms. The basement under the first storey, which is about eight feet in height and wholly above the ground, furnishes store-rooms and cellars for the products of the vineyard and orchards belonging to the novitiate.

The situation of the buildings is unsurpassed in natural beauty, and the view from the upper windows takes in a stretch of over eighty miles in length, including the valley of Santa Clara, the bay of San Francisco and the ranges of the Coast, Santa Cruz, and Contra Costa mountains. The site of the building is about three hundred feet above San José which is in full view from it.

The solemn opening and dedication of the new house took place on the octave of the feast of the Sacred Heart, June 15th, when a community of tertians, juniors and novices was installed in it. It was the intention to have the ceremony take place on the feast itself, but that could not be conveniently carried out owing to the closing exercises and exhibitions which were taking place in the colleges at the time. It is called the Novitiate of the Sacred Heart, though it is more popularly known as "The Ranch," but we hope before long to educate our party up to the use of its right name. Many may be interested to hear that it was handed over to its superior free from all debt, save one of gratitude to some generous benefactors. Seventeen acres of an adjoining vineyard were added lately to the property which now contains in all sixty-two acres. By this addition



has been obtained what we may call "a scientific frontier" such as will secure the seclusion befitting a novice.

In Santa Clara College the memorial chapel is approaching completion and will be ready for use within a few weeks. It will probably be opened by the 9th of September. The cost of its building being wholly defrayed by the students who have been in Santa Clara from the foundation to the present time, it is to stand as a perpetual memorial of the years spent within the college walls and of the love with which they cherish the memory of old school-days. There is no gainsaying that our students keep a warm place in their hearts for the college, for when called upon about two years ago by Father Kenna, the present president, who was himself at one time a student here, they responded in a manner that enabled him, within a short space of time, to carry out his project of building a chapel that should hold the first place in grandeur and solidity among the college buildings, and this without allowing it to be burdened with a dollar of debt. Work was commenced on it in the month of August 1886, and every care was taken to ensure its solid and permanent construction. It faces the playground of the college from which it is entered by three double doors having a portico in front. The latter, however, is not yet erected, though the steps and platform are. The building is of brick, one hundred and ten feet long by fifty in width, exclusive of projections at the sides for confessionals. The sanctuary is semicircular, with a domed roof. The pilasters around it are cased with mosaic marble and have metal Corinthian capitals. The altar-rail will be of the same material, as well as a wainscot five feet deep, and the pilasters of the nave throughout the chapel. The windows are to be of stained glass. One of them, representing St. Clare, is almost finished and will be set in place in a short time.

In San José, progress has also been made. A few years ago, the parochial school budded into a *collegium inchoatum* and has flourished so well that this summer it blossomed into a *collegium simpliciter*, with Father Congiato, who has watched over and guided its destiny since 1871, as its first rector. The church, which stands on the site of the old Pueblo mission church, was completed last year by the construction of the external dome and lantern, at a total cost of about \$9000, which was defrayed wholly by the generosity of three gentlemen of the city. The church, as completed, is the fourth or fifth in size in California. It faces on Market street where it has a frontage of 136 feet, its depth on San Fernando street being 156 feet. It is built in Italian style, in the form of a cross, and is flanked at the front by two

towers twenty feet square at the base and octagonal above the roof. The intersection of the arms is surmounted by a dome fifty-six feet in diameter and a hundred and thirty-four feet in height. The towers rise to the height of a hundred and twenty-five feet and the ceiling inside is fifty feet from the floor to the centre of the arches. The entrance on the Market-street end is finished with a portico of four Corinthian columns, with a flight of seven granite steps, fifty-four feet in width in front. Within, the ceiling is arched in a single span fifty feet in width and the same in height; over the main entrance there is an organ gallery, supported by six fluted pillars twenty feet in height by two in diameter, but no other galleries. At the corners, where the nave and transepts meet, are four circular chapels with domed ceilings below the main dome. The main altar is as yet a temporary structure of wood, but the ends of the transepts are occupied by two elaborate altars with *baldachini* of white marble. The total cost of the building exceeds one hundred thousand dollars, and its construction has extended over twelve years. The contract price of it was \$51,500, all but ten thousand of which was paid up before its dedication on the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, April 22d, 1877. From that time nothing worth recording was done towards completing it until 1882, when the portico was built at a cost of \$10,000 and the two towers at \$5000 apiece. The marble altars were put up at the same time, one in honor of the Sacred Heart and the other of the Blessed Virgin, at about \$6000, along with an excellent organ costing \$5000.

A few words about the church which preceded this new structure may be of interest, as showing the liberality of our California people in contributing to works of this kind. The old adobe San José Pueblo church, which was built in 1798, served its purpose down to 1859, when it was remodelled in the exterior at an outlay of \$10,000, and so continued until 1870, when a new front was added to the San Fernando-street side, giving it the appearance of an entirely new building. This improvement involved the outlay of \$25,000, exclusive of the interior furnishing which cost \$10,000 more, not counting \$4000 for an organ. Its glory was, however, short-lived; for the afternoon of Saturday April 24th, 1875, saw it crumbling into a heap of burning cinders with nothing saved except the altar and the pulpit. A mission conducted by the Paulist fathers from New York was in progress at the time, which made the calamity keenly felt, though at the same time, perhaps, it was providential that it occurred just then, when the people were ani-

mated to undertake the building of the grand church just completed.

Of St. Ignatius' College, San Francisco, there is no improvement in the line of building to be recorded, for the very simple reason that he who built it nine years ago did his work so thoroughly that he could not have a successor in it.

Fear of drawing out this letter to an unwarrantable length warns me to be brief with what remains to be said. Though there are other interesting topics, I can venture upon noticing but a few, and those as briefly as possible.

The degrees taken by our graduates, for many years past, were mostly those of the non-classical course; but it was formally announced at the close of last session that the giving of those degrees would cease with the class of '91, that is, in three years. The reports of work done in the graduating classes last year were very satisfactory. In Santa Clara, seven took the degree of Bachelor of Arts and twelve that of Bachelor of Science; the greatest number on record since the founding of the college. In St. Ignatius', two were graduated Bachelors of Science, four Bachelors of Arts and one Master of Arts.

A few miscellaneous events of the year merit notice here before concluding. The past year had run about a month of its course when we had the honor of welcoming as our guest the Most Rev. Ricardo Casanova, Archbishop of Guatemala, who, along with two of his clerics, was driven into exile by the government of that republic. His Grace remained our guest until the time of his departure for Rome, about the middle of last May. During his stay here he was honored with a letter from the Holy Father testifying approval of his course of action in dealing with "the powers that be" in Guatemala, and expressing sympathy and congratulation on his suffering for justice' sake. During the month of October, no less than four archbishops were at the same time under our roof, upon the occasion of the visit of His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, who spent a day with us in company with the archbishops of San Francisco and Portland, Oregon.

The winter of 1887-88 had a smack of real winter about it, and exceeded anything hitherto experienced in Santa Clara. The thermometer fell as low as 17° Fahrenheit, something that occurs but once in a long lifetime here, and blasted all our beautiful orange and lemon-trees. But the mission has a more chilling memory of the past year to recall in the deaths of three comparatively young and really

efficient fathers. In September it lost Fr. Patrick Kelly, who was carried off by apoplexy at the age of fifty-two. The amount of good he did among the people in San José remains to be told, and his place to be supplied. In the month of April, two followed him to the grave. Fr. Joseph Isolabella<sup>(1)</sup> was minister and procurator of Santa Clara College, and had just completed his fiftieth year when an attack of rheumatic fever prostrated him. A few days later, Fr. Vincent Reitmayr,<sup>(1)</sup> assistant prefect of schools in St. Ignatius' College, succumbed at the age of thirty-six, after struggling with consumption for three months. The necrology of the year is completed by mentioning the death of an aged lay-brother, William Lakebrink, of whom a notice may be found among the Obituaries of the present number.

Passing out of the valley and the shadow of death, a few events remain to be recorded, which show that there is still promise of life and a prosperous future for the old mission. In July, news came of the appointment of Fr. Joseph Sasia to succeed Fr. Nicholas Congiato as superior of the mission. The outgoing superior is one of its pioneers, having come hither from the rectorship of St. Joseph's College, Bardstown, Ky., in 1854, when the California and Oregon Missions were united. Since then several posts of government have been entrusted to him, that just vacated having been held since January 1883. The new superior is well known to the Woodstockians of 1873-77. He was for three years rector of St. Ignatius' College, and now the care of all the colleges is committed to him. Good things are augured for the mission during his term of government. Shortly after his appointment he made a visit of our four houses and was everywhere received in a way that showed he possessed the hearty goodwill of all his subjects.

Mention has been made of the loss the mission sustained during the year by the death of three fathers; it may afford consolation to know that the loss was at least numerically repaired during the last week of July, when three scholastics were promoted to the priesthood in the parish church of Santa Clara, the first Jesuits ordained within its historic precincts.

The session of 1888-89 has opened with a bright prospect for the coming year. A class of fourteen scholastics has been formed in St. Ignatius' to study philosophy under Fr. Pollano. Liberatore has been replaced as a textbook by Fr. S. Schiffini, adopted by order of Fr. Provincial

<sup>(1)</sup> See previous number—Obituaries.

of Turin. The number of students in our colleges bids fair to equal the greatest number yet accommodated.

On St. Ignatins' day, a new novice-master, Fr. Paul Mans, was installed in Los Gatos, where about a dozen novices, belonging partly to the Colorado-New Mexico Mission and partly to our own, are gathered to make a trial of religious life. The house not yet being in perfect running order, no tertians are there this year.

JOHN J. MOORE, S. J.

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## FRENCH CANADIANS IN NEW ENGLAND.

*Letter from Fr. Hamon.*

BOSTON, Aug. 22nd, 1888.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

To comply with your desire, I send you some notes about the French Canadians in New England and northern New York.

It was only twenty years ago that emigration to the New England states began amongst the Canadians. Before that time, there was, it is true, quite a number of Canadians in Vermont and around Lake Champlain, but they were scattered among Protestant farmers and did not form anything like a colony of their own. Immediately after the civil war, a great impetus was given to business in the eastern states; factories were built in many places and the Canadians began to flock in large numbers into the manufacturing districts. Since that time, year after year, they have continued to pour into those states, notwithstanding all the efforts made by the legislature and the Canadian bishops to stem the current of emigration. Now the Canadians form an important element in all the industrial towns and villages of New England; they are in the majority in several places, and they seem to be called by Providence to play a not insignificant part in the advancement of religion in this country. Here are some statistics I have drawn up in my missions:—

Archdiocese of Boston . . . . .	31,000	Canadians.
Diocese of Springfield . . . . .	58,489	"
"    of Providence . . . . .	47,000	"
"    of Portland . . . . .	42,144	"
"    of Manchester . . . . .	34,930	"
"    of Hartford . . . . .	21,400	"
"    of Burlington . . . . .	24,000	"
"    of Albany and Syracuse. . . . .	20,350	"
"    of Ogdensburg . . . . .	51,770	"
	<hr/>	
Total . . . . .	331,083	

They have one hundred and four churches of their own, and, in ninety other parishes, they form the majority of Catholics. Moreover, they have built thirty-six Canadian convents; and all this work has been done in twenty years by poor working people. They form now nearly one third of the total number of Catholics in the states of New England, and more than one half of the Catholic population in the dioceses of Portland, Manchester, Burlington and Ogdensburg. These figures speak well, I think, for the religion and generosity of the French Canadians.

We often hear it said in various quarters: "Those Canadians are mere foreigners, coming to the States to work at low wages, intending when they have made some money, to go back to Canada." Well, such may have been the case some ten years ago; such is still the case with a certain number of them; but it would be entirely inaccurate to apply that statement to the great majority of the Canadians in New England at present. They have come to stay; and this is the reason why they are not afraid of building churches that cost from sixty to a hundred thousand dollars, as they have done in Woonsocket, Holyoke, North Adams, Worcester, Manchester, Biddeford, Great Falls and Burlington. From the same motive, too, they have erected convents at the cost of some \$20,000, as in Webster, Manchester, Biddeford and elsewhere. Besides that, in almost all the manufacturing centres, quite a number of Canadians are owners of neat cottages, valued at from one to two thousand dollars. All this proves their intention of making America a permanent home for themselves and their children; and, in fact, all the Canadian congregations are increasing everywhere. In the diocese of Springfield alone, seven new parishes were lately established in one year.

As to their social standing, the great mass of them are workmen in the factories or skilful mechanics who find ready employment in the large cities. As a body, they are

sociable, good tempered and very devoted to their wives and their large families. They generally flock together near the church, living by themselves in large tenement houses. If you chance to pass through the Canadian quarter, on a fine summer evening, you will see the streets full of children at play; while the men, collected in groups, smoke their pipes, quietly chatting together. (Canadians are great chatters.) And if you look up at the windows, you will see them bordered by the good and comely faces of Canadian women enjoying the sights and singing Canadian ballads. The whole picture presents a people well pleased with the world in general, and with their present kind of life in particular. And, in fact, these Canadians, in their humble situation, possess all the elements required for a real and durable happiness. They live well, they have a gay and amiable temper, many children around them, deep religious feelings rooted in their hearts, churches and schools of their own. Nothing, therefore, is wanting to keep them at peace with God and men.

The great mass of Canadians, that have emigrated during the last ten years, came from the country. They were what is called in Canada *des habitants*. Burdened with large families of twelve and fifteen children, living on poor farms in the backwoods, far away from church and school, they are certainly greatly benefited materially and spiritually. Being a good, simple hearted, religious people, they brought with them all the devotions practised in Canada—the recitation of the rosary at their evening prayers, a great devotion to the souls in Purgatory and to *the good St. Ann*. In almost every parish there is a flourishing sodality of married women, called *Les Dames de la bonne Ste. Anne*, who go to Communion once a month; while the men have enlisted in large numbers in the society named *La Ligue du Cœur de Jésus pour les Hommes*.

This league is the Apostleship of Prayer, especially adapted to men and to their particular needs. Four years ago, Fr. Hamon, with the approval and encouragement of Fr. Regnault, started that form of the Apostleship, to keep alive piety in the family through the influence of the men. The members promise: (1) To go to Communion in a body at least four times a year: at Easter, in the month of June, in the month of November (for their dead parents), and in January (to obtain a good death). (2) Not to blaspheme, and to prevent blasphemy as much as it is in their power. (3) Not to go into saloons to drink there. (At home they may take what they like.) To these they add two other practices, namely, the offering of their actions to the Sacred

Heart, in the morning (by which promise they belong to the *first degree* of the Apostleship), and the recital, at their evening prayer, of one *Pater* and *Ave* and three *Glorias* in reparation for the blasphemies against our Lord. They have a meeting once a month, a nice badge and a flag. This society has taken wonderfully well among the Canadians. Started in 1883, it numbers now seventy parishes, with a membership of more than twenty-five thousand men. Forty of these parishes are in the States, with fourteen thousand men; the rest in Canada. At the end of a few days' mission for men, we take the names of members; as a general rule, half of the men in the parish enlist, and the great majority of them remain faithful to their promises. Men like to have a society of their own, they come to the general Communion in large numbers, and the priests do not find the burden too heavy on their shoulders.

I could give you many details about the Canadian missions; they are always very well attended and full of consolation for the missionary; but I am afraid to be too prolix, so I will wind up this letter by answering briefly some questions that were asked of me about these French Canadians.

*Do they remain in the States?* Yes, the greater part of them; and their parishes, instead of decreasing, have to be divided, as is the case in Worcester where they number eight thousand; Woonsocket where there are nine thousand, Holyoke ten thousand, Manchester twelve thousand, Lowell sixteen thousand.

*Do they get naturalized?* Yes, very rapidly. They have now at work more than a hundred naturalization clubs; and all the priests are in favor of it.

*Do they lose their language?* In small places and in mixed parishes, yes; in the parishes where they have a priest and schools of their own, no; the young men and children talk French just like their parents.

*Will they not be finally absorbed in the great mass of the English-speaking people?* Perhaps, but not for many years; and these are my reasons for the assertion:—They have everywhere schools of their own, where French and English are taught on the same footing; they marry among themselves, and generally the French Canadian women know very little of English; they are still close to Canada, and what is lost on one side is recovered on the other by the constant influx of emigrants who do not speak a word of English. Consequently, these Canadian congregations may last for years and I think they will, because I believe that the French people have a special mission to fulfil in these eastern states. The Irish Catholics have the majority in



the large cities, but in a few years the Canadian Catholics will command the vote in nearly all the manufacturing towns and villages of New England, and therefore, uniting together, they will be able to defeat any measure directed against religion. Such is the idea I have formed of Canadian emigration and of the mission it is called to fulfil. Hoping that these details may prove interesting to you and to your readers,

I remain, dear father,

Yours truly in Xto.,

E. I. M. HAMON, S. J.

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## FATHER CHARLES PICCIRILLO.

### A SKETCH.

Charles, son of Raphael Piccirillo and Josephine Chiapparo, was born at Naples on the 25th day of December,<sup>(1)</sup> in the year 1821. He was educated at the college of the Society in Naples, where he had among other teachers the celebrated Antonio Cercià. Of his schooldays no information has been procured, except that he showed remarkable talent and made such progress as to be admitted to the Society at the age of thirteen. Fr. Joseph Ferrari, Provincial of Naples, received young Charles on the 24th of April, 1835, and sent him to Sorrento for his noviceship. In the novitiate, so soon did the sweet spirit of contemplation take possession of his soul, that his master of novices, Fr. Henry Borgianelli, when ill, sometimes summoned Brother Piccirillo to make the morning meditation with him. An equally extraordinary mark of interest was shown him by his superior on a very different occasion. Attached to the house of probation at Sorrento was a church, in one of the chapels of which stood a large urn containing a relic of St. Philomena, enclosed in a wax figure of the saint. Here the master of novices was wont to pray, and on one occasion, whilst at his devotions, he beheld the saint standing in the window of the chapel. This vision having been repeated for several successive days, Fr. Borgianelli summoned his novices, who seemed to gaze with admiration at

<sup>(1)</sup> Although the 29th of Nov. is given in the *Civiltà* as the date of his birth, we hold to the 25th of Dec., as this is found invariably in the catalogues of the Province of Naples and was always given by Fr. Piccirillo himself.

the radiant vision. One only was candid enough to state that he saw the wall and the window, nothing more. The good master of novices, alarmed at this want of spiritual discernment, told young Br. Piccirillo that some serious sin must be the cause of his blindness. Straightway his conscience was strictly examined, the peccadilloes of childhood repeated in a general confession, and no crime of the first magnitude being revealed, a triduum was ordered. The triduum was gone through with, in what spirit it is as well not to know, but at the end of it appeared no St. Philomena, and Br. Piccirillo remained in boyish darkness.

Our novice though pious was by no means without his faults. Meeting Br. Paresce, a fellow-novice, face to face one day, and struck by his somewhat severe expression of countenance, he remarked: "Br. Paresce, how ugly you are!" Straightway the Father Master was notified of this display of candor, and Brother Charles had a chance to say his first 'culpa.' On his knees in presence of the community, Br. Piccirillo accused himself of telling Br. Paresce how ugly he was; provoking a burst of laughter from all who heard him. A more innocent sin was his habit of going down stairs on the banisters instead of the steps, a fault for which he made reparation by going up three steps at a time. Walking in ranks with the community he found a great cross, being perpetually inclined to slip forward at a more rapid pace than religious decorum permits. When we recollect his age, these trivial failings do but help us to fill up the picture of the light-hearted, joyous child of God, whom we imagine running about the long corridors of Sorrento in all the gayety of unconscious innocence, a sunbeam in a shady spot.

Another anecdote of this period adds a finishing touch to the picture. The lay-brother having one Saturday distributed the clean linen in blue bags, according to time-honored custom, Br. Charles diving into his bag drew forth a shirt of prodigious size, taken of course from the common stock, and designed to be an easy fit for some religious Hercules. Gazing enraptured at its ample proportions, he drew it on over his cassock, and with white skirts trailing on the ground and empty sleeves flapping a foot beyond his hands, ran gleefully about among the novices to exhibit the generous garb provided for him by his mother the Society. What shrieks of laughter disturbed Fr. Borgianelli at his quiet devotions that day we may easily imagine.

When his two years of probation were accomplished, in April, 1837, Br. Piccirillo joined the juniors and studied rhetoric with them, first under Fr. Raphael Cercià and

later on under Fr. Christopher Coppola, a great Latin scholar and poet. At what precise date he pronounced his first simple vows cannot now be stated with certainty. One reliable document gives as the date the 21st of June, 1837, at which time he was but fifteen years old. Of course, this could not be the case unless he had obtained a special dispensation. The story used to be current at Woodstock that he wrote a long Latin poem in honor of the sovereign pontiff and that the pope, pleased with his precocity, gave the necessary permission. This story is emphatically denied by a fellow-novice of Fr. Piccirillo, who says that the vows taken in 1837 were 'merely vows of devotion, and that he was not allowed to pronounce the simple vows of the Society until he had completed his seventeenth year.

In the juniorate he developed rapidly, and displayed a wealth of rhetorical power, and fine command of elegant Latin which he never lost. On one occasion, the juniors were ordered to write a Latin oration in imitation of one of Cicero's. Whilst others contented themselves with four or five pages, Br. Piccirillo presented his professor with an elaborate oration of twenty-five pages, thus showing remarkable ease and readiness in Latin composition, which was destined to prove of great service in after-life.

His course of rhetoric completed, philosophy would have followed at once, had he not been obliged to interrupt his studies for a year on account of ill health, induced partly by precocious mental development. The next year, 1839, he joined Fr. Liberatore's class of logic, and continued to study under the same distinguished professor for two years, completing his ethics and the special metaphysics of third year with Fr. De Rosa. Fr. De Sinno was professor of mathematics and FF. Medina and Palladini of physics, during Fr. Piccirillo's course at the college of Naples.

A story he used to tell of this period of his life illustrates his love of neatness and tidiness. On taking possession of a room assigned to him by the Fr. Minister, not finding it altogether to his taste, he proceeded to clean the room, paint it, and then decorate it as nicely as the rigid rules of holy poverty would permit. Inspecting the house as usual, the Fr. Minister was pleased with the renovated cell, and soon transferred Mr. Piccirillo to a second little apartment, which before very long was as cosy as the first. Again the minister changed his quarters, and again he displayed his love for the beautiful in similar improvements. And so he was changed from room to room until all the quarters of the

scholastics had been rendered as inhabitable as paint could make them.

After finishing his philosophical course, he was employed as professor of mathematics and physics in the college of Salerno, completing a two years' course in 1844. With a happy effort at variety, not unknown in other provinces of the Society, the young scholastic had to teach classes of ethics, rhetoric and humanities, in addition to the above-mentioned branches. He was next transferred to Benevento,<sup>(1)</sup> one of the largest and most flourishing colleges of the province, where he again taught physics and mathematics for two years. The trying ordeal of the class-room was now over, as he thought, and the queen of sciences opened her arms to receive the young aspirant for the honors of the altar; and cheered by the "new prospect of the priesthood, he threw himself into the study of theology. But alas, after a first glimpse into the depths of sacred lore, he was summoned to turn back and resume his professorship at Benevento. Whilst teaching, however, he continued to study theology privately, passing his examination in first year's dogma in 1847, and in moral theology in January, 1848. In addition to his duties as teacher, and student of theology, Fr. Piccirillo also preached regularly in the church attached to the college.

The Society was now in the midst of the storm of the revolution. "During the winter of that eventful year," says a writer of our history, "the violence of the persecution against the Jesuits increased with fearful rapidity. The most absurd lies were printed, the most revolting calumnies placarded in the streets; men were paid, some to clamor at night around the Gesù, others to break the windows of the house. At length the pope, feeling that his government had lost all power to protect the religious, whom the revolutionists regarded as their first victims, advised the general to bow before the storm and to disperse his subjects for a time. The suggestion was obeyed. What threats and intimidation could never bring about, a word from the pontifical throne immediately obtained; and on March the 28th 1848, the desire of Pius IX. was communicated to the community, and before night the Gesù was deserted."

In February, 1848, little more than a month before the dispersion, Fr. Piccirillo was ordained by Cardinal Carafa, Archbishop of Benevento, in the private chapel of the episcopal palace. His ordination was doubtless hastened on

<sup>(1)</sup> Benevento, as the reader will remember, is a small strip of territory belonging to the Papal States, but lying within the boundaries of the Kingdom of Naples.

account of the troublous times. Thus the first joys of the priesthood were on him whilst Europe was in convulsion; the Society was feeling the power of her enemies in the dispersion of provinces and the loss of unworthy sons, many of whom failed to stand the trials, doubts and difficulties incident to days of persecution. During the time of dispersion, Fr. Piccirillo was rector and professor of physics of the college of Piè di Monte d'Alife, an episcopal seminary in southern Italy. After six months of his rectorship, the discipline of the seminary had been thoroughly renovated, many students devoid of qualities necessary for the priesthood had been expelled, and a vigorous administration successfully inaugurated. Not many months later, the Jesuits were recalled to their old residences and colleges, and resumed their former stations, covered with honor and renown. Like an April storm the persecution had but cleared the sky and shaken down the fruit already blighted in the bud.

Whilst Pope Pius IX. was in exile at Gaeta, it was suggested to him that he could make good use of some of the dispersed Jesuits by organizing a band of writers, and employing them in editing a magazine of political and religious character. The pope seized upon the idea, and soon a staff was formed, and the *Civiltà Cattolica* started at Naples under the auspices of the pontiff. The chief editors at this time were FF. Curci, Pianciani and Taparelli. They soon enlisted Fr. Piccirillo in their ranks, and at the close of the current scholastic year he gave up the chair of physics which he was then occupying in the college of Naples, to devote himself exclusively to the *Civiltà*. He was destined to be instrumental in helping to save it and the Society from serious complications. It soon became necessary to remove the headquarters of the *Civiltà* to Rome, where the editorial staff took up their abode at the Roman College. This arrangement not being suitable, Pius IX. procured a house for his corps of writers, and the fathers connected with the magazine formed an independent community. Of this little community Fr. Piccirillo was minister for many years.

