

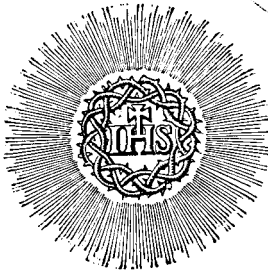
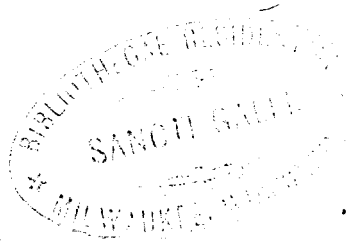
A. M. D. G.

# 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. XI.



177

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE

1882.

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

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# WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. XI, No. 1.

PAPERS RELATING TO THE EARLY HISTORY  
OF THE MARYLAND MISSION.

V.—THE ANNUAL LETTERS—1634—1773.

1638.

“As for the Catholics, the attendance on the sacraments here is so large, that it is not greater among the faithful in Europe, in proportion to their respective numbers. The most ignorant have been catechised, and catechetical lectures have been delivered to the more advanced every Sunday; on feast days they have been very rarely left without a sermon. The sick and the dying, who were numerous this year, and dwelt far apart, have been assisted in every way, so that not a single person has died without the sacraments. We have buried very many, but have baptized a great number. And, although there are not wanting frequent occasions of dissension, yet none of any importance has arisen here in the last nine months which we have not immediately allayed. By the blessing of God we have this consolation, that no vices spring up among the new Catholics, although settlements of this kind are not usually supplied by the best class of men.

“We bought off in Virginia two Catholics who had sold

themselves into bondage, nor was the money ill-spent, for both showed themselves good Christians; one, indeed, surpasses the ordinary standard. Some others have performed the same duty of charity in buying thence Catholic servants, of whom there are a great number in that country. For every year very many sell themselves thither into bondage, and, as they live among men of the worst example and are destitute of all spiritual aid, they generally make shipwreck of their souls.

"Several of the chief men have, through the use of the Spiritual Exercises, been formed by us to piety, a fruit by no means to be despised. In one especial case we adore the wonderful providence and mercy of God, which brought a man encompassed in the world with many difficulties, and obliged to live in Virginia, constantly deprived of all spiritual aid, to promise, not long before his death, that he would undertake these Exercises. This intention was prevented by a severe sickness, which he bore with the greatest patience, fixing his mind firmly on God; and at length, having duly received all the sacraments, in a state of most unusual peace he gave back his soul to God, which had been so full of troubles and inquietudes.

"A noble matron has lately died, who, after accompanying the first settlers into the colony, bore all her difficulties and inconveniences with more than a woman's courage. She was much given to prayer, and most anxious for the salvation of her neighbors, setting them a perfect example, both in her own person and in her domestic concerns. She was fond of our Society when living, and a benefactor to it when dying, and was held in blessed memory by all for the edification which she gave in her charity to the sick, as well as in other virtues.

1639.

"There are in this mission four priests and one coadjutor. All are working in places far distant, with the hope, no doubt, of thus obtaining earlier acquaintance with

the native language and propagating more widely the holy faith of the Gospel. Father John Brock, the Superior, with a coadjutor brother, remains in the plantation. Metapaw-nien, which was given us by Maquacomen, the King of Patuxent, is a kind of storehouse for this mission, whence most of our bodily supplies are obtained. Father Philip Fisher lives in the principal town of the colony, to which the name of St. Mary's has been given. Father John Gravener lives in Kent Island, sixty miles distant. Father Andrew White is at the still further distance of one hundred and twenty miles, at Kittamaquindi, the metropolis of Pascatoe, having lived since the month of June, 1639, in the palace with the King himself, whom they call Tayac.

“The cause of the Father's going thither was as follows. He had bestowed much time and labour in the work of the conversion of the King of Patuxent, an event anticipated by us all, both from our recollection of kindnesses received—for he had given to the Society a farm, as has been said—and because he was considered very powerful among the barbarians, on account of his reputation for wisdom and influence. Some of his people had become Catholics, and he himself appeared abundantly instructed in the first principles of the faith, when lo!—in the inscrutable judgments of God—the unhappy man at first procrastinated, then by degrees grew indifferent, and at length openly broke off altogether from the work he had commenced. Nor this only; but he also gave indications of an hostility against the whole colony not to be misunderstood. Whereupon the Governor, after prudent enquiries, determined, by the advice of his council, that the Father should be recalled from his position with the King, lest the barbarian might give sudden proof of his perfidy and cruelty against him; and also, lest this hostage, as it were, being left in the King's power, the Governor himself might find it difficult to revenge injuries, should the Patuxent at any time declare himself an open enemy.

“When rulers and kings are here spoken of, let no one form any grand idea of them, as if they were like princes

in Europe. For these Indian kings, though they have the most absolute power of life and death over their people, and in certain prerogatives of honour and wealth rank a little higher than others, yet in personal appearance they are scarcely anything removed from the multitude. The only peculiarity by which you can distinguish a chief from the common people consists in some badge, a collar made of a rude jewel, or a belt, or a cloak oftentimes ornamented with shells in circular rows. The kingdoms of these are generally circumscribed by the narrow confines of a single village and the adjacent country, though Tayac has a much more extensive dominion, stretching about one hundred and thirty miles; and to this empire other inferior chieftains are subject.

“The conversion of Maquacomen being despaired of, Father Andrew betook himself to the Tayac of Piscatoway, who treated him very kindly at the first interview, and became so attached to him that he afterwards always held him in the greatest love and veneration, and was unwilling that the Father should use any other hospitality than that of his palace. Nor was the Queen inferior to her husband in benevolence to their guest, for with her own hands she was accustomed to prepare meat for him and bake bread, and waited upon him with equal care and attention.

“The cause of this remarkable affection for the Father on the part of the Tayac is to be referred to two dreams, which, perhaps, you may think deserve a higher name. One of these dreams he heard from Uwanno, his brother, who had reigned before him, and whom he had slain. In his sleep Uwanno appeared to see Father White and Father Gravener before him, and to hear a voice thus admonishing him: ‘These are the men who from their soul love you and your tribe, and have brought with them those blessings by which you can be happy if you desire it.’ Hence so lively an impression of these strangers remained in the mind of Tayac, that even at the first sight he recognized them when coming to him, and afterwards embraced them with remarkable affection. He was accustomed also to call

Father White his parent, to whose instruction he wished to give up, for seven years, his sons, who were very dear to him, the whole tribe being very fond of children, and seldom letting them go from their sight. The other dream, which the Tayac is accustomed to relate in conversation, occurred to himself: his father, deceased some time before, appeared to be present before his eyes, accompanied by a god of a black color whom he worshipped, beseeching him that he would not desert him. At a short distance he saw a most hideous demon, accompanied by a certain man, Snow, a Protestant minister from England, who had gained access to the Tayac, but had been ill-received by him. In another part the Governor of the colony and Father White appeared, accompanied also by a god much more beautiful than the other, and surpassing the snow in whiteness, which seemed gently to beckon the King to him. From that time he treated both the Governor and the Father with the greatest affection.

“Soon after the arrival of Father White the Tayac was in danger of death from a serious disease, and, when forty conjurers had in vain tried every remedy, the Father, by permission of the sick man, administered as medicine a certain powder of known efficacy mixed with holy water, taking care to have him bled the day before by a youth whom the Father always had with him. After this the sick man began daily to grow better, and soon after altogether recovered. Upon this he resolved to be initiated as soon as possible into the Christian faith, and both his wife and his two daughters along with him, for as yet he has no male offspring. Father White is now diligently engaged in their instruction; and they are not slow in receiving the Catholic doctrine, for, through the light of Heaven vouchsafed to them, they have long since found out the errors of their former life. The King has exchanged the skins with which he was before clothed, for a garment after the European fashion, and he makes some little endeavor to learn our language.

“Having put away his concubines, he lives content with

one wife, that, as he says, he may the more freely have leisure to pray to God. He abstains from meat on the days on which it is forbidden by the Catholic rule, and thinks that the heretics, who do otherwise, ought to be called bad Christians. He is greatly delighted with spiritual conversation, and seems to esteem earthly wealth as nothing in comparison with heavenly; as he told the Governor, to whom he was on a visit with Father White while he was under instruction, and who was explaining to him what great advantages could be enjoyed from the English by a mutual exchange of wares. 'Verily,' he said, 'I consider all these things trifling when compared with this one advantage—that through these missionaries I have arrived at the knowledge of the only true God, than which there is nothing greater to me, nothing which ought to be greater.' Not long since, when he held a convention of other rulers, in a crowded assembly of the chiefs and a circle of the common people, Father White and some of the English being present, he publicly declared it to be his advice, together with that of his wife and children, that, abjuring the superstition of the country, they should all embrace the profession and practice of Christianity, for that the only true Deity is He Whom the Christians worshipped, nor can the immortal soul of man be otherwise saved from eternal death; stones and herbs, to which through blindness of mind, he and they had hitherto given divine honors, being the humblest things created by the Almighty God, for the use and relief of human life. Having said this, he cast from him a stone which he held in his hand, and spurned it with his foot. A murmur of applause from the people sufficiently indicated that they did not hear these things with unfavorable ears. Thus there is the strongest hope that, when the family of the King is purified by Baptism, the conversion of the whole country will speedily follow. In the meantime, we heartily thank God for the present happy prospect, and are especially encouraged when we daily behold those idols to be the contempt of the natives, which were lately reckoned in the number of their deities.



“Another event, worthy of mention, has greatly increased the anxiety of the King for Baptism. A certain Indian, who had slain an Englishman because of some injury done him, was found guilty of the homicide and was sentenced to death, remarkably enough, at the very time when Tayac, with his companion, Father White, was on his way to the colony. We explained to the miserable man, who was condemned to die, that by receiving the Christian sacraments he would provide for the salvation of his immortal soul. As he appeared by no means of an obdurate disposition, we endeavored, as far as possible by the words we could use, to reach his heart, which was evidently in some measure inclined to listen. The pious King perceived that we labored under some difficulty from our insufficient knowledge of the Indian language, and so of his own accord he came to assist us in finishing the work. He not only filled the office of a faithful interpreter, repeating to the man whatever he was told by Father White, but also added of himself some truths so apposite and efficacious that they won the admiration of all present, and at length gained over the Indian himself to the Catholic faith, who, imbued with the necessary knowledge and washed in the sacred font for which he asked, prepared himself for death, complying in every way with what was prescribed to him; and indeed he appeared to be possessed with so vehement a desire of seeing God as to seem to wish the execution to be hastened. A remarkable eagerness appeared in his countenance, he fortified himself by frequently using the salutary sign of the Cross, and whatever he did or said did not seem feigned for show only, but to come from the inmost recesses of his soul. When he reached the place of execution, he inquired with cheerful countenance whether it would be proper that he should sing before he was executed, according to the custom of his country, and when told that by piously repeating the holy names of Jesus and Mary he would propitiate them in his last conflict, he cheerfully obeyed those who advised him, and died with those blessed names upon his lips. After death, he was buried in our

cemetery with the most solemn rites, in order to make the barbarians understand that, while execrating the crimes of malefactors and avenging them by merited punishment, Christians nevertheless hold their souls dear, and are easily reconciled to them if they repent. And this example of clemency and charity to the deceased struck them so much the more forcibly, because of its wide difference from their own customs—for they are wont to serve up their slaughtered enemies in the most cruel manner to be feasted on by their friends.

“No one, however, was more vehemently moved at the sight of the dying neophyte than Tayac, who afterwards earnestly insisted that he should receive the gift of Baptism. The matter being discussed in council, it was decided that it would be for the greater glory of God if this Baptism were deferred until it could be performed with splendid rites and the greatest solemnity, and in the sight of his own countrymen, when his wife also and his children might be brought to a participation of his joy and gladness. The King at length, yielding to the kindness of the Catholics, and greatly delighted with their prolonged hospitality, took leave of the Governor and returned home, Father White being again his attendant; as soon as he had arrived he gave command to his people to prepare a Church by next Pentecost, the time appointed for the Baptism. On that day, at Kittamaquindi, the Governor and other distinguished men of the colony, having been specially invited by the Tayac, contemplate honoring by their presence, and by whatever other means they can, the Christian sacraments and the second better birth of Tayac. May a merciful God cause this event to turn out to the good of all—to His glory, to our reward, and to the salvation of the whole tribe.

“If we look round the whole world, we may, perhaps, nowhere find men more abject in appearance than these Indians, yet they have souls, for which a ransom has been paid by Christ, and which are no less precious than those of the most cultivated Europeans. They are inclined to

some vices, though not so many, considering the darkness of their ignorance, their barbarism, and their unrestrained and wandering mode of life; nevertheless, in their disposition they are docile, nor will you perceive in them a very exaggerated indulgence of their passions. They are most patient of troubles, and easily endure contumely and injury, if these do not involve danger of life. They have sometimes a few, sometimes many idols, to whose worship they are greatly addicted; but there are no priests to whom the administration of sacrifices appertains by appointment. There are not wanting among them those who interpret superstitions and sell them to the people; but these are, generally speaking, not at all numerous. They acknowledge one Superior Being, notwithstanding they are ignorant in what way He is to be worshipped and honored, hence they lend a willing ear to all who undertake to teach them this knowledge. They rarely think of the immortality of the soul or the things that are to be after death. If at any time they find a teacher clearly explaining these things, they show themselves very attentive as well as docile, and are soon seriously drawn to think of their souls, and to believe those things which are represented as conducing to their salvation. They are readily swayed by reason, nor do they obstinately withhold their assent from the truth when it is placed distinctly before them. This natural disposition of the tribe, aided by the seasonable assistance of divine grace, gives us hope of the most desirable harvest hereafter, and animates us to continue our labors in this vineyard with the greatest diligence.

“To the hope of the Indian harvest are to be added also no mean fruits reaped from the colony and its inhabitants, to whom, on the principal festival days of the year, sermons are preached, and catechetical instructions are given on Sundays. Our labors are rewarded, for not only Catholics come in crowds, but also very many heretics, and this year, twelve in all, renouncing their former errors, have been reconciled to God and the Church. Our Fathers are daily occupied in their divine work, and dispense the sac-

raments to those who come, as often as circumstances demand. In fine, to those in health, to the sick, to the afflicted, and the dying, we strive to be in readiness to afford counsel, relief, and assistance of every kind.

1640.

“In the mission this year were four priests and one coadjutor. We stated in our last letters what hope we had conceived of converting the Tayac, or the King of Pascatoe. In the meantime, such is the goodness of God, the result has not disappointed our expectation, for he has become a Catholic, some others also being brought over with him; and on July 5, 1640, when he was sufficiently instructed in the mysteries of the faith, he was solemnly baptized in a little chapel, which, after the manner of the Indians, he had erected out of bark for that purpose and for divine worship. At the same time the Queen, who had an infant at the breast, and others of the principal men whom he especially admitted to his councils, together with his little son, were regenerated in the baptismal font. To the King, who was called Chitomacheu before, was given the name of Charles; to his wife, that of Mary. The others, in receiving the Christian faith, had Christian names allotted to them. The Governor, together with his Secretary and many others, was present at the ceremony, nor was anything omitted which could help the display and which our means could supply.

“In the afternoon the King and Queen were united in matrimony after the Christian rite; then the great cross was erected, in carrying which to its destined place the King, the Governor, Secretary and others lent their shoulders and hands; two of us in the meantime—Father White and Gravenor—chanted before them the Litany of Loreto in honor of the Blessed Virgin. And not long after, the same two Fathers, White and Gravenor, had to bear by no means light crosses of their own; for Father White, in performing the ceremonies of Baptism, which were somewhat

long, had contracted a fever from which he only partially recovered, then suffered a relapse, and was ill during the whole winter. Father Gravener so completely lost the use of his feet as to be unable to stand; after a little he too got better, though an abscess was afterwards formed, which carried him off in the space of a few days, upon November 5, 1640.

"A famine about this time prevailed among the Indians, owing to the great drouth of the past summer; and, that we might not appear to neglect the bodies of those for the care of whose souls we had made so long a voyage, though corn was sold at a great price, we considered it necessary to relieve them to the utmost of our power. Amidst these cares, and busied also in settling the affairs of the mission, we passed the greater part of the winter.

"On February 15 we came to Pascatoe, joyfully greeted by the inhabitants, who indeed seemed well inclined to receive the Christian faith. So that not long after the King brought his daughter, seven years old, whom he loves with great affection, to be educated among the English at St. Mary's, and to be washed in the sacred font of Baptism; she is beginning to understand the Christian mysteries. One of his counsellors also, of whom we have spoken before, desiring that the mercies of God which he had experienced in his own case should be brought to his people, earnestly prays that his wife and children may be led to seek the waters of salvation, which most pious desire, after suitable instruction, will, we hope, by the favor of God, be gratified.

"Another King, chief of the Anacostans, whose territory is not far distant, is anxious to come and live as one of us; and from this it is evident that a rich harvest awaits us, on which we may advantageously bestow our labor, though it is to be feared that there will not be laborers sufficient for gathering in the abundant fruits. There are other villages lying near, which, I doubt not, would run promptly and joyfully to the light of Gospel truth, if there was any one to impart to them the word of eternal life. It is not, however,

right for us here to be too anxious about others, lest we may seem to abandon prematurely our present tender flock; nor need those who are sent out to assist us fear lest the means of life be wanting, for He Who clothes the lilies and feeds the fowls of the air, will not leave those who are laboring to extend His kingdom destitute of necessary sustenance.

"To Father Philip Fisher, now residing at St. Mary's, the capital of the colony, nothing would have been more agreeable than to labor in the Indian harvest, if he had been permitted by his Superiors, who could not, however, dispense with his services. Yet his good will is not left without its reward, for while those among the Indians, of whom we have spoken, are being cleansed in the waters of Baptism, as many are, at the same time, brought back from heretical depravity into the bosom of the Church by his active industry. The Catholics who live in the colony are not inferior in piety to those who live in other countries; but in urbanity of manners, according to the judgment of those who have visited the other colonies, they are considered far superior to them. Everywhere the hope of an abundant harvest has dawned, and while each one of us is anxious to help even unto death as many as we can, various events are happening that deserve record. Two of the most prominent are narrated here, one manifesting the divine mercy, and the other the divine justice.

"On the day on which a certain man was about to abjure heresy and expiate the sins of his past life by confession, his house caught fire, and the flames rapidly burst out at the top. He was at a little distance when this occurred, and lost no time in calling his neighbors, of whom two only would come to his help; and although all this time the fire was burning in a house that was built only of dry logs, yet it was put out before any great injury had been done. Some feared lest this unexpected calamity might deter him from conversion. It happened, however, quite the contrary, for the wonderful preservation of his house from much injury led him to the conclusion that God was propitious to

him, and approved his design by a manifest token. Wherefore, uniting complete reformation of morals with profession of the true faith, he now sheds abroad the sweet savor of a good example upon all who are acquainted with him.

"Another man felt some internal drawings of the grace of God, and desired to have a rosary or prayer-beads for himself, but afterwards, changing his mind, he had the beads ground to powder, which he mixed with tobacco in his pipe when he smoked, and often boasted that he had swallowed his 'Ave Marias,' for so he called the rosary beads. The divine vengeance, however, did not let this irreverence go long unpunished, for scarcely a year had passed, and it was drawing near the vigil of the day on which he had abandoned his purpose of embracing the Catholic faith, when a spirit of more sacrilegious ribaldry than usual possessed him, as was noticed by his companions. On his going to the river in the afternoon, according to custom, for the purpose of bathing, he had scarcely touched the water when a huge fish suddenly seized the wretched man, and before he could reach the bank it tore away at one bite a large portion of flesh from his thigh, inflicting a terrible but well-merited laceration from which recovery was impossible. The divine justice thus ordained that he, who a little while before had boasted of eating up his 'Ave Maria beads,' saw his own flesh devoured while he was still alive.

1641.<sup>(1)</sup>

Now, in the last year I wrote to you that Almighty God had been pleased to open the way of conversion to many, as I hope, to thousands of souls, viz: by calling to His orthodox faith the Emperor or great King of Pascatoway, so

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<sup>(1)</sup>The Letters for 1639 and 1640 were written by Father John Brock, Superior of the Mission, whose real name was Morgan. He was a native of Bucks, born 1599, and entered the Society in 1622, and was accidentally killed whilst laboring to establish a new settlement, June 5, 1641, aet. 42. No account seems to have been sent for the Annual Letters this year; the want, however, is supplied by a letter (Stonyhurst MSS. *Anglia*, vol. 4, No. 109.) of Father Brock to his Superior in England, dated 3d May, 1641, a few weeks before his death.

I call him because he has many tributary kings under him, who was washed at the sacred baptismal font, July 5, 1640, his former name of Chilomacon being changed into Charles, whilst at the same time his Queen, whose name was changed into Mary, was baptized with him; at the same time also his infant at the breast, to whom was given the name of Anne. The President of his Council also came, called before Baptism *Mesorcoques*, but now John; also his little infant at the breast, to whom was given the name of Robert. The ceremonies were performed by Father White, in the presence of the Secretary of the Governor, Father Altam, and many others of the English colonists, in a chapel built of the bark of trees, after the Indian fashion, for this sole end, the service of God in the Catholic faith. Nor is there any doubt but that very many following in the footsteps of their chief would as quickly as possible have been washed at the same font of Baptism, had not Fathers White and Altam, who were engaged in that mission, been seized with sickness, and to regain their health had to retire to the town of St. Mary's, in the English colony, where Father Altam died on the 5th of November following, and Father White, having had a relapse, was many days after his sickness unable to return to his Mission on account of his weakness. But in February last, having partially recovered his strength, he returned and joined me at Pascatoway, in order to restore, and as far as may be, solidly establish that mission, and to propagate the Christian faith, the seeds of which it had pleased God so happily to sow. However, shortly after our arrival Father White again fell sick, and has not as yet recovered his strength; and, indeed, I fear that from his age and increasing infirmities, nature will shortly succumb to such great labors. I will use my utmost endeavors to preserve his life, that this great work of God, the conversion of so many infidels, may prosperously and happily progress, as well because he possesses the greatest influence over their minds, as that he, best of any of the rest, understands and speaks their language. Many of the inhabitants are instructed for Baptism, and many of the higher ranks show themselves inclined towards the Christian faith, amongst whom the chief is the King of the Anacostians, uncle of King Patorieck. A few months ago King Pascatoway sent his daughter, who is to succeed him in his dominions, to the town of St. Mary, that she may be there educated amongst the English, and instructed for Baptism. Indeed, I hope, by the favor of God, unless our helpers fail, that in a short time there will be a great acces-



sion to the Christian faith in these barbarous nations. And this, although, on account of the dearness of corn and the increased expenses and deficiency of means of living, we are pressed by great difficulties; nor are there here in this colony any who are either able or willing to furnish us with alms, and Divine Providence shows that neither by our own exertions, nor of those for whose salvation we labour, be they Christians or Pagans, can we hope for support. However, we have no fear but that He will provide us with necessaries, Who feeds the birds of the air that neither sow nor reap, and Who supplied the Apostles, whom He sent forth without staff or scrip to preach the Gospel, with everything needful; for the same reason He also of His Divine Providence will see fit to supply His unworthy servants with means of sustentation. The very thought in the Prefect of recalling us, or of not sending others to help us in this glorious work of the conversion of souls, in a certain manner takes away faith in the Providence of God and His care of His servants, as though He would now less provide for the nourishment of His laborers than formerly. On which account our courage is not diminished, but rather increased and strengthened; since now God will take us into His protection, and will certainly provide for us Himself, especially since it has pleased the divine goodness already to receive some fruit, however small, of our labours. In whatever manner it may seem good to His Divine Majesty to dispose of us, may His holy will be done! But, as much as in me lies, I would rather, labouring in the conversion of the Indians, expire on the bare ground, deprived of all human succour and perishing with hunger, than once think of abandoning this holy work of God from the fear of want. May God grant me grace to render Him some service, and all the rest I leave to His Divine Providence. King Pascato-way lately died most piously. But God will for his sake, as we hope, quickly raise up seed for us in his neighbouring King Anacostin, who has invited us to come to him, and has decided himself to become a Christian. Many likewise in other localities desire the same. Hopes of a rich harvest shine forth, unless frustrated by the want of labourers who can speak the language and are in sound health.

## FATHER THOMAS COPLEY.

Father John Altham (Gravener) had labored in Maryland continuously since the first planting of the Colony, and his death, mentioned in the last Letter, suggests this as an appropriate place to interrupt the course of the narration contained in the *Annual Letters*, in order to bring together some notes that may help to determine more clearly the *Status* of the Mission during the first years of its existence, and to identify a Father, whose name, though not appearing in the text, is frequently met with in the colonial records of this period.

An old Record Book, long preserved at St. Thomas' Manor, and now in the Provincial Archives, the greater portion of which was written by FF. Peter Atwood and George Thorold, contains "*A List of Missionaries who have lived in Maryland since ye 1st Settlement*,"<sup>(1)</sup> beginning as follows:

"Father White came in twice. Had a chappel at White's Neck, without a house.

1632. Tho: Copley, Messrs. Starkey and Perret lived at St. Inigos."

A Latin manuscript, evidently a partial transcript of the preceding List, says:—

White, Andreas: Primus Marylandiæ Missionarius. Advenit huc circa 1630, ante Dñm Baltimore. Sacellum ex-troxit in White Neck, at non habebat domum.

Harkey	}	vixerunt in prædio Sti. Ignatii.
Copley, Thos		
Perret		

Archbishop Carroll repeats the same statement:—

"Father White, finding too much employment for one priest only, returned to Europe to get assistance; and I find in my very imperfect memoirs, that in the year 1632, FF. Copley, Harkey and Perret came into this country, probably with Fr. White."<sup>(2)</sup>

<sup>(1)</sup> This list was probably begun about the time that one of the above mentioned Fathers was Superior of the Mission, during the first quarter of the last century. It is marked: *To be continued*. The continuation brings the record down to the death of Archbishop Carroll, Dec. 3, 1815; the entries seem to have been made by successive Superiors, as the marked handwriting of Father George Hunter appears upon the record during his long term of office (1747-1771).

<sup>(2)</sup> Narrative of the Establishment of the Catholic Religion in Maryland and Pennsylvania—WOODSTOCK LETTERS, September, 1880, p. 158.

The 'imperfect memoirs' on which the Archbishop relied are doubtless the records mentioned above, for other sources of information were not easily accessible during an age singularly *incuriosa suorum*. Subsequent researches enable us to correct some of these statements. As the Settlers did not sail from England until November, 1633, and the first landing in Maryland was effected, March 25th, 1634, we may conclude that the dates (1630-1632) assigned in the extracts already quoted are erroneous. Nevertheless, the explicit mention of an antecedent visit and residence of Fr. White has given rise to a curious speculation, which is barely hinted at by the annotator of the *Declaratio*,<sup>(1)</sup> but more clearly proposed in a private letter by J. Gilmary Shea, LL. D., the historian.

"The first Lord Baltimore was not here as Proprietor, having died whilst soliciting the charter. His first petition to Charles I. for land near Virginia was written in Newfoundland, Aug. 19, 1629, and the King answered, Nov. 22d. He wrote again, and, full of his Virginia project, sailed down there in 1630. But Lady Baltimore made an excursion to the Chesapeake the year before (1629), and influenced Lord B. greatly in favor of it. Lord Baltimore had at Ferryland two Seminary Priests, Longvill and Anthony Smith, the former of whom was replaced by Hacket, also called a Seminary Priest. Did Father White accompany lady B. on her visit in 1629 before Lord Baltimore? Was he one of these supposed Seminary Priests?"

It may have been; and it may have been also on account of this visit that Fr. White was designated by Fr. General Mutius Vitelleschi, on the petition of Lord Baltimore, to accompany the colonists who sailed with Leonard Calvert. The movements of priests were necessarily very secret in those days of persecution, and we have no positive information as to the whereabouts of Father White during the years which immediately preceded his appearance among those who came in the Ark and the Dove. A note, however, in the *Catholic Almanac* for 1841 (p. 66), is almost conclusive against the supposition that we are considering.