In October, 1851, Fr. Piccirillo passed his examination *ad gradum*. The board was composed of FF. Passaglia, Perone, Pianciani and Liberatore, and presided over by the general, Fr. Roothaan. It would seem that he had not taken any points, had had no definite period set apart for preparation, but that whilst he was in the midst of his literary labors and the business occupations entailed by the management of the *Civiltà*, he was suddenly ordered to present himself and undergo this severe and searching ordeal. When we

remember that, whilst teaching several branches at Woodstock, he succeeded in setting aside four hours a day for Hebrew, in order to render himself a more efficient professor of scripture, we can well understand how, whilst rector of the seminary, professor at Naples, and editor at Rome, this methodical lover of labor had foreseen that final examination and had armed himself quietly for the struggle.

The years glided by in literary labor, and not till 1854, when he had already been nineteen years in the Society, was he sent to his tertianship. Tronchiennes was the place selected by Fr. General for that second noviceship, which is to bring back the philosopher, the theologian, the priest, to the simplicity, docility and humility of a novice. Before the expiration of his tertianship, Fr. Piccirillo was called upon to exercise, in behalf of the Society and of the *Civiltà*, his practical talent for dealing with affairs of delicacy and importance.

Some of the articles in the magazine, especially those of Fr. Curci, were somewhat liberal in tone, and gave offence to the king of Naples. The Jesuit writers had the temerity to assert that constitutional monarchies were not necessarily evil, and that, under conditions, even a republican government might be tolerated. Such "revolutionary" doctrine, of course, could not be allowed to pass unnoticed. King Ferdinand first threatened to expel the Jesuits forthwith from his dominions. Having been assured, however, that such action would involve him in serious trouble at Rome, he so far moderated his ire as to consent to let the Society remain in his dominions, provided the provincial and his consultors would sign a document stating as the doctrine of the Society on the subject of government, that the only legitimate form is absolute monarchy.

Overawed by the royal authority, and terrified by the danger that threatened the province, the consultors of the Provincial of Naples succeeded in reading Suarez and Bellarmine through royal spectacles, and after an anxious night of consultation signed the fatal mandate, one only having the prudent courage to refuse. Straightway a bulletin was issued in the court newspaper, and in a day or two all Europe was startled to learn that the Society of Jesus was wedded to absolute monarchy. Fr. Beckx, with prompt decision, sent an indignant protest to the *Univers*, the leading Catholic paper in Europe of that day, and at once deposed the provincial, scattered his three consultors, and made the dissenting consultor provincial.

Notwithstanding the fact that this crushing punishment followed the fault so speedily, the enemies of the Society

in every country were quick to take advantage of the false step made by the Neapolitan fathers, and the legislative halls of the world rang with diatribes against the Jesuits. In Belgium things looked serious; for the liberals, who were pressing the Catholic party closely, now loudly demanded the expulsion of our order, as opposed to constitutional government. Fr. Piccirillo, from the quiet of the tertianship, was sent by Fr. General to De Broglie, Prime Minister of Belgium, and also, it is said, to the national assembly, to explain away or palliate the mistake made in Naples and to vindicate the true doctrine of the Society. This delicate mission he successfully accomplished, and the storm soon abated.

Returning to Rome he made his solemn profession in the church of the Gesù, into the hands of Fr. Beckx, on the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, 1855. From this period until he came to America his connection with the *Civiltà* was uninterrupted. Fr. Liberatore speaks of him as one of the strongest pillars of the magazine, owing as well to his practical abilities as to his mental acquirements. He wrote many articles on political economy, spiritism, and on literary subjects. Among other tales which he composed, the one entitled 'Orfanella' may be mentioned as a specimen.

The literary work of the *Civiltà* was accomplished by establishing several departments and intrusting each to one of the editors. A day before the appearance of each number, the editors met in committee of the whole, all the articles intended for the succeeding number were read aloud, and mutual criticism and suggestions followed. This open editorial comment was in addition to the usual censorship of the Society. It was desirable that the *Civiltà* should have the charter and privileges of a college, but serious difficulties had to be overcome to secure this result. It was Fr. Piccirillo who undertook the task, cheerfully surmounted every obstacle, and brought the affair to a successful termination.

During the Council of the Vatican, he gave very efficient aid to the bishops engaged in checkmating the opposition to the proclamation of the dogma of the infallibility. Fr. Liberatore, who was theologian to Cardinal Manning, ascribes his success to Fr. Piccirillo's active assistance in procuring him necessary documents. At this period he was chief director of the *Civiltà*. For many years he was confessor to Pius IX., enjoying the confidence of the pontiff and being on most intimate and familiar terms with him. He was entrusted by the pope with several negotiations requiring great

tact and knowledge of affairs, thus entering by deep inner lines into the heart of events that have stirred the world, and had a lasting effect upon the interests of the Church.

Fr. Piccirillo came to America in 1875. For twenty-five years he had not entered a class-room, yet on resuming the professor's chair, he fulfilled the arduous duties of his office with alacrity and vigor. During his first year at Woodstock he taught ethics, canon law and ecclesiastical history. These tasks proving too heavy, he was obliged to drop first one and then another branch, till finally he confined himself to scripture. When Fr. Mazzella was called to Rome in 1878, Fr. Piccirillo succeeded him as prefect of studies, an office which he continued to fill until his death. The interests of the college were very dear to him, and he was earnest and energetic in adding to the library, and in procuring collections of minerals, plants and fossils. Of the 40,000 works in our library, we owe perhaps 20,000 to Fr. Piccirillo's untiring efforts in our behalf; and nearly if not quite all the scientific collections of the college are the fruits of his efforts. In securing books for the library and specimens for the museum no expense was spared. Sometimes he paid as high as sixty, eighty or a hundred dollars for single crystals of rare occurrence or remarkable size. He visited the Centennial, the exposition of New Orleans, and other great public displays, where he could hope to procure rare objects of natural history. His collection of polyglots includes all that have ever been published, not excepting the polyglot of Ximenes, a copy of which he secured, to his great delight, shortly before his death.

As prefect of studies the scholastics of Woodstock knew him best. In the constant intercourse he had with large numbers of students, he displayed an eager interest in ascertaining the tastes and securing the advancement of each and all, ever ready to cheer and encourage, to open fresh fields of information, to suggest plans for their improvement. Always genial, bland and condescending; open, frank and courteous; with a beaming countenance on which sat that joy which is the fairest fruit of meekness, Fr. Piccirillo was warmly loved by all who knew him. His connection with the *Civiltà* and with the Vatican had given him no little acquaintance with the world and with politics. A shrewd observer of men and manners, his memory was stored with most interesting information of a historical character, which he was ready to communicate, with charming openness and unreserve. It had cost him a great effort to master the English language, especially on account of its unbroken array of brist-



ling consonants in many words. Such words as "stretch" and "strength" he could scarcely utter in less than three or four syllables. But he faced the enemy boldly, and continued to the end to battle with his unnumbered Saxon foes, availing himself of every auxiliary, from the youngest scholastic to the most venerable father, in the life-long struggle with our stubborn tongue. Among his documents was found an English grammar, which he had composed for his own use.

On the 27th of May, 1885, Woodstock celebrated the golden jubilee of its honored prefect of studies, by one of those old-time *academies* in which the prose and verse of living languages are made to vie in harmony with the stately measures of Greece and Rome. The praises of Fr. Piccirillo resounded in French and Italian, in English and Spanish, in Latin and Greek; yet, as the WOODSTOCK LETTERS of that day remark, it was eulogy but not flattery. The community deemed it a happy privilege to have this chance of showing their appreciation of all that he had done for their best interests. The day was one of religious gayety and literary jubilation, such as well fitted the joyous but earnest laborer in whose honor it was celebrated.

Fr. Piccirillo attended the third plenary council of Baltimore in the capacity of theologian to Bishop Janssens. At an important session, the question was mooted whether the impediment of clandestinity should be extended to all the dioceses of this country or removed from those in which it already existed. After several speeches had been made on the subject, chiefly in English, Fr. Piccirillo was called upon informally to express his opinion. He rose and, after a modest and appropriate opening, poured upon the astonished ears of his northern listeners a splendid address in handsomely rounded Ciceronian periods, full of solid thought, and convincing all who heard. The bishops were loud in their congratulations, and still speak with praise of this scholarly effort. He favored the entire removal of the impediment, and as the sentiment of the council was with him, a postulate was sent to Rome asking its abolition. The postulate was however rejected.

In the summer of 1887, Fr. Piccirillo's health failing rapidly, he consulted physicians in Baltimore and New York who advised perfect repose from serious labor, with gentle exercise in the open air and plenty of social intercourse. He was accordingly relieved of class-work but continued to take charge of the library and to fulfil the duties of prefect of studies. It now became difficult for him to move about, and he commonly rested two or three times

between the refectory and the chapel, though he had to ascend but one flight of stairs on the way. Almost daily, severe attacks of cardiac asthma prostrated his system and kept him in constant expectation of death; and still, if one of these paroxysms left him ten minutes before a community exercise, he would beg the infirmarian to let him join his brethren. Frequently he passed from what might have been the embrace of death to the community recreation, entertaining his companions with many an anecdote of his early days, concealing by his playfulness and vivacity the terrible malady that was eating away his life. The last time he took his turn in delivering an exhortation to the community, scarcely were the first words uttered when his throbbing heart warned him of danger. For a moment he hesitated, then rousing himself by a great effort, he continued to speak with redoubled vigor, delighting his hearers by his zealous fervor. When he had concluded, it was with difficulty that he dragged himself to his room near by, and there for several hours he lay gasping for breath. These attacks continued, and even increased in frequency, sometimes occurring as often as three times in twenty-four hours. All the ordinary remedies, such as leeching and blistering, were applied by the faithful infirmarian, but they afforded slight relief. A little broken ice gave him more help than any medicine. His daily Mass now became a preparation for death; but he had still a year to suffer and even a fresh burden of responsibility to bear.

Woodstock will long rejoice in the fact that it became necessary for Fr. Piccirillo to act as spiritual father during his last months on earth. With the sweet unction of charity, forgetful of self, he poured from his fatherly heart the stores garnered during a lifetime; and by showing us the secret well-spring of all his own joyous activity, urged us to drink deep at the eternal fountain of religious happiness. His life had been a model of prayerful energy. Rising at 3 A. M. he completed his hour of meditation, said Mass, recited by special privilege the whole office, and was ready for labor before the rest of the community had well begun their morning devotions. This austere practice was continued until, broken by age and infirmity, he was positively forbidden to rise at so early an hour. When the time came for the annual examinations last June, he assigned himself to one of the boards of examiners, and in spite of the intense heat, labored four hours a day at this trying duty. Many of us saw him for the last time in the examination hall, and will think of him as of one who died in harness, a cheerful martyr to duty.

As soon as the examinations are concluded at Woodstock, the students are sent in a body to the villa to rest and recruit. On the morning of their departure, Fr. Piccirillo seated himself in the main corridor of the college to catch a last glimpse of the scholastics. He wished to be recollected as one eager to usher in the time of innocent enjoyment and needed rest, fully conscious, as he expressed himself to some, that before we returned from our brief holiday, he would have gone home for the long vacation which lasts forever.

In his last letter to Fr. Liberatore he said that he might go at any moment, adding: "This being the case, I prepare myself carefully every day as if on that day I was to die."

On the 5th of July came the fatal attack. He had been to evening recreation with the few fathers remaining at Woodstock, and then withdrawing to his room said his beads, and made his spiritual reading. Whilst engaged in these exercises of devotion, the infirmarian entering to make the usual evening visit, Fr. Piccirillo asked him why he had not gone to the villa with the scholastics. The brother replied that there were two sick lay-brothers in the house and that Fr. Rector did not wish them to be deprived of his care. "It was for me you stayed," quickly rejoined Fr. Piccirillo. He then said that his head felt duller and heavier than usual. Shortly after, having prepared his points for the morning meditation, he made ready to retire. Drawing down his old-fashioned long stocking, worn on account of varicose veins, he was about to dress an issue which had been open for thirty-eight years and had required constant care, when he was seized with a violent attack of the cardiac asthma. Fortunately, at this very moment, a junior who wished to go to confession entered the room, and seeing Fr. Piccirillo's condition, hastily summoned the infirmarian, whose skilful eye told him that his patient was about to have a severe hemorrhage. Immediately Fr. Piccirillo was informed of the fact. Fr. Minister having entered at this moment, the brother hastened to procure remedies if perchance they might be of any avail. In the meantime Fr. Sabetti, followed by Fr. Brandi, entered the sick-room. The dying man reclined in his rocking-chair, pale and haggard, rendered speechless by the terrible oppression on his heart, but perfectly conscious. Standing at his side, Fr. Sabetti said: "Make an act of contrition, father, and I will give you the last absolution." Straightway the dying father joined his hands and bowed his head upon his breast. These were

sufficient signs of perfect consciousness. The absolution pronounced, Fr. Sabetti hastened to the sacristy for the holy oils, and returning anointed the forehead, using the short formula, for fear that death might come too soon. He then proceeded to anoint the five senses, the hands and feet, and soon after this sacred rite was completed, and the indulgence *in articulo mortis* had been given by Fr. Giraud, Fr. Piccirillo quietly breathed his last. The immediate cause of his death was a hemorrhage which sent the blood rushing up to the head, suffusing the brain and thus stopping all vital action. Several fathers, juniors and brothers had gathered about him, reciting the prayers for the dying, but no one knew the precise moment when he expired, so calm, so tranquil was the end. When the *De profundis* bell was rung, some ten minutes later than the one which is usually rung at the end of examen, many of the community thought that a mistake had been made. On learning that it rang for the soul of one who had been seen a day or two before walking down to the grotto, who on the preceding day had been entertaining guests, and on that very afternoon had mingled with the juniors on the lawn, delighting them by his sprightly conversation, nay, who an hour ago was with the fathers at evening recreation, we may imagine the painful shock caused by a death so slow in coming but so sudden at the last. Next morning, a brother who lives in a building adjoining the college, wishing to go to confession as usual, knocked at Fr. Piccirillo's door about 6 o'clock, and hearing no response, opened it and found his confessor stark in death.

Where the light spray of the willow mingles with the dark fronds of the arbor vitæ, at that point of our little graveyard nearest to the college he loved so well, lies all that is left to us of Father Charles Piccirillo, save the sweet memory of his kindness, and the fragrant recollection of his exalted virtues. The passer-by will scarcely note the plain white slab with its name and dates, as much like its neighbor as one Jesuit cassock is to another; but if a ray of culture may ever have pierced his soul, he cannot but pause over the inscription common to all our dead but singularly appropriate to dear Fr. Piccirillo: *Societas Jesu quos genuit eorum caros cineres celo reddendos sollicite hic fovet.*

T. E. S.

NOTE.—Since the first part of this sketch went through the press, we have discovered that although the 25th of Dec. was always given by Fr. Piccirillo as the day of his birth and is the only date found in our catalogue, yet in the catalogue of Naples the 20th of Nov. is given; the same is found in the Roman catalogue up to 1865, and from that year onward the 29th of Nov.

## FATHER EDWARD J. SOURIN.

### A SKETCH.

Fr. Sourin was born in Philadelphia, of Irish Catholic parents, both of whom died while he was still quite young. The withdrawal of the home solicitude and separation of the children consequent on this, proved fatal to the religion of one of the sons, who, adopted by Protestants, grew up alien to the true faith, and became afterwards a Methodist minister. Edward, the youngest child, had the good fortune to be taken care of by Catholic friends, and was sent at an early age to Mount St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg. Here he soon became distinguished for his rapid and brilliant success in literary studies, and grew up with the infant college, overshadowed by the holy and strengthening influence of those pioneer bishops of Catholic America, Bishops Dubois and Bruté. There are records in Bishop Bruté's handwriting laudatory of the young scholar's remarkable talents. He excelled in Latin and Greek, and wrote poetry with ease and grace. Some of his hymns are quite popular now, though their author is not generally known.<sup>(1)</sup> His professor at this period was he who afterwards became the celebrated Archbishop Hughes, and Fr. Sourin was wont to speak, in later days, of those striking traits of character which gave foundation for the great hopes entertained of him, which were afterwards so grandly realized.

After completing a brilliant collegiate course, during which he was a classmate of the late Cardinal McCloskey, he studied for the priesthood and was ordained in 1832. Then began with redoubled ardor that life of self-sacrifice and zeal for the salvation of souls, which was to last till strength of body could no longer lend itself to the grand intentions of a soul thoroughly devoted to the work of God. Philadelphia and Baltimore, besides many other places in which he gave proofs of his sanctity and devotion to the spiritual good of others, were witnesses of his apostolic endeavors and holy triumphs. At St. Mary's, in Philadelphia, he was at one time assistant pastor, then associate at St. John's of Fr. Gartland, with whom he had been ordained, and who afterwards became first bishop of Savannah; between them there existed a lifelong friendship. After Bishop

<sup>(1)</sup> If any of our readers can supply us with more exact information about the hymns written or translated by Fr. Sourin they would thus enable us to publish an interesting supplement to this sketch. (351)

Gartland's consecration, Fr. Sourin became pastor of the cathedral at Philadelphia. This was at a time when to be a priest meant to be the champion of the faithful persecuted by the fury of the intolerant Protestants of those days. There are extant many interesting anecdotes of his conduct during the riots of those troublous times. When the city was filled with cries of rage against Catholics, and threats of church-burning, his coolness and gentlemanly behavior did not fail of its effect on that fanatic mob, which he disarmed by his mere presence.

When Archbishop Kenrick was transferred to the archiepiscopal see of Baltimore, Fr. Sourin was made administrator of the diocese, until the appointment of the saintly Bishop Neumann. Then it was that, freed from this responsibility, he recognized the opportunity provided by God for devoting himself to the religious life to which he had for some time past felt himself called. He applied to this holy bishop, secured his permission, and entered the Society of Jesus in November 1855, pronouncing his vows on the feast of St. Stanislaus. On August 15th, 1866, he pronounced his last vows. He was the only professed of the three vows in our province. His first appointment after entering the Society, was as pastor of St. John's Church, Frederick, Md. He was next stationed at Loyola College, Baltimore; and his thirty years as a Jesuit have been spent almost entirely between these two places, where the memory of his virtues will not soon die out.

He was especially the consoler of the unfortunate, and within the walls of the penitentiary at Baltimore, the tear unknown and unsuspected by the outer world will fall from the eye of many a one whose heart, hardened for years, will melt for him who was to the convict a comforter and a friend. From the 8th of February, 1879, till about a year before his death, Fr. Sourin was a constant visitor to these souls, of whom he made devout Catholics, and of whose sincerity he never, with but one exception, had reason to doubt. Glorious work! and very pleasing in the eyes of God! "I was in prison and you came to me." "Amen, I say to you as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me."

Learned in the science of the saints, Fr. Sourin was not wanting in ability in instructing others with success in the truths of salvation. There was a time when his eloquence could fill the largest halls of Baltimore; and many were those for whom his words of holiness and wisdom were the means of coming back to God. And indeed, whether he spoke words of encouragement to the faint-

hearted, of instruction to the ignorant, or of exhortation to the dejected, it was the same spirit of earnest zeal and abiding sanctity which animated him.

His edifying death was what might have been expected from his holy life. Peacefully he passed from the arms of his beloved Society on earth to the company of those who had gone before him to receive their reward. As we linger over the memory of that saintly career, beautiful in its holy simplicity and exalted virtue, we are struck with admiration at what a consummate work that life is which has answered the designs of the Divine Architect.

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BRAZIL.

*Letter from Fr. Galanti.*

ITU, ST. LUIZ COLLEGE,  
Aug. 29th, 1888.

REV. DEAR FATHER,  
P. C.

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Please accept my thanks for the March and July numbers of the LETTERS. Everybody here takes great interest in the news the LETTERS bring us.

Items of news are rather scarce here, but such as they are I send them, hoping they may prove interesting to your readers. Although we are hampered in our work by the fewness of our fathers and the want of applicants to the Society, the bishop of Goyaz, while in Rome last January, prevailed on V. Rev. Fr. General to send a few fathers to evangelize the savages in his diocese. Accordingly, two fathers and a brother left us on the fourth of last May to found the new mission. The journey from Itù to the scene of their future labors is long and toilsome, and up to the present we have received no news from them, except that they had arrived at the city of Goyaz, the capital of the province of the same name. The country committed to their care is said to be as large in extent as the whole of Italy. If any one should be interested in knowing its exact location on the map, the following directions will be of help in finding it. From the city of Pará follow the course of the Tocantins a little beyond the fifth degree of southern latitude, till the tributary Araguaya is reached on the borders of the provinces of Goyaz, Maranhão and Pará. Here a

large part of the country lying between the Tocantins and the Araguaya, beginning at the place where the two rivers meet, is wild and inhabited by the Indians whom the fathers have set out to convert. To reach their destination the fathers started by railroad for Goyaz, but long before reaching that city they were forced to leave the railroad and finish that part of the journey on horseback. From Goyaz, they were to follow the Tocantins partly on horseback and partly by boats which they hoped to secure on their way. Before they left, I begged the superior of the party to send me a letter giving an account of the journey and some idea of their future work; but so far, no news, I am sorry to say, has come since their departure from Goyaz.

Fr. Mantero, while still retaining the office of rector here, was appointed superior of the Brazilian Mission, but shortly after suffered so much from an attack of rheumatism that he was confined to his bed for a whole month. Fr. Aureli is still working alone at Rio, as we cannot send him a companion to share in his labors. The boarders in this college number three hundred and thirty, and are enjoying remarkably good health. Small-pox has appeared in many places in the province and even in this town. One of our fathers has been attending the sick for two months past, and though at times he has but little to do, he is obliged to stay on the other side of the town and is not allowed to come to the college under any circumstances. It is surprising how contagious this disease has become. To pass near a man afflicted with it is enough to catch it; and the people have come to fear it so much, that it is very difficult to get nurses for the sick. As soon as any one is found infected with it, he is immediately sent to the lazar-house, situated some distance from the town, and while on his way through the streets an officer, trumpet in hand, precedes him, shouting from time to time: "Small-pox! make way! small pox!" Needless to say, the street is cleared in a moment, but as soon as the unfortunate has passed, the street is as quickly filled with persons inquiring who he might be and where he had come from. Sometimes a small flag is displayed in front of a house, and thereafter that house is scrupulously avoided. No one receives anything that comes from the lazar-house, not even money, and few are found bold enough to speak to the priest or the doctors who visit it, though it is well known that they take every precaution to avoid spreading the disease. Sometimes a whole family goes to the lazar-house for the simple reason that no one will sell them anything if they remain in town. Some time ago we were very much frightened. One day a servant fell sick of what seemed to



be small-pox. He was sent to the hospital at once, and precautions were taken to protect the rest of the household. Though we tried to keep the fact secret, the rumor got abroad in the city that the dreaded plague had settled on the college. We were in a sad state for some days, when our poor sick servant, the cause of our trouble, came back to give us relief. It turned out that not only had he no small-pox, but what is more remarkable, he did not take it while in the hospital. However, from prudential motives, we thought it better not to allow him to come back to us.

You can hardly imagine the fear that seized the boys and their parents; some of the latter wrote to have their boys sent home at once. But not a boy left us; and although we are out of danger, we are not without apprehension.

The Brazilian government has abolished slavery at last, and happily no disorder of any importance has come of it. The slave owners have a bill before congress asking for indemnification. The abolition of slavery brought a beautiful letter from His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., to the bishops of Brazil, and the Golden Rose to the princess regent.

Our august Emperor has just returned from Europe where he was for a time dangerously ill.

Congress is now engaged discussing the "freedom of worship" bill. There is no opposition in congress, but of late a petition against the bill has appeared in the newspapers, signed by about twelve thousand citizens.

Please have the kindness to tell good Fr. Piccirillo that his letter has reached me, and that I thank him heartily for it. Please remember me to all my friends at Woodstock, and believe me always in the union of your holy sacrifices.

Ræ. Væ. infimus servus in Xto.,

J. R. M. GALANTI, S. J.

P. S. We have just received a letter from the bishop of Goyaz, stating that our fathers have reached their mission and are settled in a little village, from which, as soon as circumstances permit, they will go in search of the Indians.

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## IDAHO TERRITORY.

*Letter of Fr. Soer.*

ST. JOSEPH'S, LAPWAI,  
June 30th, 1888.

REV. AND DEAR FR. SUPERIOR,  
P. C.

According to your wish I shall give you a few items that may be interesting about my work in the Nez Percés Reservation and at St. Peter's, near Cottonwood, on Camas Prairie. I have been in charge of this parish since last October. Before my appointment, it had been attended by Fr. Diomedi, and by Fr. Morvillo from Lewiston, I. T. My congregation is made up chiefly of Germans, who came to this region about five years ago, and finding the plains already occupied settled in the mountains. I started for my mission on the 9th of October. It is a long and lonesome journey. After an hour's ride on horseback, I took the stage. We ascended a mountain for about four miles on a very stony road. We travelled for over three hours through the Indian reservation without seeing a house. Later on, we saw from time to time a little farm, a rustic post-office or a saw-mill. Soon after, we reached the great Camas Prairie, spread out at the foot of the mountains. The only house visible was a white one on Mt. Idaho, really eighteen miles off, but seeming to be only about six miles away. All the other houses of the well settled prairie are built behind little hills as if to escape observation. We passed the grave of Forster who fell during the Nez Percés war, and on a sudden reached Cottonwood, hidden hitherto from view, at the foot of the mountain, at the entrance to the prairie. It consists of a nicely built hotel, a store, a saloon, two blacksmith shops and a sort of general trading-house. Four or five miles from there, to the right, towards the woody mountains, lies the German settlement with a fine church dedicated to the Sacred Heart, the first and only church on all Camas Prairie. There is no town here, only a store and the house of Mr. Anthony Hendricks, who gave a part of his ranch for the church and priest's house. But on Sundays you would be surprised at the size of my congregation. They come to

the church every Sunday, even when I am not there to say Mass, for catechism, the rosary, hymns, etc. So devout and exemplary are they, that I know of only one who has not been to her Easter duties; and when I remain on Monday, they all assist at Mass.

The 3rd of June was a happy day for these good people, for on that day Rt. Rev. Bishop Glorieux blessed their church, which by hard work they had just succeeded in finishing. The altar, and especially the tabernacle, the work of a farmer, might do credit to a skilled carpenter, and looked bright and beautiful when adorned with bunches and garlands of flowers. In the afternoon, the bishop blessed the graveyard, a statue of the Blessed Virgin, and a fine bell weighing over one thousand pounds, whose clear notes can be heard for nearly four miles. Fr. Diomedi is the founder of this mission, which he called after St. Peter, that the church founded on Peter might take possession of the prairie; but the church he consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, that all might be inflamed with love for that Divine Heart. A school has lately been opened here.

Last November, the church, though then unfinished, was the scene of the abjuration of two Lutherans. Herman Helm is a young Saxon, twenty six years old, who has been in this country several years, first in a Catholic settlement in Kansas and now on Camas Prairie. He formerly had all the prejudices instilled by his Lutheran minister, but he found by degrees that Catholics and their religion were not what he had been taught. Once when going alone through the mines, he heard the fearful howling of a panther near him. Terribly alarmed, he began to pray, but the danger seemed imminent until he felt inspired to make the sign of the cross, and the enemy disappeared. He did not however make up his mind to become a Catholic. That came about in a strange way. He wished to marry. He wrote to his parents in Saxony to choose a bride for him. The lot fell on Wilhelmina Ernst, who nothing loth accepted the offer, left her native land and in October 1887, reached St. Peter's where Herman awaited her. The next step was to be married. But by whom? There was no Lutheran minister. By a judge? That shocked the religious ideas of Wilhelmina. The only alternative was to be married by a priest. And that was equally shocking in her eyes. She had been brought up to believe that priests were men who lived a double life; apparently good and holy, but really wicked and depraved. Besides, in order to be married by a priest she thought she would be expected to become a Catholic. So the marriage was postponed. But Wilhelmina soon per-

ceived that she had misjudged Catholics and their religion, and in a short time she was under instruction and became much attached to her new-found friends and their religion. By November both she and her lover were ready to be received into the true Church. Accordingly, on the 13th, they made their abjuration of heresy, received their first Communion and were married. They are very edifying and fervent, and their recreation is to read together the lives of the saints. Others will follow their good example; for many of different sects attend our church. One lady has already expressed her willingness to become a Catholic, provided her husband will do the same.

Let me now say a few words about the happy death of a Spaniard named Astiago, commonly known as "George," the leader of a pack-train. Last winter he was paralyzed, probably owing to exposure to the fearful cold, and suffered extremely. Fr. Diomedi had visited him, but failed to get him to confession at that time. Death was approaching and he resolved to prepare himself. Hearing that a priest was at Lewiston, he himself asked to see me. Of course I went, and I found him distorted with suffering and scarcely able to speak. He made his confession and I anointed him, and on the following day gave him Holy Communion. A lady, who witnessed the happiness of George after receiving the sacraments, was so touched by the grace of God that she said: "Let me know, Father, when you will return, that I, too, may confess." She kept her word, and on my return she was reconciled to God after thirteen years of neglect of duties. Though Astiago had not gone to church for many years, he had never forgotten a single day to say his prayers.

But you will think that it is about time for me to tell you something about the Nez Percés Indians. In my last letter I mentioned the conversion of a girl named Alliototai, who had come with her mother and brother to the reservation a year ago. It came to pass in this way. An Indian, Damian Niniszikustin, had promised, at the death-bed of his first wife, to become a Catholic; he kept his word, and is now very practical and fervent. Wishing to console himself, he was looking out for a good Catholic girl to marry, but could find none to suit. He met Alliototai, who was still a pagan, and made his proposal. At first she was unwilling, but finally yielded to her mother's and brother's persuasion. She consented to marry him and also expressed herself willing to become a Catholic. So I instructed her carefully, and on the 21st of August, 1887, I baptized her by the name of Anna. May her conversion lead to that of her mother and brother.

I was called one day to baptize a little boy six years old. His parents were not Catholics, but as he was very ill and had himself asked for baptism, his father came to tell me the wish of his little son. The consent of the mother had not yet been given, so the father told me that he would return after a few days. As the child appeared to get better they put off sending for me, till at last the little fellow said to his father reproachfully: "Father, you told me very often that the Samgzemngzemng (Blackrobe) would come, but I do not see him." This reproach could not be resisted and I was sent for. I went to the house accompanied by many influential Indians. After the baptism, I addressed the family through an interpreter. I told them the reason of my coming among them and explained to them how happy the little boy would soon be for all eternity because they had consented to let his sins be washed away in the waters of regeneration. I then asked leave to baptize their other little boy; but the time had not yet come and they would not consent. I invited them to come to the church. The mother came, and since the death of little Joseph, she has continued to come.

Some time after, I was told that a grandchild of these same Indians, living in the same house, was very ill. I called and found the mother alone with two children. I spoke of baptizing the sick boy, but she would not allow it as her husband was not at home. She is a young Protestant of Camiag. I told her of the necessity of baptism and showed her how to baptize in case of danger of death. Some days passed, when Damian came on the part of the parents to ask me to baptize their little boy, which I accordingly did, naming him Joseph. They even consented to my baptizing their little girl, whom I called Agnes. Joseph soon after died. I visited the family in March and found they had moved into a new house. In the meantime, the grand-parents had had a little girl born to them; and the young parents a little boy, to fill the places of the two little Josephs they had lost. I warned them not to defer the baptism of these babies, and they asked when the next great feast would come. St. Joseph's day was approaching, so they selected it for the day of the baptism. I explained to them the Catholic pictures that hung upon their walls and they seemed much interested, and I left them hopeful of the conversion of the whole family.

This family is very widely connected, their chief is Piopiu Maksmaks (Yellow Bird). He often visits the mission, and had received some instruction, and was once on the point of being baptized. Brother Priotto enjoys telling of a meeting between

this chief, in full paint, and the bishop. Instead of kneeling as others did to kiss His Lordship's ring, Piopiu and his band remained standing, bowed with great ceremony, then shook the bishop's hand. Hearing that the name they intended giving him in baptism was Timothy, "Timothy," he cried out, "is grass!" Ten years passed and found Piopiu still unregenerated. Finally he wished to marry the daughter of Kainipaz, a patriarch with forty children and grandchildren, all distinguished for their piety and devotion to the Church. Consent was obtained on condition that he become a Catholic. So he put himself under instruction and was baptized on All Saints' day, 1887. He might have great influence for good over his band, but he is not fervent enough to enkindle others. I visited him the other day in his big tent, which contained at least fifteen beds—that is to say Indian beds, one or two blankets on a little straw; they also serve as seats. I was invited to dine with them. Piopiu picked out the best potatoes and put them on my plate and helped me to butter. He himself was served by his wife, who, as wife of a chief, enjoyed the privilege of sitting near her lord at table; while all other women eat apart from the men. Everything was clean. The food was served on a cloth spread upon the floor, which required a rather awkward position, for me at least, as I am not accustomed to sit tailorwise. Each of us was provided with a plate, knife, fork, cup and saucer. When I asked for a drink of water, Mrs. Piopiu handed it to me in a sugar-basin, which was somewhat incongruous. I admire the way in which so many women can live together in peace and concord. If only they all had the true faith! But they live at a great distance from the church. I hope however to make some conversions among them, as one woman has already expressed her wish to become a Catholic.

The Indians living at Pignisse, on the side of the Clearwater, show signs of interest in our religion. Those who are already Catholics assemble twice every day for prayer and three times on Sunday. Not a few of the pagans and Protestants join with them and ask for explanations of the Catholic doctrine. On my next visit, I shall baptize Tamsas, whose wife is already a neophyte. The last time I was there, a boy, whose parents are infidels, was so much impressed by my sermon that he came to me and told me that he did not want to live like a heathen any longer, and that he would try to get his parents' consent to his becoming a Catholic.

I must now say a few words about the extraordinary fruits the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus bore at Lapwai.

Rev. Fr. Cataldo began to make the devotion more popular last November. He had forbore to speak of the First Friday Communion of reparation, lest they should thereby neglect coming on Sunday, as very few Indians live near the church. But thinking that now they were sufficiently instructed in their duties, he spoke of our Lord's wish. The result was that there were more Communions on the first Friday than on great feasts in former years. Nor did this devotion interfere with Sunday; for they approached the Holy Table again on the following Sunday. In a word, the number of Communions in the whole year (1886) was about 1000, while in the half year from January to June, 1887, the number was 1324.

These poor Nez Percés have such a horror of sin that most of them cannot rest in peace if they have the least venial sin upon their conscience. No wonder, then, that the devotion to the Sacred Heart has produced great fruits in these pure, simple-hearted people.

Commending myself and my missions to your prayers,

I am etc.,

A. SOER, S. J.

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FR. JOHN BAPST.

A SKETCH.

(Continued.)

For three years Father Bapst devoted himself with a truly apostolic zeal to the conversion of the poor Indians, who had been, for twenty years or more, destitute of all priestly ministrations. His boundless charity, however, did not suffer him to confine his labors to these poor Indians, but while dwelling in their midst he made frequent excursions in search of the stray sheep among their white brethren, as is beautifully attested in the following interesting letter written by him, during the second year of his residence on Old Town Island, to his beloved friend, Fr. Charles Billet, S. J., of Brussels.

OLD TOWN, MAINE, April 27th, 1850.

REVEREND AND VERY DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

I must first offer you my excuses for the long silence I have maintained. I would certainly not have deferred writing to you until this late day, had I thought that you still continued to reside at Brussels; but knowing that our European provinces were the scene of ever-recurring political upheavals, I deemed it possible that you might have changed your residence, and in this uncertainty I delayed continuing my correspondence with you. But now you are about to see how I will make up for the past. Oh no, Reverend Father, I need no extrinsic motives to induce me to write to you; I have but to follow the bent of my heart's desires, I have but to indulge the sweetest inclination of my soul. The ocean that separates us will never cause me to forget our old friendship. Indeed during my two years' residence on Old Town Island I have been subjected to very severe trials, which have in every case resulted in intensifying my regret at my enforced separation from dear friends in Europe.

There is an American proverb to the effect that in this world one should go ahead, and count only on himself. It is precisely what I have to reduce to practice in my own regard. I have on my hands a mission of many thousand Catholics, scattered over an immense extent of country; now, to convert them and to preserve them in the faith I can count only on myself. In the tribunal of penance, few weeks go by that I do not have to deal with penitents who have not confessed for twenty or thirty years or more; and without passing any rash judgment, you can easily suppose that such penitents have consciences heavily laden with sin, and present cases generally pretty complicated, especially when you consider that my Catholics are all poor, and are brought into contact every hour of the day with the American Protestants, upon whom they depend entirely for subsistence. Now, the majority of Americans in these parts bend the knee to no other divinities than Plutus and Venus. With many, the most frightful abominations are crimes only when made public. In secret everything is permitted. It is a law of nature, they say, and besides there is no hell, or if there is, it is not for men, as Christ has ransomed us all. You might know all Liguori by heart and yet not discover a solution of the difficulties that present themselves in the confessional. In the midst of such doubts, when one is by himself, to whom can he apply for advice?

A Catholic priest in this country is apt to have some differences with the civil authorities who are all Protestants; in these junctures, to whom can he apply for assistance when he is alone and knows not the language of the country? In this country of liberty *par excellence*, where among many vice reigns almost without bridle, and where the thoughts, the words and the actions of men are as they were at the period of the deluge, when "omnis caro corrumperat viam suam"; . . . a religious deprived of all companionship, depending only on himself, not wearing the ecclesiastical dress, almost always on the road, having no one to edify him, able with impunity and without any one being the wiser to omit for years together meditation, examen, spiritual reading, retreat, etc.,—how, I ask



you, can a religious thus situated contend against the torrent that overturns and bears along in its impetuous flood almost every one about him? But if perchance there should spread among the community a contagious malady, the cholera for example (and this is no longer a mere supposition), what will the missionary do who is thus left companionless? If he takes to flight, he is a mercenary; if he does not desert his post, it can very easily happen that he fall a victim to the disease, and run the risk of dying, and that too without sacrament, without friends, without priest, and perhaps without any succor. . . . In a word, in all these difficulties that beset him, in these moments of sadness, of discouragement, of sickness, to whom will he have recourse for aid? His reply is very simple—to God alone. And assuredly he whom God protects is well protected. In my own regard, despite the slightly sombre hue of the picture in which I have just portrayed my own position, I can assure you that God has not ceased for a single instant to pour in abundance into my soul his strengthening grace and to give me almost an excess of consolation. For up to the present period, I have weathered with safety all the storms that threatened me; God blesses my labors in a manner not only visible, but I even dare say miraculous. And yet, notwithstanding all this, or rather because of all this, I cannot help directing my gaze towards Europe, not to regret my absence from that old land which God seems to have cursed, but because the longing is big within my soul to share these labors that I sustain, and these astonishing benedictions with which they are crowned, with one of my European brethren. But I have reason to hope, Reverend Father, that this happiness will soon be mine. Rev. Father Brocard has at last promised to give me a companion, a father from our province. Guess who he is. Father Maurice Gailland! But yet, I have not, up to the present date, welcomed his advent to this island, and I have some reason to believe that my hope may only be a deceitful one. But at any rate, Father Provincial has promised him to me. In the meantime, if there were at Brussels a father called Fr. B. [Billet] or Fr. de F. [de Forell] who would be willing to descend from the lofty heights of a prefectship of studies or a chair of rhetoric in a great college and a great city, and begin to instruct Indians on a little island of America, I would tell them of the well founded hopes that I conceive for the future of religion not only among the Indians, but especially among the whites, in these northern regions of the United States.

I will not repeat here all that I have said in my preceding letters. I will content myself with writing only as much as will give you an idea of my present position. To begin with the Indians: on my arrival here I took them all for little saints; but how greatly was I deceived! They restrained themselves somewhat in the beginning, but when they saw that I was not content with fair words merely, but required good works also, then it was that they revealed themselves at length in their true colors. I am now certain that half of my Indians have lost the faith; for that portion of them retain no belief in the doctrines of hell, of purgatory, of the real presence, of the remission of sins; while they reject all feasts, abstinences and fasts; in a word they are Protestants at heart, owing as well to their continual intercourse with Protestants, as to the twenty years' absence of a priest from their midst. The majority of them are

habitual drunkards. Nor is this all. My presence among them has become extremely irksome to them, because it acts as a restraint upon their vices and infidelity. Now as these Indians are capable of anything, and as they (that is to say, their ancestors) have already killed more than ten priests, do not be at all surprised if some fine morning you should hear that Father Bapst, not feeling within him the martyr's courage, has taken it into his head to decamp.

Yet, thanks to God, I have not yet reached that pass; and as half the tribe are excellent Catholics, I hope to succeed in leading back the others to the practice of their religion, and in rendering the tribe as flourishing, perhaps, as it was in the time of their first missionaries who were all Jesuits like myself. But for this, much time will be required, and as I have but little hope of effecting this with the present generation, all my hopes are centred in the children, whom I am instructing myself. And to this end I continue to pursue my study of their language, and will strive to establish a Catholic school on my island. If I can but realize this project, everything is gained; but I have to conquer almost insurmountable difficulties. The Americans have put into the heads of my Protestant Indians to have a Protestant school-master, and as it is the State that pays the salary, if the Indians demand such a preceptor for their children, they are sure to obtain him; and then the evil is without remedy. For I have not the necessary funds to establish a Catholic school which will hold sessions at the same time with the Protestant school, and thus neutralize the action of the latter. If, on the contrary, the Indians were unanimous in demanding a Catholic school, the school-board, although wholly composed of Protestants, could not refuse their request. If I only had a few hundred francs at my disposal, I would soon be able to bring this about. Meantime, I continue to do all I can for them. I preach almost every Sunday a little written sermon that I compose during the week with the aid of one of the Indians. I have already a large number of such sermons prepared, and I have also translated all their prayers.

Their language resembles Hebrew somewhat, and it is even asserted by some that the Indians of these regions came originally from Palestine. And just as it is impossible to translate Hebrew literally into French, so it is impossible to give a literal rendering of the Penobscot language. Between this Indian tongue and the living languages of civilized people there is no analogy, there are no derivations. The letter *r* does not enter into their language; they supply its place by the letter *l*, which possesses a sweeter sound. Thus for Mary (the name of the Blessed Virgin) they say *Maly*. They have a syllable or rather a sound which does not exist in any of our modern languages; it is somewhat like the sound of "ou" obscure; but it is impossible to represent it exactly by the letters of our alphabet; to catch the sound, one must hear it from the mouth of an Indian. But enough about the Indian for to-day; in my next letter, perhaps, I shall enter into the subject of their origin, their manners, their language, their occupations, their color and their dress, as well as their history since the arrival of the Europeans, but above all their conversion to Christianity, and the incredible labors of our first fathers in their midst.

If from the Indians we pass to the consideration of the whites, we find

the situation quite different. For while the Indians, as I have declared, inspire serious apprehensions as regards their future, the white population on the contrary give grounds for the fairest hopes. In my preceding letters I spoke of the Canadians, of my missions to them, and of the success with which they were crowned. Lately I recommenced these works of zeal among them, and I reaped the same harvest of joys and of consolation. At Waterville I established a temperance society last year. When I visited them again this year I found that out of more than sixty habitual drunkards, who had previously not spent a single week without becoming intoxicated, some had passed three months without drinking a single glass of liquor, others six months, and the greater number the entire year. The victory is so wonderful that the Protestant magistrates themselves, witnesses of this change, regard me with great favor, and are making every possible effort to effect my permanent residence in their midst. They have induced the Canadians to set about building a church, and have promised them generous aid. Many of the most distinguished gentlemen of their number have visited me; many have begged me to deliver some lectures in English for the Americans. If I only knew their language I have not the least doubt that it would be an easy task to dispel the rest of their prejudices, to awaken their slumbering consciences, and to effect, perhaps, a veritable religious revolution. But alas! I have not yet mastered the English tongue.

At Skowhegan, a pretty town situated eighteen miles from Waterville, there is witnessed, on the part of the Catholics, the same earnestness, and on the part of the Protestants, the same good will. On my last visit, as we had no suitable place for our meetings, the Protestant magistrates generously offered us the use of the town-hall; and every evening, at the instruction, the hall was crowded with an attentive audience, of whom half, perhaps, were Protestants. How much they would have given to understand me! The chief of police wrote me a letter in English couched in the most flattering terms, in which he assured me of his protection, and even of his co-operation in the cause of temperance. On the day when I spoke of temperance, as I was descending from the platform at the end of the lecture, an American gentleman advanced into the middle of the hall to meet me, and, before the whole audience, shook me warmly by the hand. To understand all this good will on the part of the enemies of our faith, one must be acquainted with the fact that among the Americans there are many who, though Protestants, are enthusiastic advocates of temperance. Some weeks after my departure from Skowhegan, the chief of police, to whom I have referred above, wrote me another letter to inform me that, since my departure from their midst, all had gone well with the Canadians.

Not long ago, I baptized two Protestant ladies. Another, who lives twenty miles from here, has sent to me begging me to come and baptize her; she is sick and feels her end approaching. Still another lady has been begging me to administer baptism to her for some time past, but I have thought it better to defer it a little while until she is sufficiently instructed. Another lady, who was very well instructed, requested an

interview with me, in which she sought many explanations on controverted points. In taking leave of me she expressed herself perfectly satisfied with the result of our conference, though I had spoken in English. I have also met some Protestant ministers and other Protestant gentlemen, from one of whom I forced the avowal that the Catholic religion was the only true one. I proved to a Universalist the existence of hell, a doctrine which his religious sect rejects; and the only reply he could make in parting from me, was: "Though the case may be as you state it, yet the contrary is my opinion." "It may be your opinion," I replied, "but it is not that of the Bible;" for I had previously proved to him the thesis from the Bible itself, whose testimony he was willing to admit.

I may be mistaken, but I feel convinced that if there were in this part of the world some zealous and learned missionaries, capable of speaking the English language well, a great number of conversions would soon be effected among the most prominent people of this part of the United States. For Protestantism in this region has seen its best days; it cannot maintain its stand before the good sense of the Americans. Nothing is more common among us than to hear enlightened Protestants declare: "I have no religion; but if I professed any, the Catholic religion would be my choice. The others do not stand the test of an examination."

There is still another thing which is worthy of consideration. The United States is the freest country in the world. You believe yourselves free in France and in Belgium; but be assured that you possess but the shadow of the liberty which we enjoy in America. I can establish here as many schools as I wish, and no one will interfere either for the purpose of superintending or even inspecting them. What is more, I could preach the doctrines of the Catholic religion in the most Protestant town, before an audience composed entirely of Protestants, and I feel sure that I would not suffer a single interruption. Recently, an American gentleman delivered a public lecture at Bangor, a town not far from here. He was a Protestant; and what do you think was the subject of his lecture? A strange one indeed! I will wager a dollar that you will not guess it. He chose for his subject no less a topic than the Jesuits; and a Catholic priest, who was one of his audience, assures me that he never heard a eulogy of the Society of Jesus that was more eloquent, loftier and more correct than this tribute from a Protestant. And in what spirit do you suppose his hearers greeted his remarks? They responded by frequent applause, although his entire audience was composed of Protestants, and the city itself is Protestant. What do you say to such an event as that? Let a like discourse be delivered in your Catholic France or Belgium, and we shall see whether it meet with a like reception.

For my own part, I can honestly assert that since my arrival in these regions, I have been treated with the greatest respect by the Protestants, although every one knows that I am a Catholic priest and even a Jesuit. Indeed I enjoy an esteem which would certainly not be mine, were I not a priest or a Jesuit. You may think, perhaps, that I am indulging in exaggeration, but only listen to a little incident that happened to me some time ago on a steamboat, and you will be convinced that I have confined myself within the

bounds of truth, in speaking of the respect paid by Protestants to the priest. The deck on which I stood was well filled with passengers, who were not long discovering by my bearing, and above all by my accent, that I was a foreigner. They quickly surrounded me. I found them all very polished gentlemen. In the course of the conversation they had with me, they asked me in English (for you must know that in my travels I have not yet heard a word of French): "From what country do you come?" "From France," I replied. "How long have you been in this country?" they asked. "Some months," I answered. "What is your profession?" Here was a delicate question. Its answer I wished to evade, but they pressed me very politely for a direct reply. I mustered up courage, therefore, and told them boldly that I was a priest. "Of what religion? Have you any children?" I began to laugh, and said that I was a Catholic priest. In France, that very Christian republic (one dares no longer call it a kingdom), a like avowal would perhaps have been received with a very bad grace, while here, on the contrary, the case is quite different; for when I had declared that I was a Catholic priest, all these gentlemen gave proof of a regard for me, which I have reason to believe they do not entertain towards their own ministers. After landing at my destination, I met one of these gentlemen on the street, and he saluted me most respectfully, removing his hat as he passed, a mark of respect which in this country is paid only to persons of the highest distinction.

Such is the bright side of American liberty; some other time, perhaps, I shall present the reverse of the medal. Yet I have said sufficient, I hope, to inspire some of those numerous priests, who remain behind in Europe, with the thought of coming to America where "*messis quidem multa, operarii autem pauci.*"

Your devoted brother in Christ,

JOHN BAPST, S. J.

In September, 1850, Father Bapst gave up his residence at Old Town and removed to Eastport, which he constituted the head centre of the numerous Jesuit missions in Maine. He had resided for three years and one month among the Indians, but he found his apostolic zeal completely thwarted by the internal dissensions existing among them. No sooner would he succeed in bringing the poor Indians to a sense of their religious duty, and in weaning them from their barbaric vices, than an uprising of the factions, which divided the Indian tribe into hostile camps, would cause the poor Indians to cast to the winds all their virtuous resolutions, and, while satisfying their vengeful inclinations, give full vent to their recently bridled passions. In view of this melancholy condition of affairs, the Rev. Father Provincial deemed it better that Fr. Bapst and his catechist, Mr. Force, a Jesuit scholastic, should withdraw from residence among the Indians, and while not abandoning the poor children of the forest altogether, extend their labors to the thousands of Irish emigrants and French Canadians who had hereto-

fore been but poorly attended to. Eastport was considered at the time the best town for a missionary centre. Two other Jesuits, Fathers Hippolyte De Neckere and Basil Pacciarini, came to re-enforce the missionary band shortly after.

Before leaving Old Town, Father Bapst assumes the rôle of a gallant champion of the reputation of one of his brethren, against whom charges, seemingly well substantiated, had been lodged with both the bishop of Boston, Dr. Fitzpatrick, in whose jurisdiction the State of Maine was then contained, and Rev. Fr. Brocard, the provincial. It was well for the accused that he found so able an advocate of his cause as Fr. Bapst. The defense, which formed part of a letter to Rev. Fr. Provincial, was very remarkable, both for its great vigor and the lawyer-like skill with which it was drawn up. It not only shows Fr. Bapst as a gentle, warm-hearted friend, but discloses also the good missionary's great force of character and keen sense of justice. Father Bapst was indeed possessed of meekness, but like his Divine Model, he could on occasions "be angry and sin not." It manifests, moreover, that no member of the Society, let his position therein be what it might, could with impunity be made the victim of an unjust attack, and not have Fr. Bapst to wield in his behalf a gallant and powerful pen, inspired by his truly sympathetic heart. We regret that it cannot find space in this limited sketch. The second part of the same letter, however, relating as it does to what Fr. Bapst calls "the tempest on the Indian island," demands insertion as it stands. It is addressed to Rev. Fr. Brocard and bears date Oct. 11th, 1850.

#### REVEREND FATHER,

I wrote to you that the Indians had put an end to their difficulties, on the fourth day of July, by the voluntary abdication of the head chief of the "new party." I subscribed to this treaty of peace on three conditions, one of which provided for the establishment of a Catholic school on the island, to be entirely under my direction, as well with regard to the choice of the master, as to the management of the school. On the acceptance of this condition by the agent and the Indians, I consented to remain in their midst. Recently, as I wrote you, I went to Boston for the sole purpose of hunting up a school-teacher. I found one who suited me in every respect. On my return to Old Town, I wished to open my school immediately, but the "old party," headed by those two bad subjects who had resisted the bishop of Boston to his face, came and offered numerous objections, declaring, among other things, that they were entirely averse to the school-teacher I had chosen. Urged to give the reason for their opposition, they were forced, after many evasions, to avow their sole reason to be that my school-teacher was a Catholic. They desired a

Protestant teacher, in the hope of thus strengthening their party which was in quite an unstable condition. On the other hand, the "new party" declares that it will never accept a Protestant school-teacher. Now how am I to act? If I hold firm and insist on keeping my Catholic teacher, a rupture of the peace will ensue once more, and party hatred become rife with so much the more fury as a religious element will be added to the war. Indeed it will degenerate into a war of religion. This is evident, for the "old party" combats for Protestantism, and the "new party" for Catholicism. If pursuing a contrary course I yield, everything is lost and Catholicity abandons this unfortunate island. Mr. Merrill, the Protestant minister, who is the soul of the whole opposition, deludes the poor Indians with respect to the Protestant teacher, 'spouting' much about the blessings of liberty of conscience and of religion.