"That the dates in this Catalogue are erroneous is con-

<sup>(1)</sup> "Utrum Georgius primo illo itinere, sacerdotes sibi Catholicos adjunxerit, non extat memoria; attamen id procul dubio non omiserit." Fund Publication—No. 7, Md. Hist. Soc., p. 110.

clusively established by the following passage in the first letter of Father White, written from St. Mary's within a month after the arrival of the colonists:—

'On the day of the Annunciation of the B. V. Mary, 1634, we offered first the sacrifice of Mass, *never before done in this region of the world,*' etc.

"Had missionaries arrived in 1632, it is not to be imagined for a moment that the Holy Sacrifice would have been omitted until 1634."

We may add, *a fortiori*, had Father White arrived in 1630, especially had he "had a chappell" (sacellum extruxit) at that date, he could not have called the Indian wigwam of St. Mary's, "the first chapel of Maryland."<sup>(1)</sup>

Dismissing this question, let us come to the year 1634. How many, and who were the Fathers that accompanied the first settlers?

"At first, two Fathers were sent out, as it were, to explore, and ascertain if there might be any hope of the gain of souls, when the country should appear white to the harvest. . . . After this the Fathers indeed increased in number, &c."<sup>(2)</sup>

We have, then, the authentic declaration that *two* Fathers were sent to found the Mission. Who were they? Evidently, Fathers Andrew White and John Altham; for the latter is mentioned by name in the *Narratio Itineris*, which is attributed by common consent to the pen of Fr. White. When Governor Calvert sailed up the Potomac in quest of a site for the colony, it is stated that the young Indian King "willingly listened to Father Altham, who had been selected to accompany the Governor, for I was still kept with the ship's cargo."<sup>(3)</sup> "The Jesuit Fathers, who came in 1634, were the Rev. Messrs. White and Altham," says Davis,<sup>(4)</sup> and on this point all the historians of Maryland agree.

But were there, besides these two Fathers, other priests of the Society among the original settlers? Archbishop Carroll, the old Record, and many writers on the subject, make mention of FF. Copley, Harkey and Perret as companions of Father White in the beginning. It is remarka-

<sup>(1)</sup> Relatio, WOODSTOCK LETTERS, vol. 2, No. 1, p. 9.

<sup>(2)</sup> Letter of Provincial, S. J., to His Eminence, Cardinal ———, Rome (no date, but probably between 1637 and 1642). Stonyhurst MSS., vol. iv. 'Anglia,' No. 108.

<sup>(3)</sup> Relatio, p. 33.

<sup>(4)</sup> Day-Star, p. 160.

ble that these names are not found in the records of the Society in England, nor in Fr. McSherry's extracts from the catalogues kept at Rome in the Gesù; nor does Doctor Oliver make any mention of them. The names, *Harkey* and *Perret*, cannot be traced, and nothing can be learned concerning them from any available sources of information; we can only conjecture that they may be meant for Father Lawrence Starkie (sometimes also written Starkey, Sankey, Sanchez,) and Fr. Ferd. Poulton (also called Perez), who came to the Mission, the former in 1649, the latter in 1637.

There can be no doubt, however, that a Father of the Society, known under the name of *Copley*, was for a long time (1637-1650) one of the most prominent of the early missionaries.

Father Thomas Copley arrived in the Province on the 8th of August, 1637, a year distinguished for the large number of Catholic immigrants.<sup>(1)</sup> St. Inigoes was his residence,<sup>(2)</sup> and the title of the lands there and at St. Thomas' is derived from him.

"Thomas Copley, called in the Records, Thomas Copley, Esq., for servants imported, had right unto, and did demand 24,500 acres of land in the year 1633, of which St. Inigo's was part (See Records, L. A. B. and II., fol. 27, and Lib. F. fol. 134). In 1637, he assigns St. Inigo's Mannour to Ferdinando Poulton (being dubious whether it were secure to hold it in his own Name), in whose name warrant issues and certificate returns, but no Patent, as the Record observes (Lib. F., fol. 61, 62, 63). Soon after Ferdinando Pulton<sup>(3)</sup> dies (or was shot by accident), and Mr. Copley, in whom the equitable right was, the said Pulton being only his Trustee, petitions for and obtains a 2nd warrant for St. Inigo's and St. George's; and in 1641 assigns the same to Mr. Cuthbert Fenwick, for whom certificate is returned, and Patent issues, July 27, 1641. Cuthbert Fenwick conveys the same to Mr. Henry Warren in 1663. (Lib. EE. fol. 252-253.)"

<sup>(1)</sup>Streeter, *Papers*, p. 98. Kilty, *Landholders' Assistant*, p. 68.

<sup>(2)</sup>Davis, *Day-Star*, p. 158. See Lib. No. I. pp. 212-213, and p. 500.

<sup>(3)</sup>Father Atwood, in a note appended to this paper says:—"It is probable Ferdinando Pulton was an alien; but it matters not, Mr. Copley having had his former rights renewed."

Another paper on this subject (writer unknown) has the following:—"The first tract taken up by the Society was St. Inigoes and St. George's and 400 acres of town land. All which tract was first granted to Ferdinando Pulton for 19 servants assigned to Pulton by Mr. Copley, in 1637, or thereabouts. Pulton seems to have been a Spaniard, as both his and his servants' names seem to declare. . . . Perez seems to be the true name of Fr. Pulton; he was accidentally shot in a boat."

Father Poulton (or Pulton) was not a Spaniard. He belonged to an old English family, fifteen members of which joined the Society, and three of them died on the Maryland Mission. See *Records of the English Province*, I., 155-166, 616-619; for notices of this Father, see page 161, and *Diary of English College*, p. 264.

If he was called *Perez*, the transition to *Perret* is obvious, and the conjecture is borne out, that he whose name is coupled with that of Father Copley is this identical Fr. Ferd. Poulton, who came over the same year (1637) with Father Copley, and died shortly afterward in the manner related.

"ST. THOMAS' MANNOUR. The Record sufficiently declares Fr. Thomas Copley to be the first taker up, or purchaser of my Lord. He brought 39 servants."

His assignment to Mr. Thomas Mathews, abstracted from the Record by the clerk, is as follows:—

Aug. 16, 1649. *Thos Copley, Esq., this day assigned to Mr. Thos. Mathews, 4,000 acres of land, due to him for transplanting ten able men-servants into this Province in the year 1633.*

THOS. COPLEY."<sup>(1)</sup>

He was summoned by writ to the General Assembly<sup>(2)</sup> held in St. Mary's, and begun on the 25th of January, 1637 (N. S. 1638), and his name is found in the account of that Assembly's proceedings, contained in a book, which is 'the oldest remaining record of the first days of the Colony.'<sup>(3)</sup>

After, were summoned to appear by virtue of writte to them directed<sup>(4)</sup>

Mr Thomas Cop- ley Esq. <sup>(5)</sup>	} of St Marie's hun- dred. gent: of the same hundred	} Robert Clerke gent. appeared for them, and excused their absence by reason of sickness.
Mr Andrew White		
Mr John Altham		

In the acts of the second day; being 26th January,<sup>(6)</sup> they were again summoned, as appears from the record.

Mr Thomas Copley	} and Robert Clerke made answer for them that they desired to be excused from giving voices in this Assembly; and was admitted.
Mr Andrew White	
Mr John Altham	

His opinion is quoted in the celebrated case of Wm Lewis, July, 1638.<sup>(7)</sup> He is spoken of as having gone to Maryland by Brother Robert Gray in his application to be sent upon

<sup>(1)</sup>Old Record. *The Title of our Lands deduced from the first taker up to the present Possessor, by sale or Bequest to him descending:—*a paper drawn up Jan. 20, 1726 (N. S. 1727), by P. A. [Father Peter Atwood], S. J.

<sup>(2)</sup>This was the first legislative assembly convened under the authority of the Proprietary. "It consisted of but one board composed of all the freemen of the colony, each of whom was present, in person or by proxy, and the Governor presided in the double capacity of chief executive and speaker of the house."—Scharf, *History of Maryland*, vol. 1, p. 124. There were probably not more than 700 inhabitants in the Colony at the time, and the right of suffrage and representation belonged to every freeman, which term, by a vote of the Assembly of 1642, designated a citizen above the age of majority and not held to personal service.

<sup>(3)</sup>Streeter Papers, p. 15.

<sup>(4)</sup>Ibid. p. 17.

<sup>(5)</sup>"Notwithstanding his title of 'Esquire,' Mr. Copley was a Jesuit priest."—Streeter, p. 98.

<sup>(6)</sup>Ibid. p. 20. "With a commendable disinclination to mix in the controversies to which legislation might give rise, they preferred a request to be excused from serving in the Assembly, which was granted."—Ibid. p. 99.

<sup>(7)</sup>"Certain Protestant servants of this gentleman complained 'of the abuses and scandalous reproaches which God and his ministers doe daily suffer by William Lewis, of St. Maries, who saith that our Ministers are the ministers of the divell; and that our books are made by the instruments of the divell, &c.' They had drawn up a petition to Sir John Harvey, Governor of Virginia, and intended at the chapel that morning to procure all the Protestants' hands to it. Meanwhile Mr. Copley had been spoken with on the subject, and he 'blamed much William Lewis, for his contumelious speeches and ill-governed zeale, and said it was fit he should be punished.'"—Streeter, p. 214, where the case is fully detailed, as also in the *Histories of Maryland* by Bozman and McMahon.

the Mission, directed, in 1640, to Father Edward Knott, Provincial of England.<sup>(1)</sup>

His name occurs also in connection with some legal transactions, which, taken with the facts already cited, show that he held the position of procurator or superior.<sup>(2)</sup>

In the record of the Assembly (16th March, 1637), there is an entry which may have belonged to the house acting as a Court.

"Robt. Clerke (in behalf of Mr. Copley) entered a Caveat into the Court against the Administrator of John Bryant, for 50 barrells of Corne." Streeter, p. 49, note.

In the return made by the Administrator, Capt. Cornwaleys, on the estate of Jerome Hawley, Councillor, 20th April, 1639, are the following entries:—

By paid Thomas Copley, Esq., in part of a debt recovered	£	s	d.
by Judgment	87	9	8

By bills of desperate debts delivered to the said Mr. Copley towards further satisfaction of his debt	50	7	0
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Governor Thomas Green, in a trust deed to Henry Adams and James Langworth, in 1650, gives a token of regard for the Rev. Thomas Copley.—Davis, Day-Star, p. 182. Lib. No. I., pp. 188-189.

These testimonies prove beyond question that there was a Father on the Mission between 1637 and 1650, holding a prominent position, and known as *Thomas Copley*. It is most probable, also, notwithstanding the silence of the English Records, of Oliver, and of Father McSherry, that Copley was his true name; the land grants obtained and bequests made to him, under this name, would seem to prove as much. Some light is thrown upon his antecedents, and strength is added to our supposition, by an extract from the *Louvain Chronicle*, O. S. B:—

COPLEY.—"There were two sisters of this name professed at Louvain, May 8, 1612. In the foregoing year, *Thomas*, the two Copleys' eldest brother, came over to pass his course of Philosophy in this town (Louvain). . . . . Some time after their profession, himself entered into the Society of Jesus, leaving his inheritance to his second brother, William, taking our Lord for his part and portion."<sup>(3)</sup>

The date, and other circumstances, justify the assumption that this was the Father *Thomas Copley* who was afterwards

<sup>(1)</sup>WOODSTOCK LETTERS, May, 1880, p. 80.

<sup>(2)</sup>"He seems to have been much engaged in business, and did not neglect the worldly interests of himself and companions. In presenting claims for lands, according to the conditions of plantation, proportioned to the number of persons brought over by him, he included the names of "Mr. Andrew White" and "Mr. John Altham," who were also Jesuit priests, and who had come over with the first colonists. According to the specifications of his claims, there came with White and Altham, in 1634, twenty-eight servants, for whom he was entitled to 6,000 acres of land; and with him came nineteen, for whom and himself he claimed 4,000 acres, making ten thousand in all. He was also engaged in sending out goods for trade with the Indians through the agency of Robert Clarke and others, either for the profit to be drawn from the trade, the support of the Mission, or as a means of bringing the missionaries in contact with the natives, learning their language, and facilitating their conversion."—Streeter, *Papers*, pp. 98-99.

<sup>(3)</sup>Records of the English Province, *Diary and Pilgrim-Book of the English College, Rome*, p. 471.

in Maryland. But the Catalogue bears no such name. Many of the missionaries in those days, for prudential reasons, assumed by-names, and as Father Copley certainly is a real personage, it remains for us to attempt his identification with one of the early missionaries known to the registers of the Society. The facts enumerated seem to point him out as one and the same person with Father *Philip Fisher*.

1°. All others are easily excluded. FF. White and Altham came before him, and were summoned to Assembly along with him; FF. Knowles and Poulton were on the Mission for a few months only; Fr. Brock died in 1641—the documents cited show that Fr. Copley was still living in 1642, 1649, 1650. As to Fr. T. Hayes, there is no proof that he was ever in Maryland—besides, he died in 1646. The only remaining Missionary is Fr. Philip Fisher.

2°. Positive arguments warrant the same conclusion.

The Catalogue for 1636 observes at the end:—"Two have been sent to Maryland, viz: P. *Philip Fisher* and P. John Knowles;" the Colonial records show that, in 1637, *P. Thomas Copley* arrived with P. John Knowles. The Annual Letters declare that *Fr. Fisher* resided at St. Mary's for several years; the Records of the Land Office assign the same residence to *Fr. Copley*. The letter of 1639 asserts that *Fr. Fisher* was the *only* priest at St. Mary's; in the case of William Lewis recourse was had to *Fr. Copley*, the priest in charge of the chapel there. Father *Fisher* was Superior, according to the Letters and Catalogue; the prominence of *Fr. Copley*, and his business transactions would indicate the same. Finally, *Fr. Fisher* was carried off prisoner to England, in 1645, with Father White and another, and he was the only one of the former missionaries who returned to Maryland (in 1648); *Fr. Copley* also was here before and after the troubles.

Streeter, in his biographical notices, says: "The time of *Mr. Copley's* decease I have not been able to ascertain;" the editor of the English Records, in a notice of *Father Fisher*, says that his name does not appear in the Catalogue of 1653.

It is most probable, then, that *Fr. Thomas Copley* is the same person as *Fr. Philip Fisher*.



## ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

### II.—THE NATIONAL PARK.

FORT ELLIS, MONTANA, Aug. —, 1878.

In my last letter I tried to give you some idea of the Yellowstone from its mouth to the point where it issues from the Mountains; if now we glance at its course still higher up, we shall find that our journey hitherto has been tame and dull in comparison with the more mountainous district on which we are entering. The Yellowstone rises in the land of wonders known as the *National Park*, which has been set aside by an Act of Congress "as a public park or pleasuring ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people," and which "is reserved and withdrawn from settlement, occupancy, or sale, under the laws of the United States" [Revised Stat. § 2474].

We have rolled over eighty miles of passable wagon road, and reached the mouth of Gardner's River. Here vehicles must be left behind, for there is no highway into Wonderland, and the visitor who dares to trespass on Dame Nature's secret fastnesses, must bear the fatigues of rough riding, and trust his baggage to the mercy of a pack animal.

At the mouth of Gardner's River, the northern extremity of the Park, rises a wall of volcanic rock, as if to bar all entrance. Our guide leads us in safety by a winding valley between the rugged hills on to the rolling uplands, where our eyes are cheered by rich wild flowers, our path shaded by groves of stately pines, and where even our beasts of burden find delight in tall waving grasses, at which they nibble eagerly, as we pause to rest from time to time. We have passed the forbidden portal, and entered the charmed region. Out of the pine woods, the trail leads across open undulating country, until after some miles it

reaches the edge of a marked ridge, and descends a thousand feet or more into Pleasant Valley. Next day, in the early morning, we pass Tower Falls, a handsome cascade in the midst of beetling crags and lofty pines, and then begin to ascend one long hill after another, until I become aware that we are on the slope of a mountain. So gradual and gentle are the approaches of Mount Washburne from the north, that the traveler is not fully conscious of its character or elevation until the summit is fairly reached. Almost the whole ascent can readily be made on horseback. The top once gained, so grand a prospect bursts upon the gaze that we realize to what an elevation we have risen, and how favorably this isolated spur is situated to command a view of the whole surrounding country. To the east lay the Big Horn Mountains, distant, but clear and bold, their summits glistening with snow, and stretching sharp and cold up into the soft blue summer sky. To the south, in the middle distance, gleamed the Yellowstone Lake, brilliant in the sunshine, a gem in the dark setting of surrounding mountains. Further on, Mounts Sheridan and Hancock, and many other peaks towered among the clouds; whilst to the west, range after range rolled one beyond the other, until the sight grew dim and confused by heaps of mountains piled beyond, and failed to distinguish further. From the lake, the river winds towards us, a silver thread, and in the dark mass of foliage, where it is lost to view, we know that it takes its fearful leap. Somewhere in the midst of that ocean of green, by which we are surrounded, lie sulphur mountains, mud volcanoes, geysers, hot springs, cascades and wonders innumerable, completely hidden from us now by intervening ridges and dense forests, but soon to disclose themselves on a nearer approach. The prospect from Mount Washburne fills the eye with seeing, but the imagination increases the interest of the panorama a hundred-fold. Near those peaks, to the south of us, lie the head waters of the Snake River, the great southern branch of the Columbia. From mountains west and north flow the Gallatin, Madison and Jefferson, branches of the Mis-

souri, and at our feet, deep down in its grand cañon, is the Yellowstone. So the imagination spreads the continent out before us, follows the Snake River through all its windings across lava deserts, through mountain ranges, down to the Pacific Slope,—sees the great sweep of the Father of Waters, north, then east, then south, till he has traversed a continent and reached the Gulf,—pictures the Rocky Mountains before us, not one ridge or two, but a huge uplift, hundreds of miles in width and thousands in length, forming the backbone of the continent, vast stores of mineral wealth, not gold and silver merely, these are but tokens, but solid rocks of fertile substances that are gradually to be loosened by frost and avalanche, carried down, broken and ground by torrent and cataract, transported by ever-flowing streams, and deposited to supply the wants of future generations. A thousand thoughts come crowding to the mind, and reason, aiding the imagination, looks back over countless ages, then forward to the distant future, and makes us creatures of a day bow before Him to Whom past, present and future are as one, Who lives on in the never-ending present of his limitless and unchanging being. Awe and admiration fill the heart, and one's soul, conscious of that higher unseen Presence which the wonders of nature so plainly testify, shrinks abashed in nothingness before Him, is dazzled by the brightness of His beauty, overwhelmed by His power and majesty, and stunned by the fearful thought that it is so easy to offend one so grand and terrible, so beautiful and loving. Within a few feet of the summit, wild flowers were growing, every leaf and petal witnessing to the tender care of One, Who seems to delight to smile in the flower, rather than to frown in the storm. Which is most admirable, the delicate finish of each portion of a grand painting, or the striking effect produced by the whole? While I am reveling in the enjoyment of the panorama before me, and of the emotion it awakens, the millions in the crowded cities of the East are trembling lest the railroad strikers and socialists should lay waste their firesides, while not far to the West a column of troops is hotly pursuing a band of hostile

Nez Percés, whom they will soon encounter in brave but disastrous fight. One of our party has found under a loose stone a small tin box containing the names of many visitors who have climbed the peak, among others, of General Belknap and party. At the bottom of the list containing the names of those who accompanied him are scribbled the words: "We drink to the next travelers in Chaunay." Time was, when such a scene as this would have awakened in men's minds only reverence and awe, but now "pleasure in the mountains is never mingled with fear, or tempered by a spirit of meditation, as with the mediæval; but it is always free and fearless, brightly exhilarating and wholly unreflective, so that the painter feels that his mountain foreground may be more consistently animated by a sportsman than a hermit, and our modern society in general goes to the mountains, not to fast, but to feast, and leaves their glaciers covered with chicken bones and egg shells."

Our trail skirts the heavily-wooded sides of Mount Washburne on the west, and gradually descends to the valley of Cascade Creek. Passing by the Cañon and Falls of the Yellowstone, for the present, we emerge upon open park country, through which the river winds broad and shallow, full of beautiful trout and bordered by grassy meadows. Not far ahead of us stands Sulphur Mountain, yellow and desolate, barren of vegetation, blighting the trees and shrubs about it. Near its base is a huge caldron of irregular shape, filled with boiling water, emitting a strange sulphurous smell, and surrounded by smaller vents, sending forth steam and sulphur vapor. Minute, yellow crystals line the vents, but they are too delicate to bear transportation. This hill or mountain has evidently been formed by the deposit from fountains or vents such as those now in action near its base.

Some miles further on we reach Mud Volcano, situated among pine trees near the banks of the river. The principal mud volcano resembles, when tranquil, an ordinary pond filled with water of a light green color. But as it is usually in a state of agitation, the calcareous mud at its sides and

bottom being stirred up by steam jets from below, the whole bears the appearance of a huge boiling mud-puddle. The ebullition was most violent near the centre, and once the muddy water was thrown up several feet in the form of a fountain. Round about this pond, in the bare hardened mud, there are many curious funnel-shaped apertures, at the bottom of which the mud is soft and plastic, dull *thud*-like sounds issuing occasionally with sulphurous steam. Passing by many such openings, our attention was attracted by a tall column of steam rising from the side of a hill, and by a dull splashing sound that seemed to come from the same direction. Approaching the spot, we ascended a steep conical slope some thirty feet high, composed of mud and sand, and from the summit gazed down a still steeper slope into a huge caldron beneath. The sight was a horrible one. Twenty feet below great volumes of muddy water boiled, fumed and dashed about, roaring and bellowing as if demons were torturing the bodies of their victims under its turbid waves. Puffs of steam obscured the view, but the clashing and crashing of the agitated waters sounded ceaselessly on the ear. This curious spring issuing from the side of a hill has built about itself a volcano-like cone, at the bottom of which, it groans, and roars, and seems to struggle, belching forth slimy showers that coat the surrounding trees with dirty grey mud. Not far off is the Devil's Den, a cave in the hill side, from which, clear as crystal, breaks a spring of boiling water, ejected from some cavern further under the hill, with regular beats like those of a force pump, accompanied by the sound of a huge bellows. Startled by our approach, a small snake darted into the water near the spring; the next moment he coiled up, quivered, and sank dead upon the pebbly bottom, boiled alive before our eyes. Where was the wisdom of the serpent? It had passed into our cook, perhaps, for he prudently availed himself of the spring to prepare a ham for us, putting it into the water that evening, and taking it out at daybreak thoroughly boiled.

Against a great tree near our camp a huntsman had left a

proof of his marksmanship. A huge swan, delicate in plumage, hung with outstretched wings nailed to the rough bark. What a mass of down on its swelling breast, what power in those long, tapering wings, what a silky gloss on the neck once proudly arched, now drooping like a bruised reed. It must have been a beautiful creature as it glided over the ripples of the river, or sailed through the clear air, and precisely because it was so goodly to the eye, it was laid low by a bullet, its whiteness sullied by its own blood, those wings stretched round the tree. God sends us a creature pure and white and spotless; man welcomes it with a bullet and three nails.

The Great Geysers, the main object of interest in the Park, lie along the Fire Hole River, a branch of the Madison. Between the waters of this stream and the Yellowstone is a steep, thickly-wooded divide, which is crossed with considerable difficulty, but the traveler soon forgets the toil of the journey when he has pitched his tent in the midst of the Great Geyser Basin. The trail from the Mud Volcano to the Geysers leads westward through meadows thickly clad in waving grasses, the gentle slope on both sides being covered with pine trees. Here and there the sombre woods are brightened by a streak of sunlight, or by a glade that stretches the light green of the valley far up among the dark shadows of the pines. Several small tributaries of the Yellowstone lay across our path, forming ugly, steep ditches, which we were obliged to jump, testing our own horsemanship and the agility of our animals, as little accustomed as their riders to such exercise. We soon passed beyond this park-like region, and began to mount the divide. Here the trail became dim and uncertain, the standing timber was dark and dense, fallen trees large and numerous, rendering our march very toilsome. It was amusing to watch the pack mules wriggling to and fro, sometimes choosing the narrowest passages, sometimes increasing their gait when they came to two trees very close together, evidently with the intention of damaging their loads, if not of entirely freeing themselves of the burden.

The brutes are sagacious enough to measure with the eye the distance between two trees for their broad packs, so that, though often obliged to scrape and scratch through, they seldom or never have to turn back and seek another passage. Passing the summit, and descending to waters that flow into the Madison, we found ourselves involved in a morass that compelled us to make a long detour northward. We then turned West along a branch of the East Fork, which is joined by the Fire Hole River, some distance on. Our route then lay along the valley of the Fire Hole River, until we reached the Geysers.

The Fire Hole River flows through a region in which for many miles on both sides of the stream hot springs, geysers, and boiling lakes occur, the principal ones lying in a tract known as the Fire Hole Basin. The upper or southern portion of this basin contains the Great Geysers; the lower part, distant seven or eight miles, is filled with less active jets, while, in the long interval between, varied wonders attract the traveler at almost every turn.

Our camp is at the head of the Great Geyser Basin. A tent fly is stretched between two trees, so as to afford shade, but not to prevent the breeze from entering on every side. In front of us lie saddles, bridles and guns; a few yards further on, the camp-fire is crackling and blazing; the coffee-pot is doing its best already to vie with the hot springs about us, and our cook is busy with frying-pan and Dutch-oven. We are on a little knoll covered with verdure, but standing in the midst of what seems like a snow-clad valley. The green boughs of the trees that shelter us, and the dark fringe of fir and cedar round the valley, are in marked contrast with the dazzling white of its surface. Curious cone-shaped structures rise here and there, from which jets of steam are issuing. Occasionally one of them splutters and spurts, casting out a few gallons of water, and seeming by its convulsive effort to be in pain, anxious, perhaps, to be rid of a weightier burden. The basin is not more than a few hundred yards in width, and three-quarters of a mile in length, so that we can without difficulty com-

mand a view of the whole. The Geysers are situated on both sides of the stream; all are surrounded by a hard white silicious deposit, though not all have formed cones above the surface immediately around their orifices. As we are gazing about a cry is raised, and the cook drops his frying-pan and runs towards us with the intelligence that "Old Faithful is going to spout." *Old Faithful* is the name given to one of the Geysers most regular in its discharges, and we have chosen this particular spot for camp in order to be near Old Faithful. All eyes are at once turned in the direction of its cone, distant about three hundred yards. A puff of steam is rolling away from the orifice; a second puff curls upward, and then a jet of water is dashed a few feet into the air, falling back at once into the opening with a loud splash. A few moments of suspense follow, when suddenly a stately column of dark blue water rises before us, towering up towards the clouds. Higher and higher it mounts, until it has reached its limit. Straight it stands as an arrow, massive as marble, graceful as the slender jet from a fountain. The top spreads delicately outward, and then curving down, casts showers of glistening spray in all directions, whilst from the summit clouds of steam roll lightly up into the sky. For some minutes it stands steady and unbroken; a noise like the rolling of thunder, mingled with the roar of a cataract, telling what power is being exerted to sustain that vast weight of water in mid air; then, gradually, it sinks into its cavern. Every hour in the day and night, Old Faithful sings his roaring song of praise. Every hour, winter and summer, he seems to strive like the giants of old to mount the skies, and each time sends a cloud to join the rack that hangs over peaks higher than Olympus. The eruptions occur at intervals of from sixty-two to eighty minutes. The jet rises from one hundred to two hundred feet, our party estimating the height at one hundred and thirty feet, though the column of steam rose much higher. Trees are dwarfed in comparison with the stately crystal tower, men seem the merest pigmies, and a feeling of awe creeps to the very marrow of



one's bones. When the eruption is over, the monster has sunk back into the cavernous bosom of earth, and all that remains of it is seen trickling in rills down to the Fire Hole River close by, leaving a deposit of white incrustations as it cools. The dead stillness and calm of nature make us feel the absence of the geyser, and a sense of oppression and listlessness succeeds the former feeling of dread and wonder.