My advice is to await with patience the issue of the affair. If the "old party" absolutely refuse to receive the Catholic school-teacher, and persist in gratifying their impertinent pretensions to having a Protestant teacher, I shall be obliged to withdraw from the island, rather than be the cause of a deplorable conflict. In these disturbances among the Indians, matters may at any moment be brought to the last extremity. If therefore we are obliged to take a precipitate departure, it is to Bangor, or rather to Ellsworth that we shall retire, and thence I shall write at once to Your Reverence in order to receive your further orders.

In closing, Reverend Father, I must assure you that if these storms which overwhelm us cause us some pain and uneasiness, they cannot rob us of our peace of heart. We are ready for whatever may happen. We are conscious of having developed, if not into perfect missionaries, at least into missionaries by no means degenerate; and I pray Heaven, I pray Mary above all, to obtain for us the grace that we may continue so to conduct ourselves in the future, as never to cause the Society to blush at numbering us among her children. It was on the feast of the Holy Rosary that the storms burst forth.—A good omen!

I commend myself earnestly to the prayers and holy sacrifices of Your Reverence.

Your devoted son in Xt.,  
JOHN BAPST, S. J.

A little over a month after the departure of Fr. Bapst from Old Town, he wrote the following beautiful letter to one of his brethren in Europe, descriptive of the affecting incidents attending his separation from the Indians, and of a trip through the province of Maryland made shortly before the date of the letter.

EASTPORT, Nov. 10th, 1851.

REVEREND AND VERY DEAR FATHER,

I am no longer at Old Town in the midst of my Indians, but at Eastport surrounded by civilized people. It was on the second of September last that I quitted Old Town, after having lived three years and a month with my dear Indians. All who were on the island on the day of my departure accompanied me to the river-bank, with every mark of deep

sadness and sincere regret. I had instituted, some days before, a species of bazaar for the purpose of disposing of the furniture which I did not wish to carry away with me. All the Indians, men and women, vied with one another in buying up at the highest price any object that had belonged to me, wishing to preserve it as a precious souvenir. I had not believed them capable of such delicate sentiments. Then too, when the moment of my departure had arrived, and I saw the tears streaming from those eyes which even at the death of their nearest relatives remain dry, my heart was touched with the deepest emotion, and during the whole time that I remained on the boat which bore me away from that unfortunate island where I had experienced so many hardships and so much happiness, I did not venture to raise my eyes for a farewell look, fearful of betraying too much weakness. And yet I had not abandoned them altogether, since they still remain my parishioners, to whom I must from time to time minister the consolations of religion.

The reasons of my withdrawal from permanent residence among the Indians are the following: first, the bishop of Boston has confided to my care a mission made up of French and Irish, scattered over a territory more than one hundred and forty miles in circumference; and as Eastport appeared to be the most central point, that town was chosen as our headquarters, in preference to Old Town; second, as a faction among the Indians, which we may fitly term the "radical party," had formed a species of schism from the Church, the bishop of Boston and Rev. Fr. Provincial thought it advisable to teach the refractory a salutary lesson by withdrawing the priest from them.

Eastport is situated on the limits of the United States and New Brunswick, being separated from the latter country by the Sainte Croix River. It is a seaport to which the steamboats of the two countries make regular trips. The town contains a pretty little Catholic church and a handsome pastoral residence, very well furnished. It is here that I live happily with FF. Force and De Neckere,<sup>(1)</sup> the former of whom is an American,<sup>(2)</sup> and the latter, a Belgian and a nephew of the bishop of the same name. They are both full of youthful vigor, and possessed of much talents; and what is better, excellent Jesuits and zealous missionaries. There is only one Frenchman here, all the Catholics being either Irish, or American converts. There is also, a mile from the town, an Indian tribe, all Catholics, with whose spiritual care we are also entrusted. The entire mission embraces thirty-three different stations, each of which would form in Switzerland a very pretty little parish. (What do you say to that?) So you may be sure no one can complain of not having enough to do.

From Eastport as a central point, these three companions in arms, for-

<sup>(1)</sup> This is Fr. Hippolyte De Neckere who has already been mentioned by Fr. Bapst on p. 368, in connection with Fr. Basil Pacciarini. He was a brother of Fr. F. X. De Neckere, for many years superior of the mission of Conewago and nephew of Bp. Leo De Neckere of New Orleans. He was sent to help Fr. Bapst in 1851, immediately after his tertianship. He was afterwards connected with the old Seminary in Washington of which he was rector from '54 to '57, when he became rector of St. John's College, Frederick, where he died on June 6th, 1859.

<sup>(2)</sup> Fr. Bapst must be mistaken when he says Fr. Force was an American; we have unquestionable authority for the statement that he was a Hanoverian whose real name was Voors. His name disappears from the Maryland catalogue in 1856,



tified with a courage and ardor that the sight of an innumerable army of enemies excites within them, sally forth to the immense field of battle which lies open before them; and I hope that subsequent letters will convey to you the cheering news of the bloodless carnage they will have effected in the ranks of the enemy, and the victories they will have gained for Christ. For the present, I will content myself with giving you the result of the jubilee missions which we have been conducting at our various stations. These spiritual weapons were the means of reclaiming a very large number of bad Catholics, and of converting about thirty Protestants or infidels. Besides this, we are able to preserve in the faith and in fervor about nine thousand Catholics, for whom we are now engaged in building three churches which will be completed next spring. No, I do not believe that in Europe I would have been able to do the hundredth part of the good that I now effect in this country. Indeed I am tempted to thank Heaven for the tempest that cast me on these remote shores, far across the seas.

About a month ago, when I was worn out by the labors of the missions and not fully recovered from the oppressing influence of a three years' solitary life among the Indians, where I was deprived of all the pleasures of fraternal intercourse, Rev. Fr. Brocard, who bears towards me a love truly paternal, invited me, nay even urged me, to seek a little necessary recreation by taking a trip to Georgetown, and visiting on the way the various houses of the Maryland Province. This journey of three hundred miles I made in three weeks, going by easy stages. I visited Boston, the wealthiest city in the United States, where we have two houses; New York, the most populous, where there are two colleges, which belong to the French Province; Philadelphia, the most beautiful, where likewise we have two houses; Baltimore, the oldest, where we have but one residence; Washington, the capital of the United States, where we have one college; Georgetown, the seat of the mother-house of the province; Frederick, where are situated the novitiate, the third year of probation and a college; and finally, Holy Cross College, Worcester, the second boarding-school of the province.

Before undertaking this long journey I had formed many prejudices against the province of Maryland, due to the unfavorable reports with reference to it which I had frequently heard before my coming to this country. But this visit has dispelled all my prejudices. I now firmly believe that the province of Maryland is as flourishing, from a religious point of view, as any province in Europe; I would no longer have any repugnance to casting my lot with that of this dear province, and becoming a member of it. Wherever I went I was received by my Jesuit brethren with so much charity and so much cordiality, and so well did I find the rules observed in the various houses, that I felt as if transported, after three years of exile and isolation, to the happy times in which flourished that famous college and that famous boarding-school where we spent together such happy days — never alas, to return — and where we have left behind so many souvenirs. I found in all these houses a true image of Fribourg; the same spirit, the same virtues, the same religious atmosphere. In the course of my trip I visited the novices, the scholastics, the professors, the tertians; and I was back in spirit at Estavayer, at Brieg,

at Notre Dame d'Ay. In every house I met some member of our dispersed province. It was a touching sight to behold these meetings between brothers, on a foreign soil, three thousand miles from their native land; but it would be impossible to portray the varied feelings they excited in the depths of our hearts. All our Swiss brethren, with very few exceptions, are very happy here, and reflect no dishonor upon the Upper German Province.

My companions in arms, though strangers to Your Reverence, send you most respectful greetings.

Yours devotedly,

JOHN BAPST, S. J.

(To be continued.)

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### FATHER VILLIGER'S GOLDEN JUBILEE.

The golden jubilee of Fr. Burchard Villiger, the Superior of the residence of the Holy Name in Philadelphia, on Oct. 4th, was a festival to which his parishioners had been looking forward with the most sincere pleasure for many months, and the magnificent way in which they celebrated it proves how warm their attachment to him has always been. One saintly old parishioner who died just a few days before, expressed it as his only regret that he could not live to join in the jubilee, while hundreds have declared that they looked upon it as one of the great events of their lives. As a sort of prelude to the great celebration of the 4th, the school children tendered Fr. Villiger a reception on the 3rd. This occurred in the parochial school, and was just what the sisters in charge intended it should be, a loving home-festival, where the young folks gave their pastor a quiet little entertainment, in anticipation of the honors awaiting him on the morrow.

The hall was crowded with the children and their friends and relatives, the stage was draped with the Papal, Swiss and American flags, and was hung with festoons of evergreen and bordered with fragrant flowers. The entertainment consisted of a series of songs and addresses in verse, interspersed with duets on the piano and organ. The boys in their *Choral Greeting* were formed into a V with the smallest boys in front — a quaint conceit of the director of the school, Fr. John Finnegan. The *Little Pearls* address, by the youngest of the school-girls, was made up of a succession of verses in which each one told of the pearls she had gathered for her pastor and what virtues the different pearls represented; while the last and tiniest miss, who had stood very demurely with clasped hands as the others

told their stories, lisped that she had wandered over the shore in vain for pearls which the others might have overlooked, and so, in despair, had determined to be herself her pastor's pearl. The *Golden Gleanings*, however, was the feature of the evening. Four of the older girls came successively on the stage, attired to represent History, Switzerland, America and the Pacific Coast, and told in dainty and varied metre the history of Fr. Villiger's eventful life. Many of the passages were charming bits of description, full of devoted and affectionate sentiments. At the conclusion of the entertainment, the address was presented to Fr. Villiger, bound in rich dark-green leather, its pages illuminated by hand with numerous colored pictures and floral designs. Fr. Villiger then arose and thanked the children in a few happy words; after which he granted them a holiday on the morrow, and in the name of Fr. Provincial, who was present, a holiday on the following day as well. The entertainment was followed by a short reception, in which the parents of the children crowded about Fr. Villiger to wish him many joyous anniversaries of his golden jubilee.

The workmen on the new church labored late that night preparing it for the celebration, and at 9 o'clock on the morning of the 4th, the five monster bells in the towers rang out the jubilee chimes, and the doors were thrown open to the crowd which had been gathering for more than an hour. The magnificence of the edifice burst upon the people like a vision which surpassed their highest expectations. It was the first time that they saw the church free from the network of scaffolding which had all along obscured its grand proportions. It still, of course, requires considerable work before it can be permanently used for divine service. None of the eight side-chapels, which are to open down the nave, are as yet even plastered; but the fretted ceiling and the sides of the sanctuary and transepts, with their wealth of stucco work and their tall Corinthian pillars and pilasters, supporting arches of immense span, were completely finished. These were well set off for the occasion by garlands of green broad-leaved palms, ferns and other tropical plants. At the end of the semi-circular apse, one hundred feet in height, which serves as the sanctuary, was the temporary altar, which is to be succeeded in time by one of marble. High above this altar hung the three life-sized pictures of St. Ignatius at Manresa, St. Francis Xavier on Sancian, and, higher than all, St. Patrick explaining the Trinity. The last was given its special prominence partly as a compliment to His Grace, Archbishop Patrick J. Ryan, who assisted at the ser-

vices. Each of these pictures will adorn a special altar, St. Patrick's being a memorial of Fr. Patrick Toner, S. J., erected by his father. A handsome throne had been put in position for the archbishop, and around the sanctuary were seats for the fifty-one clergymen who were present. Twenty-five hundred chairs had been provided for the congregation, and room in the left transept had been reserved for the Little Sisters of the Poor and the Sisters of Charity, whose Home and Hospital respectively are attended by our fathers. The chairs were rapidly filled, and long before the procession entered the church, at least three thousand people were in waiting.

The morning was sunny, cool and cheerful, just such a day, Fr. Villiger said, as that on which he and half a dozen merry companions had entered the novitiate at Brieg in Switzerland, fifty years ago. Seldom did the reverend father, who is famous for his cheery smile, look so radiant with health and goodness. The archbishop and the most prominent clergy of his diocese, including several Augustinians and Redemptorists, and our own fathers from every quarter of the province, gathered early at the Gesù, and the heartiest congratulations were showered on Fr. Villiger till 10 o'clock, when the procession began to move. It started from the foot of the grand staircase in the residence and, passing directly out through the front doors, swept slowly up Stiles street to the main entrance of the new church, where a crowd was standing with uncovered heads.

The music of the Mass was under the direction of professor S. G. Gorman, with a chorus of fifty voices, chiefly from the Maennerchor Singing Society, the singing being accompanied by the Germania Orchestra of fifty pieces under Professor William Stoll. As the procession entered the church, the orchestra played Mendelssohn's *Overture*, "Calm of the Sea." The Mass was Gounod's *Messe Solennelle*, "St. Cecilia." At the Offertory, Cagliero's *Sit Nomen Domini* was sung; before the sermon, Geibel's *Veni Creator*; and at the conclusion of the Mass the orchestra played Rohbler's *Marche des Troubadours*.

The area of the sanctuary is such as to admit of the ceremonies of the church being carried out with the greatest fidelity and solemnity, as was certainly done on the present occasion, Fr. W. H. Carroll acting as master of ceremonies. It was remarked that Fr. Villiger intoned the Mass in an uncommonly vigorous manner and looked quite youthful for a man who has gone through his experiences. The sermon was preached by Fr. Jeremiah O'Connor, Superior at St. Lawrence's Church, New York. His theme was the 'character and aim of the Society of Jesus' and the 'dignity

of the priesthood.' From his eloquent and loving delineation of the character of the Society we give a few extracts. "It is obvious that in hurriedly limning here a few of the lovely features celestial of this spiritual mother, on this her high holiday, we aim not at glorifying any, but at pertinently giving, as in a glance, something of the beauty, strength, vitality, fecundity of her whom God's own Church, in her great Council of Trent, called 'a pious Institute,' whose honor has been lauded, privileged by pontiff after pontiff till the reigning Leo. He has confirmed every gift that all others have bestowed, and in this his own golden year of jubilee, has bound its members by the bond of Catholic charity still closer to the blessed above by the canonization of yet three more of their brethren—the apostolic Claver, for the fathers' special patron; his own life-long patron, the angel Berchmans, for the scholastics; and, for the brothers, the gentle Alphonsus. \* \* \* \* \*

"Its end being so ample and varied, the means it uses, both natural and supernatural, are as multitudinous and diversified. Yet the utmost indifference is prescribed in their use; such as aims at killing all preference or personal leaning, and looks only to God's glory, best to be attained with the immediate end. To omit, defer, change an accustomed work, take up another, turn even to the practice of a different virtue at the tinkling of a bell, to leave God for God as our Holy Father did, an ignominious scourging that was impending and that his cavalierly honor, humbled for Christ, yearned for, and turn himself to teaching little ones their primary lessons—this is the true Jesuit doctrine regarding the relation of means to end, which the world has ten thousand times knowingly perverted and will continue to malign. For the Master had foretold it: 'If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you.' \* \* \* \* \*

"Such would be the Society's son as her Institute would have him, and not the monster of craft and dark trickery, which the world, itself wicked, wickedly would have him be; such as, even in Fénelon's day, the Jansenist would paint him, 'the brain, the power, the malice of everything bad or questionable in civilization, of all even that is done in the Church;' as though, in spite of her Divine Spouse's promise, she had become an imbecile, led by these 'agents in the dark,' instead of being guided by the light of the Holy Spirit."

The sermon concluded by a rapid but loving sketch of Fr. Villiger's labors and a very feeling allusion to the orator's personal pride in the occasion, as he had received his admission into the Society in 1860 at the hands of Fr. Villi-

ger, who was then provincial. The pulpit, which projects from the wall of the nave, a little below the west transept, had been arranged temporarily, and the preacher's clear tones, penetrating distinctly into every part of the church, gave a happy proof of the judgment displayed in choosing the position. The services concluded by the giving of the pontifical benediction by the archbishop, after which the procession formed again and passed out through the sacristy and into the residence by the rear entrance.

At half past twelve, the guests of the day were invited to a dinner which had been prepared for them in the parlor. At the head of the room sat the archbishop, with Fr. Villiger on his right hand. During the meal, each guest was presented with a copy of the delightful lapidary inscription composed by Fr. Charles Cicaterri in honor of the day. We append it in full to the present narrative. Towards the end, one of the younger fathers of the Gesù arose and, after a few pleasant words of introduction, read the following :

GRATULATIONES ET VOTA.

Expectata dies—lux quinquagesima fulget  
 Aurea, quæ meritis cingit honore comas.  
 Gratantur superi—summo pia regia cælo—  
 Gratatur mitræ quem sacer ornat houos.  
 Gratantur patres, fratres, pater optime, quemque  
 Cura premit gentis plurima Loyolidum.  
 Quæquæ et conspicimus solida jam condita mole  
 Augusti et templi mœnia sacra Deo—  
 Hæc tibi sunt voces, summo gratulantur honore  
 Quem non delebit deperitura dies.  
 Laudant te Helvetii colles, California tellus  
 Laudat, ubi surgit te duce magna domus.  
 Laudant te nostra urbs, turbæ juvenumque senumque  
 Languentes, inopes, tota caterva mali.  
 Littus ad extremum, terras penitusque latentes  
 Fama pererrabit, transvolet astra tui.  
 Plurima fert animus sacri monumenta laboris  
 Dicere, queis magnum est nomen in urbe tuum.  
 Ast pudor id prohibet: virtutis forma, venustas,  
 Ut rosa—splendenti lumine—tota fugit.  
 Hic maneat felix jam quinquagesimus annus,  
 Hic maneat nomen semper in ore tuum.  
 Sit tua vita tuis, populo, sit cara Beatis,  
 Nec metam tangat Nestoris ante diem.

Shortly after this address, the archbishop spoke a few felicitous words of congratulation, insisting on the great debt of gratitude which he himself and his whole diocese owed to Fr. Villiger, and heartily wishing him many another year to carry on his good work. Fr. Villiger responded briefly in words equally happy, and the company soon dispersed. As the time for the evening reception approached, another great crowd began to assemble in the new church, until at half past seven there was no longer standing room.

The fathers could see at least ten of the houses opposite along Thompson street brilliantly illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and they afterwards learned that a number of houses on Seventeenth, Eighteenth and Stiles streets were similarly adorned. The reception was tendered to Fr. Villiger by the gentlemen of the Jubilee Committee, on behalf of the whole congregation. The church was splendidly lit up by calcium lights, and the same choir as in the morning rendered the musical services. The committee occupied a semi-circular row of seats in the sanctuary, with Fr. Villiger seated in their midst. The music opened with Lambillotte's *Lauda Sion*, which was followed by selections from Giorza's *Gloria*. Mr. William Gorman, a prominent lawyer of the parish, then read an affectionate address, in which he spoke of the great esteem in which the congregation held their reverend pastor, and concluded by presenting Fr. Villiger, as a substantial token of their esteem, with a check for \$11,100. In thanking them for their manifestations of love, Fr. Villiger humbly begged his people to remember that, without the grace of God and their earnest co-operation, his labors would have been of little avail, and that the grand new church was to be a lasting memorial of their zeal for the divine worship. The concert then closed with Carr's *Te Deum*, after which the fathers held an informal reception and the visitors lingered for about an hour inspecting the beauties of the magnificent edifice, which when completed will be not only the largest but the most magnificent sacred edifice in Philadelphia. A detailed description may be given to the readers of the LETTERS in connection with an account of the dedication, which will take place next December. A word here about the bells, of which mention has already been made, may not, however, be out of place.

They are five in number, their names and weights being as follows: *Holy Name of Jesus*, eight thousand pounds; *Blessed Name of Mary*, four thousand; *St. Joseph*, two thousand; *St. Ignatius*, one thousand, and *St. Francis Xavier*, seven hundred. When ringing, they harmonize perfectly. The ceremony of their consecration on July 31st, last year, was unique and exceedingly interesting, and is thus described by the *Catholic Standard* of August 6th, 1887:

"At the time announced for the blessing or 'christening' ceremonies to begin, there were fully two thousand people in the building, a large number considering the intense heat of the day and the charge of a high admission fee. Archbishop Ryan officiated. Taking his position by a small table near the front of the sanctuary floor, surrounded by the priests present, he recited the preliminary prayers, proceeding according to the form prescribed in the 'Pontifical.' The bells having been washed with holy water, the archbishop anointed each in turn, beginning with the largest and ending with the smallest, first outside with the oil of the sick, and then inside with the holy chrism.

After this a thurible containing burning incense was placed under each bell. His Grace prayed repeatedly that the sound of the bell might avail to summon the faithful, to excite their devotion, to drive away storms, and to terrify evil spirits. Thus consecrated, the bells have become spiritual things, and can be rung only with the consent of the spiritual authorities. As the priests left the place the bells were set a-ringing, starting with the smallest, and each taking up the notes until a deafening peal was heard from the largest. All present must have been delighted with the chime, for they lingered until it ceased."

Fr. Cicaterri's was a special tribute to Fr. Villiger of esteem and affection from his brethren in holy religion, and will form an appropriate conclusion to this account. It runs thus:

IV · NON · OCTOBRES · AN · MDCCCLXXXVIII  
 · QVEM · DIEM · SODALES · E · SOC · IESV  
 PHILADELPHIAE · DOMVS · A · IESV · INCOLAE  
 CONSILII · CONIATIS · FAVSTVM · FELICEMQVE  
 DOMESTICA · LAETITIA · HABERE · STATVERVNT  
 QVOD

BVRCHARDVS · VILLIGER

EIVSDEM · DOMVS · ANTISTES  
 ANNUM · AB · INITA · SOC · IESV · L  
 AVSPICATO · EXPLEVIT  
 QVI · MODESTIA · MORVM · SVAVITATE · PATERNA · CHARITATE  
 LENITATE · NVLLIS · VERBIS · ADAEQVANDA  
 ANIMOS · SVORVM · SIBI · DEVINXIT  
 EGREGIE · DE · SOC · IESV · MERITVS  
 QVOD · TOTO · FERE · VITAE · CVRSV  
 TVM · PROVIN CIAE · MODERANDAE · MAGISTERIO  
 TVM · ALIIS · PRAECLARIS · MVNERIBVS · OBEVNDIS  
 EXIMIA · PRVDENTIAE · LAVDE · ENITVIT  
 APVD · CIVES · PHILADELPHIENSES ·  
 ZELO · ET · PIETATE

MAGNO · IN · HONORE · HABITVS  
 AEDIBVS · PVERIS · PVELLISQVE · A · PRIMA · AETATE · INSTITVENDIS  
 AB · INCHOATO · EXCITATIS  
 MOLITIONEM · TEMPLI · AMPLISSIMAM · ADORTVS  
 NVLLIS · DIFFICVLTATIBVS · TERRITVS  
 OPVS · SAPIENTER · DIV · EXCOGITATVM  
 INCEPIT · PROMOVIT · IAMQVE · ABSOLVTVRVS  
 LAETATVR  
 SODALES · TOT · VIRTVTVM · MEMORES  
 PATRI · CARISSIMO  
 EX · ANIMO · GRATVLANTVR  
 VOTISQVE · OMNIBVS · DIV · INCOLV MEM  
 PROSEQVNTVR



# ELENCHUS

## SANCTORUM ET BEATORUM SOCIETATIS JESU.

CC. 11; MM. 83.—PP. 29; Sch. 32; Nov. Sch. 12; Coad. 20; Nov. Coad. 1.  
—Lusit. 37; Jap. 24; Hisp. 15; Ital. 7; Angli 5; Pol. 2; Belg. 1;  
Corean. 1; Gall. 1; Holl. 1.

	NOMEN.	ORTUS.	OBITUS.	BEATIF.	CANONIZ.
1	S. P. Ignat. de Loyola, Confessor. XXXI Jul.	Hisp. 1491.	Rom. 1556. 31 Jul.	Paul. V. 1609. 27 Jul.	Greg. XV. 1622. 12 Mart.
2	S. P. Franc. Xaverius, C. III Dec.	Hisp. 1506. 7 Apr.	Ins. Sancian. 1552. 2 Dec.	Paul. V. 1619. 25 Oct.	Greg. XV. 1622. 12 Mart.
3	S. P. Franc. Borgia, C. X Oct.	Hisp. 1510. 28 Oct.	Rom. 1572. 30 Sept.	Urb. VIII. 1624. 23 Nov.	Clem. X. 1671. 12 Apr.
4	S. Aloys. Gonzaga, Schol. C. XXI Jun.	Ital. 1568. 9 Mart.	Rom. 1591. 21 Jun.	Paul. V. 1605. 19 Oct.	Bened. XIII. 1726. 20 Apr.
5	S. Stanisl. Kostka, Novit. C. XIII Nov.	Polon. 1550. 28 Oct.	Rom. 1567. 15 Aug.	Clem. X. 1670. 16 Aug.	Bened. XIII. 1726. 20 Apr.
6	S. P. Joan. Franc. Regis, C. XVI Jun.	Gall. 1597. 31 Jan.	Lalovesc. 1640. 31 Dec.	Clem. XI. 1716. 8 Maii.	Clem. XII. 1737. 5 Apr.
7	S. P. Franc. de Hieron. C. XI Maii.	Neap. 1642. 17 Dec.	Neap. 1716. 11 Maii.	Pius VII. 1806. 16 Mart.	Greg. XVI. 1839. 26 Maii.
8	S. Paul. Michi, Schol. Præd. martyr. V. Febr.	Jap. 1564. circiter.	Crucibus simul affixi 1597, 5 Febr. Nangazachi; bea- tif. 1627, 15 Sept., ab Urb. VIII.; tandem canoniz. 1862, 8 Jun. a Pio IX.		
9	S. Joan. de Goto, Novit. Schol. M.	Jap. 1578.			
10	S. Jacob. Kisai, Novit. Coadj. M.	Jap. 1533.			
11	S. P. Petr. Claver, C. IX Sept.	Hisp. 1581. vel 1585.	Carthag. 1654. 8 Sept.	Pius IX. 1850. 16 Jul.	Leo XIII. 1888. 15 Jan.
12	S. Joan. Berchmans, Schol. C. XIII Aug.	Belg. 1599. 13 Mart.	Rom. 1621. 13 Aug.	Pius IX. 1865. 9 Maii.	Leo XIII. 1888. 15 Jan.
13	S. Alph. Rodriguez, Coadj. C. XXX Oct.	Hisp. 1531. 25 Jul.	Palm. Major. 1617. 31 Oct.	Leo XII. 1825. 12 Jun.	Leo XIII. 1888. 15 Jan.
14	B. P. Joan. de Britto, M. XI Febr.	Lusit. 1647. 1 Mart.	Marav. Jugulatus. 1693, 4 Febr.	Pius IX. 1853. 21 Aug.	
15	B. P. Andr. Bobola, M. XXIII Maii.	Polon. 1590. vel 1591.	Yanov. Excarificat. 1657, 16 Mai.	Pius IX. 1853. 30 Oct.	

Quadraginta martyres simul coronati prope insulas Canarias, anno 1570, 15 Jul., quorum cultum jam Romæ et alibi ab eorum obitu probatum, sed interruptum occasione decreti Urbani VIII., 1625, redintegravit et confirmavit Pius IX., 1854, 11 Maii.

	NOMEN.	ORTUS.	OBITUS.
16	B. P. Ignat. de Azevedo, Super. Miss. Brazil. XV Jul.	Lusit. 1527.	Hasta percussus. Præferens Imag. Deiparæ.
17	B. P. Didacus Andrada. <i>12 Scholastici.</i>	Lusit. 1520.	Lancea.
18	B. Antonius Suarez, <i>Subminister.</i>	Lusit.	Gladio.
19	B. Bened. de Castro.	Lusit. 1543.	Sclopeto et gladiis.
20	B. Franc. de Magalliane.	Lusit.	
21	B. Joan. Fernandez.	Lusit.	
22	B. Ludov. Correa.	Lusit.	
23	B. Emman. Rodriguez.	Lusit.	In mare projectus.
24	B. Simon Lopez.	Lusit.	
25	B. Emman. Fernandez.	Lusit.	
26	B. Alvarus Mendez.	Lusit.	
27	B. Petrus Nugnez.	Lusit.	
28	B. Andr. Gonzalez.	Lusit.	
29	B. Joan. de San-Martino. <i>10 Novitii Schol.</i>	Hisp.	
30	B. Gonzalv. Henriquez, <i>Diaconus.</i>	Lusit.	In mare projectus.
31	B. Didacus Perez.	Lusit.	Hasta percussus.
32	B. Ferdin. Sanchez.	Hisp.	
33	B. Franc. Perez Godoï, <i>Sacæ Teresiæ cognatus.</i>	Hisp.	Sclopeto.
34	B. Anton. Correa.	Lusit. 1555.	Hasta.
35	B. Emman. Paceco.	Lusit.	
36	B. Nicolaus Diniz.	Lusit. 1553.	
37	B. Alexius Delgado.	Lusit. 1556.	
38	B. Marc. Caldeira.	Lusit.	
39	B. San. Joannes, <i>Omnium junior.</i> <i>16 FF. Coadjutores.</i>	Lusit. 1557.	
40	B. Emman. Alvarez.	Lusit.	
41	B. Franc. Alvarez.	Lusit.	
42	B. Domin. Fernandez.	Lusit.	Gladio.
43	B. Casparus Alvarez.	Lusit.	
44	B. Amarus Vaz.	Lusit.	
45	B. Joan. de Maiorga.	Hisp. Vasc. 1553.	In mare projectus.
46	B. Alph. de Vaena.	Hisp. 1537.	
47	B. Anton. Fernandez.	Lusit.	
48	B. Steph. Zurara.	Hisp.	In mare projectus.
49	B. Petr. Fontoura.	Lusit.	Sclopeto percussus.
50	B. Greg. Scribano.	Hisp.	
51	B. Joan. de Zafra.	Hisp.	
52	B. Joan. de Baeza.	Hisp.	
53	B. Blasius Ribera.	Lusit.	Caput discissum.
54	B. Joan. Fernandez.	Lusit.	
55	B. Simon Acosta.	Lusit. 1552.	

Quorum supplicium non indicatur, vestibus ad ludibrium exuti, conviciis et verberibus affecti, lanceis gladiisque transfixi, fractis cruribus et brachiis, bini vel terni in pelagus acti sunt.

	NOMEN.	ORTUS.	OBITUS.	
56	B. P. Petr. Canisius. C. XXVII Apr.	Holland. 1521. 8 Maii.	Frib. Helv. 1597. 21 Dec.	Pius IX. beatif. 1864. 2 Aug.
Triginta et tres martyres quos beatificavit Pius IX. cum aliis centum et septuaginta duobus, 1867, 7 Jul.—13 PP.; 17 Schol.; 3 Coadj. temp.				
57	B. P. Joan. Bapt. Machado. XV Febr.	Lusit. Azorum ins. 1580.	Omurae. 1617. 22 Maii.	Capite truncatus.
58	B. P. Didacus Carvallius. XXI Febr.	Lusit. 1578.	Sendai. 1624. 22 Febr.	Gelidis aquis mersus.
59	B. P. Michael Carvallius. I Mart.	Lusit. 1577.	Omurae. 1624. 25 Aug.	Lento igne crematus.
60	B. P. Paul. Navarrus. V Mart.	Neap. 1562.	Scimabarae. 1622. 1 Nov.	Item.
61	B. Dionys. Fugixima, Catech. Schol.	Jap. 1593.	Ibid.	It.
62	B. Petr. Onizuchius, Catech. Schol.	Jap. 1604.	Ibid.	It.
63	B. Leonard. Chimura, Coad., frater Seb. Chimurae. XIV Mart.	Jap. 1575.	Nangazachii. 1619. 18 Nov.	It.
64	B. P. Franc. Paceco, Provinc. XX Jun.	Lusit. 1565.	Nangazachii. 1626. 20 Jun.	It.
65	B. P. Joan. Bapt. Zola.	Ital. 1575.	Ibid.	It.
66	B. P. Balth. Torresius.	Hisp. 1563.	Ibid.	It.
67	B. Caspar. Sandamatzu, Coadj.	Jap. 1565.	Ibid.	It.
68	B. Petr. Rinxeius, Catech. Schol.	Jap. 1588.	Ibid.	It.
69	B. Paul. Chinzuchius, Catech. Schol.	Jap. 1572.	Ibid.	It.
70	B. Joan. Quizachus, Hospes P. Paceco, Schol.	Jap. 1605.	Ibid.	It.
71	B. Michael Toxo, Catech. Schol.	Jap. 1588.	Ibid.	It.
72	B. Vincent. Caunus, Praedic. et Catech. Schol.	Coreanus. 1580.	Ibid.	It.
73	B. P. Anton. Yxida. III Sept.	Jap. 1570.	Nangazachii. 1632. 3 Sept.	Aqua ferventi et igne mersus per integrum mensem.
74	B. P. Thomas Tzugius. VIII Sept.	Jap. 1571.	Nangazach. 1627. 6 Sept.	Lento igne crematus.
75	B. Mich. Nacaxima, Schol.	Jap. 1583.	Nangazachii. 1628. 25 Dec.	In aqua ferventi atrociter mersus.
76	B. P. Carolus Spinola. XI Sept.	Ital. 1574.	Nangazach. 1622. 10 Sept.	Lento igne crematus, invictus Heros.
77	B. P. Sebast. Chimura, Primus Sacerdos Japon.	Jap. 1565.	Ibid.	It.
78	B. Anton. Kiumi, Schol.	Jap. 1572.	Ibid.	It.

	NOMEN.	ORTUS.	OBITUS.
79	B. Petr. Sampo, Schol.	Jap. 1572.	Nangazach. Lento igne crema- tus, invictus Heros.
80	B. Michael Xumpo, Schol.	Jap. 1589.	Ibid. It.
81	B. Gonzalv. Fusaï, Schol.	Jap. 1582.	Ibid. It.
82	B. Thomas Acafoxi, Schol.	Jap. 1572.	Ibid. It.
83	B. Ludov. Cavara, Schol.	Jap. 1582.	Ibid. It.
84	B. Joan. Ciongocon, Schol.	Jap. 1582.	Ibid. Capite truncatus.
85	B. Ambr. Fernandez, Coadj.	Lusit. 1551.	Omuræ. 1620. 7 Jan. In carcere perit.
86	B. P. Camil. Constantius. XII Oct.	Neap. 1572.	Firandi. 1622. 15 Sept. Lento igne crema- tus.
87	B. August. Ota, Catech. Schol.	Jap. 1572 circiter.	Firandi. 1622. 10 Aug. Capite truncatus.
88	B. P. Hieron. de Angelis. V Dec.	Siculus. 1567.	Yedi. 1623. 4 Dec. Lento igne crema- tus.
89	B. Simon Jempo, Schol. Catech.	Jap. 1575.	Ibid. It.
90	B. P. Petrus Faber. C. VIII. Aug.	Sabaud. 1506. 14 Apr.	Romæ. 1546. 1 Aug. Statim ab obitu coli cœpit, quem cultum confirma- vit Pius IX. 1872. 5 Sept.

Quinque Martyres Angli, quorum cultus, ab ipso martyrii tempore Romæ probatus, a Leone XIII. solemniter confirmatus est 1886, 8 Decembris.

91	B. P. Edm. Campion. I Dec.	Anglus. 1540.	Londini. 1581. 1 Dec. In patibulo sus- pensus; deinde semivivus visce- ratus et sectus.
92	B. P. Thom. Woodhouse.	Anglus. 1530.	Londini. 1573. 19 Jan. It.
93	B. P. Joan. Nelson.	Anglus. 1535.	Londini. 1578. 3 Feb. It.
94	B. P. Alex. Briant.	Anglus. 1553.	Londini. 1581. 1 Dec. It.
95	B. P. Thom. Cottam.	Anglus. 1549.	Londini. 1582. 13 Mai. In patibulo suspensus.

CC. 12; MM. 83;—PP. 30; Sch. 32; Nov. Sch. 12; Coad. 20; Nov. Coad. 1.  
—Lusit. 37; Jap. 24; Hisp. 15; Ital. 7; Angli 5; Pol. 2; Belg. 1;  
Corean. 1; Gall. 1; Holl. 1; Sabaud. 1.

## OBITUARY.

### BROTHER WILLIAM LAKEBRINK.

Br. William Lakebrink died in Santa Clara College, Cal., on Sunday, July 1st, in the 83rd year of his age and his 36th in the Society.

This good brother was a native of Osnabrück in Hanover, where he was born on Christmas Day, 1805. He left his native country and came to the United States to seek his fortune in the mining regions of the Northwest. In this he was so far successful that in a short time he realized a handsome sum (\$40,000 it is said), part of which he gave to our fathers in St. Louis, and the rest he brought with him to Santa Clara. Little is known of his life before his entry into the Society, for he steadily evaded all inquiries urged by those who suspected that his life had been marked by many interesting and edifying incidents. It is said that what determined him to enter religion was a vow which he made, when once in imminent danger of death through the falling in of a mine in which he was buried up to his neck with but one hand free to help himself. He began his novitiate in Santa Clara College on the 15th of May, 1853, and had for novice-master Fr. Peter de Vos, a venerable old Indian missionary.

During the time Br. William lived in the Society, he was ever a source of edification to all those who conversed or lived with him. Not only within the walls of the college was he loved and revered, but outside also he was held in high esteem by Catholics and Protestants alike, who were impressed by his gentle virtues. He seemed to have chosen St. Alphonsus Rodriguez for his special patron, he so forcibly reminded one of that model of lay-brothers. He was ever master of himself; and even in the most trying circumstances he never lost his wonted tranquillity and meekness. His spirit of devotion went hand in hand with his spirit of labor, so that not only was he adorned with the virtues the rules prescribe for his grade in the Society, but he was faithful even to the letter of the rules. He was never known to shirk work or hesitate to put his hand to the heavy end of a burden. When he was young and vigorous he was a source of admiration to all who witnessed the sturdy way he went about his business, and even in his decrepit old age he did his part faithfully and well to the last. For years he carried the mails to and from the post-office, which necessitated a good many journeys backwards and forwards, and besides he had the care of the back-gate where he had to dole out their pittance to the poor who come to the college for their daily bread.

The end of his long life came seemingly without an immediate note of warning. He had begun to make the annual retreat with the community, and had just finished the meditations of the second day, on death and judgment, when while he was on his way to pay a customary visit to the

shrine of St. Joseph in the vineyard, he received a stroke of apoplexy from which he died in a few minutes. The first intimation which the community received of what had happened came from a messenger who hurried into the dining-room during supper to apprise Fr. Rector, who hastened at once to the spot and arrived in time to give the last absolution. The tableau to the end of the day's meditations, presented by our good brother stretched on a mattress on one of the walks, with many members of the community kneeling in prayer around him, brought home to all the truth of our Lord's words, "Nescitis diem neque horam." — R. I. P.

#### MR. JOSEPH A. HEYLEN.

The novitiate of St. Stanislaus, Macon, Georgia, witnessed the edifying death of Joseph A. Heylen, a scholastic of the Society, on the evening of the feast of St. John Berchmans.

Born on Oct. 14th, 1863, in the village of Wolfsdonck, near Diest (the birthplace of St. John Berchmans), he quickly developed that pious disposition which was to render him ripe for heaven at so early an age. When old enough, he was placed in a college under the care of secular priests, at Aarschort, and there continued up to the end of poetry. About this time, feeling himself called to a missionary life, he applied for admission into the apostolic school of Turnhout. His request was granted and he was admitted in the month of September, 1883. He spent but one year there; long enough, however, to endear himself to his professors and companions. He was earnest, diligent and faithful in his studies. His piety was attested by his reception into the sodality of the Blessed Virgin long before the six months assigned for probation had expired. He had a filial love for our Blessed Lady and a special predilection for St. John Berchmans whose picture was always before him, and his name constantly on his lips in conversation. He considered it the greatest honor to have been born so near the home of his patron. Two striking features at this time, and afterwards, were his innocent gaiety in recreation and his equanimity of temper. No provocation, so his companions relate, could ruffle his feelings, though his very simplicity lent many an occasion for the trial of this virtue. On the completion of his rhetoric, he was received at his earnest request into the Society of Jesus by Fr. Miles, and joined the New Orleans Mission. Accordingly, after his voyage across the ocean, he was sent to Manresa together with nine others. From the first he never experienced any difficulty or repugnance in the exercises of the novitiate, and his two years of probation passed away in the peace and calm of a secluded life. On the closing of Manresa he was sent to finish his noviceship at Florissant. He took his vows with great fervor on the 12th of September, 1886; and after a year of studies, again changed his religious home to complete his studies at Macon. He labored there with unflagging diligence until, towards the end of the scholastic year, he was prostrated with fever. Nothing serious was apprehended until typhoid set in. With tender care, however, the fever abated and he rallied somewhat, in fact great hopes were entertained of his recovery. But on the 8th of August he had a relapse and his case was pronounced hopeless. Weak in the extreme and utterly helpless, he lingered on until the

13th of that month. At times he became delirious and, marvellous to relate, would describe beautiful pictures of the Blessed Virgin, St. John Berchmans, St. Ignatius, and especially of the Sacred Heart; and when asked if he saw all that he had described, he answered with candid simplicity that he did. Up to the end these visions were quite frequent. One other remarkable incident should not be omitted. The evening before his death, Fr. Rector caused prayers to be offered up by the community for his happy death. One who was watching with him, and wholly ignorant of the prayers which were being recited, says that Br. Heylen suddenly stretched out his arms, and gazing with a rapturous look, as if he saw some beautiful sight, exclaimed: "Oh, what a lovely picture! How beautiful our Lady is! God is wonderful in his saints! St. John will obtain favor for us all!" Sometimes he would become agitated and seem to be troubled with discouraging thoughts, but some father or brother was always at his side to suggest aspirations or sprinkle him with holy water, and then he would instantly become calm again. On the evening of the 13th, strengthened with the last sacraments, with all the fathers and brothers reciting the prayers for the dying around his bed, he surrendered his soul to God without a struggle. The odor of his virtues is still the theme of his brothers' conversation; and his angelic death, far from being a loss and a cause of grief, seems to have hallowed and consecrated the new novitiate, so deep is the love of the religious life, so lasting the impression left in the hearts of all by his last edifying moments.—R. I. P.

#### FATHER CARMELUS POLINO.

Fr. Carmelus Polino was born in Modica, Sicily, on the 4th of July, 1844. His father was a Neapolitan officer and was at that time in charge of the garrison at Modica. As soon as young Carmelus was able to go to school, he was placed in one of our colleges, where he soon gave signs of the great talents he possessed and which he afterwards used to such good advantage in the Society. On the completion of his course of studies, he entered the novitiate at Naples, on the 23rd of December, 1859.

The cradle of his religious life was rudely rocked by the hand of persecution and, like many others who have left home to follow Christ, he had to taste the bitter cup of exile. Shortly after his entrance into the Society, the movement for Italian unity broke out and the Jesuits had to leave the kingdom of Naples. Accordingly, in June 1860, all the first-year novices from Sicily and Naples were sent to Ireland. Fr. Sturzo, the present superior of the mission in Australia, took charge of the young exiles, and, on arriving in Ireland, acted as socius to the master of novices. Having completed his noviceship in Ireland and his juniorate in France, Fr. Polino was sent for his philosophy to Tortosa in Spain. Here he imbibed his first love for St. Thomas, which grew with time and which he endeavored so earnestly to instil into the hearts of his pupils at Woodstock. The year following his philosophy was spent in our college of Manresa, after which he was sent to Manilla in the Philippine Islands. After five years of regency, during which he taught mathematics and literature, he returned to Europe to study theology with the scholastics

of the province of Aragon. As the Spanish Jesuits had been dispersed by the revolution of 1869, the scholastics of this province were at the villa of St. Cassian, near Toulouse, France. Here he was ordained in July, 1875, by Cardinal Desprez. In 1876, he arrived in America and began his third year of probation at Frederick. On Aug. 15th, 1877, he made his solemn profession at Georgetown and came to Woodstock as professor of philosophy. As such we know him best and owe him a debt of gratitude for his untiring labors for our intellectual improvement, as well as for a religious life whose edifying traits are still fresh in our memory and the more fully appreciated now that he is with us no more. Studious industry, untiring devotedness to his work, humility united to vast erudition, an harmonious blending of religious virtues with an ardent thirst for knowledge, were his distinguishing characteristics. Modest and retiring, so little did he meddle in the affairs of others and so absorbed was he in his own work, that he was called the *persona (alteri incommunicabilis)*. But in the lecture-hall we recognized the great metaphysician, where his polished lectures showed a clear and logical mind, well stored with erudition, as well as an ever faithful memory. He had a natural eloquence which, joined to a finished diction, made his lectures most enjoyable; and so thoroughly convinced was he of the truth of his subject and so clear was it to his mind that he seemed at times to forget that others could have difficulties about it. He naturally possessed a fiery temper which he held well in check, or if it ever betrayed him and thus disclosed the life-long struggle he had in mastering it, he was most ready to apologize. He travelled much and, being a keen observer, he was a delightful companion in recreation, and his conversation possessed a peculiar charm despite the fact that he had but an imperfect knowledge of English. In 1884, he was called to New Mexico and labored as *operarius* in Denver, Pueblo and Las Vegas. His thorough knowledge of the Spanish language enabled him to render great service as one of the editors of the *Revista Catolica*. Early in September he was sent to Albuquerque to give a retreat in a convent, where he contracted mountain fever, of which he died at Las Vegas on Sept. 13th, 1888. We learn that he was about to return to Naples to teach philosophy, but his work was done and God called him to the reward of a well-spent life.—R. I. P.

#### BROTHER JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

Brother Cunningham was born in the County of Tyrone, Ireland, on the 22nd of June, 1804.

After the years of childhood, he seems to have been employed as a weaver, first in his native country, and afterwards in England. During this time he witnessed many of the effects of the Penal Laws, and doubtless some of the scenes which resulted from their enforcement, made a lasting impression on his mind, since throughout his life, he ever evinced a most tender love and compassion for the poor and the unfortunate. At the age of twenty-two, he sailed from Belfast for America, and after a voyage of seven weeks, reached Quebec. Having cast about for some time, he finally settled in Canada West, as a dealer in woolen goods,



Twelve years were thus employed, until the breaking-out of the disturbance known as the Mackenzie Rebellion in 1837; when having been too active in the movement, he considered it an opportune time for extending his business into the States. So he crossed over to Rochester, in company with all who had been engaged in the rebellion.

The immediate cause of this prudent move, was the announcement that Lord Durham, the Governor-General at the time, had, as Brother John used to say, "issued an essay" to the effect that all who had taken part in the uprising were to be hanged.

Having crossed the boundary, he did indeed extend his business; as may be judged from the fact that in a short time, he was travelling over the entire country, through which our present province extends, from Maine to Virginia. On one of his journeys, he made the acquaintance of a man, who had discovered a new method of making cisterns by the use of cement. This man being without any capital, invited him to become a partner with him. He did so, and gradually relinquished the woolen business, finally giving himself entirely to the new enterprise, and realizing in a short time a handsome profit. He still continued to travel, however, through the Eastern and Middle States, calling chiefly upon farmers, who would naturally appreciate the advantages of having a good cistern. This gave him quite an experience of life in various phases; for at one time he would be found spending a few days at the mansion of some well-to-do merchant; at another, he would be sharing the hospitality of a way-side inn; and at another, the cottage of a poor farmer would give him welcome.

Thus engaged, we find him about the year 1843, in the neighborhood of Martinsburg, Virginia, attending a mission which was in progress under the direction of a Jesuit father. Almighty God then gave him a portion of the reward for his hitherto well-ordered life, by calling him to a higher state, in the Society of his Divine Son. And indeed, that his life up to that time had been an unusual one, we know from the testimony of farmers, doctors, lawyers, priests and even bishops. He seems to have made himself very serviceable to Archbishop Hughes and to Bishop O'Reilly of Hartford, as also to several of their parish priests; and doubtless many a poor soul received the consolations of religion in life and in death, through the generous devotion of Brother John. He used to place himself with his horse and carriage at the disposal of the clergy during the winter months, thus enabling them to go amongst their people more than they could otherwise have done. He lost no opportunity for doing good; now by a kind word, now giving much-needed advice or relieving the distressed, and at all times exhorting his friends and acquaintances to look to the welfare of their immortal souls. He endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact, by his generosity of spirit, and his amiable, gentle manner, so that with truth has it been quaintly remarked, by a good old lady in Washington, who knew him in those days: "Everywhere he left behind him the value of his night's lodging."

Having consulted the father in charge of the mission about his vocation, he was advised to drive down to Georgetown and apply to the superior there. Without a moment's hesitation he started for Georgetown saying:

"Forty years have I served the world; would that the Lord might grant me yet another forty, to serve him." Having arrived at the college, he was greeted by the superior, whom he asked to receive him as a lay-brother, at the same time presenting flattering letters of introduction from the bishops of New York and Hartford, as well as from several secular priests.

The superior, seeing that he was a man in the prime of life, with the dress and manner of a gentleman of the world, answered with some surprise: "My good man, you surely do not realize the character of a lay-brother's duties; you seem to be too much of a gentleman, to be willing to perform the humble offices of a lay-brother." "Father," he replied, "the gentleman, as you are pleased to call the character I represent, I can at any time put on or off; and will do so whenever Your Reverence so desires."

Even this earnest reply did not save him from the trial in store for him. His application was not entertained; and with a heavy heart, he faced the world once more. Soon however, hearing about the great reputation of Fr. McElroy at Frederick, he determined as a last resort to pay him a visit, and make another effort. He met with great encouragement from the good Fr. McElroy, but he was not received into the order. Nevertheless he remained around Frederick, building cisterns and contributing generously to St. John's Church; at one time giving the sum of \$100 for the erection of one of the side-altars.

One day the Fr. Provincial of the Dominicans came along, and in the course of a conversation, he told the provincial how he had wished to become a Jesuit, but had been refused. The provincial replied: "All right, Johnnie, I will take you; and you may start at once for Zanesville, Ohio, if you wish." "But Johnnie, as he was even then familiarly called, remained steadfast and loyal to the Society, despite his trials. The call to the Society which he had received at Martinsburg was not his first one. Years before, in his dear native land, his young mind had been strongly impressed by the vigor of an expression which he had frequently heard: "The Jesuit is the strongest rower in the bark of Peter." The result was that he actually set out for Clongowes College, to see Fr. Peter Kenney about applying for admission; on learning, however, that Father Kenney had been sent to America, as Visitor to the Maryland Province, he proceeded no further, but shortly after left for America himself.

Time passed on at Frederick, during which he had many interviews with Father McElroy, who finally advised him to see Father Verhaegen, who was the provincial at that time. He did so, and this time received a promise of admission, provided he first spend two years as a postulant in some college. To this arrangement, however, he was very much opposed, saying that he had already served in that capacity, during the two years which had then elapsed, since his application at Georgetown.

After further consultation he was finally received, and, to his great delight, enrolled amongst the novice-brothers, April 12th, 1845. After pronouncing the simple vows in 1847, he was sent to Georgetown College to act as infirmarian, remaining there until the year 1870; when he was transferred to Woodstock, to act in the same capacity. During the quarter of a century spent at Georgetown, he was always a consoler to the

afflicted and distressed. Even the animals were objects of his tenderness; and the knowledge he had previously acquired of their different ailments, particularly those of the horse, enabled him frequently to come to their relief; whence came the suggestive name, by which the college-boys often referred to him. Hundreds of Georgetown students might testify to his loving care and watchfulness over them in sickness. When they were really ill, he was all attention; but for those who feigned sickness in order to avoid class, he had no sympathy; for of all things he detested duplicity.

From the many instances of his kindness, we select the following. During the war a young lad was taken seriously ill; and, as his father was in active service for the government, his mother was duly notified, and she repaired at once, in company with her daughter, to the college. After three weeks of anxious care the boy recovered. The mother and daughter, who had witnessed the devoted attention to the boy, were lavish in expressions of gratitude; and, previous to their return home, came to thank the good brother for all that he had done; when to their amazement he answered: "Good ladies, no thanks are due to me; but in God's name, do you, my good woman, go at once and be reconciled to your God, by approaching the sacraments; and then return thanks to him for your son's recovery." What followed may be better imagined than described. The poor woman thought that the fact of her having been once a member of the Catholic Church was a profound secret. The advice was heeded; and thus Brother John was not only instrumental in procuring bodily health for the son, but, by the grace of God, contributed also to the spiritual renovation of the mother, and we may believe, of the entire family.