Crossing by a narrow rustic bridge the pretty river that winds among these springs, and is largely fed by their hot waters, we roam down the opposite bank. Here and there is a geyser, its opening surrounded by delicate incrustations, sometimes pearl white, sometimes softly tinted in yellow or brown. The tiny rills by which it sends its waters to join the river are fringed too with lace-like borders, colored in parts by the deposit from the water, in parts by a fungous growth such as I have never seen elsewhere. Fresh wonders meet us at every step. There is a rushing sound ahead, and hastening on we find the Fan Geyser in full play. Issuing from a number of small openings close together, it spreads its waters in a graceful semicircle not unlike a huge fan. For many minutes the brilliant sheet of water stood before us, and scarcely had it subsided when we had the good fortune to see the beautiful display of the Riverside Geyser. It stands close to the right bank of the Fire Hole, its cone touching the water's edge. The orifice is small, probably eighteen inches in diameter, and inclined at an angle of  $65^{\circ}$  or  $70^{\circ}$ . The column of water bending over the river falls more than midway in the running stream. As we approached, the sunlight struck the liquid arch in such a manner as to form two glorious rainbows one within the other. These nearly coincided in curvature with the fountain. For twenty minutes we stood spell-bound. Imagine the picture. Firs and cedars round the valley, in the centre a clear stream flowing between banks white but not with snow, and right in front of you a bridge, one pier of which is like a mound of ice covered with hoar-frost, its causeway of limpid crystal guarded by a double rainbow, its further pier, lost in clouds of steam ending mysteriously in the

river, floods of light streaming around and through the whole fairy fabric. Suddenly it is gone like a dream, the river flows on, the branches sigh, the twilight plays across the valley, which seems now as if wrapped in a winding sheet, cold, white, and dead. Queen Mab and her fairy train have floated down the stream, the goblin army has passed from their cavern below the valley to their barges of foam on the brook, destroying the bridge behind them, and leaving only one elf to teaze me with the thought that I never again shall see that vision of light and beauty. Re-crossing the river we examine the many wonders that meet us on the other bank. The Castle Geyser stands up prominently, its huge jagged cone seeming like some old ruined tower, near it yawns the great open mouth of a pool, the azure depths and snowy sides of which carry my imagination away to fairy-land again. The Grotto Geyser not far off with narrow passages and curving fissures, all lined with the same gleaming pearly deposit, tempts me to a closer examination of its wonders, but puffs of scalding steam or spurts of hot water check this curiosity, and remind me that my elfin friends will not bear to have their abodes too narrowly inspected.

Each of the Great Geysers is surrounded by a sloping mound which its waters have built up, and immediately about the aperture which is in the centre of this mound, are series of basins, formed by the falling waters and beautifully fringed with colored incrustations. Where the Geyser has formed a cone about its orifice, the interior of the cone is sometimes as smooth as glass with the lustre of chalcedony. In other places it is partly crystalline in structure, but there are no large distinct crystals. Many of the geysers have no such cones, but are merely marked by the gentle slopes which surround them. The Giantess, for instance, presented a great circular opening like a well, full of boiling water to the very brim. Gazing into its transparent depths of light blue, there was not the slightest sign of disturbance. The white rocks that line its crater could be seen far down, sharply defined as if looked at through

the medium of air, and it was not till I had scalded my finger in the pool, that I succeeded in banishing the desire to plunge into what seemed to be a delicious bath. I can only touch upon a few of the wonders of this weird valley, but I must not leave the basin without mentioning the sense of insecurity the traveler feels in moving about. The incrusting layer is crisp and brittle; in places the foot sinks several inches, sometimes a hollow sound echoes the tread, a jet of steam spurts up from the tiny opening, a boiling caldron is sunken in your path, so that one feels prepared at any moment to have the earth give way, and to be dashed into a steaming lake below. What would have been Tom Thumb's sensations had he found himself rambling on a huge pie crust that had been rolled thin, made very short, and baked thoroughly. Not very different, I am sure, from those we felt while strolling about the Fire Hole. No wonder the Indians avoid the region in superstitious dread; its hollow caverns, sulphurous vapors, and startling discharges of boiling water, are all too suggestive of hell and its demons.

As we were breaking camp, and about to move out of the Geyser Basin, the Beehive saluted us with a handsome discharge. Its orifice is much smaller than that of Old Faithful, and the jet, slender in proportion, rises to a vast height. So superheated was the water it ejected, and so intermingled with steam, that the whole mass, spreading after it had reached a great elevation, floated away in a beautiful glowing cloud, and but little spray fell back about the Geyser. Not a word was spoken by our party, as they stood with eyes fixed upon the Geyser. Doubtless, the older members knew too well that words are poor, weak things in the presence of such a marvellous display of power, grace and beauty; one, however, less experienced than the rest, could hardly restrain such exclamations as "Grand! superb! magnificent! sublime!" but the words died upon his lips. "Mirabilis Deus in operibus suis."

Passing the great Basin, and treading our way amid boiling springs and extinct geysers, we entered the pine woods,

emerging some few miles further down, near Hot Spring Lake. This is a great pond, the water of which is boiling hot and continually overflowing. With its gently sloping shores, dark blue ripples, and pretty outlet into the river, it seems like an ordinary pond. Near by it is a second pool, not so well disguised. Its shores are precipitous, the water extends back into great caverns under the hill, and slabs of stone thrown in all directions show plainly enough that it is simply an immense geyser.

The most novel features in the lower Geyser Basin are the mud-pots or flower-pots. Fancy an enormous tank of plaster or clay in a state of finest comminution and most perfect plasticity. Color it pink or yellow, and then let bubbles of steam from below pass through the viscid mass, breaking over the surface in a thousand spots. The steam, of course, in escaping, throws the mud slightly up, then it sinks back in a circular wave, and for one moment a convolvulus, or a tulip, or rather a new species of flower, is blooming before you. These artificial plaster casts of flowers are forming every instant: the eye is distracted by the number and rapidity of the changes, so your glance wanders around and across, then back, to and fro once more, while the ceaseless blooming and decaying continues. Such a sight is very amusing and inviting to the eye, but I cannot imagine it possible that a man should build a hut on the edge of that pool, and set his heart upon those mud flowers. No more can I understand how a being with a soul can enjoy contentment, or cajole himself with the idea that he finds complete happiness in any creature of earth's mould, however highly colored or delicately shaped be the clay.

I could linger for hours about the lower Geyser Basin, but the sun is high, and many a weary mile over mountain and through forest must be passed to-day. So away we ride, with a last look back at the valley steaming and smoking behind us, a great manufactory or laboratory, rather a spot where the Author of Nature, Workman as He is, has left things as though his task were not quite completed, and

something remained to be done in fitting together the rocks of which earth's crust is composed, or in adjusting the relations between the chemical constituents of the rocks.

Back we ride across the steep divide, through the dense forest, past Mary Lake, over bog and moor, until we reach our former camping ground near the Falls of the Yellowstone. To understand the cañons and falls of the great Western rivers, it must be borne in mind that the park regions, between different ranges of the Rocky Mountains, are very elevated, so that in finding their way from these districts to their valleys in the plains outside the mountains, the rivers must make somewhere a very rapid descent. The effect of such a descent is, of course, to form a deep gorge, which is gradually extended further and further back into the mountains, as the water wears away the rocks over which it has been tumbling during the ages. The largest cataracts are not found, then, at the point where streams emerge into the prairies, but in the very midst of the mountain chain. Following the Yellowstone from its broad outlet at the lake, we find it a smooth, quiet sheet of water, flowing between open prairies. Twenty miles down, it encounters rough opposing hills, and, contracting and deepening its channel, leaps a hundred and twenty-five feet down between rocky walls, then foaming, eddying and lashing against the rocks, half a mile on it plunges three hundred and fifty feet further into its cañon below. Scrambling through brushwood and over logs and rocks, directed by the roar of the falls, I reached the upper cascade, and, lying at full length on a jutting crag, leaned out over the seething water. When fully sated with the grand sight, I scrambled through a steep ravine and up the opposite slope, little imagining that a scene awaited me more superb than the beautiful plunge at which I had just been looking. The sun was fast sinking, so I hurried to a rock some distance beyond the lower falls, and out upon the steep slope of the cañon. As if preparing for its second leap, the river comes surging and tumbling in waves and eddies towards the brink,

Advancing, and prancing, and glancing, and dancing,

Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling, and boiling,  
until, almost at the edge, it unites into one glassy mass curved upwards at the sides, and then leaps forward and downward, soon separating into spray, and ending in a light vapor that floats down the valley, clothing the rocks with a soft green moss. The sides of the cañon, precipitous slopes of a thousand feet, are gorgeous in red, yellow and brown tints that light up the scene with their varied hues. Down below, the river winds away, a mere thread, as if utterly broken and almost annihilated by the fall, so slight and slender it is between its mountainous banks. Such is the magnificence of the scene that the cataract with all its sublimity is but a small feature in the picture. A vast shrine in nature's bosom—curtains of gold and scarlet made of crumbling rock—fringed at the base with the silver of the stream, bordered at the top with the green of the forest, canopied by Heaven's blue—the waterfall, a cascade of delicate spray streaming down into the shrine like white-winged spirits descending, in vain held back by dark masses of opposing rock, the great chasm filled and glowing with sunlight, and spreading eastward toward the prairie country—a temple, in which resides the angel of the stream, to receive honor and reverence for the work done by the river, and to carry heavenward the cries of praise and wonder of poor humanity, admiring in nature's beauty the magnificence of nature's God.

The width of the cañon is little more than half a mile, its depth, as has been said, a sheer thousand feet; the descent on both sides being too precipitous to be attempted at this point. The falls are half way down the cañon and though extremely beautiful, seem dwarfed by the immense proportions of the surrounding scene.

Twilight begins to draw a veil over the picture. The slanting rays of the sun that pierced through the gloomy woods, and shooting like arrows against the opposing bank, drew out, as if by magic, the colors locked in its rocky breast, now no longer dart across the cañon; the tints min-

gle and fade, and gloomy precipices stand in place of superb curtains; the column of mist and spray at the foot of the cataract, that rivaled the Great Geysers a few moments ago in airy, cloud-like splendor, no longer is seen, but the deep sullen roar of the waters seems to grow louder and louder, and as the eye loses, the ear gains, distinguishing in the deep tones rolling up from the cañon, the echo of the voice that speaks to us in the roar of ocean and the crash of thunder.

Those who have not witnessed such scenes will find it hard to realize the complicated nature of the impressions they produce. The soul, aroused as if from a slumber, is stirred to its depths. Enchanted, yet appalled, admiring, but fearful, exhilarated, and at the same time humiliated and depressed, she longs to break forth in praise and exultation, but is restrained and hampered by a sense of the weakness, meanness, sinfulness of poor human nature. We know that God is everywhere, we fancy perhaps that we enjoy a lively sense of His Omnipresence, but let Him lift the veil that hides His power and splendor for a moment, as He did of old on Tabor, or let Him shine through the cloud with unusual brightness in some vast landscape, and we cower and crouch to something like our true proportions, as if before one whom we had never known before.

At the northern end of the Park, a few miles above the mouth of Gardner's River, are situated the Mammoth Springs, which travelers usually visit on entering Wonderland, but which we had reserved for our return trip.

The largest of these springs gushes out on the summit of a hill some two hundred feet above the valley, and overflowing along the face of the hill, its bright blue water, saturated with salts held in solution, forms in its descent tier after tier of basins, varying in size and shape, but all of singular beauty. These basins are only a few inches in depth; the material of which they are composed is soft and friable while moist, and still more so on drying. The edges are fringed with the most delicate and beautiful masses of crystal, the bright rosy tints of which contrast

strikingly with the blue liquid they encircle. But the colors fade and the forms crumble when they are removed from the water which has deposited them. The whole hill seems to have been built by the action of the springs, the portion now visible being the outside coating that covers millions of basins, which were successively formed, left dry by the waters, destroyed by the air, their material building up the hill itself, and a new overflow spreading fresh terraces above them. The process can be seen going on at this moment; many basins are empty, faded, fast efflorescing and crumbling to dust, and here and there the foot sinks two or three inches in the soft plaster-like surface of the hill. On a plateau above the first huge mound I have been describing, rises another, seemingly older, and similar in structure. Beyond this second elevation extend a number of small ridges of very curious character. They lie parallel with one another, running from northeast to southwest, in height varying from thirty to fifty feet, their breadth at the base being about the same as their height. These ridges are cleft along the summit, the division being sometimes several inches wide, and marked in places by a row of hot springs, bubbling and spurting. So rapid has been the deposit from these springs, that growing trees are buried as they stand. Great caverns are formed at the sides of the ridges, and the waters, trickling into these dark recesses, line them with pretty incrustations, and petrify pine cones and branches that happen to fall in.

The baths are considered very fine. My own experience was too nearly that of being scalded to allow of my giving a fair judgment, and others of our party complained of feeling partially petrified on emerging.

An enterprising frontiersman, McCartney by name, has built a number of bath houses to facilitate the use of the water, by patients who come here to avail themselves of its salutary properties. A log house of good size serves as an inn, or "hotel," as it is called, and wonderful cures are said to have been wrought by the giant fountain. Doubtless, before long the Mammoth Springs will be a common re-



sort, perhaps a fashionable watering-place, where the old will go to hobble and croak, and the young to dance and chirp, introducing scenes from the farce of life to mar the plot of nature's stately drama.

In a brief sketch, such as this, I cannot give you a detailed account of our journey from day to day, nor of the thousand little things that go to make up the charm of camp life. For the city-bred man there is novelty, not only at every turn of the road or trail, in the varying landscape, but in rising, eating, sleeping, and all the commonplaces of life. Crawling from between your buffalo robes, you dress hastily, and run to wash in the brook that flows near by. The water is cold as ice, so it drives sleep from your tired eyes, and gazing about, you see that nature, too, has washed her face in hoar-frost, which the sun, just now lighting up the east, will soon wipe away. The camp-fire is already crackling, and the cook—how like a gnome he looks in that peaked hat and grizzled beard, stooping over the fire at his work in the gray light of dawn—is busy preparing your coffee and bacon.

Breakfast finished, the animals are led up, shivering with cold. Now the beds are rolled up neatly, and strapped in their canvas covers, the tent-fly is struck and folded, the camp equipage is stowed in bags, and the pack animals are brought forward. How meek and unoffending is the expression of that mule "Patsy," injured innocence over again, but beware her heels; she has been known to knock a man down with a soft tap of her left hind leg, and then to turn quietly, as if to ask what caused his fall? The other day, just as our guide, Anderson, was adjusting her pack-saddle, she turned and darted down a steep hill-side, dragging him and two others, who had quickly seized her picket-ropes. The loose shingle of the hill-side afforded fine anchorage for Anderson's heels, as he moved, in a sitting posture, like a small avalanche or an inverted snow-plow, gathering the debris in his descent. When Patsy was finally brought to bay, nothing could exceed the tranquil, modest air with which she received her burden. The last embers

of the camp fire have been carefully extinguished, to prevent any danger of its spreading, the mules are all loaded, saddles adjusted, and we are off just as the sun peeps over the hill, driving away the cloud of mist that hung about us, and converting the hoar-frost into brilliants, which it soon gathers like a harvest. Now we are traveling indeed, even Ruskin would admit it, two or three miles an hour, and plenty of time to enjoy all the details of scenery as they are unfolded. As the track is very narrow, in places steep and difficult, you are nearly always alone, left to your own quiet enjoyment of nature, to meditate on yesterday's experience, or to picture the wonders you are still in search of. The panorama, viewed quietly and slowly from day to day, is like a revelation; the dark mountains and rugged ravines, the prairies and streams, "the trees and flowers seem all, in a sort, children of God, and we ourselves their fellows, made out of the same dust, and greater than they in having a greater portion of the divine power exerted on our frames, and all the common uses and palpably visible forms of things become subordinate in our minds to their inner glory, to the mysterious voices in which they talk to us about God, and the changeful and typical aspects by which they witness to us of holy truth, and fill us with obedient, joyful, and thankful emotion." In the evening a place for camp is to be chosen, some spot where wood and water are at hand, and where there is good grazing for the mules and horses. As the poor brutes are unloaded, they roll and tumble on the ground, rejoicing to be free from the galling weights that have pressed upon them for these long hours, then scamper away to their pasture. Wood is at once gathered for the camp-fire, boughs are cut for tent-poles; soon you are provided with food and shelter, and feel that you are at home. The sun sinks behind the mountain, twilight soon fades, the stars shine out with wonderful brilliancy in the rare atmosphere, dead stillness reigns, and with a lingering look at the shadowy scene about, your back is turned to the camp-fire till to-morrow. T. E. S.

## THE MISSIONS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS IN 1881.

The Missions of the Rocky Mountains are situated in the Territories of Montana, Idaho and Washington—four in Montana, and two in each of the other Territories. The white population of Montana, according to the census of 1880, is 39,911; the Indians almost equal the whites in number. They are scattered over an area of 165,000 square miles, a district as large as the whole of Italy. Our Fathers have charge of the entire Territory, except some portions that are cared for by two secular priests.

### I.—MONTANA TERRITORY.

HELENA.—The three Fathers of this Mission have regular charge of four counties, and occasionally visit a fifth. Helena is the territorial capital, with a white population of six thousand, of whom one-fourth or more are Catholics. The Mission was established in 1866, to provide for the gold miners, who were too remote from St. Peter's Mission. We have a church here one hundred and eight by forty-three feet, and thirty feet high, constructed of stone and brick, at a cost of \$28,000. A debt of four thousand dollars still remains, which we hope to pay off in two or three years. The residence, built of wood, is comfortable and decent, and can accommodate six or seven Fathers and Brothers. The girls' school, directed by Sisters of Charity, has thirty boarders and some seventy day-scholars. The hospital, under charge of the same Sisters, has an average of from twenty to forty patients. There is pressing need of a school or academy for boys; the public schools of Helena are attended by four hundred boys, many of whom are Catholics, and exposed to lose their faith. The Fathers of Helena have another Church in Missouri Valley, forty

miles distant, where there is a scattered population of about one thousand, in large part Catholic; at Boulder, also forty miles distant, there is another church, surrounded by five hundred settlers, principally Catholic. At Bozeman, distant one hundred and twelve miles, a church is projected; the Catholics here are very few. The Crow Indians will be attended from this point; they are one hundred miles from Bozeman, and two hundred and twelve from Helena. These Crows have been for twelve years back asking for Black-gowns. Some of them were baptized by Father De Smet; since his time, little or nothing has been done for them. The tribe numbers six thousand, and we ought to have had a mission amongst them long ago. Half a dozen settlements of two, four and six hundred souls, as also many isolated Catholic families, ranging from thirty to two hundred and fifty miles away, are visited from Helena. It is evident from this statement that another priest is needed here for missionary work, besides two teachers, one of whom should be a good English scholar.

If we had subjects, it would be better to found two new missions, one for the Crows, with two Fathers and two Brothers, and another for the whites of Bozeman and vicinity, with two Fathers and one coadjutor.

The work accomplished at this Mission appears from the following summary for the year: Confessions, 4,000; Communion, 4,000; Baptisms of children, 35; adult Baptisms, 10; First Communion, 40; persons brought back who had for many years neglected the practices of religion, 140; days of missionary travel, 230; sermons, 160; catechetical instructions, 175.

Some zealous souls may think that these fruits are not very abundant; but should they consider that, unless they were procured through divine Providence, by means of the Society, they would not in all human probability be gathered at all; and that, still humanly speaking, the reason why they are not doubled is simply because we have not twice the present number of evangelical laborers; if, I say, they reflect upon this, such zealous souls, provided they have

the character of true magnanimity, will not hold back from consecrating themselves to a work, laborious and unattractive, it is true, but very pleasing to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to Whom the salvation of even one soul is so dear.

ST. PETER'S.—The Mission of St. Peter's was founded in 1859-60, for the Blackfeet Indians; but the rapid influx of white settlers has obliged the Government to restrict the territory of these Indians, and the Mission is now sixty miles away from the Blackfeet Reservation. Two counties and two military posts, with two Indian Reservations, depend upon the Mission. The Blackfeet Reservation has six thousand Indians, comprising Blackfeet, Piegans, Bloods, and some other small tribes. The Assiniboine Reservation has ten thousand Indians, including, besides the tribe from which it takes its name, Gros Ventres, River Crows and Crees. Of these sixteen thousand Indians, some three thousand are Catholics; but, with few exceptions, their Catholicity goes no farther than the Baptism they have received, and the recitation of some prayers. Their wandering life and the scarcity of missionaries account for this lamentable state of affairs; polygamy is also an obstacle to conversions. There are, however, indications that many of them will settle down as permanent cultivators, and not a few are disposed to relinquish polygamy. Hence, there are hopes of instructing those among them who have been baptized, and of bringing others to the true faith; and to effect this, there is a project of erecting two chapels, one for the Blackfeet and another for the Gros Ventres and Assiniboines, on their respective Reservations, where the missionary may spend a portion of the year, and, if God blesses the work, after a few years these will be two flourishing missions. Another grave difficulty to be overcome is the opposition of the Protestant ministers, to whom these two Reservations have been entrusted by the United States Government. This circumstance, which throws serious obstacles in the missionaries' way, has excited the Catholic fervor of the Indians, and causes them to make a public

display of their predilection for us, as happened in July, 1880, when nearly all of the Blackfeet chiefs declared to the commandant of Fort Shaw that they wished to have nothing to do with Protestantism and its ministers; that they asked for no other *prayer* than the Catholic, no other minister than the Black gown, no other school than that of the Black-gown. These Indians, who for years have been willing to become Catholics, provided polygamy was not interfered with, and that they should not be obliged to send their children to school, are now eager to have a school, since it is to be taught by a Black gown. A school for them and for the half-breeds is now being prepared at the Mission. Many difficulties are in the way, one of which, and it is not the least, is the opposition of the United States Agent, who hinders the Indians from entrusting their children to the Catholic school, under the pretext that it is outside of the Reserve, and beyond his jurisdiction in regard to these poor people. The little school already established is going on well, and gives hopes of success in the future.

Benton, eighty miles distant, is attended from St. Peter's. It contains about two thousand inhabitants, whites and half-breeds; there are, besides, many Indians, who often remain there for weeks at a time. There are five or six other little places, from fifteen to one hundred, and fifty miles distant, dependent upon the Mission. There is at Benton a nice chapel already finished, with two little rooms for the missionary, and the people are asking for a resident priest and for two schools and a hospital. The people themselves guarantee all the money that is needed for these objects. Sisters can be found; three are promised, on condition that a resident priest shall be appointed; but where is the priest to come from? and at least two Fathers are needed here. May the Lord send workmen into His harvest field! The spiritual fruits of this Mission, which could be increased ten-fold, if we only had laborers; are as follows: Confessions, 1,500; Communion, 1,200; Baptisms of infants (mainly children of infidels), 170; adult Baptisms, 30; First Communion, 35; days of missionary travel, 250; sermons, 400; catechetical instructions, 450.

The Riccarees, Mandans, Sioux of Montana, and Banacks, who are said to be quite numerous, are utterly neglected; there ought to be not a few Catholics amongst them baptized by Father De Smet. Bishop Marty recommended us to do all we could for them, but with our present numbers it is impossible to give them any care.

ST. IGNATIUS' MISSION was founded in 1844 amongst the Kalispel Indians, but afterwards, because the locality was exposed to inundations, and still more because of the greater good that could be done for many other tribes, it was removed, in 1853, to its present site among the Pend'Oreilles. These Indians, together with the Kalispels, Kootonais, and some Flatheads of the Reservation, number two thousand; with few exceptions, if, indeed, there be any, all of these are practical Catholics. The church is one hundred by forty-five feet; it is built of wood, but solid, and has a belfry fifty feet high. The orphanage, under the Sisters of Charity, cares for forty Indian girls; our school has some thirty boys; both of these institutions are sustained in part by a Government appropriation. Nearly all the Indians come to the Mission four or five times a year, at the principal festivals. Sick calls, to a distance of thirty, fifty and eighty miles, keep one or two Fathers busy a great portion of the time, entailing very severe labor in winter by snow, ice and cold; in spring by swollen streams; and in summer by the excessive heat. Furthermore, one of the Fathers is obliged, three or four times each year, to make a round of visits to different Indian camps, remaining in each some days, or even weeks, according to the wants of the sick and infirm. The whole county of Missoula depends partly upon this Mission, partly upon St. Mary's. The county has three thousand white inhabitants, and the principal places are Missoula City, Frenchtown, Fort Missoula and the United States Agency. A Father almost constantly resides at Missoula City, and the Sisters of Charity have a school and hospital there.

Annual report: Confessions, 12,500; Communions,

11,000; Baptisms of children, 75; adult Baptisms, 5; First Communion, 45; days of missionary travel, 250; sermons, 240; instructions, 800.

ST. MARY'S.—The Mission of St. Mary's, the first to be established by Father De Smet, in 1840, for the Flathead Indians, for various reasons had to be closed for a time, but it was afterwards reopened very near the original site. At present, in addition to the Flatheads living outside of their reservation—about four hundred in number, and all good Catholics—it has charge of about one thousand whites, settled here and there through the whole of this extensive valley. Stevensville and Corvallis are the only villages, and they have only a few families.

Annual report: Confessions, 1,200; Communion, 1,050; infant Baptisms, 35; adult Baptisms, 10; First Communion, 20; days of missionary travel, 30; sermons, 100; instructions, 150.

The three remaining counties of Montana, with a white population of fourteen thousand and many Indians, are in charge of two secular priests. Four additional priests would hardly suffice for so extensive a territory and its widely scattered inhabitants.

Montana is traversed by the chain of the Rocky Mountains, running north and south, and dividing it into two unequal parts. The Western section, embracing two counties, belongs to the Vicariate Apostolic of Idaho. At the present writing, the administrator is the Archbishop of Oregon, whose residence is more than eleven hundred miles from this part of his charge. The Eastern section, consisting of nine counties, forms a part of the Vicariate Apostolic of Nebraska, and is consequently more than twelve hundred miles from the Episcopal See. The Pacific railroad has already reached Montana from the East, and in a few years it will be completed to the Pacific Ocean. Now, it is generally believed, that the white population of Montana, as the railroad advances, will increase at the rate of twenty per cent. a year. Protestants are straining every nerve to



occupy the country, erecting churches and schools everywhere, not only for the whites, but also amongst the Indians. Such being the situation of affairs, all of our Fathers, the two secular priests and Archbishop Seghers of Oregon, who made a visitation of Montana last year, are of opinion that it would be not only opportune, but even necessary for the spiritual welfare of the country, that Montana should be erected into a Vicariate Apostolic, with Helena as its centre.

Furthermore, it is the opinion of many of Ours, that there should be in Montana a regular house of the Society, that is to say, a College, in some central and populous place. At present, Helena is the only place of the kind, but that must be given to the Bishop, for if we are to have a Bishop, he must have a suitable residence.

Hence, the Fathers who are best acquainted with the situation, assert that we should without delay procure a site in the outskirts of Helena, in some position to which the city will extend, and start a school there, which may afterwards develop into a College. A College of the Society in Montana, far from injuring, would be of great advantage to the Indian Missions, provided things were properly managed.

## II.—IDAHO AND WASHINGTON TERRITORIES.

In Idaho, we have two Missions, embracing a district one hundred and eighty miles in length, and from sixty to one hundred in width. The rest of the Territory is under the charge of secular priests. Conterminous with the Missions of Idaho is the portion of Washington Territory cared for by our Fathers, one hundred and eighty miles long and one hundred and seventy wide.

### IDAHO.

SACRED HEART.—The Mission of the Sacred Heart was opened in 1842, by Father de Smet, for the Cœur d'Alène Indians, near the mouth of St. Joseph's River, but as great

damage was done by frequent floods, it was removed in 1846 to the place now called Old Cœur d'Alêne Mission, where all the Indians could be gathered together at the principal festivals. After the whole tribe had embraced the faith, these Indians became industrious and energetic farmers; and after a few years the Mission lands became too contracted for so many cultivators, and many of the new fields were at a great distance from the Mission. As time went on, the question was agitated of transferring the Mission to another place, more convenient both for the Indians and the Fathers, and already, in 1865, this question of removal had been of long standing. The conservative party, however, laid much stress upon the drawbacks of the new position, in regard to fishing and hunting, of which they were very fond, and their influence prevailed so far as to retain the Mission at Old Cœur d'Alêne until 1877.