Of the many exalted gifts which fitted him for his office, perhaps the most attractive was the happy faculty he possessed of always saying something amusing just at the moment when his patient was suffering the greatest pain, and perhaps had reached the critical stage of a surgical operation. So ludicrous indeed at times were his remarks, that the poor patient would be obliged to laugh outright, forgetting for the moment the ordeal through which he was passing. His influence over the boys, even in spiritual matters, was extraordinary; and God alone can tell of the good he accomplished in this respect, up to the time when he was summoned to Woodstock, in October, 1870.

While speaking of Georgetown, it may be well to point out how perfectly he fulfilled the promise made to the superior there, when he first applied for admission. Beside the duties of infirmarian, he was expected to wait upon all visitors to the college, particularly the parents and friends of sick students; and when the number of the sick was small, he would employ his spare time in whitening various outer parts of the college-buildings, or in doing some mason-work. When, at the close of the school-year, the President of the United States, accompanied by several members of his cabinet, would become the guests of the college, an entertainment was usually given at the infirmary. Then indeed could be seen the realization of his promise; when, laying aside his trowel or white-wash brush, he would put himself in readiness to wait upon the distinguished guests, with that becoming grace which was so particular-

ly his own; and after all was over, "put off the gentleman," put on his overalls, and resume the work which for the time had been suspended.

The many who have come to, and gone forth from the house of studies since its foundation, know better than can be here described the portion of his life spent by our venerable brother since he came to Woodstock. If in the world and at Georgetown he joined to his manual labors the zeal of an apostle, how much more now did he exert himself to instil lofty thoughts and aspirations into the minds and hearts of those who were soon to labor for the Lord, in every quarter of the world! His many wanderings and travels had revealed to him the dangers and snares of the world, to which even missionaries were exposed; for, as we have already seen, he had preferred to associate with them as much as possible. And doubtless during all these years, many a silent prayer was offered for the perseverance of the Lord's anointed, and particularly those among his own brethren. Here, too, his spare time was usefully employed. Once, with the permission of superiors, he gathered the more delicate ones of the scholastics into a band, and invited them to assist him in some out-door employments, and thus better their physical condition; and, if need be, fit themselves for the Zambesi Mission, to which several of them in after years actually went. Thus he was ever the same, sparing no pains or labor, constantly consoling and relieving his sick brethren, or edifying them by his zeal in laboring at some useful employment. Seeking the favor of none, he knew no fear; never without a kind word for all, he was in turn loved, respected and revered by all. And so at length the forty years, for which he had prayed, came sweetly to a close.

Without the slightest warning, the Lord, in his merciful goodness, laid his gentle hand upon him, sending him a stroke of paralysis, which caused him to retire from his office of infirmarian. Recovering shortly after he had been anointed, he applied to superiors for some occupation, and during three years was variously engaged in little offices about the house. The paralysis returned each succeeding year, and each time he was anointed, only to recover in a short time. But at Christmas, a year ago, he became rapidly more and more feeble; so much so, that he required an attendant almost constantly, even at night. Thus assisted, however, he was able to go about the house, and to be present at all the community duties; in attending which, he was ever known to be most regular and constant. And here we might recall a beautiful instance of his lively faith and simple unaffected piety, which took place on last Good Friday. The hour for the morning services having arrived, it was deemed advisable not to notify him even for the adoration of the cross; because, on the same occasion in the previous year, after having performed his act of adoration, he was raised from his prostrate position only by the greatest effort on the part of his assistant; but the good old man was not thus to be deprived of his share in this consoling act of devotion. So, when he found that all were engaged elsewhere, and that even his attendant was absent, he quietly left his room, and with the aid of his cane succeeded in reaching the chapel. Going up to the sanctuary, all unobserved as he thought, with great difficulty he got down on his knees on the bare floor; then taking from his pocket his large crucifix which he had

brought from his bed-side, he laid it on the steps of the altar, and with profound veneration adored the five wounds. Then rising after a great effort, he proceeded with crucifix and cane in hand, to make the Way of the Cross; not resting on some convenient bench, which he never did even when in good health, but kneeling on the floor, and supporting himself with his cane. So dangerous was the effort, that the one present, but not seen, judged it better to notify his attendant, who in the meantime had begun to search for him.

Towards the end, it was with difficulty that he could be persuaded to refrain from going to meals with the community; but with this single exception, he faithfully fulfilled every duty, even that of recreation, where he was ever most welcome, because of his bright and cheerful ways, and many pleasant remarks.

Thus he continued up to the hour of departing for Baltimore, whither it was considered best to send him, and place him under the care of the Sisters of Mercy, who having heard of his condition, begged to be allowed to attend to the closing days of one, who for forty years had consoled and assisted so many. The good sisters had him but a few days, when they were delighted to find in him so saintly and amiable a character, so bright and amusing because of his quaint and pointed remarks.

How well, even during his few days at Baltimore, he realized the character of the true Jesuit, may be inferred from the confidence with which the sisters entrusted to him their petitions to our Lord. They regarded it a great blessing to have him die in their midst, and even placed a picture of him in the box for the corner-stone of their new building, fully persuaded that in him they would ever have a most powerful advocate in heaven.

Every possible attention was given him by the sisters, several of whom frequently came, in the midst of their work, to say a kind word to him, only to be edified by his saintly deportment and bright answers. This, together with the constant visits of his brethren from Woodstock and Loyola, made it seem to the dear old man scarcely possible that he was away from his own community. Even the daily Mass, said by one of the fathers from Loyola, in the neat little chapel of the sisters, was not wanting. Thus passed three short weeks, when the good sister in special charge of him, and the superioress, became anxious as to the meaning of his continually asking for the one who had been his life-long companion. The time for the usual visit of this friend had elapsed; so the sisters telegraphed for him, and as soon as the train could bring him, he was by the dying brother's side, and in time to be recognized by him. In the meantime, a messenger had been dispatched to Loyola College, and in a few moments the last sacraments were administered to him for the fourth time in four years. His entire right side, and even his tongue, had become paralyzed, so that only at intervals was he able faintly to repeat the words of some pious aspiration, suggested to him by one of the fathers, several of whom had been in frequent attendance during the eight days preceding his death. Although he was in his agony for twenty-four hours, no movement indicated the slightest pain. Thus in the fulness of years, at the age of eighty-four, our venerable brother passed to his re-

ward, early in the afternoon of the 27th of September. There were present to encourage him in his last moments, the Father Minister of Loyola, the Mother Superior and her two assistants, and the brother from Woodstock.

The body was taken to Woodstock during the night; and, on the following morning, the Office for the Dead was recited by the community, and the holy sacrifice of the Mass offered by Father Rector for the repose of his soul.

The funeral took place during the afternoon of the same day. May he rest in peace!  
Br. D—.

FF. WENINGER, YENNI AND VALENTE.

We notice here the death of these three fathers who have died since our last issue, hoping to have a sketch or obituary of each in our next number.

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# Varia.

*Alexandria, Va.*—Our new building is progressing rapidly and the builder hopes to have it under roof before winter sets in. It will be a handsome building and quite an ornament to our street. It is just opposite to our residence and will contain on the first floor a reading-room, a class-room and a gymnasium; on the second floor a hall. The building will be called "The Young Men's Sodality Hall." The sodality now numbers 34, all between the ages of 15 and 20. So you see we are taking them and banding them together at an age when they are most in need of Catholic teaching and practice. They hold *Society Meeting* every Wednesday evening in the Hall, and every Sunday evening the Office of the Blessed Virgin is recited in the church. — *Excerpt from Letter from Fr. A. P. Keating.*

*Austria, A cure through the intercession of Bl. Peter Canisius.*—Towards the end of September of last year, a swelling made its appearance on my back in the neighborhood of the spine. At first it seemed rather insignificant, but about the middle of February of this year (1888), it began to grow very rapidly, and in about a month it had risen to an alarming size. The family physician called in one of the professors of the university for consultation, and both agreed that it was a "cold abscess" and that decay in the spinal column must follow. A cure they said was not possible because no operation could be attempted. On hearing this I had recourse to Bl. Peter Canisius and besought him to obtain for me from the Sacred Heart a perfect cure of my malady; I made several novenas in his honor successively, the last one immediately before his feast. Every day I applied a relic of the blessed father to the part affected, and promised to make known the cure, if I were healed. In the meantime the physician declared that the swelling would open, that I would then become bedridden, and that fever and complete prostration would follow. But since the feast of the Blessed Peter, April 27th, I felt confident that I would be cured. On May 28th, the swelling opened of its own accord, and on May 30th, the physicians declared that the corrupted matter that came from the wound left it certain that the spine was affected and that fever would soon follow. On the 31st (Feast of Corpus Christi), my trust in Blessed Peter became unbounded; I felt sure that he would certainly obtain my cure, and I often mentioned this to those around me. Great was the surprise of the physician when, towards noon, he found me strong, without fever, without pain, and in good spirits. The consulting physician shared his surprise. It was determined to probe the wound. This was done on June 6th, and the bones were found entirely sound and healthy. I thank Blessed Peter Canisius for this preservation of my life, and gratitude prompts me to make known this wonderful cure. My greatest joy and happiness would be to see the great Apostle of Germany placed on the calendar of God's saints. — *Wahrheitsfreund.*

*American Scholastics at Innsbruck.* — Messrs. Barrett and Gasson of the Maryland New York Province, Messrs. Bechtel, O'Connor and Rother of the Missouri Province, and Messrs. Moynihan and P. Walsh of the New Orleans Mission are studying theology at Innsbruck. Their address is No. 8 Universitätsstrasse. A letter from Mr. Bechtel informs us that there are now 40 Americans in the university. He reports himself and companions as already broken in to the Austrian customs and very well pleased.

*Lainz.* — FF. Conway and Brett are this year at Lainz, Hauptstrasse 16, in their third year of probation. — The following items from a letter of Fr. Brett to Fr. Racicot will be interesting here:—The house we occupy was formerly the villa of a titled family; some remodelling of course was necessary to make it suit our needs. The garden is large and beautifully laid out; our neighborhood is very quiet. The numerous little villages that lie all about us offer plenty of opportunity, to those

whose mother tongue is German, for preaching and confessions, while on Sundays and holydays many are regularly sent out to say Mass in the convents of these places; now and then a call comes from Vienna for help of the same kind. Communication with the city is for us most convenient, as the railroad station for Lainz is just behind our garden, and the street dummy-road passes in front of our house. By either way the city is reached in a half-hour, both roads carrying one a good bit into the city itself. There is no lack of pleasant walks in every direction, and every twenty minutes brings one to a new village. The country is much above the city, so that one needs to ascend a very modest hill only, in order to bring Vienna full in view. There are also sufficiently near some high mountains, especially Kahlenberg and Leopoldberg, that can in some measure satisfy the appetite of mountain-climbers, if there be any among us. This pair of mountains all will ascend, at least once, as it was the scene of the utter rout and defeat of the Turks in 1683. Kalksburg on one side of us and about an hour and a half off (on foot) is the seat of the large boarding college, or Konvikt as they call it, of the province. It is a *Collegium Nobilium*, I believe, although untitled youths are found among the students. Between us and the city is one of the Kaiser's castles with its immense park that is always open to the public. Just north of us is the Kaiser's large hunting park; I have been told that it takes a good walker nine hours to make the round of the enclosure.

**Beatifications.** — It is announced that the causes of the beatification of the Ven. Cardinal Bellarmin and of Fr. de la Colombière are well advanced.

**Books, Recent publications:—**

La Prédication, Par le Père Longhaye, S. J.  
 L'Apostolat dans le Monde. Par le Père Brueker, S. J.  
 Vie du Père Chaignon, S. J. Par le Père Sejourné, S. J.  
 Recherches sur les origines de la C. de J. à Paris. Par le Père Lauras, S. J.  
 L'Eternité, Retraite. Par le Père Félix, S. J.  
 Le Père Jean Croiset. Par le Père Emile Régnauld, S. J. Fr. Croiset's work on the Sacred Heart was lately struck from the *Index* through the efforts of Archbishop Stadler, of Serajewo, who translated it into the Slavonic language.  
 Grammaire Hébraïque. Par le Père Senepin, S. J.  
 Le Rosaire Illustré. Par le Père A. Vasseur, S. J.  
 Historia Sancti Mar Pethion, martyris (Syriace et Latine). Corluy, S. J.  
 Ebed-Jesu Sobensis Carmina Selecta ex libro Paradisus Eden. Latine redidit G. Gismondi, S. J.—Beryti.  
 Institutiones Logicales. T. Pesch. (First Vol.)  
 Commentarii in lib. Judicum et Ruth. P. de Hummelauer.  
 Anthologia Græca. Edited by Fr. John Poland.  
 Apuntes de Astronomia Elemental o Cosmografia, por Enrique M. Cappelletti, S. J. Puebla de Los Angeles, Mexico, 1887.  
 God Knowable and Known. By Fr. Maurice Ronayne, Benziger Bros. N. Y.  
 Fr. J. F. X. O'Conor has translated the treatise on the Practice of Humility written by Leo XIII. when archbishop of Perugia.  
 Moral Philosophy. By Fr. Joseph Riekaby. (See further on.)  
 Fr. Strassmaier continues the publication of Assyrian texts in short numbers.  
 Fr. Blin of Cairo has printed the liturgical chants of the Copts. It is a magnificent work, worthy of the Society. The Propaganda bears the expenses. The *Etudes* has 3800 subscribers. The *Civiltà* has over 8000 subscribers.  
 Conferenze, Prediche, Discorsi sacri del P. S. Sanguineti, Roma, 1887.  
 Fr. Brandi's pamphlet, "Why am I a Catholic" has been translated into Spanish.

**Books in the press or in preparation:—**

English Manuals of Catholic Philosophy—1. Logic by Fr. Richard Clarke, 2. First Principles of Knowledge by Fr. John Riekaby, 3. Moral Philosophy by Fr. Joseph Riekaby (out), 4. Natural Theology by Fr. Bernard Boedder, 5. Psychology by Fr. Michael Maher, 6. General Metaphysics by Fr. John Riekaby.  
 Besides his analyses which are already published, Fr. Cornely has in the press a Compendium of his large work: *Introductio*.  
 Fr. Granderath directs the publication of the *Acta et Decreta Conc. Vaticanæ (Collectio Lacensis)*.  
 Fr. Knabenbauer's *Jeremias* is ready for the press.



**Belgium, Enghien, Fr. Génévrier.**—On the 6th of October, when the scholastic year had just opened with the usual *schola brevis*, and the students were getting ready to betake themselves to the villa, the news was spread that Fr. Génévrier, the professor of morning dogma, had been struck dead in his room. There he was found partly lying on the floor, partly leaning against the table, and holding his breviary with both hands. A few minutes before, in his words to the students, he had laid much stress on the bliss the saints enjoy in seeing God face to face, and pointed to the study of the treatise *De Deo uno et trino* as a foretaste and preparation for it. Fr. Génévrier had taught philosophy at St. Acheul, and the college of La Providence (Amiens). After the expulsion he was sent to Canada to teach theology; then called back to lend his aid in the scholasticate started at Enghien last year. The labor accepted and kept up out of obedience, despite a declining health, struck him as a brave soldier *sur la brèche*.

**Louvain.**—The scholasticate of Louvain possesses the heart of St. John Berchmans. This precious relic is exposed on the main altar. On the same altar is a statue of the saint. It is of wax and represents St. John reclining and holding in his hand a copy-book. But it is a genuine manuscript *codex* written with his own hand.

**British Honduras.**—The question of the vicariate of British Honduras has been finally settled; the Holy See has made it a prefecture apostolic and Rev. Fr. S. di Pietro has been named the first prefect of the mission. A translation of the decrees announcing these events is given in the *Angelus* for October, 1888.

**California.**—*Santa Clara College.* The memorial chapel erected by the students, past and present, is nearing completion. The dedication was to take place on the feast of the most Holy Rosary (the first Sunday of October). The first number of the *Santa Clara College Record*, a 32 page quarterly, was to appear some time in October.

**Canada, Ordinations.**—The ordination ceremony at the Immaculate Conception church on Sunday, July 29th, was the cause of a great celebration by the pious citizens of the locality. Preparations were made on a grand scale, arches erected and bunting and flags displayed, as it was the first visit of His Grace Archbishop Fabre to the new parish. The ceremony in the church was particularly grand and impressive. The two ecclesiastics, who were now to witness the greatest event of their life—their elevation to the ministry of the altar—were Mr. J. O'Loane, of Guelph, Ont., and Mr. John Meloche, of Sandwich, Ont. His Grace Archbishop Fabre officiated, Rev. Fr. Hamel, superior-general of the mission of Canada, acting as assistant priest.

**A Calumny Refuted.**—*The Post* some time ago published a statement by the Rev. Fathers of the Jesuit order in this city, refuting a vile slander on the order in Three Rivers, originated by the *Journal* of Ottawa and reproduced by the *Gazette*. The following letter from the bishop of Three Rivers relative to this falsehood explains itself:

BISHOPRIC OF THREE RIVERS, }  
July 16th, 1888. }

To the Rev. Father Hamel, S. J., Superior:

MY REVEREND FATHER,—On my return from a visit to St. Paulin, I learn with regret that the odious calumny published by the *Journal* of Ottawa against your Order and against myself has gone the rounds of the Canadian and United States press, notwithstanding the authorised denials published by the best informed newspapers.

I again declare that there is not a word of truth in this spiteful diatribe:

1st. The bishop of Three Rivers has signed no document suspending the Jesuit fathers from the exercise of their ministry in this diocese. He has never even thought of doing so.

2nd. Everybody knows here that the Jesuit fathers own no college and are in charge of a church here.

3rd. Neither do they possess any property here.

4th. It has never come to the knowledge of the bishop of Three Rivers that the Jesuit fathers have influenced any one on his death-bed to induce him to change his will in their favor.

5th. The faithful of the city of Three Rivers attend church with the ordinary piety and assiduity.

All the assertions of this presumed information of the *Journal* of Ottawa are so many falsehoods.

When the enemy has to have recourse to falsehood, to slander, it is the best evidence that we are in the state desired by the Saviour, and we ought to be glad of it.

This stupid attack of the enemies of the Church against your fathers is for me a new proof of the good which your illustrious company is accomplishing, and will tend to increase the esteem which I always have had for it.

Please accept, Reverend Father, the assurance of my sincere devotion.

† L. F., BISHOP OF THREE RIVERS.—Montreal *True Witness*.

*Quebec*.—On Friday, Sept. 21st, began the triduum in honor of the three new saints of the Society. On the first two days the ceremonies consisted of a panegyric of one of the saints, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. On Friday evening Fr. Royer, O. M. I. preached on the text: "Be ye holy, as I am holy," and applied his text to the life of St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, as a practical illustration of the holiness that may be acquired by earnest souls. Benediction was given by Mgr. Bassé, Prefect Apostolic, assisted by Rev. C. F. Palin, P. S. S., recently appointed superior of the Canadian Seminary at Rome. The second day was devoted to the special honor of St. Peter Claver; the panegyric being preached by Mgr. Hamel, who with an artist's touch portrayed the eminent virtues of St. Peter Claver in his noble mission among the negroes. Benediction was given by Rev. M. Faguy. But it was reserved to Sunday to celebrate in a more solemn manner this great festival of the Society. At 10 o'clock, solemn High Mass was celebrated by Mgr. Méthot assisted by F. F. Rouleau and Turgeon as deacon and subdeacon respectively. The nave of the church was occupied by the students of the great and small seminaries and also of the college of Lévis, the college of St. Ann, the normal school, and the academy of the Brothers. The music was rendered by the students of the little seminary under the direction of Fathers Paquet and Bernier. The panegyrist of the occasion, Father Lindsay, chose as his text the words: *Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth*, and preached a worthy eulogy on St. John Berchmans, which has since been published. In the evening, His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau, attired in full pontificals, with Rev. Fr. Hamel, Superior of the mission, and Fr. Désy, Superior of Quebec, as assistant priests, took his place on the throne. The sanctuary was thronged with the clergy of the city among whom were Mgr. Hamel, Mgr. Méthot, Mgr. Tétu and Mgr. Marois. In the church were the Lieut-Governor and a large number of the most prominent citizens, who listened attentively to a second panegyric of St. John Berchmans, by the eminent orator, Rev. F. Fiévez. Benediction was then given by His Eminence, and the triduum, rich in honor for the saints, and rich, we trust, in graces for the people, came to an end.

*Guelph*.—The Church of Our Lady Immaculate, the main part of which has been in process of construction the last four years, was dedicated to the worship of God on Wednesday, Oct. 10th, the ceremonies starting at 11.30 A. M. Among the many churches recently built or in progress, few will surpass in size, and certainly none west of Montreal in the magnificence and purity of its architecture, the temple of worship which now towers aloft on the Catholic hill, with its stately gables and lofty pinnacles. Designed in the Gothic style which obtained in Europe towards the close of the 13th century, that splendid period of ecclesiastical art, it takes generally the form of the Latin cross, and is composed of spacious nave and chancel, boldly defined transepts, north and south aisles, baptistery and chapels with great twin towers, etc. Surrounding the grand polygonal apse forming the end of the chancel or sanctuary, is a broad ambulatory or chancel aisle, from which radiates a series of beautiful octagonal-apsed chapels. The eastern end, also, of each transept, spreads out into a charming capella which, exteriorly and interiorly, adds to the variety and beauty of the whole composition. The church, with the exception of granite pillars, and the tympanum of Ohio blue sandstone, is built throughout of selected white limestone. The length from front wall to rear is 216 feet, width across transepts 130 feet, across aisles 76 feet; height from ground to ridge 96 feet; of each tower spire 214 feet; central fleche 150 feet. Easy egress and ingress are provided for by the great front entrance, the fine canopied door of the south tower, and the door of each transept. The great basement doors are protected each by a spacious porch which covers the steps leading to them; the priests' door is contiguous to the basement, chancel and the stair leading to the upper crossing. The basement extends under the whole church, the eastern end forms a

morning chapel, with nave and aisles, apsidal chancel, etc. The transepts contain the steam heating apparatus, which on the low pressure system, heats both church and basement in a most effectual and comfortable manner, the ventilation being by means of ducts in the walls, etc. The remainder of the basement is devoted to a great lecture-hall, in which also the confraternity meetings will be held. The cost of the church, when completed, including the spires, altars, frescoing, stained glass, organ, peals of bells, church furniture, etc., will probably reach \$200,000. — The *Guelph Daily Mercury and Advertiser*.

It is reported that the Holy Father has allotted \$300,000 to our fathers out of the \$400,000 granted by the Canadian government.

*St. Boniface*.—The following extracts from the *Northwest Review* of Winnipeg, Manitoba, show the success of Catholic students in the examinations for the Manitoba University:—The total number of candidates for this examination was 108. Of these St. Boniface College presented 12, that is, one-ninth. Out of nine medals awarded, St. Boniface took three. Two of these medals were given to D. Brisebois and H. Royal who had won first-class honors during two consecutive years. The third medal for *previous* classics, mathematics and botany, awarded to Arthur Béliveau, is the most valuable in the university, both on account of the number of competitors (thirty-two this year) and owing to the variety and difficulty of the subject-matter. This is the third time in eight years that St. Boniface has taken this medal. Forty-seven scholarships were distributed, amounting in the aggregate to \$3035. Had Catholics had only their proportionate share, one ninth, they would have secured five scholarships worth \$339; in point of fact they won *seven*, worth \$535. Again, if we analyze the proportion of scholarships to candidates, we find, for St. Boniface College, 7 out of 12; for St. John's College, 13 out of 26; for Manitoba College, 23 out of 58; for the Collegiate Department, 2 out of 6. Next, if we examine the value of the scholarships, bearing in mind that one hundred dollars is the highest prize given any one candidate, the Collegiate Department heads the list with one \$100 scholarship out of 2, St. Boniface comes second with 3 out of 7, Manitoba College third with 7 out of 23, St. John's College fourth with 2 out of 13. And when we divide the aggregate value by the number of candidates, we come upon these striking averages: St. Boniface College, \$44½ for each candidate; St. John's College, \$29; Manitoba College, \$24½; Collegiate Department, \$22½. However, as it may be urged that these comparisons are not quite fair because there are many courses in which St. Boniface did not compete, we would insist especially on the *previous* and *preliminary* examinations, where the three affiliated colleges were largely represented. Of the fourteen scholarships in these two courses, St. Boniface carried off four, though its candidates were only ten out of a total of 57. In the *previous*, the first in the combined marks for classics, mathematics, and botany is A. Béliveau, a boy just turned seventeen; the second, who was bracketed with the first because there was so little difference between them, is a professor of mathematics, 35 years of age, presented by Manitoba College. This shows what doughty champions our young students have to contend with. Many of the candidates from other colleges are school-masters of tried ability and long experience. No such candidates have as yet been presented by St. Boniface. In *preliminary* classics and mathematics, Young, of the Collegiate Department, was first, Jean and Bourdeau, of St. Boniface, were second and third respectively, Routhwaite, of St. John's, fourth, and Goulet, of St. Boniface, fifth. Moreover, in Latin, all the Bonifacians were in first class, Jean at the top; Goulet was first in French, and Versailles in History. In the *previous* year, Daignault was first in classics (Latin and Greek combined), though in Greek he and all the others were quite eclipsed by Peters, late of Clifton Public School, England, and now of St. John's, whose Greek prose was admirable. Béliveau was first in mathematics; in Euclid especially, there was even more distance between him and his nearest rival than between Peters and his nearest competitor in Greek. The proportion of scholarships won by St. Boniface in the *preliminary* year is 3 out of 7, whereas its candidates were 6 out of 29.

Concerning these examinations Fr. Drummond writes as follows:—

We did not expect to come off so well in the University Examinations. Our six candidates for the *preliminary* were, on the whole, inferior in talent to the four we had presented last year. However, the former succeeded even better than the latter. Last year we had the second, the fourth, and the fifth.

in *preliminary* classics and mathematics. This year we have the second, the third, and the fifth. Though our students were only 6 out of 29 candidates, they took three scholarships out of seven, whilst each of the rival colleges had only one scholarship apiece. In the *previous* examination one of the prize winners is a Miss Hooper, who was first in the *preliminary* last year, when she beat our Béliveau who came second. This year the Manitoba College authorities were quite sure she would come out first again. A few days before the result was known I threw out a feeler to one of them, Professor Hart. Said I: "It looks as if Miss Hooper was going to sweep everything before her." Said he: "Oh! yes; she'll be first." She was fourth and Béliveau first. Please unite with us in thanking the Sacred Heart for this great encouragement. The examiners from the other colleges frankly acknowledged that our students were by far the best in Latin prose. We had feared that we might have been living in a fool's paradise as regards arithmetic; but even in this we came off fairly well; and our passing fright will only serve to startle us into renewed attention to that branch next year. Another cause of alarm is the agitation on the part of lay graduates who want to revolutionize the university. But we begin to think it will be yet many years before they can replace the denominational colleges by a teaching university, and, during the interval, St. Boniface College will continue, as far as we can forecast, to add both to its success in carrying off honors, and to its reputation for ability and fair play in holding the balance of power between conflicting Protestant colleges jealous of one another. \* \* \*

End of June saw me 132 miles east of Winnipeg; beginning of July, 180 miles west; 9th of July, started for Pacific coast, preached clergy retreat at Victoria, Vancouver's Island (while Fr. Lory preached nuns' retreat), lectured in Victoria and in Calgary (800 miles west of Winnipeg) on way back, gave nuns' retreat at Brandon, Manitoba, where Ours (Fr. John Macdonald, Paquin and E. Proulx) are now settled, and finally resumed the same work as last year. Fr. Eug. Schmidt is our vice-president and an excellent one; Fr. Robert, late of Morrison, Col., our first-rate minister. Fr. Rector has begun his second term.

**Cardinal Mazzella.**—His Eminence Cardinal Mazzella has lately been appointed Cardinal Protector of the Congregation of the Most Holy Rosary.

**China.**—The following statistics from the 'Ministeria Spiritualia' of the missions of Kiang-nan and Tehe-li S. E. may be interesting:

	Kiang-nan.	Tehe-li, S. E.
Churches .....	614.....	515
Catholics .....	105021.....	1492
Bapt. (adults).....	1375.....	624
" (children).....	36186.....	10304
Confessions .....	429653.....	91880
Communions.....	498651.....	91817
Extr. Unct.....	2312.....	400
Marriages .....	963.....	—
Boys' schools.....	293.....	88
Girls' ".....	404.....	83
Boys (Catholic).....	4721.....	1063
Girls ".....	4258.....	771
Boys (infidel).....	2020.....	93
Girls ".....	402.....	45
Teachers (male).....	362.....	197
" (female).....	460.....	132
Instructions.....	11005.....	3738
Catechisms .....	28040.....	4199
Retreats .....	57.....	27
Exercitants .....	3184.....	933
<i>Chrétientés</i> .....	670.....	515
Private chapels .....	83.....	91
Annex .....	595.....	1004
Apost. of Prayer.....	17996.....	—
Priests (European).....	100.....	—
" (Chinese).....	29.....	—

A silver jubilee medal has been sent from Rome to Fr. Lawrence Li the distinguished Chinese author.

The Archduke Leopold Ferdinand, during his sojourn at Nankin, stayed

with our fathers, which made a great impression. He was very amiable and made himself quite at home with us like an old student on a visit to his professors. He told us that both his father and the emperor of Austria as well as himself desired to be useful to our holy religion and to the missions wherever they could do so. On his return to Shang-hai he was serenaded and entertained with a play by the students of our college of Hong-Keou. Best of all, he went to confession and holy Communion at the Mass on Sunday, which he did with unaffected piety.—*Fr. Pfister.*

**Denver.**—The colleges of Las Vegas and Morrison have been closed, and merged into the new college of Denver, which opened in September and has already one hundred and twenty-five boarders.

**Egypt.**—In the world renowned Thebaid, Egypt, once a retreat sacred to the famous recluses of the Church, like St. Anthony and St. Pacomius, but for centuries past not trodden by the foot of a Catholic priest, a mission is now about to be founded in the Higher Thebaid by a very remarkable man—Father de Dianova, S. J. The Rev. gentleman is a grandson of a general of the First Empire, has a thorough knowledge of Turkish and Arabic, and is perfectly conversant with eastern manners and customs, having lived for many years in Algiers, Syria and Egypt. The choice of the founder of the new mission was made by Leo XIII.—*Catholic Telegraph, Cincinnati.*

**England.**—Our fathers have built a new house in London, the entrance to which is on Mount street. The rooms are large and lightsome, and in every room there is a speaking-tube connecting with the porter's room. — *Extract from Letter of Mr. T. I. Gasson.*

**Fr. Jacobs.**—Fr. Peter Gregory Jacobs died at Pressburg, December 12th, 1870, being at the time of his death the oldest Jesuit priest in the world. Fr. Jacobs was born at Diest in Brabant, the birth-place of St. John Berchmans, on March 16th, 1781. During his youth he witnessed the horrors of the French revolution. A Franciscan having told him of the existence of the Fathers of the Faith and of the Sacred Heart, whose object was to revive the Society of Jesus, young Jacobs applied to Fr. Rozaven for admission. Fr. Rozaven sent him to Kensington House, near London. In the meantime, the Fathers of the Faith had learned of the canonical existence of the Society of Jesus in Russia. They therefore resolved to send Father Grivel to Russia to negotiate for the admission of the Fathers of the Faith into the Society of Jesus. The candidate, Peter Jacobs, was given to Fr. Grivel as a companion. Thus Father Grivel and Peter Jacobs were the first two members of the Society of the Fathers of the Faith admitted into the Society. Fr. Ricca, of the old Society, became the novice-master of the two novices in the college of Polock. After having made brilliant studies in philosophy and theology, he was sent as missionary among the German colonists at Saratow on the Wolga. In 1817, he was sent as missionary among the Catholic Armenians in Astrachan. When the Jesuits were expelled from Russia, Fr Jacobs became one of the founders of the province of Galicia; and when in 1830 the Society was re-established in German Austria, Fr. Jacobs was one of the first to be called into the new province. From this time on he held posts of great responsibility in various houses of the Austrian Province. He was a man of deep and solid spirituality, the restorer, in Austria, of the spiritual exercises to priests. He printed in Pressburg, both in German and Latin, his meditations and considerations for eight and three days' retreats. These loose sheets have been reprinted at Woodstock<sup>(1)</sup> and have been of much use to many of our fathers.

**Fr. Manston.**—The venerable Fr. Michael Mansion died at Rouen, March 3rd, 1888, at the great age of nearly 94 years. He was born in 1794 (two years before our Fr. Curley), entered the Society in 1815 and was ordained in 1825. Consequently, he died in the 63rd year of his priesthood, and the 73rd of his religious life. He was a distinguished teacher, writer, and director of souls. When our fathers were expelled from France in 1828, he went to Portugal. He was, in turn, expelled from the latter country, but not before having spent some time in prison for justice' sake. Fr. Mansion was a distinguished linguist. He was the author of a Hebrew grammar and dictionary. Those of

<sup>(1)</sup> See advertisement in the WOODSTOCK LETTERS "Exercitia Spiritualla, reprint of the editio Posonicensis (Pressburg) 1862, ascribed to Fr. Jacobs."

our province who made the noviceship at the Sault will remember his *traité de prononciation*.

**Fr. Piccirillo.**—On receiving a copy of the memorial sketch of Fr. Piccirillo, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons sent the following note to Fr. Rector:—I thank you for the brief memoir of Fr. Piccirillo. He was one of the most gifted, cultivated, and entertaining ecclesiastics I ever met. He was the impersonation of masculine grace and dignity, without a tinge of affectation. I shall always esteem it a privilege to have enjoyed the friendship and acquaintance of so good and great a priest.

The following *Tribute to the Memory of Fr. Piccirillo* is selected from a letter from Fr. Lewis Drummond:— . . . . The mention of dear old Fr. Piccirillo, at the beginning of your letter, calls up many edifying memories. I wish I had time to write for the WOODSTOCK LETTERS all I feel about him. His was a flawless character. No pettiness, no meanness. As a companion in walks for scholastics anxious to widen their range of knowledge and to assimilate more and more true practical wisdom, he was simply peerless. There was not in him the faintest flavor of cynicism, though he had been behind the scenes of diplomacy and ecclesiasticism as few men have. Shrewd and keen as the typical Yankee, he was simple with the comely simplicity of an old-school nobleman. I remember one occasion where a subordinate official blamed one of Fr. Piccirillo's pupils with a view to rebuking the master through the disciple, and I shall never forget the magnanimity with which Fr. Piccirillo, far from resenting the cowardly proceeding, utterly and sweetly ignored it. And then, how considerate he was for the sick, asking to stay up with them at night, depriving himself of a second pillow to ease a suffering scholastic! If one could only have got him to write memoirs, what valuable appreciations of men and things he would have given. He loved Pius IX. as one would an elder brother. You know they were most intimate. For instance, many a time at Castel Gandolfo, Pio Nono would steal behind Fr. Piccirillo, who was playing billiards, and shove his cue to one side just as he was ready to play, . . . Of all Fr. Piccirillo's lovable traits, the most lovable was his absolute sincerity—not ignorant straightforward bluntness, but gentle and polite adherence to truth throughout all the forms of a never-failing urbanity.

**Fr. Thomas Porter.**—Rev. Fr. Thomas Porter, Vicar-Apostolic of Jamaica and brother of the Archbishop of Bombay, died not long ago in England.

**Fr. Sabetti's Moral Theology.**—The September number of *Literarischer Handweiser* contains a very eulogistic review of Fr. Sabetti's Moral Theology. We translate a few of the closing sentences. "A new and independent treatment of moral theology would not have cost Fr. Sabetti more labor than this work on Gury-Ballerini. His treatment has been so successful that the book has not lost its character of unity, and that it nowhere betrays mere patch-work. The additions made by the author are to the point, and enhance the scientific and practical value of the book. Canon law, especially the points bearing on matrimony and the censures, have been handled carefully. . . . A second edition of Fr. Sabetti's beautiful work has already been called for; its solidity and practical utility bespeak for it the widest circulation. It is destined to render excellent services both to the student of moral theology and to the priest in the ministry."

**Fordham, N. Y., St. John's College.**—The formal opening of the scholastic year took place on Thursday, Sept. 13th, when the Mass of the Holy Ghost was offered up by Fr. Rector in the parish church, in the presence of all the students. The sermon was preached by the Rev. E. Slattery, Pres. of the alumni association. — Latest reports announce 213 boarders and 50 day-students. — The alumni association is taking steps towards the erection of a statue to Archbishop Hughes, the founder of the college, in the middle of the college lawn. — A delegation from the college attended Mass in the cathedral on Wednesday, Sept. 19th, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood of His Grace the Most Rev. M. A. Corrigan, Archbishop of New York. After the Mass, the archbishop received the delegation at the archiepiscopal residence, where an address was read. The archbishop responded in a few pleasing words, thanking the boys for their kindness.—From the *Fordham Monthly*.

**France, Colleges.**—The College of La Rue des Postes had 157 *admissibles* for St. Cyr; Jersey, 42 for the Naval Academy.

**Georgetown College, D. C.** — The following programme sketches in rough outline the exercises set apart for each day of the coming centennial which is now the all-absorbing topic here: *Faculty Day.* — In the morning: Solemn religious service in the chapel, including pontifical High Mass, sermon and Benediction. His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, has graciously signified his intention to be present. In the evening: Faculty reception in Gaston Memorial Hall. The gentlemen of the faculty will hold a reception of old students, friends of the college, and former professors and tutors. Music, etc. *Alumni Day.*—In the morning: Regular meeting of the alumni at the college. In the afternoon: Class meetings of all old students. In the evening: Banquet of the Alumni Association at one of the hotels in the city. *University Day.*—In the morning: Class and society meetings, with the reading of papers, poems, etc., by the present students of the departments of arts, medicine and law. In the afternoon: Solemn academic session of the three faculties of the university. Awarding of honorary degrees, etc., etc. In the evening: Illumination of the college buildings, old and new. Fire-works and exercises by the students on the college campus.

On Sunday, Sept. 30th, the day set apart by the Holy Father as a day of prayer for the souls in Purgatory, a solemn High Mass was sung in the college chapel and a suitable sermon preached to the students. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given in the evening. — Latin conversation has been introduced as a class exercise in the Grammar Department. — Rev. Fr. J. M. Cataldo, Superior of the Rocky Mountain Mission spent some days at the college and entertained the junior students with an account of the labors of the missionaries among the heathen. — The weather observations will be continued this year by the class of '89.—*The College Journal.*

Latest information reports 150 boarders and 50 day-scholars, the lower floor of class-rooms in the new building will soon be ready for use, and new desks secured for the study-hall of the senior division. The city authorities have put a new asphalt pavement on the street leading up to the college gate, the new entrance will be finished before Christmas, and it is hoped that the play-rooms in the new building will be ready for use by the second term. Contracts for the tiling of the class-room and basement corridors have already been given out. Fr. Welsh has been appointed prefect of studies, being replaced as professor of philosophy by Fr. J. J. Murphy. Fr. John Hagen, the eminent German Jesuit astronomer and mathematician, member of the Royal Mathematical Society of Berlin, has been appointed professor of astronomy and curator of the observatory.

**Ireland.**—The *Freeman's Journal*, speaking of the intermediate examinations of last June, says: "The first place in the Middle Grade is taken by Clongowes Wood College, the second place by the Sacred Heart College, Limerick. In the Junior Grade both first and second places are taken by students of Clongowes Wood. Indeed the feature of this year's pamphlet is the extraordinary success of the Jesuit colleges, as in addition to the above first-class distinctions, Clongowes Wood obtains three gold and five silver medals and no less than fifteen exhibitions, while Belvedere gains ten, and Sacred Heart College five of these valuable distinctions. The gold medals for classics and modern languages in the Senior Grade go to swell the list of successes of Clongowes Wood, while in the Middle Grade the gold medal for English was also taken by the same college. We can point with justifiable pride to the results of these examinations. Without any external advantages, our Catholic students have succeeded in carrying off no less than 420 prizes, as against 295 for students of all other denominations, representing the substantial money value of £3758 out of a total of £6581. The passing of the Intermediate Education Act may be looked on as the first opportunity afforded to Catholic students of competing in a fair field with their Protestant contemporaries."

Fr. Bannon is making a new entrance to our church in Upper Gardiner St. — The number of persons at daily Mass in our church in Dublin almost surpasses belief. The last Mass every day is at 11, and this is so crowded that Archbishop Walsh brought Mgr. Persico to see the large attendance. The papal delegate declared that he had never seen anything like it in all his travels. The number of Communion there last year amounted to 133,000.—*Extract from Letter from Mr. T. I. Gasson,*

**Maryland New York Province.** — *Changes.*—Since our last issue, several changes of rectors and superiors have taken place: Fr. J. Havens Richards has become rector of Georgetown College, Fr. J. A. Doonan going to St. Francis Xavier's, New York, to teach philosophy; Fr. John J. Murphy who has lately been appointed professor of philosophy at Georgetown College, D. C. has been replaced as rector of St. Francis Xavier's, N. Y. by Fr. D. A. Merrick, who, in turn, was replaced as superior of St. Lawrence's, N. Y. by Fr. Jer. O'Connor; Fr. John Scully has been appointed rector of Fordham College from which Rev. Fr. T. J. Campbell was taken to replace Fr. R. Fulton as provincial; Fr. Fulton replaces Fr. N. Russo as rector of Boston College, the latter going to St. Francis Xavier's, N. Y.; Fr. W. Pardow, the former socius of Fr. Provincial, has become instructor of tertians, his predecessor in that office, Fr. Ph. Cardella, returning to his former post in New York; Fr. P. Cassidy has replaced Fr. John McQuaid as rector of St. Peter's College, Jersey City, the latter becoming superior of St. Joseph's, Troy, in place of Fr. Joseph Loyzance who has been appointed spiritual father at Fordham; Fr. Jas. A. Ward replaces Fr. Pardow as socius of Rev. Fr. Provincial. The changes in the Woodstock *status* will be found under *Home News*.

At the end of the last scholastic year, St. Joseph's Church, in 87th street, N. Y., was transferred to the secular clergy.

**Messenger.**—The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for November announces that it will be further enlarged for the coming year by sixteen additional pages monthly. This means an increase from the 576 pages sent to each subscriber in 1885 to 1248 in 1889. The *new enlargement* is intended to distribute evenly through the year the *special attractions* which have been introduced from time to time during the past two years. The latest introduction under *illustrated varieties* is *Irish Scenes of Hallowed Memory*; that in the November number is entitled: "In Blessed Ground in Ireland," and has six illustrations.

**Mexico.**—The Mexican correspondent of the *Boston Herald* writes as follows, on the Jesuits now in Mexico, under date of July 30th, 1888. — The agitation against the Jesuits in Boston will possibly make interesting a few facts regarding members of the same order here. . . . There are some sound reasons why the Jesuits are liked in this country, and one who is not of their faith may impartially state the grounds for their popularity. In the first place they are men of excellent moral character, of elevated life and conduct, learned, and possessing that knowledge of the world that has always distinguished this powerful body of men. Personally they are most agreeable men, and, as they have the gift of tolerance, the manners of gentlemen, and a profound knowledge of human nature, they find the doors of the best houses open to them. Now, whether we are Protestants, infidels, free thinkers, or what not, we must acknowledge that a Christian gentleman, thoroughly educated, and of exemplary moral conduct, is a person deserving to be treated with consideration and not with rudeness. Such are the Jesuits in Mexico, now numbering, I am told, seventy persons, which is twenty more than when their old communities were broken up by the reform laws. The priests do much good among the young, and especially among young men, forming them into 'congregations' pledged to good moral conduct, and frequently assembled for the reception of advice from their religious guides. In this manner the Jesuit fathers exert a salutary influence on large numbers of young men, who, in this city, where evil examples are only too frequent, and the temptations to vice are rampant, are likely to go astray. In the city of Puebla quite a little group of Jesuits may be found, one of their number, Fr. Capuletti, being an astronomer of great repute, whose work is often to be seen in the *Diario Oficial*, the organ of the government.

The following is from the Mexican correspondent to the *New York World*:—*A Race of Primitive Aztecs.* Mexico, April 6th.—A party of Catholic missionaries will shortly leave this city for southern Mexico with a view to converting the Lacondons, a wild tribe of Indians 25,000 in number, scattered over portions of the States of Campeche, Tabasco and Yucatan. They are reported to preserve the religious and social customs of the Aztecs in their primitive purity. It is said that they still offer human sacrifices to their gods. The country which they inhabit has never been explored, but there is a popular legend in the State of Tabasco, that in the heart of its forests the Lacondons possess a city with temples and bazaars, such as were found by the Spaniards



in Aztec cities on their first landing in Mexico. Few white men have penetrated this region and none have ever returned alive. The Lacondons were never subdued by the Spaniards, and few attempts have been made to subjugate them. Since Mexico became independent they have held themselves absolutely aloof from all intercourse with Europeans. The enterprise of the missionaries is considered extremely perilous. The government favors the conversion of the Indians. Catholicism will render them more amenable to civil jurisdiction. The party is composed of Passionist and Jesuit fathers, and their mission has the direct sanction of the College of the Propaganda at Rome, as well as of the archbishops and bishops in Mexico. Catholic organs point to the undertaking as proof that the spirit of zeal and self-sacrifice among the Catholic clergy is as active to-day as in the times of St. Francis Xavier and his associates.

**Missouri Province.**—Father Damen retired from regular missionary life after the mission at Florissant, which began on the last Sunday of August. His home, this year, will be at Creighton College, Omaha, whence he will give occasional missions in Nebraska. He will be succeeded by Father Coghlan, aided by Fathers Ward and Van der Eerden, whose headquarters will be at the St. Louis University. They will separate to attend to small missions and unite in giving larger ones, while the services of five or six other fathers will be at the disposal of Father Coghlan during the holy season of Lent. — The closing of the college at Prairie du Chien will swell the number at St. Mary's very materially. Prairie du Chien College has become a novitiate for the German Province. — Fr. Thomas Fitzgerald, late vice-president of Marquette College, Milwaukee, will conduct the north-side Collegiate Institute, a branch of St. Ignatius' College, Chicago, lately established at 616 La-salle avenue, on the north side. — Fr. L. Sebastiani has recently been engaged in giving missions to the Polish Catholics of Scranton and Nanticoke, Pa.

**Kansas City, Mo.** — In response to the urgent request of Rt. Rev. Bishop Hogan to have Ours establish themselves in this city, Fr. Schapman was sent in the spring of '86 to begin the work of organization. It was an outlying parish, but thinly settled, and without church or school-house. Divine service was held in the pastor's parlor until May '87, when the large basement of the new church, still in course of construction, was completed. Fr. James Dowling succeeded Fr. Schapman in the summer of '87, and the good work went on, and to-day with its crowded school-rooms, its well attended sodalities and societies, St. Aloysius' may be called a flourishing parish. When classes closed last June, the old school building was torn down to give way to a more suitable one, and it is characteristic of the energy of pastor and people, that a large brick building, roomy, airy and lightsome, three storeys high and 105 feet front, was ready for occupancy on the 17th of September.

**Detroit College.**—The inter-collegiate Latin prize contest was open to the rhetoric and poetry classes of the following colleges: St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.; St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, O.; St. Ignatius' College, Chicago, Ill.; St. Mary's College, St. Mary's, Kas.; Detroit College, Detroit, Mich.; Creighton College, Omaha, Neb.; Marquette College, Milwaukee, Wis. A committee, composed of non-residents of any of these colleges, was appointed to select the subject and to revise the compositions. Subject chosen by the committee, a paraphrase of Adelaide Proctor's poem, "Now." The subject was made known to the contestants at 9 A. M., May 18th, and on the same day between the hour just named and 4 P. M., the composition was written within the precincts of the competing colleges. The only assistance permitted was the use of a Latin dictionary. The prize was awarded to Aloysius F. Frumveller, a student of Detroit College; next in merit, Charles J. Higgins, of the rhetoric class of Detroit College, and a student of St. Ignatius' College, Chicago, Ill. The donor was the Rev. Rudolph J. Meyer, Provincial of the Missouri Province of the Society of Jesus.—*Michigan Catholic.*

**New Orleans, Yellow Fever.** — Fr. Duffo and de Carrière have volunteered their services to Bishop Moore during the yellow fever epidemic. The bishop welcomed them with open arms. They are laboring in Jacksonville and Tampa.

**New York, St. Francis Xavier's.**—The Mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated on September 8th; the annual retreat began on the 24th, it was conducted by Fr. Merrick.—Among the notable events of November will be the

solemn ceremonies of three days to celebrate the canonization of the three Jesuit saints: Peter Claver, John Berchmans and Alphonsus Rodriguez. On the first day (Friday, Nov. 9th), dedicated to St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, the celebrant at the solemn High Mass will be Rev. Fr. Anacletus, O. S. F., and the preacher Rev. J. J. Dougherty of St. Joseph's Home for boys; the preacher in the evening being Rt. Rev. Mgr. T. S. Preston. On the second day (Saturday) dedicated to St. John Berchmans, Rev. G. Septier, S. P. M. will celebrate the Mass and Rev. G. A. Healy, of St. Bernard's, preach; the preacher of the evening being Rev. C. E. Woodman, C. S. P. On the third day (Sunday), dedicated to St. Peter Claver, the celebrant of the pontifical High Mass will be the Rt. Rev. John Loughlin, D. D., Bishop of Brooklyn, the preacher Rev. John E. Burke, pastor of the church of St. Benedict the Moor, and His Grace, Archbishop Corrigan will close the triduum by a sermon in the evening.—*The Xavier*.

**Retreats.**—During the months of July and August, the Jesuit fathers of the Maryland New York Province gave retreats, generally eight days each, to the following dioceses and religious communities:—Diocese of New York, 2 retreats; diocese of Boston, 2 retreats; diocese of Philadelphia, 2 retreats. Dioceses of Hartford, of Pittsburg, and of Springfield, 2 each. Dioceses of Albany, of Baltimore, of Manchester, of Providence, of Rochester, and of Syracuse, 1 each. To the Christian Brothers at Amawalk, N. Y., a retreat of thirty days; to the Franciscan Brothers of Loretto, Pa., one of eight days. One to the seminarians of Overbrook, Pa., and Mount St. Mary's, Md. To the Sisters of Charity, Mount St. Vincent-on-Hudson, 3 retreats, three hundred sisters in each; Sisters of Charity, Madison, N. J., 2 retreats, about three hundred sisters in each; Sisters of Charity, Halifax, N. S.; Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, Newburyport, Mass., and Leonardtown, Md.; Sisters of Charity of Our Lady of Mercy, Baltic, Conn. Franciscan Sisters, Peekskill, N. Y., 2 retreats, fifty sisters in each. Sisters of the Good Shepherd at the following places: Boston, 3 retreats; Norristown, Pa., 2 retreats; New York, 2 retreats; Philadelphia, 2 retreats; and Troy, N. Y. Sisters of the Holy Child, Sharon Hill, Pa., seventy sisters; Sisters of the Holy Cross, at Baltimore, and at Washington; Sisters of the Holy Names, Key West; Sisters of Jesus and Mary, Schenectady, N. Y.; Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Westchester, Pa., one hundred and sixty sisters. Sisters of Mercy at the following places: Balmville, N. Y., Bangor, Me., Gloucester, Mass., Greenbush, N. Y., Harrisburg, Pa., Hartford, Conn., three retreats, one hundred sisters in each; Loretto, Pa., one hundred and twenty sisters; Mount Washington, Md.; New York; Manchester, N. H.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Providence, R. I., two retreats, seventy-five sisters in each; Rochester, N. Y.; Towanda, Pa.; Worcester, Mass. Sisters of Notre Dame, at the following places: Boston, Berkeley St., one hundred and twenty sisters; South Boston; Lowell, Mass., one hundred sisters; Malden, Mass.; Philadelphia; Roxbury, Mass., one hundred sisters; Washington; Worcester, seventy sisters. Sisters of the Presentation, Fitchburg, Mass., and Staten Island, N. Y. Sacred Heart Religious at the following places: Atlantic City, N. J.; Eden Hall, Pa., seventy five sisters; Elmhurst, R. I.; Halifax, N. S.; Kenwood, N. Y., one hundred and twenty sisters; London, Ontario, two retreats; Rochester; St. John, N. B. Sisters of St. Joseph, at the following places: Binghamton, N. Y.; Chestnut Hill, Pa., two retreats, one hundred and seventy sisters in each; Fresh Pond, Mass., eighty sisters; Springfield; St. Augustine, Florida; and at Troy, N. Y., two retreats. Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Mary, in charge of the deaf mutes, Throgg's Neck, N. Y.; Ursuline Sisters, at Morrisania, N. Y., and at Providence, R. I.; Visitation Sisters, at the following places: Baltimore, fifty sisters; Brooklyn, L. I.; Frederick, Md.; Georgetown, D. C., eighty sisters; Mount de Sales, Md., fifty sisters; Parkersburg, W. V.; Richmond, Va.; Washington, D. C.—Where the number of sisters is not given, it ranges from fifty to thirty. Besides these retreats, the Jesuit fathers also gave retreats to their own order, at 16th St. New York: brothers; Fordham, N. Y.; Frederick, Md.; Georgetown, D. C.; Woodstock, Md., about two hundred Jesuits; and at Worcester, Mass.—N. Y. *Catholic Review*.—To these must be added the four retreats, given by Father Frank Ryan in the West. Besides two monster retreats, one to the Fathers and Brothers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, at Notre Dame, the other to the Sisterhood of the Holy Cross, at St. Mary's Academy near-by; he gave the retreat to the clergy of Chicago and to a community of nuns in the same city.