The encroachment of white settlers upon the lands that had been marked out for the new Mission was the most effective argument in persuading the Indians to give unanimous consent to the change of site. Squatters had taken possession of some of these lands, but the chiefs, aided by the Fathers, settled matters amicably. By the payment of a trifling sum for the improvements they had already made, the white settlers were induced to remove from the lands reserved for the Cœur d'Alènes, and to establish themselves in the neighborhood, but outside the limits of the reserve. The behavior of the Cœur d'Alènes, especially of late years, to the whites who surround them on every side, is such as to reflect credit upon the Mission, and to give glory to God. "The Cœur d'Alènes," a report says, "are not only the best Christians, but they are also the best citizens of the country." Not a few of the whites have been converted by the good example of these Indians, who, a few years ago, were a terror to many other tribes, an object of hatred to the whites, and of such evil reputation among the Indians as to deserve the name of Cœur d'Alènes (Awl Hearts). This Mission, which brings such consolation to the Sacred Heart, and, consequently, to the Fathers who labor in it, which is

so edifying to the whites, Catholic, Protestant or infidel, is at present, we may say, almost in the open air. The church is a small affair, scarcely fit for a stable; the residence has two rooms worse than many Indian huts, and the school-house—so necessary, if we wish to preserve the faith of the rising generation, and guard them against the wiles of Protestant agents,—consists of four upright posts. All that could be done so far was to erect an orphan asylum for thirty girls, supported by the Government, and directed by Sisters of Charity.

Nearly all the Cœur d'Alènes live in the neighborhood of the new Mission, none being more than fifteen miles away, and, consequently, more than half of them can come to Mass every second Sunday; and, as a general rule, they approach the Sacraments whenever they attend at Mass. For about two years they have been seriously deliberating upon the subject of building a spacious and decent church, and they have already collected some two thousand dollars amongst themselves for this purpose. But what can be done with two thousand dollars in this country towards even a wooden church, one hundred and twenty by forty-five feet? It is scarcely the fourth part of what is required.

The Fathers of this Mission have charge also of the Spokanes in Washington Territory. A chapel, not yet finished, has been there since 1866. More than two hundred of the Spokanes are Catholics, and five or six hundred are Protestants or pagans. The white settlers, who are flocking by hundreds into this region, are also an object of our solicitude.

The condition of the Mission will appear from the subjoined report:—

Catholics, 1,250; Protestants, 2,000; pagans, 3,000; Confessions, 7,500; Communions, 6,800; infant Baptisms, 45; adult Baptisms, 10; First Communions, 30; sermons, 150; instructions, 650.

The centres of white population are Spokane Falls, Farmington, Fort Cœur d'Alène, and two small places recently settled. The Bishop of Nesqually, to whose diocese some

of these places belong, is willing to relieve us from the charge of them when he can supply secular priests—but this will be, I think, only after many years.

ST. JOSEPH'S, LAPWAI.—The Mission of St. Joseph's was established, after many years of difficulties of every kind at Lapwai, in 1875, for the Nez Percés Indians. The war of 1877 between the United States troops and the Nez Percés destroyed the fairest prospects of this Mission, because many of those who took up arms were well affected towards our holy religion, and these are now prisoners far away. Many Protestants were among the hostiles, but only two Catholics, and those two were forced by circumstances into the war. The Mission has now about four hundred Catholics, five hundred Protestants, and eleven hundred pagans; there are besides some three or four thousand whites, one fifth of them being Catholics. In Lewiston, a town of fifteen hundred souls, many of the Catholic youth lose their faith for want of Catholic schools. There are in Lewiston five schools of no religion, and one under Protestant control. With anguish of heart we must say: *Filii hujus sæculi prudentiores sunt quam filii lucis*. We have a church and residence at Lapwai, a church and residence at Lewiston, and two small chapels at Indian camps. Some Nez Percé boys and girls are in our schools at Colville, but the parents, in general, object to having their children so far away from home, as Colville is two hundred miles distant. There is every prospect that Lewiston in a few years will become a great city.

Annual report:—Confessions, 1,700; Communion, 1,500; infant Baptisms, 35; adult Baptisms, 50; sermons, 150; instructions, 250; missionary travel (days), 120.

#### WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

In Washington Territory, we have two Missions, Colville and Yakima.

COLVILLE.—The Mission of Colville was founded in 1845 amongst the Sgojelpi and Snackeisti Indians, who had

been visited in 1838 by two secular priests, the first missionaries who came from Canada to these regions, called at that time by the common name of Oregon. They were visited in 1842 by Father De Smet, and subsequently by other Fathers, and came themselves from time to time to the Missions of St. Ignatius and the Sacred Heart, that were already founded in the country. The Mission had to be closed for a while, but it was soon reopened. The Indians depending upon it are the Sgojelpi, Snackeisti, and lower Kalispels, who are all Catholics, and number two thousand souls; also the Okinagans, Simpoilski, Skaezithini, Nespilem and Moses' Band, together with some other small tribes scattered along the Columbia River. There are three thousand Indians in these tribes, and already some of them have embraced the faith, and others are well disposed. Furthermore, this Mission has charge of the whites at Colville, and of two great fertile valleys, besides many families scattered here and there; this white or mixed population numbers four thousand. At the Mission, we have the Church of St. Francis Regis under construction, and a house commodious enough for eight or ten of Ours, which is partly occupied by Indian boys, some thirty in number, who are boarding scholars; it is hoped that we shall be able to build an academy. This school, supported at government expense, was under the charge of Sisters of Charity, but they were unwilling to keep the boys, and, as the agent was dissatisfied with the management, and there was danger that the school might fall into secular, and perhaps Protestant hands, we have been obliged to take charge of it. The Sisters have a flourishing school for girls, with fifty boarders, supported by the government. There are, besides, the Church of the Immaculate Conception, for the people of the town, at a distance of ten miles from the Mission; the Church of St. Paul, at the fisheries, six miles off; and a church is proposed for the white settlers at Chewelah, thirty miles away. There are also four small chapels at distances of fifteen, thirty, fifty and one hundred miles. This Mission should be divided into three:—Colville, with

three Fathers and three brothers; Okinagan, with two Fathers and two brothers; and the Band of Moses, with two Fathers and two Brothers.

Annual report:—Confessions, 8,000; Communion, 6,000; infant Baptisms, 75; adult Baptisms, 35; sermons, 500; instructions, 500; missionary travel (days), 700.

YAKIMA.—The Mission of St. Joseph's at Yakima was founded by the Oblate Fathers in 1846, and given up by them in 1855. Although many of the Yakima Indians had become Catholics, yet the United States Government, towards 1860, assigned them for Agent a Protestant minister, who managed to baptize several pagans, and to pervert some of the Catholics. The converts who had remained faithful made frequent appeals to the Bishop, complaining that they were abandoned as sheep to the wolves. The Bishop directed a priest to visit them occasionally; but what can a flying visit of the shepherd accomplish for his flock, when the wolf remains permanently within the fold? The Protestant minister, who was at the same time government Agent, after some years had gained many proselytes, and it was not until 1867 that a secular priest went to repair and rebuild the old Mission of Yakima, where he accomplished much good; but, being obliged to leave it on account of sickness, finally, in 1870, our Fathers, with whom the Bishop had been very urgent, were, in a manner, compelled to take charge of the Mission. The ravages of the enemy may be partly repaired. The Mission contains six hundred Catholics, six hundred Protestants, and two thousand pagans, independent of five thousand whites, one-eighth of whom, perhaps, are Catholics. The difficulties arising from the situation, from the Protestant minister, from the Protestant Indians, and from several other causes, have many times induced us to entertain the project of removing the Mission to a new site on the Columbia River, one hundred and fifty miles from Yakima. The reasons for and against the proposition were discussed in a consultation of all the Fathers, held in September, 1880. The conclusion reached unani-

mously was that it was not expedient to abandon anew the sheep to the wolf, but, rather, to go on with patience, and to procure the establishment of another mission on the Columbia, without giving up Yakima.

The recently appointed Bishop of Nesqually, to whose jurisdiction the whole of Washington Territory belongs, is disposed to assume the care of white congregations when they are able to support a priest, and when he can supply a priest. These two conditions are not easily fulfilled, nor is it likely that they can be satisfied within any near period of time. So great is the scarcity of priests at present, that many Catholics are lost, going over to the sects, or sinking into infidelity. It is true, that in this Territory, our responsibility as regards the whites is not so great, since the Bishop has declared that in course of time he will take charge of them; but that, in the first place, does not prevent the loss of souls in the meantime, and secondly, it is to be feared that many Indians, now good Catholics, will be perverted by contact with these whites, who are deprived of religious assistance.

Annual report:—Confessions, 2,500; Communion, 1,700; infant Baptisms, 40; adult Baptisms, 10; sermons, 150; instructions, 200; missionary travel (days), 245.

In conclusion, it is to be observed that this Mission of the Rocky Mountains, which a few years ago was in a country entirely savage, is at present in districts either civilized, or which are being rapidly opened to civilization, and hence there is need of an increasing number of zealous and able missionaries, both for the whites, who are multiplying very fast, and for the Indians, who require more spiritual assistance when surrounded by so many dangers. Besides, with some trifling exceptions, these are our only Indian Missions in the United States, and we should strive at any cost to preserve and increase them, especially when we witness the efforts of the Protestants to gain over the Indians. A Catholic Bishop said a few years ago, *that a rigid account would have to be rendered to God for having neglected the*

*Indians*, who have been either exterminated, or who have become Protestants. Under these circumstances, the Society has reason to thank God, for the choice He has made of it, to foster and preserve these few tribes of Indians; and if the Society redoubles its efforts to preserve and increase what has already been accomplished, will it not receive a great reward from the Master? and, in future ages, will not this be one of the brightest gems in its glorious crown?

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## FIFTY YEARS AGO.

### II.—JUBILEE MISSIONS IN ST. MARY'S COUNTY.

*(From a French MS. Relation by Father S. Dubuisson.)*

ST. MARY'S COUNTY, MD., February, 1830.

This County lies along the Potomac River, at a distance of seventy to one hundred miles from Georgetown. The number of missionaries here is far below what it ought to be. At Newtown, where four, or, at least, three, very active priests are needed, Father Cary, already advanced in years and shattered in health, is alone with the Rev. Mr. Monnelly, who is much older, but, fortunately, enjoys better health.

Father Dubuisson left Washington on the 23d of December, in order to help Father Cary, and it had been agreed upon that he was to preach at Newtown on Christmas Day, but a dense fog prevented him from landing at Newtown, and he was obliged to go on to St. Inigoes, where he found FF. Carbery and Finegan preparing to open the Jubilee next day, and anxiously expecting assistance which had been promised. The four missionaries of Newtown and St. Inigoes had agreed to join forces, and to give the Jubilee exercises together for four or five days in succession at each of the eight churches which they attend in St. Mary's County, and Father Cary, who was expecting Father Du-



buisson to take his place at Newtown, was himself expected at St. Inigoes, where, in fact, he arrived on the evening of the 24th, to the great joy of Father Carbery, who regarded it as a special providence that Fr. Dubuisson had been obliged to change his destination.

ST. INIGOES.—Dec. 25th. On the festival of the Nativity of our Lord, the missionaries began, with the assistance of God, their sacred labors, which lasted without interruption for thirty-three days. From the very beginning we were led to look forward to abundant and consoling results. The weather was unpropitious; nevertheless, on Christmas Day the people crowded to church. There were many who approached the Sacraments, and during the sermon many were deeply moved. Our plan during the exercises was to celebrate the last Mass at eleven o'clock, to preach once or twice each day, and to hear as many confessions as possible, even after all the other services, either in the church or at the private houses where we stayed over night. The churches of St. Mary's, in general, are in the open fields, or surrounded by woods, without house or shelter of any kind close by.

Dec. 26. The weather could not be worse: heavy and chilling rain. Yet there were one hundred and fifty persons in church, of whom fifty received Holy Communion, a very fair number, considering the circumstances, for St. Inigoes is a parish of four hundred communicants at most.

Dec. 27. Sunday. Weather somewhat improved, but still unfavorable. The church was filled, and again many faces were bathed in tears during the sermon. Surely, the Spirit of God was diffused; their hearts were ready. It seems that there was not a Catholic who had not resolved to gain the indulgence. Fifteen persons of various denominations were received into the bosom of the Church. The new converts who approached the Holy Table for the first time on this occasion numbered twenty.

ST. NICHOLAS.—The missionaries, filled with hope after so auspicious a beginning, passed on to the parish of St. Nicholas; here there was the same zeal, the same eager-

ness on the part of the faithful. This parish is larger than that of St. Ingoes, and the confessions were more numerous. Amongst other consolations of the pastor, an aged naval officer, distinguished for his upright character and for his social rank, gave an edifying example by returning to the practices of religion. He was born a Catholic, but like so many others, circumstances—a thousand things had kept him away from the Sacraments.

St. JOHN'S was the third parish to which the missionaries passed. God went before them and prepared the way by the action of His grace upon souls. It would be a constant repetition to say that everywhere they found the same eager desire to profit by this occasion of the Jubilee, in order to be reconciled to God. Not to prolong this narration, I shall only note rapidly whatsoever most worthy of mention happened in each place.

St. John's Church can be said to be in the woods. The parish is poor, but populous. The few well-to-do members of the congregation would have to defray all the expense of completing and ornamenting this church.

The missionaries were lodged in different houses, some of them at a distance of five or six miles from the church. They set off before daybreak to go and say Mass, and to be on hand at an early hour to hear confessions; but they always found quite a number of the faithful there beforehand, waiting for their coming. The persevering attendance of the people at the exercises was wonderful. After the last Mass and sermon, the labors of the confessional again occupied us, and dinner was generally deferred till the end of the day. Words cannot express the consolation that filled my soul when I was brought face to face with the living faith of these good people, and witnessed their deep love for our holy religion.

They were very attentive in providing for our wants; refreshments were brought without fail to the sacristy, and it is to be regretted that their care and hospitality deprived us in great measure of our proper amount of mortification. With what lively interest did they inspire us as they thronged about the confessionals, which were nothing more

than an angle in some corner of the church, screened off with counterpanes hung around. The penitent knelt upon the floor, and both penitent and priest were exposed to the cold, which was at times quite sharp.

NEWTOWN was our fourth station. The same ardor was displayed here to gain the indulgence. Many Catholics, whose occupations had been of such a nature as to render the frequentation of the Sacraments difficult for them, offered the encouraging example of their First Communion long after the ordinary age.

ST. JOSEPH'S was then the object of our cares. The people here came to the services, and remained in the church more perseveringly, it seemed, than any where else. We could not think of going away before supper time. Many persons remained in the church all day; and they stayed not merely to confess, but even *fasting*, in order to be able to receive Holy Communion, which we administered until sunset. This trait, though it was more marked at St. Joseph's, does not belong exclusively to that parish. At St. John's, the Sacred Heart, St. Aloysius', and Our Lady's of Medley's Neck, to a greater or less extent, the fervor of the people was shown by the same circumstance.

Perhaps it will not be without interest to remark here that in the greater number of these churches, there are no benches, or scarcely any (chairs are not used here as in Europe), so that the greater part, and sometimes almost all of those present were obliged to stand or kneel during the Mass and sermon, that is to say, for a couple of hours at least, independent of the time they spent in church before and after the services; and that, too, in the depth of winter, and in churches exposed to the winds.

Several Protestants and other stray sheep were gathered into the fold, about thirty five in all, in the different parishes, but that of the Sacred Heart, to which we came from St. Joseph's, was one of the most remarkable in this respect. The Catholic Religion excites more and more the public attention.

SACRED HEART.—Sunday, Jan. 17. There was a large congregation present; they say that about one hundred Protestants were in the church. The sermon was on the beautiful subject of the adorable Eucharist. The non-Catholics listened with surprising attention; many of them were deeply moved. May the God of truth dissipate all their prejudices.

ST. ALOYSIUS'.—An admirable spectacle here was to see a colonel of militia in the crowd, among the negroes, for nearly three hours before the confessional, waiting for his turn, and afterwards kneeling at the Holy Table. There was not a Catholic of any class who did not make the Jubilee—not one who even entertained the thought of failing to make it.

OUR LADY'S, MEDLEY'S NECK.—Our joy was at its height in the last parish, when an unfortunate accident happened. Our-Lady's Chapel was built some ten years ago; it is of brick; they say that the foundations are defective. The work was not well done; the walls are already cracked, and there are doubts about its solidity. On Sunday, January 24th, there was a great concourse of Catholics and others. During the early part of the morning the causes of apprehension were freely discussed, and all minds were prepared for a panic.

Mass is begun; the body of the church and the galleries are thronged. During the Gospel a noise is heard, as if a wall or some beam was giving way—it was, in fact, one of the floor supports that was yielding, and the floor, although it did not sink completely, began to bend under the weight of the crowd. Nothing more was needed to kindle alarm; it was believed that the whole building was going to tumble down. In the twinkling of an eye the crowd presses towards the door and windows; those who were in the galleries rush to the staircase, and some fling themselves down on top of the struggling crowd below; they break the window-frames into a thousand pieces, regardless of cutting their hands, and through door and windows they pour out of the church. It was a terrible moment; the floor violently agitated, the smashing of glass, the cries of

the women—all presaged most deplorable consequences, even if the walls should hold firm. The celebrant did not quit the altar, but he was obliged to suspend the Mass. He remained motionless in prayer, awaiting God's good pleasure. Some women, prompted by terror and faith, entered the sanctuary, and seized the extremity of the priest's chasuble.

By the goodness of God, the accident was not as disastrous as we feared it might have been. After eight or ten minutes the Holy Sacrifice was resumed. Many reentered the church; there were very many communicants, and a very long sermon was preached without any interruption. Several persons suffered considerably from the crowding; some were knocked down and badly bruised; nevertheless, we had the great satisfaction to learn that, after all, no one was seriously injured. None of the missionaries gave way to this panic fear—all of us remained in the Church. One of the Fathers was in the choir gallery, where he had been hearing confessions until the beginning of the last Mass, and he persuaded even the ladies to remain, who courageously began to sing as soon as the priest could continue with the Holy Sacrifice.

The only serious consequence of the accident is to entail upon the parish considerable expense, in order to repair the church. Perhaps it will be necessary to pull it down and rebuild, and Our Lady's of Medley's Neck is one of those parishes in which there is but a small number of persons who can afford to contribute to such an expense. I do not know what they intend to do; but it seems impossible that they can defray the cost without outside assistance. Nevertheless, if the church be not put in good condition, many old, infirm and poor persons will never, perhaps, in their lives have the consolation of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar.

It is time to close my report; I cannot, however terminate without indulging in a reflection; it is this: considering the state of many of our poor parishes in America, and comparing it with what I have seen in Italy and France, I cannot refrain from regrets, and I say to myself; "O, if . . ."

—God defend me from even hinting that the churches of Paris, Turin, Genoa and Rome are too rich. Nothing is too beautiful for the service of the Master of Heaven and earth; nothing is too magnificent to fill the minds of men with that respect which is His due. But if they would only give us a little share of it! . . . What is a trifle to them would be something grand here. . . . Let us hope . . . from the bounty of God and the charitable zeal of our friends in Europe.

### III.—INSTRUCTION IN THE UNITED STATES. <sup>(1)</sup>

*(Translated from the UNION of Brussels, Sept. 12, 1833.)*

UNIVERSITY OF ST. LOUIS, May 26, 1833.

Our College has lately been raised to the rank of a University. The State Legislature, although the Protestants form a vast majority of its members, has granted us this title with all the powers and privileges possessed by establishments of this rank in the United States. This honorable distinction, which no other educational institution shares with us as yet in the State of Missouri, is an unequivocal and public proof of the usefulness and importance of our literary institution, and a testimony of the high opinion in which it is held by our lawmakers. But, after all, it is only a title, which does not supply us with funds; more than this, it imposes the obligation of redoubling our efforts, that we may appear before the public eye worthy of the high functions which we exercise. Our dear brethren of Georgetown College are more fortunate in this respect. Their establishment has been long founded, it is extensive and well organized; it enjoys a wide-spread reputation; it has a large number of students who pay a liberal pension, and it possesses lands for its support. It has also been honored with the title of University for the past fourteen years. Situated almost in the centre of the United States,

<sup>(1)</sup>The initials subscribed to this paper point to Fr. Peter J. Verhaegen as its writer. He was appointed Rector at St. Louis, Nov. 1, 1829.

near the capital of our vast republic, it is under the immediate patronage of Congress, which has lately granted it the sum of 100,000 francs as a free gift, to be employed in widening the sphere of its usefulness. It has also a novitiate, which supplies annually teachers without any expense, &c., &c. These are advantages for which we bless the Lord, but they are advantages of which we are almost entirely deprived. We have not even a Church depending upon our institution, in which to give the Catholics and Protestants of the neighborhood the instructions for which they are so anxious.

There is a weekly newspaper in this city devoted exclusively to the defence of our holy religion, and published under the auspices of our venerable and worthy Bishop. We Belgians, for whom the English language has been, and ought to be, one of the principal studies, are contributors to this journal, and it has succeeded in commending itself to Protestants, who eagerly read it, finding in its columns that truth which they vauntingly profess to be the only object of their enquiries, and which they will finally embrace. It has an extensive circulation, and accomplishes much good amongst persons of every age and profession. So we are not merely employed in forming the hearts of children who will cause piety to revive in the bosoms of their families, but, furthermore, from our establishment, we preach, as it were, in every part of the West. There are those who regard all this with an evil eye, and as they see the edifice of the Reformation shaken, they are using every effort to counteract our labors, and propose to start a paper in support of the altar which they have raised against that of the Lord. The opposition will be to our advantage, for truth never shines forth with brighter lustre than when it is confronted with the falsehoods and dreams of error.

I have just received a letter from one of my old Louvain friends, M. Van Bockel, who arrived here last year to dedicate himself to the missions. He is now in Kentucky, in the neighborhood of the religious establishments formed by our revered countryman of happy memory, the Reverend M. Nerinckx, and he writes to me of his intention to

enter our Society in a few weeks. We have a little mission there.

The zealous and holy Father Van Quickenborne is busy all the time traveling and preaching. He visits, instructs, and brings consolation to many scattered families in this and the neighboring State. After every trip of this kind, he rejoices us by the news of twenty or thirty conversions. He is almost constantly traversing a territory of more than a hundred miles in circumference, and his services are nevertheless demanded elsewhere. Had we five or six men of his apostolic spirit, employed in the same work, how abundant would be the fruits of their united labors! In every section of our vast republic, enjoying the sweet blessings of uninterrupted peace, where all things conspire to bind hearts together in union, we see each year new churches rising, and new establishments formed, which will plant the seeds of faith and virtue, and bring forth the increase of our holy religion. It is a most consoling sight, especially in our immediate vicinity, where, ten years ago, there was scarcely anything. *Liberty of conscience, which every one enjoys in the full force of the term, favors all the pious projects that we form for the good of our neighbor; there is nothing to hamper us in this respect.*

The death of our zealous and very pious compatriot and colleague, J. Van Lommel, has caused us much affliction. Before his departure from Maryland, his health had been weakened to some extent, and he was so worn out upon his arrival here, that he could not recover his strength: for our climate is, without comparison, more favorable to foreigners than that of the East, where I was never well. He died of consumption, which he had contracted there. His eulogium can be briefly made: *Obiit postquam omnia bene fecisset, vir annorum paucorum, sed virtute et meritis senex.*

Young Van Swevelt is at our University. His services are such that we alone can justly appreciate them; there is no doubt that he will reflect credit upon the Society.

P. J. V.



## INDIAN MISSIONS.

### I.—WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

#### *Letter of Father U. Grassi to Father Cataldo.*

In order that you may have a clearer idea of the present state of the tribes living south of the Mission of St. Francis Regis, as far as the mouth of the Okinagan, I must mention some events of former years, concerning which, so far as I am aware, nothing has heretofore been written.

At the distances of fifty, eighty, one hundred, and one hundred and twenty miles from the above mentioned Mission are the tribes called *Zaszagess*, *Simpolschi*, *Nespitem*, *Suipakein*. All these tribes were seduced into heresy in 1838, and, although retaining but little of its erroneous doctrine, yet they are deeply infected with a sentiment of hatred or fear, or suspicion of the Catholic missionary—perhaps it would be more accurately described as a compound of these three feelings. Some years ago I sent to the *Zaszagess* Father Tosi, one of our best missionaries, and assigned to him as companion a chief of our own *Sgojelpi* Indians, who, in addition to eloquence and zeal, had the advantage of being related to the chief of the *Zaszagess*. They had a long conference, and it promised a favorable issue, when a messenger arrived from the Spokane chief, Jerry, with the suggestion that they should defer, at least for some days, accepting the Catholic "prayer." This was sufficient to dispel from their fickle hearts the apparently good dispositions which they had manifested a few days before. In subsequent years other missionaries visited them, as they are on the direct route to other tribes, but the only answer they could obtain was this: "If you had been the first to come to us, we would now belong to you."

The veteran missionary, Father Joset, some years ago

visited the Simpoilschi. He was well known to them, because this tribe, when the Mission was founded at Colville, had sent a deputation of seven or eight Indians to invite him to give the Catholic prayer to the tribe. Father Joset spoke to them about religion, gave each of them a name, which they still retain, and dismissed them with the promise that in the following Spring—for it was then the Fall of the year—he would make a journey to their country if they should come for him. The chief of the deputation died during the winter, and no one ever came for the missionary. Long afterwards, about ten years ago, an Indian of the tribe fell sick of some nervous disease, which tortured him for two years, and left him crippled for life. During this sickness he had (so he said) visions of Paradise, and received messages which were to be communicated to his people: that the Catholic missionaries had been envoys of God up to that time, but as they had entered into friendship with the Whites, the Lord had now cast them off, and had chosen him to let them know the will of God, and be saved; that God was angry, and had commanded him, as a second Noah, to build an ark, in which all the new believers were to be rescued from the deluge, which would overwhelm the world after eight years. He was believed by the greater part of the tribe. The time predicted for this second deluge was drawing nigh, but there was no sign of the deluge. Then another revelation came to extricate him: he was to build a church first, and an ark afterwards, and when the ark was ready the deluge would come. The poor Simpoilschi swallowed all this, and it is heart-rending to witness the veneration that these poor people have for this charlatan. Kolaskan, as he is called, is second only to God. Jesus and Mary are invoked as intercessors. The code which he promulgates is a mixture of Indian superstitions with Catholic and Protestant doctrines, and with this he manages to satisfy the consciences of all. I happened once to be among the Simpoilschi, when the whole tribe was collected together, and along with the others I went to their 'prayer,' and although the Prophet had declared that he did not per-

mit me to preach, I did not wish to lose such a splendid chance of letting them learn some Catholic truths. I began therefore by praising what little there was worthy of praise in the performance, and then passed on to inculcate the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and the necessity of Baptism. Kolaskan, having listened for a short time, interrupted me, saying that I had spoken long enough, especially as I had no permission; he did not deny that Baptism was good, but that his tribe was not yet prepared for Baptism; that when the proper time arrived he would tell them to be baptized. Thereupon, he dismissed the meeting. I was alone, friendless, and there was a deep snow on the ground. So it was prudent to moderate my zeal, but I repeated privately to all of them in their lodges that if they did not become Christians, they should not enter into Heaven.

I passed on from there to the Nespilem; they were pleased to see me, but as to receiving the prayer, they said that if the chief received Baptism, they would all willingly imitate his example. But the chief was a firm believer in the new revelation, and bitterly opposed to the Catholic religion. It was impossible to remain for any length of time amongst the Nespilem, so I passed on to the Suipakein Indians. On my arrival at their camp, no one came to welcome me.

Seeing a deserted hut, I entered it and put down my baggage; whilst I was considering where I should erect an altar, in case I should be allowed to remain, Suipakein came in with the principal men of the tribe. They saluted me with respect, and, after a general shaking of hands and a short conversation, Suipakein said that he did not think it befitting for me to remain in a hut without door or window; that I might occupy the neighboring house, which chanced to be empty, as its owner was away at the chase. I accepted the offer, and fared somewhat better for accommodations. There were seven or eight Christians in the place, and when they saw the reception given to me by the chief, they came forward to shake hands. I had spent two weeks among them, when one day the principal man of those who had been baptized called upon me as spokesman for the others,

and said bluntly that I had staid long enough; that they had had instruction enough for one time, they had all gone to confession, and that I could now leave them, since Sui-pakein had no desire of Baptism, and his people wanted me to go away. I answered him that I was desirous of learning the revelations of S. before my departure (for he too was many times lifted up to heaven). He went off somewhat disconcerted. Another reason why I did not wish to depart just then was that I did not know where to go; the ground was still covered with snow, I had no guide, and the paths were as yet unbroken. That night, after I had retired, S. entered with a dozen or more of the old men. Having got up, he asked me if I had any desire to hear about his visions, and having received my answer that I took a great deal of interest in the subject, he began by saying that he had not indeed seen any one, but that he heard a voice, which taught him all that he had learned, and that he afterwards made it known to his people. Then he began to chant more or less exactly the history of the Creation, of the Deluge, and the Life of our Lord. When he had finished, although I was well aware that he had not uttered a word of his own inventions and diabolical revelations, I told him that what he had said thus far, with some corrections here and there, tallied with the teachings of the missionary. This remark pleased him, and he said: "Tomorrow I shall give you a bell, so that you may summon to prayer such of the tribe as wish to go." Then, to my great relief, they withdrew. After many days, S. declared publicly that he was going to give up the 'prayer of his vision,' and that he wished all to receive Baptism, as he intended to be baptized himself. The people did not lend a ready ear to his words, and his fervor quickly cooled down. I remained amongst this people till Spring, and, as holy obedience had assigned me occupations elsewhere, I did not see the tribe again for two years. On my return I found S. to be in the same dispositions, and having told him that I wished to build a chapel and small house in that neighborhood, he expressed his satisfaction. This was in the Fall of 1880.

Allow me here to make a digression. On my departure from that place, I descended the Columbia River for twenty-five or thirty miles, and arrived at Stlakem, a rendezvous for salmon fishing, and there I heard that Moses, head chief of the tribe, and other chiefs were waiting near the mouth of the Okinagan for an officer of the Government, who was charged with the duty of asking for their children, to be transferred to an Industrial School in Oregon. I crossed the Columbia in order to caution the Catholic chiefs against surrendering their sons, because the Catholic priest was debarred from all access to those who had once entered that school. At the same time, I informed Moses and all the others that it was my intention to build a small house in that neighborhood, and that then I should have their sons taught to read and write. Moses approved the plan, but afterwards added that the government had granted the land to him, and, consequently, he could not dispose of it for a school-house, or a place of prayer. Several days after I had left this place, the official arrived, not at the Indian camp, but at the military post near the mouth of the Spokane River, and summoned the chiefs to meet him there. Moses alone responded to the call, and had the courage to refuse to give up his children, saying that the Catholic priest would take charge of them. The officer was quite angry at this reply, declaimed at some length against the priest, said that he should accuse Moses before the Authorities, and ended with a threat of punishment, if by next Spring he should not have surrendered the Indian youth. These words intimidated Moses, but for all that, he returned home without promising anything.

After having visited the various Indian camps scattered here and there, which kept me busy for three months, I betook myself again to the territory of Suipakein. Here, I return to my narration. At Nstepizem, twenty-five miles from his residence, I called Gilkagan, an inferior chief, the only Indian competent to put up a house, and told him that I wanted him to build a chapel for me. He said that he did not dare to undertake such a job without the permission of Suipakein. I answered that this permission was already

granted, but he would not move in the matter. He then told a young man to go and find out the intentions and wishes of Suipakein. The answer was not favorable, and he went in person to see him. S. assembled the old men of the tribe, and laid my plan before them. They came to the conclusion that if the Missionary were allowed to erect a dwelling-place in their country, other white men would come, and would end by taking possession of all their lands, as they had done elsewhere. Suipakein thereupon announced the decision to Gilkagan that if his people had all been willing, he himself would have had no objections, but that he did not dare, on his own responsibility to give the Missionary permission to build. The good Gilkagan brought me back this answer, which prevents me from taking up a position there at present. At the beginning of Spring I returned to the Mission of St. Francis Regis, having promised these Indians to visit them again, if in any way it be possible.

R<sup>no</sup> V<sup>no</sup> Servus in Xto.

U. GRASSI, S. J.

## II.—LAKE SUPERIOR.

*Letter of Father Jos. Specht to Father James Perron.*

FORT WILLIAM, ONT., Nov. 4, 1881.

REVEREND FATHER,  
P. C.

It is high time for me to fulfil the promise which I made of giving some account of my trip during last Spring. In accordance with the directions of Father Hébert, I was not to set out upon the journey until the beginning of April, or the end of March, but a sudden and unforeseen call to a sick woman at Namewaminikaning, on Lake Népigon, obliged me to anticipate by a fortnight the time fixed for my departure.

On the 14th of March, then, I left the Mission, accompanied by two Indians of the place, and, having passed the night at Prince Arthur's Landing, six miles from here, I went on to Silver Islet, which I reached on the following

day, towards four o'clock in the afternoon, quite fagged out; for there was a snow-storm the greater part of the time which was very trying to the eyes, and prevented me from halting in the woods with my men to prepare our meals; besides, my companions had forgotten to bring along a hatchet to cut the wood for cooking.

I had intended to pass only one night at Silver Islet, and then to go forward as speedily as possible, for I had a long journey before me, and there was no time to lose. But the weather became so bad that traveling was out of the question, and I was forced to remain where I was until the 21st. This delay was a blessing to the good Irish families of the place, as it enabled them to hear Mass on St. Patrick's Day. There was a fair attendance of women and children; as to the men, their employers not being Catholics, they were obliged to work as usual at the mines; as a set-off to this, the school children treated themselves to a holiday.

I started again on the 21st, with splendid weather, and at 5.30 P. M. next day, I reached Red Rock, taking my Christians by surprise, as they did not expect me to come for some time. I went to work immediately; in a couple of days all except two or three had made their Easter, and on the afternoon of the 25th, after bidding good-bye to my little flock, and sending back my two companions to Fort William, I set out for Namewaminikaning.

My companions for this part of the way were two half-breeds of Red Rock, who were to guide me as far as Fort Népigon. Another, an Indian, joined us, but he was to accompany us only as far as Namewaminikaning, from which place he would go to Long Lake with letters for FF. Hébert and Gagnon. Our road was very rough; we had to travel along the Népigon River, and as the ice had given way in several places, we were twice obliged to make a *portage* along the heights bordering the stream, a labor which brought out the perspiration. Next day, the 26th, we left the river and took to the woods, and by nightfall reached the tent of Francis Bouchard, a brother of one of my traveling companions. I resolved to spend the night near him, for I had

come quite a distance over a hard road. Next morning, which was Sunday, after having heard the confessions of my host, his wife and children, and having said morning prayers with them (there was no possibility of celebrating Mass), I made a fresh start,—this time over Lake Népigon. Towards six o'clock in the evening I reached Namewaminikaning to the great delight of my Christians; but above all to the consolation of the poor sick woman, who had been anxiously waiting for my coming. I found her very low, reduced to a perfect skeleton, but her face beamed with joy at sight of the priest. Having heard her confession that very evening, I gave her the last sacraments next morning, which she received with great devotion. She seemed to be wholly resigned to the will of God. At my departure, I bade her adieu for eternity, as her death occurred shortly afterwards. Her aged mother, a simple, pious soul, did not know how to express her gratitude to me, for administering the consolations of our Holy Religion to her daughter in her last moments. In her simplicity, she offered me a fur, worth from two to four dollars, saying that she would give me some money, if she had any. Thanking her, I said that all I did was for the love of our good God, and that I looked to Him for my reward.

During my short stay at Namewaminikaning, I said Mass twice in a wigwam; but as I had to let the fire die out for this purpose, I came near having my fingers frozen each time. On the second occasion, especially, as I had to give Holy Communion, my fingers were so icy that I could no longer feel the Sacred Host. I assure you that I was very glad when I had finished. It was an encouragement, and at the same time it made me ashamed of myself, that during the whole time of the Mass, my brave Indians also had to do without fire in order not to be deprived of the happiness of assisting at the August Sacrifice and of receiving Holy Communion. They sacrificed their comfort generously and joyfully, chanting hymns for nearly the whole time.

I took leave of my good Christians at six o'clock on the evening of the 29th, and directed my course towards Fort



Népigon, which I was not to reach until the evening of the next day. I should have arrived earlier, had I been able to travel during the night, as is the custom of the Indians; but as that tired me too much, I was obliged to make a halt at an island until daybreak. I was very well received at the Fort by our generous benefactor, Mr. Henri De La Ronde, who lodged me in his own house and provided for all my wants, free of all cost, during the three months that I remained there. I said Mass daily in his house, whilst waiting until milder weather would permit me to take possession of the chapel, situated on the borders of the Lake (Népigon), below the hill on which the residence is built. My congregation was very small, numbering twenty at most, for the greater part of our Indians were then scattered in small bands, engaged in hunting, and made only occasional visits to the Fort to get provisions and ammunition in exchange for their peltries. On the 7th of April I had the happiness of regenerating a young pagan woman in the waters of Baptism. She was my first, and also, if I must say it, my last neophyte during the whole period of my great journey, with the exception of a boy, twelve or thirteen years of age, whom I baptized conditionally, as although born of Christian parents, he had been baptized by a Protestant minister.

I spent the Holy Week at the Fort, trying to pick up some strength for, as I then expected, my approaching journey to Agoki-Sagaigan, of which Fr. Hébert made mention in his letter published in the number of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS for last May. I was to follow precisely the same route that he had taken in the Spring of 1880, that is to say, to ascend the Ombibakang River, and wait there until the breaking up of the ice and the opening of the rivers, and then to go on to Lake Agoki. After having visited the new Christians whom Fr. Hébert had baptized in the preceding Spring, endeavoring at the same time to convert as many pagans as possible, I was to return to Fort Népigon in time to meet the Indians coming in from the back country. I was on the point of undertaking this trip of

one hundred and fifty miles, in accordance with the orders I had received, when unforeseen difficulties, the wretched condition of the ice on the lakes and rivers, and the failure of my guide to put in an appearance, compelled me to abandon the plan for this season. I was very sorry, for I knew that Fr. Hébert had founded high expectations upon this journey. But, after all, what could I do under the circumstances, except resign myself to the dispensations of Providence?

Obliged against my will to remain at Fort Népigon, I tried to draw profit from my forced inaction. I divided my time between study, principally of the Indian language, and teaching the Christian doctrine to the children. These were my daily occupations until the 23d of May, on which day, the ice having disappeared completely from the Lake, I started for Red Rock, in a bark canoe, with four Indians. I was back again at Fort Népigon by the 30th, where I found a good number of Indians, in great part Christians, who had returned from their wanderings inland. Each day added to their number. Towards Pentecost, nearly all had arrived, even the Christians of Lake Agoki. All told, they were not less than three hundred, twice as many pagans among them as Christians. What a vast field to cultivate! It was the first time that a Missionary had had them all together, as I had them there then. Without any delay, I set to work, spending the greater part of the time in instructing the new Christians and administering the Sacraments of Penance and the Blessed Eucharist. The order of exercises was as follows: at 6.30, Mass, at which all were present regularly every day; after eight o'clock, catechism for the children and newly converted; towards 6.30 P. M., after supper, prayers in common, followed generally by a short instruction upon one of the chief truths of our Holy Religion. Twice a week we recited the beads in common. Confessions were heard whenever the people presented themselves, and that was at all hours of the day. It was a touching spectacle to see these excellent Indians surrounding the Missionary to assist at

the Holy Sacrifice, to hear from his lips the word of God, and receive from his hands the Bread of Angels. More than once, especially on Sundays, the chapel could not hold all those who came.

All these occupations, as may well be imagined, filled up a great part of the time. But I could not be unmindful that "other sheep I had who were not yet of the fold," and they were the greater number, and "these also I had to lead thither." A few rare instances excepted, the pagans did not set their feet inside the chapel, where anyhow they would often have found no room. I resolved, then, to visit them, going from lodge to lodge, inviting them to come to our chapel, where it was my purpose to assemble as many of them as I could, in order to explain to them the principal truths of our Holy Religion. On the 3rd of June, after recommending the matter to God and to our Blessed Lady, I presented myself, accompanied by a Christian Indian, at the different lodges. The greater part received me very coldly, some of them even with mocking laughter.

I forgot to mention that as a general rule the pagans and Christians are divided into two very distinct camps, at Népigon as elsewhere, having their lands apart. But even when they are mingled together, you can easily distinguish the Christians from their pagan companions. The Christians are generally much neater and better dressed than the pagans, who are for the most part very untidy in their appearance, the women and children especially being almost, if not entirely, in tatters. The Christian will greet you with a smile upon his lips, and will offer you his hand, saying: "Bojo, noss" (Good day, Father); and many also make the sign of the Cross. The pagan, as soon as he comes in sight of you, regards you with a stony stare, and as he passes, if he says anything, it will be a dry "Bojo;" and after he has passed, he will turn around to make a leisurely scrutiny of your person.

Returning to my visit to the pagans:—I did not gather from it the fruit which I had looked for. I had calculated to obtain at least a dozen converts, but, to my intense sur-

prise, even those who had up till then shown some inclination to become Christians, and had also assisted at the various services of the Mission, appeared no more at the church, held back doubtless by human respect. It may be asked, and I have often asked myself, what can be the causes which prevent these poor infidels from embracing the faith? In my humble opinion, the primary cause, as regards many of them, is sheer ignorance, for a good number of them had never seen a priest before, and several told me that they would readily embrace the prayer (this is their name for the Christian religion), if they were sufficiently acquainted with its teachings. My invariable answer to this was to say that I was always ready to impart the explanations necessary for them to know and love our faith. Others are deterred by fear of imaginary evils: "If I became a Christian, I would be unlucky." "If my children are baptized, they'll die," &c., &c. I showed them the absurdity of this prejudice by holding up the example of those from among themselves who had become Christians, and by pointing out to them that the children of pagans are just as apt to die as those who have been baptized. Others hold back through a pretended humility: "I would willingly become a Christian, but I am not good enough for that." I answered this class by saying that I had come amongst them precisely for the purpose of helping them to become better, and that if they were in the right way, I should certainly not be losing my time and toil in striving to make them change it. These latter ones had put their finger on the sore spot, and assigned the true reason why many of them will not become Christians—"they are not good enough." Many of these pagans are bigamists; some of them, but such cases are rare, have three or four wives; and knowing very well that as Christians they must be content with one, they prefer to wallow in sin and die in infidelity, rather than resolve to take the step which would bring such a restraint along with it.

Amongst those who did not feel themselves good enough for Christianity was an old pagan named Shickagodjish,

who hates our Holy Religion with all the rancor of his evil heart, and who, along with Babans, his dear helpmate is the cause that not only his children, otherwise well disposed towards us, but many others also, as I believe, do not become Christians. It was a daughter of his that I baptized on the 7th of last April. She was married to a Scotch half-breed, a Catholic, Wilson by name.

On the 23rd of June, I departed from Fort Népigon for Red Rock, with the *brigade*, composed of Christians and pagans, who were transporting to Red Rock the fruits of the Winter and Spring hunting. The *Bourgeois*, Mr. H. De La Ronde, was with us; with his well-known kindness and customary respect for the Missionary, my treatment was such that it could not have been better. He did not want to let me carry anything at the *portages*, saying that he had hands enough for the work (they were nearly thirty men). We said night and morning prayers in common. As the weather was favorable, we arrived safe and sound at Red Rock on the afternoon of the 25th. I installed myself right away in the priest's house, and immediately applied myself to the ordinary duties of the sacred ministry, catechising, hearing confessions, visiting the sick, and baptizing some children. A good number of Indians had come to Red Rock to receive their annual pension, which was paid this year on the 15th of July. After the distribution each one returned home. As for myself, seeing that my work was ended for the season, I took my departure on the 19th for Fort William, which I reached in safety and in good health on the 21st, at ten o'clock in the evening, glad to be once more with our good Fathers and Brothers. Father Gagnon had reached the Mission in advance of me, and Father Hébert returned home two weeks later, in time for the visitation of Rev. Father H. Hudon, our Superior General.

During the four months of my *grand voyage*, I administered only ten Baptisms, a small number, but still it was so much gained. I was more fortunate in another trip which I made a month later to Grand Portage and Grand Marais,

Minn., U. S., where in the short space of twelve days, I baptized one grown person and twelve children. Later on, in September and October, I had seven Baptisms at Prince Arthur's Landing, six of which were of infants. I have cause to thank the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, as also the great St. Joseph, my patron, for the success of my feeble efforts, and to hope for fresh favors in the time to come.

My humble regards to all our Fathers, and my sincerest good wishes to all the Scholastics of Woodstock.

R<sup>mo</sup> V<sup>mo</sup> infimus in X<sup>to</sup> Servus.

JOS. SPECHT, S. J.

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## JUBILEE MISSIONS IN NEBRASKA.

At the invitation of the Rt. Rev. James O'Connor, D. D., Bishop of Dibona, *i. p. i.*, and Vicar Apostolic of Nebraska, Very Rev. E. A. Higgins, Provincial of the Missouri Province, sent some Fathers of the same Province to Nebraska, for the purpose of giving Jubilee Missions in those places which the Rt. Rev. Bishop might be pleased to designate. The first to appear on this field of labor was Fr. Hillman, who arrived in Omaha from St. Louis, on Tuesday, June 7th, 1881. According to instructions received, Fr. H. went to the Rt. Rev. Bishop, to learn from him the nature and the extent of the labors, and soon found out that there was question of a very arduous task, not less than twenty-five Missions being expected to be given between June 19th and Dec. 31st. He informed Very Rev. Fr. Provincial of the extent and the nature of the work mapped out for the Fathers. The answer was that he should open on Sunday, June 19th, and that reënforcements would be sent as soon as possible. Accordingly, a Jubilee Mission, or rather tridium, was announced in St. Philomena's, the Cathedral in Omaha, this church being the first on the list.

ST. PHILOMENA'S, OMAHA.—On June 19th, the second Sunday after Pentecost, Fr. Hillman opened the triduum at High Mass, at which there was but a middling attendance. The exercises of the triduum were: at 5 A. M., Mass and instruction; at 8 A. M., Mass and sermon; at 3 P. M., stations; at 7.30 P. M., beads, sermon and benediction. The attendance at the various exercises of the triduum was very slim. The excessive heat may be assigned as one reason why such meagre crowds followed the exercises, but another and more telling reason was that the triduum had not been properly announced, all the attention and energies of the clergymen, then in charge of the Cathedral parish, being directed towards the preparations and success of a fair and festival for the benefit of the Cathedral Church and school, which was held about that time. Hence, the larger portion of the parishioners, especially those of the working classes, who above all others should have been benefited by the triduum, did not even so much as know that a triduum was being given in the Cathedral. Fr. Hillman stood alone before the work until Monday evening, when Frs. Shultz and Rose arrived from the East, and gave valuable assistance on Tuesday and Wednesday. The triduum was concluded on Wednesday. The number of Communion was 350; a number which ought to have been three times as large. The Fathers left the Bishop's residence on Thursday, and went to Creighton College, where Father Rose remained until joined by his companion, Fr. Bouige, who arrived on Tuesday evening, June 28th, the night of Creighton College exhibition. Frs. Shultz and Hillman left Omaha on June 25th for Plattsmouth, the second place on the list of missions. <sup>(1)</sup>

PLATTSMOUTH, CASS Co.—Plattsmouth, a little city with five thousand inhabitants, is situated at the confluence of the Platte and Missouri Rivers. An elegant iron railroad bridge spans the latter river at this place, and is owned by the Burlington and Missouri Railroad, an important factor

<sup>(1)</sup> Frs. Bouige and Rose gave Missions in Evanston, Rawlins, Laramie City and Cheyenne, all situated in Wyoming Territory; but no report having been handed in, further particulars cannot be given.

in the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad system. The car shops of the B. and M. R. R. are situated in this place, and give employment to the larger portion of the inhabitants. The new Catholic Church is a fine brick structure, and is out of debt, owing mainly to the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. John Fitzgerald, who are at present living in Lincoln, the capital of Nebraska. The exercises of the Mission, which was opened on Sunday, June 26th, were at the same hours as in the Cathedral of Omaha. Rev. Fr. Lynch, the pastor, was absent when the Fathers arrived, and did not return until the Monday following. The heat was excessive, the thermometer being high up in the nineties. Notwithstanding this terrible heat, the attendance was pretty satisfactory both morning and evening. On Thursday afternoon an awful storm passed over the city. This cooled off the atmosphere, but made it necessary to dispense with the evening service on that day. Some time previous to the coming of the Fathers, a certain man, calling himself Doctor O'Leary, and hailing from Boston, Mass., had visited Plattsmouth, and had delivered a course of infidel and materialistic lectures. This visit of Dr. O'Leary gave rise to the following incident: A gentleman, who claims a distant relationship with the Rt. Rev. Bishop, had been invited to attend the Mission. He did not attend any of the exercises, but paid the Fathers a visit at the pastoral residence. During the conversation it soon became evident that he was imbued with the false and pernicious maxims advocated by Dr. O'Leary, and that he wished to enter into a discussion with the Fathers, probably to strengthen himself in these false notions, hoping by his glib tongue to get the better of the argument. One of the Fathers, knowing what he was driving at, made the remark that it was his honest conviction that there would be very little or no infidelity in the land, if it were not for the Sixth and Seventh Commandments of the Decalogue. This remark seemed to come home pretty closely, for the gentleman left us a few minutes after, and did not trouble us with another visit.

Although the original plan was to conclude the Mission on Thursday, yet, yielding to the earnest entreaty of the



Pastor, the Fathers agreed that one should remain in Plattsmouth over Sunday. Fr. Hillman left for Nebraska City on Saturday, July 2d; Fr. Shultz completed the Mission in Plattsmouth on Sunday evening, July 3d. The Mission gave very consoling results; the number of Communions reached two hundred, and many old sinners were reclaimed. The Rt. Rev. Bishop had ordered the Fathers to refuse absolution to persons who had been married before a Protestant minister or a squire, until satisfaction for the scandal caused by such marriages had been made. A lady in Plattsmouth had been married to a Protestant before the squire; during the Mission she repented of her sin, and requested one of the Fathers to ask in her name pardon of the congregation for the scandal given. He complied with her request, and from the altar, and in the presence of a large congregation, mentioned the name of the lady and asked pardon for what had happened. This announcement made a deep impression, and, according to the statement of the Rev. Pastor, broke up several engagements between Catholic ladies and Protestant or infidel young men.

NEBRASKA CITY, OTTOE CO.—Having left Plattsmouth in the morning at seven o'clock, after various and tedious delays, and two or three changes of cars, Fr. Hillman reached Nebraska City at about one P. M., on Saturday, July 2nd, the day on which the fatal shot was fired at President Garfield. Nebraska City numbers a little over five thousand inhabitants. It is a city of some pretensions; at least, its main street compares favorably with the business streets of any of Nebraska's cities. At one time, they claim, it was the largest town in Nebraska; but it is now far behind Omaha and Lincoln. There are two Catholic Churches in the town—one for the German, the other for the English-speaking Catholics. The latter is perhaps the finest church in the city; it was formerly a Christian or Campbellite Church, is built of brick, and must have cost nearly twelve thousand dollars. The Catholics bought it at auction for the astonishingly low sum of eleven hundred and fifty dollars. The frame building, the lower floor of which used to

serve as a church; the upper floor as the pastor's residence, has been converted into a parochial school. The Mission was opened on July 3d, after High Mass; the exercises were the same as those announced in the two preceding Missions, with the only difference that the evening service was at 8 P. M. The Episcopalians have in this place a college or seminary, which will soon be transferred to Omaha. Three of the professors and two preachers were present at the first evening exercise. On Monday, about noon, Fr. Shultz, accompanied by Rev. Fr. Lynch, arrived at Nebraska City. The exercises, especially those at 8 A. M. and 8 P. M., were pretty well attended, many of the Germans availing themselves of this opportunity to make the Jubilee. With the permission of the authorities, Rev. Fr. Cusson, the pastor, rang the fire bell half an hour before evening service. During the Mission one hundred and fifty Communions were distributed, and if harvest, etc., had not kept many farmers from coming into town, a much larger number might have been expected. Mixed marriages have done immense harm to Catholicity in this locality, and it is with good reason that the Rt. Rev. Bishop is so strict with regard to granting dispensation for such marriages. The Mission was concluded on Thursday evening. On the following day the Fathers paid a visit to the Academy of the Benedictine Sisters, and to Rev. Fr. Thomas Bartl, O. S. B., whom they found lodged in a poor miserable shanty. The German Catholic Church, of which he has charge, is a very neat brick building, but its location is certainly not the most desirable; and this is the case with many of the Catholic Churches, or rather chapels, in this part of the country. On Saturday morning, July 9th, the Fathers left Nebraska City, and arrived in the evening of the same day at Rulo, where the next Mission was to be given.

RULO, RICHARDSON CO.—Rulo, a corruption of *Roulean*, the name of the founder of the place, is one of the oldest towns west of the Missouri River, and is situated in the southeast corner of the State, near the point where the State-lines of Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska meet. From

a once lively and flourishing town it has dwindled down to a village with about nine hundred inhabitants. The Catholic population are not remarkable for their piety, owing no doubt to the troubles and disagreements arising between the Irish, the French and the Germans, these three nationalities being about equally strong; as also to the many scandals given here by some unfortunate priests. There seems to be more union and good feeling at present, owing principally to the amiable and conciliatory character of the Pastor, Rev. Fr. Bushman. The Mission was opened during High Mass. Before the sermon the Father made a few remarks on the evil consequences of mixed marriages, and asked pardon of the large congregation present for the scandal given in the name of a young lady, who had lately been married to a Protestant before the squire; but who now, repenting of her sin, wished to be reconciled to God and the Church. The announcement gave great satisfaction to the Catholics, who had been scandalized by the occurrence, and several young ladies were induced to break off their engagements to Protestant or infidel young men. The attendance was pretty satisfactory, but on account of the harvest many did not attend, who under more favorable circumstances would gladly have followed the exercises of the Mission. The number of Communion distributed was two hundred and forty-seven. From Rulo the Fathers traveled to Table Rock, where they arrived on Saturday, July 16th.

TABLE ROCK, PAWNEE CO.—Table Rock is a little town situated on the Atchison and Nebraska division of the Burlington and Missouri Railroad. Among the Catholics of the town and the surrounding country, only a few Irish and German families are to be found; the majority are Bohemians by birth or extraction. The Bohemians, at least those who have migrated to the State of Nebraska, and their offspring, are not at all remarkable for deep-rooted faith, or even middling religious fervor. And this explains the wonderfully meagre results of the Mission. Rev. Father Rausch, the priest in charge of Table Rock and Missions,

had sent a postal to the Rev. Bushman, whilst the Fathers were in Rulo, requesting him to send with them various things needed during the Mission. Rev. Bushman complied with the request, and sent everything he asked for, but since he forgot to mention on his postal that he would need a chalice, the Fathers found to their dismay on arriving at Table Rock that there was but one chalice, which Rev. Rausch had intended to take to Plum Creek, one of his outlying missions. Since, however, the Mission had been announced for Table Rock, he left the chalice with the Fathers, and set out for Plum Creek, without a chalice, thus depriving himself and the people there of Mass on the next day, a Sunday. To make up for that loss, the Fathers promised that one of them would go to Plum Creek on Tuesday, and stay there until Friday. The Mission was opened on Sunday in the presence of a small congregation, which, however, was the largest audience that ever attended any of the exercises of the Mission. Besides the indifference of the Bohemian Catholics, the want of comfort in the Church (there being but two or three benches), the heat, the dust, and harvest-time accounted for the small numbers attending the Mission. One of the Fathers stopped with Mr. Lane, a Protestant, living next to the church, and was treated very cleverly. The other Father had to go to Mr. Hoffmann, a Luxemburg Catholic, living about a mile away from the church. Rev. Rausch returned from Plum Creek on Monday, went to Rulo that same day, and brought a chalice with him on Tuesday morning, thus enabling the Fathers to have Mass both at Table Rock and at Plum Creek. Rev. Fr. Cyrillus Augustinšky, a Franciscan, from Columbus, Nebraska, arrived on Tuesday afternoon for the benefit of the Bohemians, to whom his coming had been previously announced. So great, however, was the fervor of the Bohemians, that but one came to confession, and he could as well have made his confession in German. The number of Communion distributed in this place was thirty-five. On Friday morning Fr. Rausch left for Omaha to join his fellow priests in the retreat, which had commenced

on the preceding Wednesday at Creighton College, under the direction of Fr. A. Van Hulst, of Chicago. Rev. Fr. Cyrillus returned to Columbus, and Fr. Shultz went to Tecumseh, where a Mission was to be opened on the Sunday following, July 24th.