**Rocky Mountain Mission, Spokane Falls.**—Our college numbers so far 26 pupils; 24 Catholics and 2 Protestants. A new parochial school-house has just been erected. The school is taught by the Sisters of the Holy Names. When the school opened in September, the number of pupils was only about 90; but now they have increased to about 180.—*Letter from Spokane Falls.*

**Correction.**—Mr. J. Post says he was mistaken when he stated on page 195 that the Crow and Kootenay Indians understood the language of the Kalispels. Those two tribes have languages altogether different from the Kalispel.—In the "Letters from Alaska" Br. Rosati is mentioned on pp. 325, 328, as Father Rosati.

**Ursulines secured for the mission.**—A few weeks ago Rev. Fr. Cataldo visited the Ursuline convent in East Morisania, N. Y., for the purpose of obtaining some sisters to aid a community of the same order in the immense work to be done on the western missions. A large number of the sisters volunteered, but only four will be allowed to go on the mission. They will leave on Monday, Oct. 22nd. Their destination is to Fort Shaw.—From the *Catholic Review.*

**Abp. Seghers' Remains.**—By the arrival of the U. S. revenue steamer *Rush* at this port, says the *San Francisco Monitor* of October 6th, we are in receipt of advices from the Arctic regions by which we learn that the remains of Archbishop Seghers were taken on board the U. S. steamer *Thetis* at St. Michael's and were landed at Vancouver Island, where they were received with every mark of respect.—*Catholic Review.*

**Scientific Notes, Georgetown College Observatory.**—The July number of the *Revue des Questions Scientifiques* has an article on the Lick Observatory. The writer says that the United States now rank first in the line of astronomy, though they were the latest in the race. Yale College came first (1830), then Williams College; Western Reserve College; Harvard; High School, Phil.; West Point; and in 1843 Georgetown College.—Georgetown College observatory is about to be revived, Fr. John Hagen having been appointed to take charge of it. He is already favorably known in scientific circles. Some of his work, in American and other periodicals, has been received with applause. Some years ago he worked with Professor Holden, now director of the Lick Observatory. He has just concluded a series of papers in the *Stimmen*, on the Scientific Institutions of Washington. We take the following interesting item from the May number:—

"Professor Newcomb certainly deserves grateful mention in these pages for the justice with which he defends Fr. Hell against the charges advanced by Lalande, Littrow, and Encke, over a century ago. Lalande had accused Fr. Hell of unfairness in bringing out the results of an observation of the transit of Venus which he made in Lapland in the year 1769. According to the French astronomer, Fr. Hell concealed his figures till the calculations of other astronomers were published, and then, having corrected mistakes, gave out the 'doctored' observations as his original work. Littrow and Encke did not, it is true, subscribe to all of Lalande's accusations, but in regard to the falsification they agreed with him. Rightly to understand the venom of Lalande's attack, we must recall to mind what a violent storm was then raging against the Society of Jesus of which Fr. Hell was a member. Professor Newcomb who is at present studying the history of all the transits of Venus and Mercury, went to Vienna for the express purpose of examining Fr. Hell's manuscripts, and, as he said, of discovering whether or not the falsified figures possessed any value. *Falsified* he called the figures, for he had not the least doubt of the truth of Lalande's charge. But the result of the examination was so astonishing that he immediately communicated it to the Royal Astronomical Society, and it shortly afterwards appeared in their Monthly Notices. His paper may be summed up as follows: 'The statement that Fr. Hell willfully withheld his observations is entirely without foundation, and it is proved beyond all doubt that the essential figures for the time and duration of transit obtained by Fr. Hell in Wardhus, were printed exactly as they were recorded by him in his diary, long before there was the slightest opportunity of communicating with other observers.' Professor Holden, President of the University of California and Director of the much promising Lick Observatory, has incorporated Prof. Newcomb's conclusions in the records of the Smithsonian Institute for the year 1883. What a lesson! A whole century had passed away and Lalande's calumny still existed, till the American astronomers in their love of justice, and freedom from religious bigotry, made known the truth to the scientific world."

*Nature* gives an abstract of a series of papers written for *Les Missions Catholiques* by l'Abbé Armand David, the Lazarist man of science, on the services rendered by the missionaries in the Far East. We quote a few sentences from *Nature*: "The enemies of the Catholic clergy compare the present missionaries in China very unfavorably with the Jesuits who shone at Peking in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It is undoubted that the Jesuit fathers of Peking bore an exceedingly high reputation in science and art, and that they produced very considerable results in almost every branch of human knowledge. They completed the most colossal geographical work that has ever yet been seen, by making a complete chart of the Chinese Empire. The *Lettres Edifiantes*, the *Mémoires des Missionnaires Jésuites de Peking*, the great works of Father Duhalde and of Father de Mailla, show the immense mass of matter they have written upon almost every subject relating to the Chinese Empire. But, it is asked, why speak of the great achievements of the past? They only accentuate the total absence of any scientific labors at the present time in China. Mr. David gives several answers to this question. . . The Jesuit fathers, however, who had returned to China when their suppression had been annulled, did not completely separate themselves from their former studies, but continued them as far as their changed condition would allow. For example, in their college of Zikawei, near Shang-hai, they succeeded in establishing a very important meteorological observatory, whence Father Dechevrens regularly sends his observations to the men of science all over the world; natural history owes much to the persevering labors of Father Heude, who has published a work on the *Mollusques fluviales et terrestres* of Central China; and others on the stags and tortoises of China. The able draughtsman, Father Rathouis, helped Father Heude by drawing the excellent illustrations of these books, some of which were printed in the Jesuit establishment in China. In other parts of the country, many of these missionaries give themselves up to forming and sending to our museums collections of plants and animals."

The papers announce that Fr. Stanislaus Ferrari has erected, on the Janiculum, a new observatory, which will rank second in Italy. It possesses a magnificent telescope and an equatorial of incomparable value. A bust of Fr. Secchi with a suitable inscription stands in the hall of the observatory.

Fr. Collin of the Province of Toulouse has been spending some time at Stonyhurst under the instructions of Fr. Perry. He is about to establish a meteorological and astronomical observatory at Madagascar.

*St. Inigo's, Md.*—One would not imagine that the county fathers are met with a hostile greeting in answer to their messages of peace. St. Inigo's and surroundings, one would say, hallowed as they are for centuries by priestly ministrations, could never be the scene of a display of bigotry happily unusual in these parts of the country. But this is how Fr. Gaffney spent a Sunday in July last at his mission on George's Island. In accordance with his notice given the Sunday before at a well-attended Mass in the hotel at the upper extremity of the island, he landed about 8.30 A. M. with Fr. Hedrick and Mr. Wynne from the scholastics' villa, and went immediately to the school-house, where Mass was to begin about 9 o'clock. To his surprise the school was closed, doors locked and windows fastened, the interior all in disorder, and no sign of a key-bearer or sacristan to make things ready. Capt. Marmaduke, his volunteer ferryman, must scour the island for the keys and altar furniture; but imagine the poor fellow's discomfiture on learning that one of the school-board had refused the key and was determined to withhold it, spite of the willingness of his fellow trustees to have us use the school-room. This same school, by the way, is in great part the gift of one of the Catholic families of the island, and it was given for religious services as well as for school use; still this key-holder feared forsooth that he would offend the County School Commissioners, all of whom are Catholics, by letting a Catholic priest say Mass in a building sacred to educational purposes. Meanwhile we learned that, alarmed at Fr. Gaffney's reception the Sunday before, the Methodists and Episcopalians on the mainland felt that something must be done to counteract the influence of the choice singing by the choirs, and the stirring sermon by one of the young priests, Fr. Meuffels, the Sunday before. Accordingly, the Episcopalians had secured the hotel rooms, and the Methodists were using their church that day for a love feast, which, for want of wine amongst the rugged islanders, and as well for want of forethought on their own part, they were forced to make on bread and water. The night before, it had been loudly

advertised at the hotel that the Catholics would be shut out from the school-house, and this part of the enemy's programme was at least successful in making the Catholics on the mainland stay at home. But in no other respect did they succeed; Fr. Gaffney was determined to have a Mass said and a sermon preached. "If so-called Christians" he said, "must close their niggardly apartment to God's august sacrifice, the open shore, with sky for dome and sward for pavement, would make a fitting temple, and the murmurings of pine woods and river fitting music for the celebration of the divine mysteries." Straightway, against the school-wall a table was placed, on which a complete altar was arranged, and by 10.30 Fr. Hedrick had begun Mass. On a few fallen trunks, in the shade of the woods near-by, were seated or kneeling some three dozen men, women and children, ten of whom, mostly men, were Protestants, who had come to show that they had no share in refusing us the key. The Mass was followed by an instruction, and Fr. Gaffney said a few parting words, reminding the faithful few of their duties—charity and patience. On the way back to the boat, the common topic was Fr. Gaffney's ill treatment. Dubious principles of tolerance, prompted by sympathy for his position, were repeated everywhere. Every one seemed to agree that "he or she was not much at religion no how," but that every one ought to be let have his way in the matter, and folks ought to help one another no matter how different be religions. One man, a Methodist, came to apologize for his absence from our services; another came to show Fr. Gaffney the plot of ground he is to give for a Catholic church; some made ominous threats about the election chances of the *claviger*; but the Catholics seemed quiet and meditative, like men who, for the time undone, would be wary afterward. Fr. Gaffney was jubilant, and saw in the affair, as true ministers of the Gospel are trained to see, a promise of renewed faith and steadfastness among the Catholics and of some conversions among the Methodists.

*Syria.*—In the July number of the *Relations d'Orient* Fr. Aboutt concludes a series of papers on the history of the missions of the old Society in Aleppo. We give the closing sentences: "The Society of Jesus had labored in Aleppo for 155 years, counting the first seven years after the suppression, which were a long and cruel agony for the last missionaries. But the Holy Ghost has said: '*Dominus deducit ad inferos et reducit.*' As in his infinite mercy he raised up again the Society in 1814, so likewise, in 1873, the same divine Providence sent to Aleppo Fathers Canuti and Cuche, to bring back to life our old and famous mission."

*Turkey, Protestant and Catholic Missionaries.*—A Mohammedan convert to Christianity, now in this country, gives a very unfavorable picture of the Protestant missionaries in the Sultan's dominions. He declares that they do not make and cannot make converts. "They live in palaces, keep horses and servants, feast sumptuously, and spend very little time, if any, in trying to spread the Gospel. In Beyrout and Cairo there are missionaries with houses as well appointed as President Cleveland's, and summer villas as comfortable as any at Newport. There they live with their wives, children and retinues, drawing handsome salaries from the foreign mission societies, and taking no pains to convert the natives to Christianity. Wealthy Mohammedans they condescend to visit and receive in their houses, but poor Mohammedans are not deemed worthy even of a salute or a benediction. Their covetousness is proverbial. As a rule each of them obtains about £30 or \$150 a month salary—pretty large considering how cheaply one can live in the East."

After noting one exception, a Rev. Mr. Vandyke, he continues: "Almost without exception, all the other missionaries are, as it were, strangers in a foreign land, or rather conquerors in a conquered country. Instead of preaching Christ they live and spend their time like earthly potentates, taking no thought for the poor and needy, and mixing only with such natives as have wealth at their command. This is true of all the Christian missionaries except the Jesuits. They, I gladly admit, do try to learn the native language, do treat the natives, even the poorest with courtesy, and do strive to teach Christianity, their conduct in this respect forming a strong contrast to that of the other missionaries. What is the result? Simply that during the past thirty-five years only two Mohammedans have been converted to Christianity. That is a positive fact, and I can prove it." Ex-Consul Arabeel, of Jerusalem is less severe on the Protestant missionaries, but he too admits the superiority of the Catholic missionaries and their work. "As for the Jesuits,"

he says, "it is quite true, that as a rule they perform their work in an exemplary manner."

**Zambest.**—We learn that the novitiate and scholasticate have been closed and that the scholastics are to be sent to Europe for their training.

**Home News, Ordinations.**—On Aug. 26th, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons raised to the dignity of the priesthood the following nineteen candidates, on whom he had conferred the orders of subdeacon and deacon on the two preceding days: John M. Colgan, Michael A. Noel, John H. O'Rourke, Aloysius Maes, Francis P. Powers, James L. Smith, Stephen Bueno and Thomas S. Harlin—of the Maryland New York Province; Joseph P. De Smedt, Michael Eicher, Edward J. Hanhauser, Augustin Effinger, Joseph H. Meuffels, Joseph A. Murphy and William F. Hoffend—of the Missouri Province; Michael A. McKey and Edward Allen—of the California Mission; and Michael Majer and Raphael Crimont of the Rocky Mountain Mission. No minor orders or tonsure were conferred this year. On the afternoon of the 27th, on which day the new priests said their first Mass, the usual 'Greeting to the newly-ordained' was given on the college lawn, in the presence of the relatives and friends of the new priests. Rev. Fr. Provincial honored the occasion by his presence. Many of the new priests are already at work on the mission, Fr. Bueno in Isleta, Tex., Fr. Maes at Fordham N. Y., Fr. Harlin at Gonzaga College, Washington, Fr. Hanhauser in Chicago and Fr. Majer at St. Peter's Mission; Fr. Noel and Meuffels have gone to the tertianship, the former at Frederick, the latter at Florissant.

**Faculty Changes.**—Many changes are to be noted in our staff of professors this year. The death of Fr. Piccirillo left vacant the offices of prefect of studies and librarian; Rev. Fr. Rector is now prefect of studies, Fr. Guldner assistant prefect of studies, and Fr. Maas librarian. Fr. Degni's recall to Italy left another vacancy in the chair of physics; this is now filled by Mr. D. T. O'Sullivan, who, at the same time, studies moral theology. Fr. Devitt is replaced in the class of morning dogma by Fr. Brandi, and Fr. Romano, for the short course, by Fr. Guldner. Fr. Heinze, formerly professor of 3rd year philosophy, is now rector of Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y. The professors of first and second year philosophy are Fr. Gannon and O'Connell respectively. Fr. Prendergast is professor of scripture. Fr. Judge, who is now minister in Frederick, is replaced here as minister by Fr. Dooley. Fr. H. Duranquet is spiritual father, assisted by Fr. Frisbee (for the philosophers); the latter gives the domestic exhortations and will hereafter direct the WOODSTOCK LETTERS.—Some changes have been made also in the order of time. The hour of morning dogma has been changed from 9 to 10, the lecture in moral being at 11 A. M.; the hour of evening dogma has been changed to 5.30, and the circles to 3 P. M. The Hebrew class is now taught on two days in the week (Tuesday and Saturday) from 3 to 4 P. M., thus throwing out the Tuesday circle. The hour of 'casus' on Saturday has been changed to 9.25 A. M. A free class of German is given on Thursday and Sunday from 3 to 3.30 P. M.

**Parish Work.**—Fr. Brandi is in charge of the parish at Woodstock, Fr. Holaind at Harrisonville, Fr. Finlay at Elysville (Alberton), Fr. Prendergast at Sykesville, and Fr. Gannon at Poplar Springs.

The number of theologians at present in the house is 85, and of philosophers 76.—A new laundry is now in process of construction to the west of the old one.—About 160 vols. of valuable German books have been added to our library recently by the closing of the residence at 87th street, N. Y. We have also received the library of Goshenhoppen, about 1500 vols.—Electric bells have lately been placed in the recreation rooms on each side of the house and on the second floor at each end of the building.—The new librarians have made a great improvement in the theologians' and philosophers' libraries, both in the number and the quality of the books. An index is now in preparation.

As we go to press the celebration of the canonization of our saints is at hand. We can only insert a programme at present, hoping to give a detailed account of the celebration in our next number. The programme is as follows:—

I



TRIDUUM



*Monday, Nov. 5th*

MASS OF ST. PETER CLAVER

Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament from 5.30 A. M.  
to 6.30 P. M.

PANEGYRIC OF ST. PETER

By Mr. William Clark

6 P. M. Solemn Benediction

*Tuesday, Nov. 6th*

MASS OF ST. ALPHONSUS RODRIGUEZ

Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament from 5.30 A. M.  
to 6.30 P. M.

PANEGYRIC OF ST. ALPHONSUS

By Mr. Edmund J. O'Sullivan

6 P. M. Solemn Benediction

*Wednesday, Nov. 7th*

MASS OF ST. JOHN BERCHMANS

Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament from 5.30 A. M.  
to 6.30 P. M.

PANEGYRIC OF ST. JOHN

By Mr. Joseph H. Smith

5.30 P. M. DOMESTIC EXHORTATION

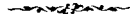
By Rev. Fr. Provincial

6 P. M. Solemn Benediction

## II



## IN THE LIBRARY



*Thursday, Nov. 8th, 10.30 A. M.*

OVERTURE . . . . . Orchestra

OUR NEW SAINTS,

Address by Mr. E. de la Morinière

ENGLISH SONG . . . . . Choir

Written by Mr. W. H. Fanning

Music by Fr. Holaind

ST. PETER CLAVER,

English Poem by Mr. W. H. Fanning

MUSIC . . . . . Orchestra

ST. JOHN BERCHMANS,

English Poem by Mr. J. H. Lodenkamper

EPINICION . . . . . Choir

Latin Hymn written by Mr. J. de Potter

Music by Fr. Holaind

ST. ALPHONSUS RODRIGUEZ,

English Poem by Mr. A. P. Brosnan

MUSIC . . . . . Orchestra

LATIN POEM,

Written by Mr. F. Weis

ENGLISH HYMN . . . . . Choir

Written by Mr. J. J. Wynne

Music by Fr. Holaind



# Colleges of the Society

IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

PLACE	NAME	PROVINCE	1887-88		1886-87	
			STUDENTS	GRAD. A. B.	STUDENTS	GRAD. A. B.
Baltimore, Md .....	Loyola College* .....	Md. N. Y. ....	119	...	120	5
Boston, Mass. ....	Boston College* .....	Md. N. Y. ....	291	14	287	16
Buffalo, N. Y. ....	Cantius' College .....	German .....	334	3	306	5
Chicago, Ill. ....	St. Ignatius' College* ..	Missouri .....	237	5	301	5
Cincinnati, O. ....	St. Xavier College* .....	" .....	415	7	323	9
Cleveland, O. ....	St. Ignatius' College* ..	German .....	90	...	75	...
Denver, Col. ....	Sacred Heart College .....	Naples .....	207	...	223	...
Detroit, Mich. ....	Detroit College* .....	Missouri .....	263	13	287	10
Fordham, N. Y. ....	St. John's College .....	Md. N. Y. ....	266	18	269	16
Galveston, Texas. ....	St. Mary's Univ.* .....	N. O. Miss. ....	110	...	100	...
Georgetown, D. C. ....	Georgetown College .....	Md. N. Y. ....	202	10	189	10
Grand Coteau, La. ....	St. Charles' College .....	N. O. Miss. ....	90	2	91	...
Jersey City, N. J. ....	St. Peter's College* .....	Md. N. Y. ....	111	...	108	...
Milwaukee, Wis. ....	Marquette College* .....	Missouri .....	202	6	181	5
Montreal, Can. ....	Collège Ste. Marie .....	Miss. of Can. ....	358	...	368	...
New York, N. Y. ....	St. Franc. Xav. Coll.* ..	Md. N. Y. ....	418	12	379	9
New Orleans, La. ....	Im. Concept. College* ..	N. O. Miss. ....	386	12	383	10
Omaha, Neb. ....	Creighton College* .....	Missouri .....	183	...	196	...
Prairie du Chien, Wis. ....	College of S. Heart .....	German .....	136	...	130	...
St. Boniface, Manitoba. ....	College of St. Joseph .....	Miss. of Can. ....	115	2	109	2
Santa Clara, Cal. ....	Santa Clara College .....	Turin .....	256	7	237	1
San Francisco, Cal. ....	St. Ignatius' College* ..	" .....	772	4	857	4
San José, Cal. ....	St. Joseph's College* .....	" .....	96	...	117	...
Spokane Falls, W. T. ....	Gonzaga College .....	" .....	18	...	...	...
St. Louis, Mo. ....	St. Louis Univ.* .....	Missouri .....	284	3	314	5
St. Mary's, Kan. ....	St. Mary's College .....	" .....	279	5	264	...
Spring Hill, Ala. ....	St. Joseph's College .....	N. O. Miss. ....	108	7	119	6
Washington, D. C. ....	Gonzaga College* .....	Md. N. Y. ....	95	...	129	...
Worcester, Mass. ....	Holy Cross College .....	Md. N. Y. ....	213	23	172	15
Total			6654	153	6634	133

\* Day Schools.



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# Ministeria Spiritualia Prov. Marylandiæ Neo-Eboracensis, a die 1<sup>a</sup> Julii 1887 ad diem 1<sup>am</sup> Julii 1888

DOMICILIA	Baptizati	Hæret. convers.	Confess. partic.	Confess. gen.	Commun. extra T.	Commun. in T.	Matrim. benedic.	Matrim. revulid.	Extreme Unction.	Catecheses	Parati ad 1 Comm.	Parati ad Confirm.	Exhortationes	Conciones	Execr. Spir. sacerdot.	Execr. Spir. relig.	Execr. Spir. stud.	Execr. Spir. priv.	Mission. (per hebdom.)	Novene	Tridua	Visit. hospit.	Visit. carcer.	Visit. infirm.	Sodalitates	Sociales	Pueri in schol. paroch.	Puellæ in schol. paroch.			
ALEXANDRIA	65	9	11672	82	141	11514	14	1	45	192	77	29	90							2		24	2				384	3	195	89	140
BALTIMORE	49	5	35066	625	1557	38360	22		44	670	115	88	189	149	3	5	3		6		7	56	132				388	4	2670		
BETHESDA	27	3	660	11	240	450	1	1	8	85	13		100														120				
BOSTON COLLEGE	26	18	85600	425	6000	70000	1	5	528	220	300	65	157	100	5	9			2		7	1145				200	8	1400			
" St. Mary's	315	15	82400	1005	1490	95000	100	32	862	72	200	190	8	420		2						638	104			600	5	4000	700	650	
" Holy Trinity	284	6	21033	266	224	19485	57	1	100	483	69	161	135	59								16				812	6	2696	222	250	
" Missionaries	98	74	183380	4747	104	130000	26	45	98	462	723	1238	1108	710	3	7	3		86		10	91	20			226	2	140			
BRENEWAGO	131		25294	30	5447	21680	24		54	426	154	543	61	267								10	16			233	6	1539	208	284	
BURDHAM	93		21438	204	6056	14250	11	1	62	66	79		191	186		10		6				2	30			125	4	195	120	80	
BURKHEAD	85	14	15835	87	150	37817	21	1	40	156	52		205	155		5					8	6	21	25		678	5	239	58	45	
BURKHEAD COLLEGE	13	7	9638	81	15539	5406	1		12	99	5	3	19	111	2	9	1	1			1	2				38	1	40			
" Holy Trinity	207	15	18700	66	250	21200	23	5	136	157	113		268	86							6					1054	2	696	270	360	
CHESHOPPEN	65	11	7000	20	101	8000	13		16	168	36		89	109												120		95	105		
CHESHOPPEN CITY	334		49591	657	247	36539	105		195	63	253		183	127	1	3	2				2	4				1028	6	895	550	550	
CHESHOPPEN TOWN	324	35	15870	37	221	13300	68	1	124	238	317	936	123	194		1			4		1	2	4			40	230	6	895		
NEW YORK, St. Francis Xavier's	248	47	122540	1217	25600	171310	168	16	394	162	425	425	208	156	5	12	2		2		4	7	147			512	8	25000	450	475	
" St. Joseph's	326	6	30108	290	47029	16447	49	2	94	122	54	136	69	150												400	4	167	193	232	
" St. Lawrence's	300	14	58972	740	15500	56600	97	5	313	215	271		300	168					2		2					770	7	1000	325	325	
" Islands	902	95	30500	1245	12080	14800	12	12	3000	250	204	150	200	200								1400	1000								
PHILADELPHIA, Gesù	148	25	85646	675	12439	71697	46	56	351	714	164	312	58	200	1	5			1		3	1	993	303		1233	1	350	193	285	
" St. Joseph's	138	27	92581	616	450	50620	46	15	117	256	241	247	252	250							2	6	26	5		3397	7	3787	150	280	
" OVIDENCE	188	5	23502	598	719	23870	53	1	78	42	210	340	112	134		3	1		2		1		8			762	7	1699	164	380	
" INIGO'S	122	27	3580	22	180	3800	27	1	27	130	80	350		95												1	55		42	48	
" THOMAS'	133	2	3540	210	1858	3000	10		42	320	130	319		116							2	5	2			75	2	75			
" ROY	365	10	70000	500	700	55429	37	3	262	175	400	511	125	274		7	1				4	2	75	6		850	13	2650	657	730	
" WASHINGTON	226	33	36023	294	3367	38000	43	7	169	100	200	450		269							3	3		15		1471	5	2800	160	430	
" HITEMARSH	73	11	2510	28	930	1400	5		17	10	37	128		76					1		1					38					
" WOODSTOCK	53		8437	96	343	1017	4	6	10	338	71	60	162	123		10	2				1					75	2	58			
" WORCESTER	9	1	8963	1685	820	6080	1	3	1	68			6	59		3			17		3	2				11	2	90			
SUMMA	5347	515	1010119	16559	159862	1037071	1085	220	7199	6539	4993	6632	4257	5333	20	106	15	7	124	48	63	4682	1667	15915	116	52717	4646	5601			