PLUM CREEK, PAWNEE CO.—As stated above, one of the Fathers, viz: Fr. Hillman, left Tuesday, July 19th, for Plum Creek. In order to reach this Irish-Catholic settlement, he had to travel eight miles in a hack, as they called it, which runs between Table Rock and Pawnee City, the county seat of Pawnee County. There, a farmer from Plum Creek settlement met him with a lumber-wagon, which was to carry him about thirteen miles further into the country. It was nearly 10 P. M., when, dusty and sore in every limb, he arrived at the house of Mr. Patrick Kane, who offered him such hospitality as a newly-settled country can afford. The exercises of the little Mission were held in the school-house of the district, a small frame building, and were continued until Friday morning. Besides the few families of the settlement, some men, who were working on the new railroad in the neighborhood attended the Mission. Thirty-five Communion were distributed. Fr. Hillman left on Friday morning, and joined Fr. Shultz in Tecumseh on Saturday morning.

TECUMSEH, JOHNSON CO.—Tecumseh, the county seat of Johnson County, a town with nearly two thousand inhabitants, is situated on the Atchison and Nebraska Railroad. Only a few Catholic families live in town; the majority of the congregation are farmers living from three to fifteen miles from town. Hence the Pastor, Rev. Fr. McNally, suggested to have the exercises in the forenoon only. The Fathers acted upon this suggestion, and announced Masses at seven, eight and ten o'clock. Sermons were preached after the eight and ten o'clock Masses, and no services were held in the afternoon or evening. The pastoral residence is a neat, commodious, two-story frame building; but the church (if we may call it one) is a rickety old shanty, which can accommodate but one-fourth of the congregation. A

fine brick church, forty by seventy feet, is now under way, and, if the parishioners show themselves liberal, will be finished next summer. On the same block on which the Catholic Church and residence are located, there are three other churches—a Campbellite, a Presbyterian and an Episcopalian church. In consequence of this the neighborhood was quite lively on Sunday morning and evening. Although many old sinners were reclaimed, and the Fathers could not complain of the attendance, yet not one half of the congregation came to the Mission, owing to the excessive heat and to the fact that all hands and teams were needed for the harvest. Only one hundred and twenty-six Communion were distributed. On Friday the Fathers returned to Omaha with the intention of taking a few days' rest, and of resuming labors on the first Sunday in August.

#### *Change of programme.*

Considering the excessive heat that prevailed about the end of July and the beginning of August, and fearing lest the four Fathers engaged in mission work in Nebraska and Wyoming might injure their health and become unfit for future labors, our Very Rev. Father Provincial sent a letter which was received on the 3d of August, ordering Father Shultz to return to Chicago, Fr. Rose to go to St. Louis, and Fr. Boujge to report in Cincinnati. Fr. Hillman was to remain in Omaha, and not to resume missionary labors until further orders. In consequence of this order, several priests and congregations were disappointed, and it became impossible to follow the original list of missions. When, therefore, two weeks later, leave was given to resume labor, Fr. Hillman requested the Rt. Rev. Bishop to alter the original list in such a manner that it would be possible to get through with the missions before New Year. This done, he set to work and wrote about a score of letters, informing various priests whether or when they would have a Mission. Now he had to stand all alone before the work, viz: fifteen or sixteen missions. In places, however, where

German and Bohemian preaching would be necessary, he could call upon Father Türk, who belongs to the Austrian Province, has spent many years in Bohemia, and speaks the German and Bohemian languages fluently. He was sent to this Vicariate by our Very Rev. Father General for the benefit especially of the Bohemians, who are very numerous in some parts of the State, and who are ill-provided with priests of their nationality.

ENTERPRISE, LANCASTER CO.—This is not a town, but a settlement of forty, mostly Irish, Catholic families. It is situated nearly fourteen miles north of Lincoln, and belongs to the jurisdiction of Rev. M. A. Kennedy, pastor of the latter place. The Mission was opened on Sunday, August 28th. The exercises were: at 7 A. M., Mass; at 9 A. M., Mass and sermon; at 7.30 P. M., beads, sermon and some prayers. All the exercises were well attended, since nearly all the farmers were through with harvesting, and had leisure to follow the Mission. The fervor and excellent spirit displayed by these good people was a source of great consolation. The number of Communion distributed was one hundred and eighty-three; and many who had neglected the Sacraments for several years received Communion twice—once for their Easter duty, and again for the Jubilee. Fr. Hillman enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Patrick Dore, a well-to-do farmer with a family of eleven children, who lives about a mile away from the church. The house of this good man was very much like a hotel during the Mission, for many farmers who came from a long distance stopped there over night. The church is a very neat frame building, and when plastered will be very comfortable. Early on Friday morning, Fr. H. left Enterprise, and returned to Lincoln in time for the train to Exeter, where the next Mission was to be given.

EXETER, FILLMORE CO.—Exeter is a little town with about six hundred inhabitants, situated on the main line of the Burlington and Missouri Railroad. The exercises were the same as in the preceding Missions, with the only difference that here Benediction was given every evening after

the sermon. The attendance at all the exercises was very good, except on Monday and Tuesday, when heavy rains prevented people from coming to church. A case of concubinage had caused great scandal in the parish; this scandal was removed during the Mission, the parties separating and approaching the Sacraments. Another couple, who had been married before the squire, repaired the scandal given by allowing the missionary to ask in their names the pardon of the congregation. These incidents caused great joy to the Rev. Pastor, Fr. Jennette, to the missionary, and, in fact, to all the Catholics of the place. On Tuesday afternoon Rev. Fr. Türk came to Exeter, and did some good work among the Bohemians of the neighborhood, promising them to begin a Mission for their benefit on Sunday, Sept. 18th. The Mission on the whole was very successful, and two hundred and twenty-seven Communion were distributed:-

SUTTON, CLAY CO.—On Sunday, Sept. 11th, a Mission was opened in Sutton, a lively little town with about eleven hundred inhabitants, situated on the main line of the Burlington and Missouri Railroad, about twenty-two miles west of Exeter, from which place it is attended twice a month either by Rev. Fr. Jennette or his assistant, Rev. Fr. Emblem. The exercises of the Mission were well attended, especially on Sunday, Wednesday and Thursday. The members of the congregation are mostly farmers, who are reduced in circumstances, on account of the repeated failure of their crops. Two years ago the grasshoppers caused the mischief; last year, a continued drought; this year, a terrible hailstorm, which passed over Adams, Clay, and a part of Fillmore and Thayer counties. Some farmers lost this year as much as three thousand dollars. One farmer stated that from one hundred and twenty acres which he had sowed in wheat, he reaped only ten bushels. Fr. Hillman was alone until Monday, when Fr. Jennette came to assist him. For the want of better accommodation they had to stop at a hotel (the Occidental), a thing not at all desirable during a mission. Many old sinners were reclaimed, and one hun-



dred and forty-eight Communion distributed. On Friday, the day after the mission, the weather was most disagreeable; rain, hail and snow were struggling for the mastery, and the atmosphere became very moist and chilly in consequence. We hastened back to Exeter, where, within a quarter of an hour after our arrival, the stoves were put up and a blazing fire made us comfortable.

TURKEY CREEK, FILLMORE CO.—Whilst Fr. Hillman was in Sutton, Fr. Türk was giving a Mission in Turkey Creek, a settlement of about twenty German Catholic families. The number of Communion distributed was eighty-two.

SEWARD, SEWARD CO.—On Saturday, Sept. 17th, Fr. Hillman left Exeter, and in the afternoon of that same day reached Seward, where a Mission was to be opened on Sunday, Sept. 18th. Seward, the county seat of Seward Co., a town with about twenty-five hundred inhabitants, is situated on the Big Blue River, and at the crossing of the Atchison and Nebraska, and the Nebraska division of the Burlington and Missouri R. R. The weather during the Mission was very fine, and the attendance at the exercises pretty fair, especially at the opening, on Sunday, and at the close, on Thursday evening. Rev. C. J. Quinn, the Pastor, had borrowed quite a number of chairs from Walker's Hall, since the limited number of benches in the church could not accommodate all those who attended. On Wednesday these chairs were suddenly ordered back, at the suggestion, as many suspected, of some bigoted people in town, who wished to incommode the Catholics. But chairs from other quarters were provided in sufficient numbers to accommodate at least the women and children, the men being perfectly willing to stand during the exercises. Many families did not attend the Mission; they have grown indifferent, or perhaps have lost the faith, on account of the scandals given by an unfortunate priest, the predecessor of Rev. Father Quinn. The missionary stopped at the residence of the pastor, but had to go for his meals to a neighboring hotel, "the Commercial." During the Mission one hundred and thirty-two communions were distributed, and several negli-

gent Catholics aroused to new fervor. On Friday, Fr. Hillman returned to Omaha, there to assist Rev. Fr. Damen, the veteran missionary, about to open a Mission in the Holy Family Church, on Sunday, Sept. 25th.

From Sunday, Sept. 18th, until the Thursday following, Fr. Türk gave a Mission to a Bohemian settlement, about ten miles south of Exeter. He distributed sixty Communion, and baptized twelve children. But because several families could not attend on account of its being the threshing season, he promised to return in October. On Friday he left Exeter and went to Omaha, to prepare himself for future labors.

YORK, YORK CO.—On Sunday, October 2nd, a Mission was opened in York, which is visited once a month by Rev. C. J. Quinn, pastor of Seward. York, the county seat of York Co., a little town with nearly thirteen hundred inhabitants, is situated on the Nebraska Division of the Burlington and Missouri R. R. Fathers Quinn and Hillman stopped at the Commercial Hotel. Among the guests were several traveling agents, who behaved themselves in a most disgraceful manner; and the Fathers firmly resolved, that if ever afterwards they should have to stop over night in York, they would not favor the Commercial Hotel. The weather was very unfavorable; rain set in early in the afternoon on Monday, and continued until Wednesday evening. The roads were rendered literally impassable. Very few families attended the Mission in consequence, and only sixty-nine Communion were distributed. Still greater harm than even in Seward was done here to the faith and morals of the people by the scandalous conduct of the unfortunate priest referred to above. On Friday Father Hillman returned to Omaha to enjoy a few days' rest after six weeks of continual labor.

## THE "CATHOLIC SEMINARY," WASHINGTON.

An old landmark of Washington, the *Seminary* building on F Street, has lately disappeared. A local newspaper gives the following particulars of its history:—

"Workmen are engaged in demolishing the old F Street Seminary, the cradle, as it were, of Gonzaga College. Since the year 1820, about which time the building was erected, the Seminary structure has been one of the landmarks of Washington. But the progress of business in that section of the city demands the space and houses more suitable for its purposes, and the old seat of learning must go. The older citizens of Washington will have their reminiscences awakened by the change in what to them was a familiar spot, and by the disappearance of a building within the halls of which many of them were educated.

"The Jesuits, who were the founders of the Seminary, intended the building for use as their novitiate, but the original plan was changed, for a school was opened there under the presidency of Father Kohlmann, and afterwards of Father Keiley. . . . The Seminary was very prosperous, the students being more numerous than those of Georgetown College. But about this period—possibly in order to concentrate their labors and energy on Georgetown College—the founders broke up the institution. Father Keiley disconnected himself from the Order, and removed his scholars to the Old Capitol, where the school soon became extinct, doubtless for lack of teachers. Meanwhile the Seminary building was occupied by the Sisters of Charity; afterward (the front part) by Rev. John Donnellan, while school was taught in the rear by Dr. Philip Smith, who was succeeded by Michael Shyne.

"In October, 1848, the Jesuits reopened the schools under Father Blox as president. Fathers Lynch and Fulton were teachers. The other presidents were FF. Barber, DeNecker, Villiger and Stonestreet. It was during the rectorship of the last named that the Seminary was elevated into Gonzaga College. The presidents of the newly-created college were Revs. W. F. Clarke, B. F. Wiget, Charles H. Stonestreet (the second) and James Clark.

"Under the presidency of Rev. James Clark, the schools were removed from F Street to the vicinity of St. Aloysius',

presumably for the convenience of visiting that church. The effect of its removal, however, was disastrous so far as the attendance of scholars was concerned. The number of pupils dwindled considerably, and it is only of late that an improvement in this respect has been noted.

"Since the establishment of Gonzaga College in its present locality, the F Street building has been let to various occupants. It was long ago foreseen that the time would come when the needs of business would require the substitution of other houses. That time has now come, and soon the old Seminary, with all its associations, will be no more."

Father Grassi, in a book descriptive of America, printed at Milan in 1818, mentions "a house near St. Patrick's Church, erected by the Jesuits for the education of youth." It was occupied for three years (1820-23) by the students of theology. Fr. Anthony Kohlmann, Superior of the Mission, resided here, and taught theology; it was here that he wrote his learned refutation of Unitarianism. His zeal was aroused by the efforts of Jared Sparks to introduce into Baltimore the Unitarian doctrine, which at that time was making rapid progress in New England. The work appeared in serial numbers during the years 1821-1822, and was afterwards published in two volumes; its treatment of the subject was considered so complete and masterly that for years the work used to be read in the refectory of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore.

The manuscript catalogue of the Mission gives the following *status* of the Seminary for the year 1821:—

DOMUS WASHINGTONIANA.

R. P. Antonius Kohlmann, Sup. Miss., Rect. domus, Prof. Theol. Dogm.

P. Maximilianus Rantzau, Soc. et Adm. R. P. Sup., Prof. theol. mor., Præs. coll. cas. consc., Conf. schol.

AUDITORES THEOLOGICÆ.

*Anno Tertio.*

Virgilius Horatius Barber,

Stephanus Larigaudelle Dubuisson,  
Germanus Sannen.

*Anno Secundo.*

Josephus Schneller,  
Petrus Walsh.

*Anno Primo.*

Thomas Finigan,  
Jeremias Keiley,  
Aloysius Mudd,  
Joannes Smith.

COADJUTORES.

Jacobus Fenwick, Disp., Proc. dom.  
Patritius Laughlin, Coq.  
Gulielmus Taylor, Fab. Lign.

*PP. 2.—Schol. 9.—Coadj. 3.—Univ. 14.*

In 1822, three scholastics were teaching grammar classes.

In 1823, of the ten resident students of theology, nine were teaching classes.

In 1824-5, Father Adam Marshall was Superior; there were no students of Ours at the Seminary. The theologians were at Rome and St. Louis.

In 1826, Fr. Keiley was Superior, and in 1827 it is added after his name: *Oper. ad eccles. Sti. Patricii (cujus Præses æque ac Seminarii est R. D. Gulielmus Mattheos, Repræs. Corporat.)*.

In 1828: *Seminarium Washingtonianum, propter defectum sustentationis Instituto nostro conformis, initio hujus anni Scholastici suppressum est.*

## OBITUARY.

FATHER GEORGE IGNATIUS STRONG.

Father George Ignatius Strong was born on the 29th of August, 1837, in Philadelphia, and there he passed his boyhood. He was one of the first students of St. Joseph's College, which, though humble in its literary pretensions, and attracting little attention to its unostentatious work, has deserved well of the Society for the many vocations it has fostered. On the 13th of July, 1854, he entered the Novitiate at Frederick, where he remained until the autumn of 1857, when he was sent to Georgetown to perform the duties of teacher.

After six years of teaching, Fr. Strong, at the age of twenty-six, began his philosophy at Georgetown; for Woodstock, at that time, was a thing of the future. In 1869, he was ordained in Baltimore by Archbishop Spalding, and in the following year, after completing his studies, he was sent to Loyola College, Baltimore, to fill the office of subminister, and to be professor of the natural sciences; for, as a mathematician and general scientist, Fr. Strong's acquirements were high. In 1871, he was sent to Georgetown as professor of physics and chemistry, and after the third year of probation, he was appointed, in 1875 to teach the natural sciences at Holy Cross College. On the 15th of August, 1876, he took his last vows, at Trinity Church, Georgetown. In 1878, he was appointed one of the missionaries, who, under Fr. Maguire, as Superior, formed a band devoted exclusively to giving retreats to the faithful through the villages, towns and cities of the country. The constant demand for these missionaries leaves no time for leisure. Their life is not a life of ease; it requires excessive travel; the missionary rises early, and goes to bed late, and the hours from rising to rest are hours of ceaseless and exhausting labor in pulpit and confessional.

Fr. Strong's constitution was never of the most robust. From time to time he suffered from various annoying ailments; yet the trials of a missionary seemed to make no serious inroads on his health, until after a most wearying mission given in 1881 at Pittsburg, in the midst of an exceptionally severe winter. The church at which the Mission was given was at a distance from the pastor's residence, and, after preaching and hearing confessions in a cold church, he was obliged to return through fierce winter winds to a cold and cheerless residence. This shattered a constitution which was always infirm, and, when he came back to the headquarters of the Mission, at St. Mary's Church, Boston, it was evident to all that his health had received a severe shock. However, he rallied for a time, but about Easter he began to fail perceptibly, so that it was thought prudent to relieve him of all missionary work. On the 10th of July, he was removed to the Carney Hospital, in order that he might have the care of trained and devoted nurses. Yet he became worse so rapidly, that on the 19th of July he was given the last Sacraments. About the month of September he had so far recovered as to bear removal into the air for several hours every day, and for about three weeks he showed signs of returning health; yet it was clear to all, who were acquainted with the nature of his malady, that complete restoration was hopeless. After about three weeks, he began to fail again, and, on the 23d of November, having fully recovered the use of his senses, and strengthened with all the consolations of religion, he passed away. During his sickness his sufferings from dropsy and rheumatism were often intense, yet he showed great patience, and in this and a hundred other little acts of virtue, he was a subject of edification to the Sisters who nursed, and to all who visited him.

As a missionary he was remarkably zealous, and, with truth may it be said that he shortened his life by the labors undergone since he was appointed to this duty. In proof of this, we have but to recall the facts above cited. Besides, the retreats which he gave to convents during the hot months

of vacation, when he was physically unfit for the work, were causes of much suffering, especially for the last three years of his life. The scores of converts he received into the Church, and the thousands of the faithful whose confessions he heard, or whom he reclaimed from the ways of sin, are witnesses to the zeal he had for the salvation of souls. He was a forcible preacher, and his sermons were highly spoken of by those who heard him. He was of an ardent temperament, and consequently was at times impetuous, and, perhaps, over-sensitive; however, he quickly forgave and forgot. Thus, in a few words, can his years be numbered and his actions told. Did we but know them as He who knows the heart, it might take more time and space; but these few words we may say rather for our own edification than for the praise of Fr. Strong, who now is beyond it. May his years in Heaven be unnumbered, and his actions told for eternity.- R. I. P.

#### MR. JAMES POWER.

Mr. James Power died of cerebral meningitis at the scholasticate of Woodstock, on the 4th of October, 1881. Although he had been only four years in religion, he was already ripe for heaven. He was born in the parish of Bree, Co. Wexford, Ireland, on the 16th of April, 1848. In the world he had led a pious life, and had made a vow of perpetual chastity, which he solemnly renewed each year; but desirous of rendering himself more pleasing to God, he determined on joining the Society of Jesus. Not having received a classical education, and having already attained his 24th year, he was admitted into the Novitiate of Milltown Park, in 1874, as a novice-coadjutor, for the Irish Province. But his master of novices, discovering his rare talent and sound judgment, advised him to leave the Novitiate and apply himself to study. It was only at the urgent request of his master of novices and with the advice of the Provincial, who told him that he could thus better procure



the glory of God, that he decided on commencing to study; he had found peace and happiness in religion, and was content to pass his life as the servant of his brethren.

At the age of twenty-seven, he found himself once more on the benches as a schoolboy, beginning the Latin grammar; but his strength of will and the fertility of his mind soon enabled him to overcome all difficulties, and in two years he justified the hopes of his master of Novices, and again applied for admission into the Society. Just at that time, Rev. Fr. Lonergan was on a visit to Ireland for the purpose of procuring postulants for the New Orleans Mission, and having requested Rev. Fr. Walsh, then Provincial, to recommend him some suitable subjects, Fr. Walsh told him to accept Mr. Power, that he knew no one more suitable or with higher qualifications. Mr. Power was accordingly accepted and sent to France for his noviceship, and reached Clermont on the 12th of August, 1877. The usual trials presented no difficulties to the new novice; he had already learned and realised what the religious life meant. He was extremely devout to St. Joseph, and all his writings were dedicated to that Saint, through whose intercession, doubtless, he obtained such a happy death. When the Novitiate was closed at Clermont, he was sent to Lons-le-Saulnier (Jura), where he took his vows on the feast of the Assumption, 1879. The September following he came to Woodstock for his philosophy. He soon showed that he was gifted with extraordinary talent for philosophical studies, and the brightest hopes were entertained for his future success; all thought that he would prove a most useful member of the Society, but, as he remarked a few days previous to his death:

“God knows best; I hoped to be able to serve the Society, but perhaps I will do more in heaven for our poor Mission than I could do if I should live.”

During vacations he went to Georgetown College for a special course of Chemistry, as he was anxious to become as perfect as possible in all branches of science. Soon after his return, he complained of pain in the ear, but being usu-

ally of a healthy constitution, he did not heed it for several days. Finding that the pain continued, he returned to Washington, on the 5th of Sept., to consult a physician, under whose treatment he remained until the 24th, when he came back to Woodstock, apparently cured. The following day, Sunday, he complained of fever and of being very tired, but his malady was not considered serious until Friday afternoon, when he suddenly became delirious; he soon, however, recovered the use of his senses, but it was easy to see that he was fast sinking. Saturday evening he asked for and received the last Sacraments; as he had been up during the day, he wished to be allowed to kneel on the floor to receive the Blessed Sacrament, but the infirmarian having told him that it would be too fatiguing, he smiled and said: "Very well, Brother, I will do whatever you tell me." After receiving the Holy Viaticum, he remained for a long time in prayer, then turning to one of the scholastics who was with him, he said: "Good-by, good-by, I have only a few hours more to wait. I had prayed not to die until I had received again my Saviour. I am now happy. I have obtained from the Blessed Virgin all I asked. I ask for nothing more. I die in the Society of Jesus." He passed the night quietly, and next morning, when told that it was the feast of the Holy Rosary, he asked for his beads, which he recited with the greatest fervor. He still lingered for two days, edifying all who visited him by his patience and resignation to the Divine Will. On Tuesday, October 4th, he became worse; he was constantly occupied in prayer, and from time to time would repeat: "O my Jesus, accept the sacrifice of my life; I willingly offer it to Thee; and grant to all my brothers the grace of perseverance in their holy vocation." At 2 P. M. the community assembled in his room, when he asked pardon for all the faults he had committed, and took part in the responses of the prayers for the dying. He then entered into his agony, if, indeed, it could be called an agony; it was more like a sweet sleep. At three o'clock, still breathing the words, "My Jesus, have mercy on me," he expired. Those who had witnessed his

holy death went away edified, strengthened in their vocation, and confirmed in their belief that death in the Society of Jesus is a pledge of predestination.

#### MR. WILLIAM ROCHE.

Mr. William Roche died of congestion of the brain at the College of the Immaculate Conception, New Orleans, on the 15th of October, 1881. His death was sudden, but not unprovided. Feeling unwell after his morning class, he lay down, hoping that, after a little rest, he would be able to teach in the afternoon as usual, but when the hour for class came he was found to be unconscious. The doctors, who were at once summoned, could give him no assistance. He received the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, and a few hours afterwards expired. Mr. Roche was a native of Cork, Ireland, and was born on the 12th of June, 1853. He was educated at St. Colman's College, in his native diocese, and desiring to labor for the salvation of souls, he entered the Ecclesiastical College of Carlow for the diocese of Auckland, New Zealand. Towards the close of his second year at Carlow, he felt himself called to the religious life, and entered the Novitiate of Clermont, for the Mission of New Orleans, on the 23rd of September, 1875. In the Novitiate he was admired by all for his charity and his winning manners. After his noviceship he was sent to Vals for his philosophy, where he distinguished himself especially in mathematics, for which he showed remarkable talent even when a boy at St. Colman's. But he still more distinguished himself in the scholasticate by his constant spirit of abnegation and fraternal charity. He was ever desirous of suffering any pain by which he might be able to prevent or relieve that of others. One little trait will give us an idea of this. On vacation days the scholastics went early in the morning to the villa, but as there were very many priests in the house, some scholastics were obliged to remain after the others in order to serve Mass. Mr. Roche, seeking to relieve some of those who were to remain, would ask them

to allow him to replace them; they, not knowing that he had already asked others, would freely grant his request; and so it happened that on each vacation day, for a long time, he would serve four or five Masses in succession, until at last it became known to the Superiors, who forbade him to do it. Whenever any one wanted a helping hand, he would turn to Mr. Roche, who was esteemed and loved by both professors and companions, and were it not for the sad blow which sent so many Jesuits into exile, he would be long remembered in the scholasticate of Vals. He came to this country in 1879, and was stationed for a year at St. Charles' College, Grand Coteau. The following year he taught physics and chemistry in New Orleans, and he had just commenced his third year with the same class. His devotedness and kindness made him beloved by his pupils. The virtues of abnegation and charity, for which he was so remarkable in the scholasticate, shone with fresh lustre in his new sphere. His whole life may be summed up in the words of one who had been his companion for many years: "I have known him as a schoolboy, I have known him as a novice, I have known him as a scholastic, and during all that time his life seemed to have been guided by the motto: 'Be willing to suffer all things, that others may be spared all suffering.'"

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## MISSIONARY LABORS OF FATHER MAGUIRE AND COMPANIONS,

FROM THE MIDDLE OF JULY TO DECEMBER 26TH.

The missionaries spent the summer as usual in giving Retreats to Priests and Sisters in various parts of the country, and in providing for their own spiritual necessities. This work of giving the exercises to the various religious communities increases every year, and becomes tiresome in hot weather for those who need rest after the severe labors of the Missions or the class-room. However, much good is

done, and the selection of Our Fathers for this important work is an evidence of the good will of the Bishops of the country towards our Society. Although we suspend the work of the Missions during July and August, still this year, on account of the Jubilee and the many demands in different places, some of the Fathers were working even during the heat of the summer. Missions were given in Charles Co., Md., by Fr. Finnegan with much advantage to the people. In St. Mary's County, Fr. McHugh and others gave the Jubilee in the various congregations attended by Ours, with great advantage to the Catholics of this part of Maryland. Fathers Finnegan and Reid, the former of whom is one of the Missionary band, gave a successful Mission in Holmesburg, near Philadelphia. Father Maguire and Fr. Langlois labored for a week in Claremont, New Hampshire, commencing on the 14th of August. As the congregation is composed of French and English speaking people, the sermons and instructions were in both languages.

From four o'clock in the morning till eleven at night the church was filled with the good people of the town and country, some of whom came ten and twenty miles to gain the blessings of the Jubilee and Mission. Many old sinners, who had not been to confession for twenty and thirty years, made their peace with God. Quite a large number of Protestants came every night. More than one thousand received Communion. Claremont has the oldest Catholic Church in the State, which was built in 1823 by Fr. Virgil H. Barber of our Society. The church and pastoral residence are still standing, though neglected, and, I think, still belong to the Society. In connection with the Church, Father Barber had a school, and I found that some of the leading men of the place had been educated by him.

The conversion of the Barber family, which took place in Claremont, in 1816, is one of the most remarkable facts and prodigies of grace in the history of this country. In his opening sermon, Fr. Maguire alluded to the fact, and also informed the congregation that he had often heard Fr. Barber speaking about Claremont when he was a scholar of

his in Frederick City, Md., forty-seven years ago. The next day several Protestant gentlemen called to make inquiries about the family, and informed the Fathers that they remembered Fr. Barber first as a Protestant minister, and afterwards as a Catholic Priest in this town of Claremont. All spoke in the kindest manner of him and of the family. One of these gentlemen allowed me to read a small volume of tracts, letters and sermons which he valued highly, printed in Washington City by Daniel Barber, the father of Virgil Horace, and the first of the family to receive the gift of faith. In this volume I found many interesting facts, the reasons of his conversion, and his last sermon to his Protestant people, when about to enter the Catholic Church. He gives the motives of his conversion, and concludes his sermon in these words: "I now retire to the shades of poverty; may the faults which I have committed while among you be written on the sands of the sea-shore, that the next returning wave may wash them into oblivion." He spent his time in writing and distributing tracts in various parts of the country. Many of the letters in the book were written from St. Inigoes, in St. Mary's County, Md., where he enjoyed the hospitality and friendship of many of the old families, whose names are given in this book. I saw these letters and tracts, and many interesting facts connected with the conversion of the family in Georgetown College library, forty years ago. They would form an interesting page in the future history of our Province.

Father Virgil Horace Barber, soon after his conversion, actuated by the highest religious motives, and by the advice of his spiritual director, and with the full and free consent of his wife, determined to enter our Society, and become a priest. He was sent to Rome, where he made the necessary studies, while the wife entered the Visitation Convent in Georgetown. Subsequently she went to St. Louis with other Sisters to form a new foundation. She died a very holy religious a few years ago. Her two daughters also became religious, one entering among the Ursulines in Canada, the other with her mother in the Visitation Con-

vent of Georgetown. The other child, young Samuel, was taken by the Fathers in Georgetown College. He was afterwards sent to Rome, where he finished his course with honor, and gave great promise of a holy life in the Society. He was for many years Master of Novices in Frederick, Rector of the College in Washington City, Professor in Georgetown College, and died a few years ago at St. Thomas', Charles Co., Md. His father, Virgil H. Barber, after laboring in Claremont, building the church and school, making excursions to the scattered Catholics in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, was engaged in teaching in our Colleges in Georgetown and Frederick, and finally ended his career by a holy death in Georgetown College, March 27th, 1847.

The only remaining member of this remarkable family is the Visitation Nun, still living in the Convent of St. Louis. Many conversions followed in consequence of the preaching and example of the Barbers. The sister of Daniel Barber, Mrs. Tyler, and her family, came into the Church about this time, and to their conversion the diocese of Hartford became indebted for its first Bishop, Rt. Rev. Wm. Tyler. Notwithstanding all this, there is great prejudice in New Hampshire against our holy religion, and this is the only State in the Union in which a Catholic can not hold any civil office. Though the law has been repealed, prejudice is still too strong.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, JERSEY CITY.—It was thought the summer was over, but the Fathers who took part in the Mission in Jersey City were soon convinced of the contrary, if not by the high figures of the thermometer, at least by the swarms of mosquitoes that day and night claimed their attention. At Mass, in the Confessional, in recreation—everywhere, these pests were at hand; and what is more, were so perseveringly industrious and so silent withal in their work, that one felt like giving up in despair. Jersey City was not certainly an attractive place in September. With the heat and mosquitoes was to be considered

the malaria arising from the marshes about the place, to supply the inhabitants with their autumnal chills, and to do the same kind office for any stranger who might be tarrying there. Autumnal chills? Chills and other developments of malaria seem to have no regard for seasons in Jersey; they keep their grim hold all the time. If a man escape malaria, he has to contend with small-pox, and if he escape that, he has to be very careful not to lose his life in crossing the hundred railroad tracks that make Jersey City a huge depot for New York. These remarks apply to certain parts of Jersey City. Many sections of the place are quite healthy, especially those adjoining our College and Church, though the railroad tracks are a nuisance everywhere.

The Mission was well attended, notwithstanding the many drawbacks. The preacher could not but sympathize with the faithful, who were doing their best to profit by his words, even while carrying on a vigorous warfare against the mosquitoes with hand, and fan, and any other weapon obtainable at short notice. The Mission lasted from the 18th of September to October 3rd, and about twenty-five hundred persons received the Holy Eucharist. A few persons were prepared for First Communion. Towards the end of the second week, a person came to confession about four o'clock in the afternoon. To the surprise of the Father who heard the confession, the penitent wished to receive Holy Communion, having remained fasting up to that time. Such things happen now and then on the Mission, and show that there is some faith left in the world. Of course, the favor asked for was cheerfully granted.

CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION, PHILADELPHIA. (Oct. 9-23).  
—This parish was founded about thirty years ago by Very Rev. Father Carter, for a long time Vicar-General of the diocese. At that period it was looked upon as quite a venturesome thing to build a Church in this part of the city, as the native American element was very strong there. The lot on which the Church stands was a rallying-place for the



anti-Catholic thugs of the days of 1844. The last meeting held there was to arrange the plan for the burning of St. John's Church. The Church, however, did not share the same fate as its neighbors, owing, perhaps, to some hundreds of well-loaded muskets that the good people of St. John's had in store for the rioters.

The congregation of the Assumption, made up in a great measure of converts, has become large of late years. There are schools for girls, as well as for boys. The Sisters of the Holy Childhood, a colony from England, and the Christian Brothers have charge of the parish teaching.

Over four thousand persons received Holy Communion. Eleven Protestants were received into the Church; twenty-two adults were prepared for First Communion. On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Rev. Fr. Maguire, the leader of the missionaries, gave a lecture on "The Church and the Revised Edition of the Bible," for the benefit of the schools.

JUBILEE MISSIONS IN TROY, N. Y.—Whilst Frs. Maguire, Finnegan and Morgan were engaged in giving the spiritual exercises in the churches mentioned above, Fr. Hamilton was detailed for special Jubilee work in our two churches in Troy. His labors were very successful. The people responded to his efforts in their behalf with great faith and fervor, and the Rev. Father has every reason to thank God for the blessings bestowed upon his endeavors for the spiritual advancement of the parish. The men of the two congregations under our charge are a hardy set, being engaged in the many iron foundries in this part of the city. Their faith is strong, brooking no interference from Protestants, as a certain minister well knows, who undertook to proselyte some of them. Finding out that some were of opinion that the nearest lamp-post might be used to advantage in his case, he discontinued his unwelcome visits. There were three thousand Communion during the exercises.

ST. CHARLES BORROMEIO'S, PHILADELPHIA. (Oct. 30—Nov. 13).—The Fathers, from the experience had four years ago in this Church, expected hard work, and they did not miscalculate. From the first day to the end of the Mission, there was a rush for the confessionals. What, with the feast of All Saints and the Commemoration of All Souls, their time was entirely taken up from the very beginning of the week. On the second Sunday the Devotion of the Forty Hours was begun, and this brought back a goodly number of those who had already made the exercises. The men's week of the Mission was better attended than that of the women. More persons received Holy Communion. If Louis Veuillot were present, he might allow that there is some faith in the United States. Seeing here the thousands of men going to the Holy Table, and how universally it is despised by men in France, even during Missions and Jubilees, he would not sink us in the ocean; he might admit the Church would be a loser by such a catastrophe.

St. Charles' is a new parish. The Church, which was dedicated in 1876, is built of red sand-stone, and is the most beautiful, and, with the exception of the Cathedral, the most imposing one in the city. The congregation is an offshoot from old St. Patrick's, and is made up, in great part, of persons not many years married, who find here more comfortable houses and lower rents than in the older portions of the city. In fact, the whole of Philadelphia is justly styled the paradise of the poor man, not merely on account of the low rents, but also by reason of the cheap houses that are for sale everywhere. Hence, here more than in any other city in the Union, a large number of workingmen own the dwellings they live in.

The Fathers, as usual, made an announcement concerning converts to the faith—that those desiring Baptism could be instructed at a fixed time. To the surprise of all, nearly twenty persons came the first night, and this was not on account of the excitement of the Mission. Before the end of the second week, several others presented themselves. Philadelphia is always a fruitful field for conversions, though,

at the same time, there is still great prejudice against Catholicity. Most of the conversions of Protestants were brought about by mixed marriages. It is consoling to see that sometimes these detestable unions do not end so badly.

The general results were 12,000 Communion; Communion of adults prepared during the Mission, 51; Baptisms of Protestants, 25; left under instruction, 6. Here, as in the other churches in the city in which the Fathers labored, there should have been large classes for Confirmation, but owing to the feeble health of the Archbishop that Sacrament was not administered.

PASCHALVILLE, ST. CLEMENT'S (Nov. 20—Dec. 4).—This town is a part of Philadelphia, which is well entitled to be called the city of "magnificent distances." Traveling from the City of Brotherly Love, one speeds away for some time, and encourages himself with the thought that he is some great distance on the way to New York. He is amazed when told he is not out of Philadelphia yet. Going south some seven or eight miles from the Pennsylvania depot, Paschalville is reached; when you make inquiries and begin to look around for the State of Delaware, you are again undeceived, when told you are still in Philadelphia. The whole of Pennsylvania seems to be Philadelphia.

Frs. Maguire and Hamilton gave the exercises for two weeks. They were much edified by the piety of the people, who came long distances, over bad roads, and in inclement weather, to hear the sermons, and this they had to do in a cold church. A great many Protestants attended the services, and a few of them received the gift of faith, and many had their prejudices removed.

The Communion were three thousand; five persons were baptized; about thirty adults were prepared for First Communion.

JUBILEE MISSIONS AT ST. PAUL'S AND AT THE CATHEDRAL.—Whilst Frs. Maguire and Hamilton were engaged at Paschalville, Frs. Finnegan and Morgan preached the Jubilee

in the churches above mentioned. A week was given to each congregation. It is needless to say that audiences were very large, as the congregations are very large. The churches were crowded to suffocation in the evenings, and even during the daytime there was a fine attendance at all of the services. The Vicar-General, the pastor of St. Paul's, and the venerable Archbishop at the Cathedral expressed great satisfaction with the good work done by the Fathers. The Archbishop, in speaking of the success of the Mission, said it was no wonder that Ours always do so much good, inasmuch as we follow the golden book of St. Ignatius.

There were 10,000 Communion in the two churches.

HOLY CROSS, NEW YORK. (Dec. 11-25).—Here, as in all of the Missions given by the Fathers, a special instruction was had every afternoon for the children, and the Papal Benediction was imparted to them at the end of their retreat. The children's confessions are generally heard the first days of the week, and thus more time is left for the grown people at the end of each week.

The parish of the Holy Cross is very high in numbers, and is, moreover, very wicked in some parts. The names of a few of the localities in its borders are significant. "Hell's Kitchen," Sebastopol" and other euphoniously styled dens have a bad name, not much inferior to that once enjoyed by the "Five Points" in former days. Judging from the confessional, it would seem that even some of the most depraved wandered to the Church, and made their peace with God, though this class most generally never bother the priest, except when they are dying. Two murders were committed within a short distance of the Church during the Mission.

The exercises were fearfully crowded every day and night. The men were more numerous than the women. At the five o'clock Mass of the men's week the Church was filled to overflowing, and one morning at this service over six hundred men received the Holy Eucharist. The men showed great eagerness to confess their sins. It was amus-

ing sometimes to see them asserting their rights, and quarreling to get into the confession box, reminding the Fathers of the anecdote told about Bishop Fenwick. A good nun at Georgetown had instructed some colored boys how to make the confession, and the good Bishop, at her request, examined them in catechism.

“What do you do when you go to confession?”

Ans. “I prays, I ’xamines my conscience, I’s e monstrous sorry for my sins, and then I fights to git in.”

Efforts were made here, as elsewhere, to increase the membership of the sodalities and other societies in the congregation.

The results were: Communion, 12,000; First Communion of adults, 70; Baptisms, 3; left under instruction, 7.

#### MISSIONS IN CHARLES COUNTY, MD.

I left Boston by sea, July 23, for Baltimore, to begin a Mission at St. Thomas', Charles Co., Md. After inspecting the shelf upon which I was to lie for three days, and reflecting that steamship companies know much better than we how little a man needs in this life, I strolled over to the side of the ship to watch the stevedores bring in the freight, and was very much surprised to notice that we were taking with us a large cargo of friction matches for the South—as if the Yankees had not sufficiently lit up that region some years ago. This thought, however, did not distress me much. Suppose a fire at sea from spontaneous combustion; what was the poor missionary to do, who had been helping people to make the Jubilee, and had not got on with his own? St. Paul knew nothing of his troubles until they were upon him; besides, he had the advantage to speak of them afterwards; whilst there was poor I, calmly looking at my countrymen pouring destruction down into that black gulf under my feet, and anticipating death in its worst form. I was aroused from my melancholy reflections by the waiter, who invited me to lunch, when I quickly forgot the matches. How oddly one phase of nature asserts itself over another.

This waiter was a study for me. That he was a servant in the dining-room, there could be no doubt, for there was his jacket on him, and, besides, he was actually engaged in attending to the passengers. Yet he did not look nor act like others of his class. His face was pale and intellectual, and he wore glasses. And, although he was not haughty, still there was none of the obsequiousness so frequently found in public dining-rooms. Who is he? None other than a Harvard undergraduate, working out his vacation in this humble capacity for a few dollars and some fresh air. I made his acquaintance, and found that the poor fellow practised no religion. He was very anxious to acquire knowledge. "And why?" I asked him. "To succeed in life." "And after that?" I queried. "Oh! well, you know, we don't trouble ourselves much about religion; we leave it to the divinity men." When I told him something of the life of our novices and scholastics, and of the long years of regency and study, and that it was all "Ad Majorem," he opened his thoughtful eyes in wonder, and seemed to say: "Here is something new that I have learned."

I had much to learn from him, when I remembered the drudgery, the menial offices he was obliged to perform, and saw the underlying motive which sustained him, to secure what he called success in life. He was careful, earnest and zealous in the service of a human master. It is a great thing to care much for anything, and it may be said that what makes a man is the sense that he has committed himself.

After spending a couple of hours at Norfolk to discharge part of the freight, during which time I observed that it took the blacks a longer time, and with lighter burdens, to carry out what white labor had put in, we steamed up to Baltimore. The welcome was generous and open-handed, as I always found among our Southern Fathers.

Old Father Rodriguez says that we are better off than princes, who, when traveling, must negotiate for accommodation, and pay well for it, too; whilst we find in every city a house to receive us, and charity to make us happy and

put us at our ease. If at Baltimore I was made to feel at home, so may it be said when the following evening I arrived at St. Thomas' Manor, where the Mission was to be given. I did not have to look around for the cold knob of a door-bell to gain admission, for out on the roadside was dear old Fr. Wiget the Superior, with FF. Carroll, McSwyney, Flynn, Daugherty, and Mr. Daly. *Madison*, a subdued-looking darkey, helped to give shade to the background of this cheerful picture. Then we went into the house and took a look at one another, for we had never met, except that Fr. Flynn (who kindly came down from Georgetown to work) and I were old friends. Now it was Madison's moment to come in and perform his part, which was done by silently placing a huge bunch of mint before us—a symbol, in Southern flower-language, of hospitality.

The next day, Feast of St. Ignatius, the Mission opened with a solemn High Mass and sermon. Long before the hour appointed, carriages rolled up before the Manor House, not with the pomp and dash of your city folk, but with bespattered sides and creaking joints, as if bewailing their former splendor. For one could see that the war had laid its heavy hand upon their owners. Now and again a dissolving cloud of dust would reveal some cavalier seated erect upon his high-pommeled saddle, from which hung quaint old wooden stirrups—relics, I supposed, of fiercer movements than going to Church. Before my turn had come to preach (Fr. Flynn divided the sermons with me), good Fr. Wiget innocently told me that, apart from the colored people, I would address a congregation, every one of which had been educated in college or convent. That took the heart out of me, and made me worry. I had no cathedral sermons to give—nothing but plain Mission hammerings. "Are there no hard-fisted Irishmen in your flock, who won't look cross at me for telling the truth?" I asked him imploringly. "Not one in the county, but the old blacksmith, who has not been to confession for twenty-seven years, and who is here to-day." "Then I'll preach at him," I replied.

The truth is, I need not have been at all agitated, for Fr. Wiget's people are as simple as they are good, and proved to be admirable listeners. Every one approached the Sacraments, and even the old blacksmith, who said that as the Pastor had been praying so long for him, it was only right that he should receive his submission.

The blacks formed a goodly and edifying number of the parish. It looked odd, and perhaps uncatholic, to see that they all occupied gallery seats; but I was told that they would feel out of place elsewhere. Many of their children made their First Communion, their parents manifesting much interest in this solemn act. One good old man, leading his boys to me, asked that their confessions might be heard. I told him that I had attended to them but an hour past. This did not seem to satisfy him at all. "Well, boys, is there anything you want to say to me?" "No, Father." "Then, I guess," said the old man, "I'll bring them to Fr. McScreeney, to git them overhauled." Fr. McSwyney's name was never pronounced correctly down there. The Mission at St. Thomas', which lasted a week, was closed with Papal Benediction. The Fathers of the house worked hard to make it a success, which it certainly was, since Fr. Wiget, who knows his people well, could say that no one remained away from the Sacraments.

Whilst the closing exercises were taking place, Fr. Flynn opened a Mission in Pomfret, an outlying station twelve miles away, and under the care of Fr. Carroll. As the church was too small to contain the entire congregation at one and the same time, we were obliged to repeat the evening sermon every night for the blacks, at 8.30, the whites having left the church half an hour before. In order that our colored brethren might have no cause of complaint, we always gave them a sermon of an hour's length, which pleased them much, for they observed that they got fifteen minutes more of the good things than their neighbors. Fr. Carroll and Daugherty did good work for us in the way of confessions and Masses, whilst Mr. Daly, who was ever ready with his charitable assistance, controlled a kind of



flying commissariat between St. Thomas' and Pomfret. We were charmed with the simple faith of the negroes, and with their devotion to "Blessed St. Michael, de dark Angel," as many of them persisted in calling him.

Much mischief had been done by some proselyting Government Bureau, and quite a number had been neglecting their duties, and were even in danger of abandoning their faith. But, thanks to the thorough-going, energetic work of Fr. Carroll, who established a Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, all were reclaimed. The influence of this sodality, under God, made our work very light. What has been said of the white part of St. Thomas's congregation can be applied to that at Pomfret. It was sad to notice the effects of the war on so many noble-hearted men and women. Still they are cheerful, and bear their misfortune with Christian resignation.

The Mission closed with a solemn High Mass, chanted by Fr. Daugherty, and a stirring sermon from Rev. Father Wiget, who also gave the Papal Benediction to his distant flock at Pomfret.

The number of Communions received is put down elsewhere in this article. We cannot close the notice without referring to our generous host, "Count" Hamilton, of Glymont. We call him "host," for, though living in a snug little house built by Fr. Scanlan, and much to his credit, still we needed something more than four walls and a roof. The "Count" entertained us during the Mission, at a sacrifice of time, money and servants, that endeared him greatly to us. He neglected his business, in order that he might personally attend to our wants. Besides, he gave the good example of publicly approaching the Sacraments, to the edification of the colored people, especially, many of whom had been his former slaves.

MISSION AT PENNYPACK, PA.—I left hospitable Charles Co., to give a Mission at Pennypack, Phil. I arrived there on the eve of the Assumption. Here I found Fr. Reid

awaiting me. It was to be a work of two weeks, the principal part of which was to be done at night, on account of the farming people, who could not well attend during the day. Some Protestants attended the evening services regularly, but we heard nothing further from them. They were attracted by the music, which was of an excellent quality. The rich Catholic families, who live about here in summer, did not condescend to come to any of the exercises, which was not edifying. Some of them possessed private chapels, in which Mass was said by clergymen stopping as guests. One young man, coachman of a Protestant divine, and who could never get to Mass, applied to be received in a community of Brothers. The pastor, a timid gentleman, objected to ringing the great bell at half-past four every morning, as it might incense his Protestant neighbors; he finally yielded consent, and what was his surprise to hear its loud tongue clamoring forth at three in the morning, the hour of exercises. The sexton was nervous, and anticipated the time.

The Jubilee exercises were given at our Church of St. Francis Xavier, New York, whilst the Mission at Father Filan's, Philadelphia, was going on. Great crowds, such as are often seen in New York, filled the church every night. The Mission lasted but three days, and was followed by a week's retreat in the same Church, given to the conferences of St. Vincent de Paul. Six or seven hundred men attended the sermons every night, and went in a body to Communion at the end of the week. The sight would have edified M. Louis Veuillot, who some time ago did not believe much in American Catholicity.

My little Mission in BRIDGEPORT, CONN., was quiet and it is to be hoped, effective. It was difficult to induce the men to come for the first two or three days, owing to the lack of fire in the church. The pastor, a rugged old man, who spent most of the day grading the walks of the church, could not be persuaded that it was time to start the furnaces until the month (December) was over.

Some one had to put on steam to draw the men, who, when they heard of a joke or two repeated from the pulpit,

resolved to visit the curiosity. The Communions of this Mission are noted below. Hearing confessions in a cold church, six or seven hours a day, for a week, is not ordinarily looked upon as a luxury. We had to bear it, however, and look cheerful, besides—which we were.

Communions: in Charles County, 900; Holmesburg, 1,000; Bridgeport, 1,700; Conference of St. Vincent, in New York, 700; total, 4,300.

And this ends the autumn work. It was hard, fatiguing, and at the same time very consoling. The general results are a little higher in figures than last year:

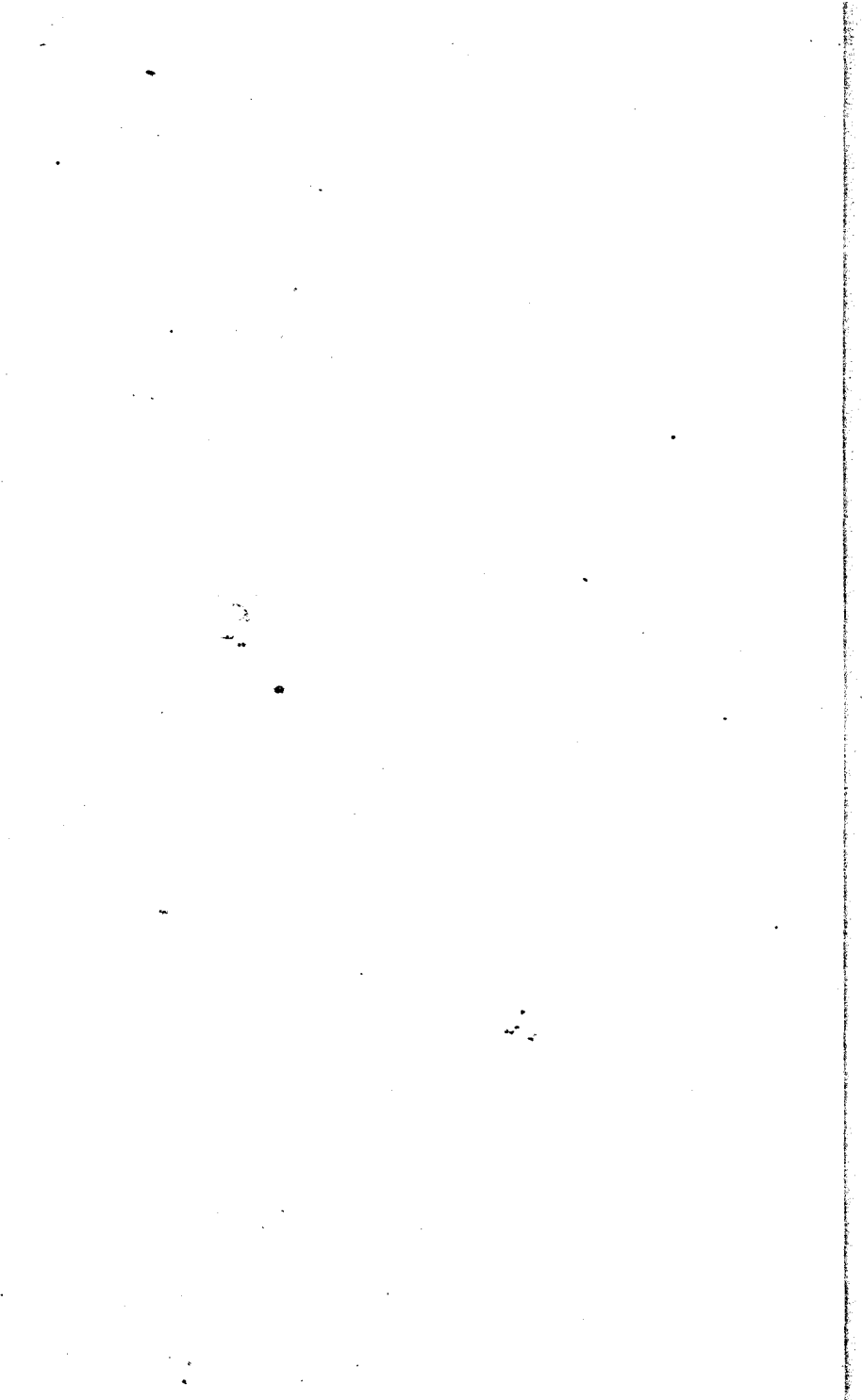
Communions, 51,300; prepared for First Communion and Confirmation (of adults), 178; Baptisms of adults, 44; left under instruction for Baptism, 16.

Thirty children of various ages were baptized. Many marriages were set right.

Fathers McQuaid and Claven helped the missionaries in the Church of the Holy Cross. Thanks are also due to the Fathers of Fordham for the assistance rendered in the confessional.

In Philadelphia many of the secular priests came to the aid of the Fathers, and the Superior of the Augustinians put himself to no little trouble to forward the good work, by helping frequently in hearing confessions.

D. O. M.



# WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. XI, No. 2.

## PAPERS RELATING TO THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE MARYLAND MISSION.

### VII.—THE ANNUAL LETTERS.

#### *Annual Letter, 1642.—Difficulties with the Lord Proprietary.*

“In the mission of Maryland for the year just elapsed, we have had only three priests, and of these one was confined by sickness for three months. This was Father Roger Rigby—the other two being Father Philip Fisher, Superior of the mission, and Father Andrew White; all three were sent to different parts for the purpose of collecting more spiritual fruit. The Superior, Father Fisher, remained principally at St. Mary’s, the chief town of the colony, in order that he might take care of the English, of whom the greater number are settled there, and also of such Indians as do not live far distant, or are engaged in passing backwards and forwards. Father White betook himself to his former station at Pascataway, but Father Roger went to a new station called in the vulgar idiom Patuxen, for a better opportunity of learning the Indian language, also that he might better instruct some neophytes, and scatter the seed of faith along the bank of that great river. This was almost the only fruit of his labors.

“Father Andrew suffered no little inconvenience from a hard hearted and troublesome captain of New England, whom he had engaged to convey him and his effects, and at whose hands he was, a little while after, in great danger of being either cast into the sea, or carried with all his goods to New England, a place full of Puritan Calvinists, the most bigoted of the sect. Silently committing the affair to God, he at length safely reached Potomac (commonly pronounced Patemeak). Having cast anchor in this harbor, the ship became so fast bound by a great quantity of ice that it could not be moved for the space of seventeen days. Walking on the ice, as though it were land, the Father departed for the town, and when the ice was broken up, the ship, driven and jammed by the force of its moving fragments, was sunk, but the cargo was in a great measure recovered.

“By this misfortune Father White was detained in his visits as long as seven weeks, for he found it necessary to procure another ship from St. Mary’s. But the spiritual gain of souls readily compensated for his delay, since the ruler of the little village, with the principal men amongst its inhabitants, was during that time added to the Church, and received the faith of Christ through Baptism. Besides these persons, one was converted along with many of his friends; a third brought his wife, his son, and a friend; and a fourth, in like manner, came, together with another of no ignoble standing among his people. Strengthened by their example, the people are prepared to receive the faith whenever we shall have leisure to instruct them.

“Not long after the young empress (as they call her at Pascataway) was baptized in the town of St. Mary’s, and is now being educated there, having already become a proficient in the English language. Almost at the same time the town named Portobacco, to a great extent, received the faith along with Baptism. This town, from its situation on the river Pamac (the inhabitants call it Pamake), almost in the centre of the Indians, and the convenience of making excursions from it in all directions, we have determined to

make our residence; the more so because we fear that we may be compelled to abandon Pascataway on account of its proximity to the Susquehannoes, which nation is the most savage and warlike of these regions, and the most hostile to the Christians.

An attack having been recently made on a settlement of ours, they slew the men whom we had there, and carried away our goods, to our great loss. And unless they are brought to subjection by force of arms, which we little expect from the counsels of the English, who disagree among themselves, we shall not be safe there.

“Wherefore we have to content ourselves with missionary excursions, of which we have made many this year, by ascending the river which they call Patuxen, where some fruit has been gained in the conversion of the young Queen of the town, that takes its name from the river there, and her mother; also the young Queen of Portobacco; the wife and two sons of Tayac the Great, as they call him, who died last year; and of one hundred and thirty others besides. The following is our manner of making these excursions: The Father himself, his interpreter, and a servant, set off in a pinnace or galley—two are obliged to propel the boat with oars when the wind fails, or is adverse, the third steers. We take with us a supply of bread, butter, cheese, corn cut and dried before it is ripe, beans and a little flour; in another chest we carry bottles, one of which contains wine for the altar, in six others is blessed water for the purpose of Baptism; a box holds the sacred utensils, and we have a table as an altar for saying Mass. A third chest is full of trifles, which we give to the Indians to gain their good will—such as little bells, combs, fishing-hooks, needles, thread and other things similar. We have a little tent also for camping in the open air, as we frequently do, and we use a larger one when the weather is stormy and wet. The servants carry other things which are necessary for hunting and for cooking purposes.

“In our excursions we endeavour, as much as we can, to reach by evening, some English house or Indian village;

failing this, we land, the Father moors the boat fast to the shore, then collects wood and makes a fire, while the two others meantime go off hunting. If, unfortunately, no game can be found, we refresh ourselves with the provisions we have brought, and lie down by the fire to take our rest. When rain threatens, we erect our hut, and spread a larger mat over it; nor, praise be to God, do we enjoy this humble fare and hard couch with less content than if we had the more luxurious provisions of Europe. To comfort us, God gives us a foretaste of what He will one day grant to those who labour faithfully in this life, and mitigates all our hardships by imparting a spirit of cheerfulness, for His Divine Majesty appears to be present with us in an extraordinary manner. The difficulty of the language is so great that none of us can yet converse with the Indians without an interpreter. Father Rigby has made some little progress, so that he hopes he will be able in a short time to converse with them upon things of chief importance, as far as may be necessary, in order to instruct them for Baptism, having, with the aid of an interpreter, composed a short catechism. Under such circumstances it appears miraculous that we have been able to effect anything with them, especially seeing that we have no proper interpreter, but only a young man, who is himself so imperfectly acquainted with their language that he sometimes excites their laughter; though almost at times tempted to despair, yet by patience we make progress with them, and are gradually bringing them over to what we desire.

"It has also pleased the Divine Goodness, through the power of His holy Cross, to effect results beyond mere human power. Take the following as an instance. A certain Indian, an Anacostan as to country, and by faith now a Christian, whilst making his way with some others through a wood, fell a little behind his companions, when some savages of the tribe of Susquehannoes attacked him suddenly from an ambuscade, and with a strong and light spear made of locust wood, having an oblong point of iron, pierced him through from the right to the left side, a hand's breadth



below the armpit, near the heart itself, making a wound two fingers broad at each end. When the man had fallen, his enemies fled with the utmost precipitation, but his friends who had gone on before, recalled by the sudden noise and shout, went back and carried him to the boat, not far distant, and thence to his home at Pascataway, where they left him speechless and insensible. The event being reported to Father White, who chanced to be but a short distance off, he hastened to him the following morning, and found him lying on a mat before the fire with a circle of his tribe around him, not altogether speechless, as the day before, but expecting death almost every moment, and with a mournful voice joining in the song that his friends kept up as they stood around, according to their custom when one of their distinguished men is dying. But, as some of his friends were Christians, their song, with plaintive and musical inflexion of tone, was, 'May he live, O God! if it so please thee;' and this they repeated again and again, until the Father attempted to address the dying man, who, immediately recognizing him, showed him his wounds. The Father pitied him exceedingly, but as he saw the danger to be most imminent, omitting every other point, he briefly ran over the principal articles of faith, and, after exciting in him repentance of his sins, received his confession; then, bidding him raise his heart with hope and confidence to God, he recited the Gospel appointed for the sick and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, and told him to commend himself to her holy intercession, and call unceasingly upon the most sacred name of Jesus. Finally, the Father, applying to the wound on each side the relic of the most holy Cross which he carried in a casket round his neck, departed next day for the purpose of administering Baptism to an aged Indian, who was dying, having directed the bystanders, when the man should breathe his last, to carry him to the chapel for the purpose of burial. It was noon when the Father departed, and the following day, at the same hour, as by chance he was passing along in his boat, he saw two Indians rowing towards him, and when they had come

alongside, one of them stepped into the boat in which the Father was sitting. While he fixed his eyes on the man, half recognizing him by his features, yet with full recollection of the state in which he had left him the day before, the other, suddenly throwing open his cloak, and disclosing the scars of the wound, or rather the red spots on each side as the only trace remaining, at once removed all his doubt. Moreover, with great exultation, he exclaimed that he was entirely cured, and from the hour at which the Father had left yesterday had not ceased to invoke the most holy name of Jesus, to Whom he attributed his recovered health. All who were in the boat with the Father, after testing the truth of the cure both by sight and description, broke forth into praise and thanksgiving to God, and were greatly rejoiced and confirmed in their faith by this miracle. The Father having admonished him that, mindful of so great and manifest a blessing, he should return thanks to God, and continue to treat the Holy Name and most holy Cross with love and reverence, dismissed the man, who, returning to his own boat, rowed quickly away, which he could not have done unless he had been fully restored to sound health and strength.

“Such is the chief fruit of our labours for this year. One thing, however, remains to be mentioned with a passing notice, viz: that an occasion of suffering has not been wanting to us from those from whom we rather expected aid and protection; who, in anxiety for their own interests, have not hesitated to violate the immunities of the Church by endeavoring to enforce here the unjust laws passed in England, that it shall not be lawful for any person or community, even ecclesiastical, in any manner, even by gift, to acquire or possess any land, unless the permission of the civil magistrate be first obtained. And when our Fathers declared this to be repugnant to the laws of the Church, two priests were sent from England to preach the contrary doctrine. But it ended quite the reverse of what was expected, for our reasons being adduced and heard, and the matter itself more clearly examined and understood, sentence was

given in our favour, and received the full concurrence of the laity generally. To our great comfort, two new Fathers have lately come to us from England; they had a bad voyage of fourteen weeks, though it usually does not take more than six or eight. But of these, of their labours and fruit, we shall, please God, speak another time. We hope, indeed, that it will be abundant, and thus far we may predict much from their present zeal and unity of soul with us."

## DIFFICULTIES WITH THE LORD PROPRIETARY.

The troubles, to which allusion is made in the concluding paragraph of the letter for 1642, deserve a fuller explanation than is accorded to them by the 'passing notice' of the text, which briefly mentions that some existing difficulties had been settled, and hints only obscurely at the causes which brought on a crisis that threatened for a time to be fatal to the Mission. The liberty of conscience guaranteed by the Charter of Maryland, and the Act of Assembly of 1639, granting 'to Holy Church all her privileges and immunities,' did not accord with the intolerant spirit of many in the Province and outside of it, whose jealousy and prejudices were still further excited by the success which crowned the labors of the Missionaries in the conversion both of Protestant colonists and of native Indians. The enemies of the Catholic faith were aroused; it was natural, and to be expected that they should seek to tie the hands of the Missionaries. But the opposition complained of in the preceding letter did not come from Protestants alone: it was the action of Lord Baltimore and of Secretary Leger, acting under his authority and direction, which furnished the 'occasion of suffering,' and, although no names are mentioned, it was the Proprietary and his representative in the Colony, 'from whom aid and protection was rather to be expected, who, in anxiety for their own interests, had endeavored to enforce in Maryland some of the unjust laws passed in England.'

The nature and causes of the controversy are set forth

by Father Henry More, Vice-Provincial of England, who appealed to Propaganda, and wrote the following memorial to the Cardinal Prefect (Stonyhurst MSS. vol. iv. *Anglia*, n. 108κ):

“The Provincial of the Society of Jesus in England humbly represents to your Eminence, that in the month of June, 1632, the King of England granted to the noble Lord Baron Baltimore, a Catholic, in propriety, a certain province on the sea coast of North America, inhabited by infidels, which at this day is called the Land of Mary, or Maryland, after the reigning Queen of England. The said Baron immediately treated with Father Richard Blount, at that time Provincial, at the same time writing to Father General, earnestly begging that he would select certain Fathers, as well for confirming the Catholics in the faith and converting the heretics who were destined to colonize that country, as also for propagating the faith amongst the infidels and savages. The affair was surrounded with many and heavy difficulties: for in leading the colony to Maryland, by far the greater part were heretics: also the country itself, is situated between Virginia and New England, that is to say, two provinces full of English Calvinists and Puritans; so that not less, nay, perhaps greater dangers threaten our Fathers in a foreign, than in their native land of England. Nor is the Baron himself able to find support for the Fathers, nor can they expect sustenance from heretics hostile to the faith, nor from the Catholics, for the most part poor, nor from the savages, who live after the manner of wild beasts.

“The zeal of the said Father Provincial conquered these and other difficulties, and at first two Fathers were sent out, as it were, to explore and ascertain if there might be any hope of the gain of souls, when the country should appear ‘white to the harvest.’ Some years ago a geographical description of this country was sent to his Eminence Cardinal Barberini, Protector, with a humble petition that he would deign to receive the Fathers sent out there under the patronage of his kind protection, equally with the rest in England, so that the matter might be transacted in such a way as to avoid giving offence to the State of England.

“After this the Fathers indeed increased both in numbers and in courage, in sufferings of hunger and want, in frequent diseases which were fatal to some, and lastly through various dangers applied themselves with constancy to the

salvation of souls, learnt the savage language, which is formed of various dialects, composed a dictionary, a grammar and a catechism for the use of the infidels; and the Divine Goodness was pleased so to favour these attempts that, besides others, a certain chief, having many tributary kings under him, with his wife and family and some of his ministers, was brought to the faith, and, unless hindered by professing Catholics, a great door was laid open to the Gospel.

"Impediments, indeed, and these severe ones, did arise, and from those from whom they were least due. For, since the said Baron was unable to govern Maryland in person, he appointed as his substitute a certain Mr. Leugar, his Secretary, who was formerly a minister and preacher, and being converted to the faith, retained much of the leaven of Protestantism: for he still maintained those dogmas so justly offensive to Catholic ears—that no external jurisdiction was given by God to the Supreme Pontiff, but merely an internal one *in foro conscientie*; that no immunity for goods or person was due to him or any other ecclesiastics, except such as lay princes or seculars chose to confer upon him or them; that it would be a great offence, and one to be mulct by punishment, to exercise any jurisdiction whatever, even of absolving from sins, without special license from the Baron, from whom all lawful jurisdiction was derivable; that a woman making a vow of virginity, and not marrying after the twenty-fifth year of her age, could not hold lands by heirship coming from her parents, but that they must be sold, and if the parties refused to do so, then by compulsory sale. That the General Assembly or Parliament possessed so great an authority over the property of all, that it could dispossess every one it chose of their all, even to the undergarment, for the use of the Republic; and other such like propositions of the said Mr. Leugar are comprehended in twenty questions, which are laid before this Congregation by the hands of the Secretary.

"Therefore, the Secretary (Leugar), having summoned the Assembly in Maryland, composed with few exceptions of heretics, and presided over by himself, in the name of the Lord Baltimore, attempted to pass the following laws repugnant to the Catholic faith and ecclesiastical immunities: That no virgin can inherit, unless she marries before twenty-nine years of age; that no ecclesiastic shall be summoned in any cause, civil or criminal, before any other than a secular judge; that no ecclesiastic shall enjoy any privilege, except such as he is able to show *ex scriptura*, nor to

gain anything for the Church except by the gift of the Prince, nor to accept any site for a church or cemetery, nor any foundation from a convert Indian king; nor shall any one depart from the province, even to preach the Gospel to the infidels by authority of the See Apostolic, without a license from the lay magistrate; nor shall any one exercise jurisdiction within the province, which is not derived from the said Baron, and such like.

"The Fathers of the Society warmly resisted this foul attempt, professing themselves ready to shed their blood in defence of the faith and the liberty of the Church. Which firmness greatly enraged the Secretary, who immediately reported to Baron Baltimore that his jurisdiction was interrupted by the Fathers, whose doctrine was inconsistent with the government of the province. Hence the said Baron, being offended, became alienated in his mind from the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, and at first *ipso facto* seized all their lands and let them to others, as though he was the lord proprietor of them, although King Patuxen had given them the same lands, when he was a catechumen, upon the express condition for supporting priests, who had brought his subjects to the true knowledge, the faith, and worship of God. The said Baron, with others favourable to his opinions, began to turn his attention to the expulsion of the Fathers, and the introducing others in their stead, who would be more pliable to his Secretary. Therefore, he procured last year to petition the Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith, in the name of the Catholics of Maryland, to grant to a Prefect and secular priests faculties for the same mission, making no mention in the meanwhile of the labours of the Fathers undertaken in that harvest, nor expressing the motives which induced him to substitute new missionary priests. And, in order that he might have some new grounds to urge for calling away the Fathers of the Society from thence, he proposed certain points similar to those laid before the Sacred Congregation, to be presented to the Provincial by the hands of the Secretary, that he might subscribe them in the name of himself and of the Fathers in Maryland. But the Sacred Congregation, being entirely ignorant of these matters, granted the petition; and in the month of August, 1641, faculties were expedited from the Sacred Congregation, and were transmitted to Dom. Rossett, now Archbishop of Tarsus.

"But since, perhaps, the other prefect is not as yet appointed, or the faculties delivered, but are as yet, it is hoped,

in the hands of Father Phillips, the confessor of the Queen of England, the said Provincial humbly begs of your Eminence to deign to direct that the said faculties may be superseded, if the matter is yet entire, or if by chance the faculties are delivered, that the departure of the new priests may be retarded for a sufficient space of time to allow the Holy See to decide upon what is best to be done for the good of souls. The Fathers do not refuse to make way for other labourers, but they humbly submit for consideration, whether it is expedient to remove those who first entered into that vineyard at their own expense, who for seven years have endured want and sufferings, who have lost four of their *confrères*, labouring faithfully until death, who have defended sound doctrine and the liberty of the Church with odium and temporal loss to themselves, who are learned in the language of the savages, of which the priests to be substituted by the Baron Baltimore are entirely ignorant, and which priests either allow or defend that doctrine, from which it must needs be that contentions and scandals should arise, and the spark of faith be extinguished which begins to be kindled in the breasts of the infidels. Nevertheless, the Fathers profess themselves ready, with all submission, either to return to England from Maryland, or to remain there and to labour even to death for the faith and the dignity of the Holy See, as may seem fit to the prudence, the goodness, and charity of your Eminence. Which may God, &c."

Mattapany, situated on the south side of the Patuxent River, about two miles above its mouth, was given to the Fathers by Macquacomen, King of the Patuxents, and as early as 1639, we find Father Brock, the Superior, residing upon the plantation thus acquired, which was 'the storehouse of the Mission, whence most of the victualling supplies were procured.' The acquisition of such a valuable tract of land by gift from the natives was regarded by Lord Baltimore as an infringement upon his proprietary rights, and still more as an evil precedent, the effect of which would be to deprive him of those emoluments in the shape of quit rents and other dues, by which he expected to pay the expenses of the government, and reimburse himself for his original outlay in settling the colony—£40,000—a very large sum in those days. Accordingly, he made vigorous

reclamation against the validity of the transaction—and it seems, too, with reason—inasmuch as the rights acquired under the Indian's gift were against a well-established principle in the policy of nations at that time, and of the United States at the present day—to recognize no title derived from the Indians without a previous sanction from the government of which the purchaser or recipient was a subject. Whatever be the value of the principle, its application in the present instance appears from a form of renunciation to be signed by the Provincial for the time being, of which the following is a short analysis (Stonyhurst MSS. vol. iv. *Anglia*, No. 108G):

“To all to whom these presents shall come. . . . I, A. B., S. J., Provincial of the English Mission, send greeting. Since it hath been reported to me that one or more of our said Society have accepted, bought, or in some other way obtained for pious and other uses, certain lands, tenements, etc., in the Prov. of Maryland, from certain Indian or Indians, to which no lawful title can be derived from them, without any leave from the Lord Cecil Baron Baltimore, Lord of the said Province; and because one or more of our said Society hath or have taken possession of the said lands, etc, or some parts thereof without any leave aforesaid; especially of certain lands situate in a place called *Mattaponiam*, or in some other place or places within the said Province, etc., etc.,

Be it therefore known to all that I, the above named Provincial, for divers good causes, etc, as well on the part of myself as of my successors, and of our said Society, by these presents do surrender, etc., etc., to the said Cecil Baron of Baltimore, and his heirs, all title or interest of said Society, of whatever nature or kind, in or to the aforesaid lands, etc., to which we could not derive nor have any lawful title except by the license of the said Baron of Baltimore, under the great seal of the said Province; so that it may be lawful for the said Baron of Baltimore, or his heirs, or any other person or persons in his name, to take quiet and peaceable possession of the said lands, etc., etc., or of any part or parts thereof, for his or their own absolute use, etc. And, moreover, I, as well on my part as on the part of my successors, hereby renounce, etc., to the said Baron of Baltimore, etc., whatever right or title or claim whatsoever, which either our Society, or any member



of it, directly or indirectly, hath or claims to have from any Indian or Indians, or any other person or persons, in trust for the said Society—save and except only the mere right, title and interest which our said Society may lawfully have thereto from or under any grant or grants of the said Baron or his successors. In witness, &c.

Whether this most explicit and comprehensive renunciation of the Indian chieftain's gift was actually made by the Provincial, or was only proposed by Lord Baltimore as embodying an assertion of the *jura regalia* under which he had already appropriated the lands in question, does not appear from the paper itself, which has no name inscribed or subscribed. However that may be, Mattapany passed into the possession of Cecil Calvert about this period, and by him it was subsequently presented to the Hon. Henry Sewall, the privy councillor. At a later date a fort was erected there, as well as a stately mansion, which was a favorite resort of Charles,<sup>(1)</sup> third Lord Baltimore, during his stay in the Province. The Catholic Almanac for 1841 says: "The foundation walls of the house can still be distinctly traced, and the bricks of which it was built are scattered over the fields of what is now called Mattapany-Sewall. Although the lapse of time has swept away all vestiges of the fort, which was garrisoned as late as 1689, and all but the traces of the stately mansion of Lord Baltimore, the neat modern Church of St. Nicholas exists as a monument to mark the scene of the early labors of the apostles of Maryland." St. Nicholas', we may add, is one of the missions attended by our Fathers from St. Inigoes, who have had uninterrupted spiritual charge of the surrounding country ever since the time that Mattapany was the 'store-house of the Mission.'<sup>(2)</sup>

The other lands held by the missionaries were taken up by them on the same terms as other settlers, under the

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<sup>(1)</sup>He was appointed Governor in 1661, and administered the Province for his father until the death of the latter, in 1675, whom he succeeded in the Proprietorship. He visited England after the death of Cecil Calvert, but soon returned, and remained here until 1684. He married the daughter (Davis—Day-Star, p. 169, says the widow) of Mr. Sewall, and the mansion at Mattapany was the Government House whilst he resided in Maryland.

<sup>(2)</sup>Father Grivel wrote an interesting account of the place as it appeared in 1835, which appeared in these LETTERS for September, 1881.

Conditions of Plantation, as appears from the Land Records, and from the reply made by Lord Baltimore, when, some forty-four years after the settlement, the Episcopal clergy of the Province petitioned the Government against the Proprietary, and demanded a *provision* for themselves, because the Catholic clergy held lands for their support.<sup>(1)</sup> Had not a compromise been effected at the present crisis, perhaps Lord Baltimore would not have been content with vindicating his claims to Mattapany, as it would seem that he had some intention of introducing retroactive measures of legislation in order to dispossess the missionaries of the lands they had acquired by Patent under his own seal (*Vide infra*—Cases—xvi.). Prudential considerations, doubtless, moved Fr. Copley, to assign St. Inigoes and St. George's to Cuthbert Fenwick, who held them in trust during the disturbed years that followed, and conveyed them, in 1663, to Father Henry Warren.

There were other questions more difficult to solve, as they affected not the missionaries alone, but all the inhabitants of the Colony, and more especially those who professed the Catholic faith. The position of Lord Baltimore was anomalous and perplexing: a sincere Catholic, he held from an intolerant Protestant Government, a charter unique in character, which made his Province not so much an outlying dependency of Great Britain, as a miniature England. Maryland was a palatinate, and enjoyed the peculiar immunities attached to that species of government. The Lord Proprietary, by virtue of royal rights as Palatine, was alone empowered to make war and peace, to regulate ecclesiastical matters, to levy taxes, to appoint officers, and to give or withhold his assent to laws, which without it had no force.<sup>(2)</sup> By offering grants of land to emigrants upon easy terms, and at a rent almost nominal, he had already drawn many settlers to his province, and as the population was rapidly increasing, it became necessary to regulate the practical administration of affairs by legislation, in which the colonists, either by themselves, or by their representatives, had

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<sup>(1)</sup> Scharf, *Hist. of Maryland*, i. 157. <sup>(2)</sup> *Ib.*, i. 61-501.—McMahon, p. 152.

a share. The Act of Assembly of 1639, granting "to Holy Church all her privileges and immunities," was in direct violation of existing English statutes, which proscribed the Catholic religion, and Lord Baltimore clearly saw that if he sanctioned measures of such a tenor, it would be disastrous to his proprietary rights; on the other hand, to legislate for the Province according to the concessions of his charter, would inevitably clash with the provisions of canon law.

It was too dangerous, at a time when the Long Parliament was about to assemble (1640), to permit legislation to take that course to which the zeal and preponderating influence of the Catholics in his province would naturally direct it. It cannot be determined whether it was principle or policy which actuated Lord Baltimore at this critical period; but it is certain that, in order to meet the difficulties of his political surroundings, measures were pressed forward by him which were very objectionable from a Catholic point of view. It is but fair to him to add that the Reverend Provincial of England, in his appeal to Rome, attributes the evil animus of all these proceedings to Mr. Lewger, Secretary of Maryland.

In vol. iv. Stonyhurst MSS. *Anglia*, No 108A, there is a manuscript of some pages in Latin, containing the "Conditions proposed by the Lord Baltimore, Lord and Proprietor of the Province of Maryland in America, to all who offer themselves for the new Colony, which conditions commence from the feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, 1642, and which are to remain in force until other or new Conditions shall be published under the hand and seal of the same noble Lord. Dated, London, Nov. 10, 1641."

To these conditions is annexed an oath of allegiance to be taken by all settlers to the said Lord Baltimore. These conditions, drawn up by the Proprietary in order to assert and secure his rights, as he interpreted them under his charter, were sent out to Maryland towards the end of the year. They were accompanied by instructions to his brother, Governor Leonard Calvert, in which it was prescribed that the oath should be tendered to all who wished to take up lands

in the Province, and that legislative measures should be enacted in conformity with the spirit of the Conditions.

The colonists, though sincerely attached to Lord Baltimore, entertained a just and liberal conception of their political rights, and holding that the Great Charter of England was the measure of their liberties, they had already shown themselves determined not to admit an arrangement by which the Proprietary assumed that the proposition of all laws should originate with himself, and that they should restrict their legislative functions to the acceptance or rejection of his suggestions. The measures met with opposition from some of the people for the civil and political considerations which they involved—with these it is no part of our concern to deal: and the religious aspect of the question excited conscientious scruples in the minds of Catholics.

In vol. iv. Stonyhurst MSS. *Anglia*, No. 108B, there is a paper headed "Cases," containing a list of twenty propositions of Canon Law for the advice of Propaganda, which were probably written by Father White, and sent through the Provincial, Father Blount. They are referred to in the letter of the Reverend Father Provincial to Rome, cited above, and as they comprehend the objectionable measures which Secretary Lewger proposed to lay before the Assembly, and clearly indicate the tendency of Lord Baltimore's policy in his new Conditions of Plantation, they are given here in full:—

#### THE CASES OF CONSCIENCE.

In a Country (as this is) newly planted and depending wholly upon England for its subsistence, where there is not (nor cannot be until England be reunited to the Church) any ecclesiastical discipline established (by law of the Province or grants of the Prynce) nor Provinciall Synod held, nor spiritual Courts created, nor the Canon lawes accepted, nor ordinary or other ecclesiastical persons admitted (as such) nor Catholic religion publicly allowed; and whereas three partes of the people or foure (at least) are hereticke, I desire to be resolved;

I.—Whether a lay Catholick can with a safe conscience take charge or government of an office in such a Countrey as this, where he may not nor dare discharge all the duties and obligations of a Catholick Magistrate, nor yeald and mayntaine to the Church all her rights and liberties which Shee hath in other Catholic Countreyes?

II.—Whether the lay Catholickes (in such a country as this) are bound to accept or admitt of all the Canon law: and in speciall of the Council of Trent (*extra fidem*) or whether the Canon law (or such) binds in this country afore it be accepted by some law or custom?

III.—Whether the exemptions of the clergy for their persons, lands, goods, Tennants, Domestiques, or privilege of Sanctuary to theyr houses or Churches, etc., are due to them of Divine right by immediate grant from Christ to His Church, so that Princes becoming Christians were instantly obliged in conscience to allow and confirme those exemptions, or at least to permit and suffer the Church to practice and enjoy them or whether they hold them of the free and voluntary gift and devotion of pious Princes and States, so that in a country newly erected, or becoming Xtian a grant or charter from the Prynse thereof of such libertyes and exemptions, is necessary before the clergy of such a Country can clayme them as theyr right and due in point of conscience, and whether before such a grant admittance or allowance of their Priviledges may the State practice contrary to them without sacriledges or incurring the censures Bullæ Cœnæ?

IV.—Whether houlding of courts with external coercive jurisdiction be a part of the powers of the keys left by Christ to His Church, or whether it be a part of the sword put by God into the hands of Princes and from them granted unto spiritual ordinaryes; and when Ecclesiastical tribunals are here to be erected with such power of external coercive jurisdiction, may the Prynse erect them by his own charter, or must it be done by special commission and delegation of the Sea Apostolique?

V.—Whether the conusance of causes testamentary belong to the Spiritual Court out of the nature of the causes themselves, and of the Churches proper right, so that Xtian Prynces had no rightfull power to heare and determine them, or whether princes becoming Christian did of theyr voluntary election sever theyr causes from theyr Crown, and committ them to the Spirituall Ordinaryes, in consideration of some connexion and dependence which those causes have with some part of Xtian Doctrine which must be sought from the mouth of the Priests, or in presumption of theyr faithfulness in discharging of their trust?

VI.—Whether in such a Country as this, may lay Judges being Catholique by commission from the Lord Proprietary, or appointment of the law of the Country, prove Wills, and committ administrations of the goods of the deceased intestate, or whether they must have an intention to do it, as delegated of the Sea Apostolique, and are obliged to endeavour with effect to procure such delegation, or else incur the censures Bullæ Cœnæ?

VII.—Whether in such a Country as this may a Catholique refuse to prove and record a will for this reason, because it giveth legacys for masses to be said for the soule of the deceased, and conteynes in it the profession of the Testator to dye a member of the Roman Catholique Church, out of which there is no salvation, with other passages contrary to the religion of England, or whether is he bound to prove it though the Lord Proprietary may incur danger for such a record?

VIII.—Whether Catholiques, being members of the Generall Assembly in such a country as this may consent to the making of laws touching causes testamentary and namely to a lawe which shall appoint the residue of the estate of the deceased persons after all debts discharged, and legacys payd to be employed to publick uses of the State, and not to pious uses, as it is in other Catholique Countryes?

IX.—Whether Catholiques being members of the General Assembly in such a country as this may consent to a lawe prohibiting the bequeathing or otherwise aliening of any fee to spiritual persons or religious houses, without leave of the Prynce, and voiding all guifts and alienations made otherwise?

X.—Whether a Catholique Executor or Admor in such a country as this, may observe the order of administering the goods of the deceased used and prescribed in England (viz; to discharge first the debts due to the Prynce, then executions, then judgments, &c.) or whether is he bound to observe ordinem restitutionis delivered by Casuists (as Bonacina and others) viz: to discharge first the debts due to spiritual, and after, lay debtes, and whether a Catholique may refuse such an illegal account and compel the Executor and administrator to satisfy creditors according to the laws of England?

XI.—Whether may Catholiques being members of a Generall Assembly in such a country as this consent to lawes touching causes matrimoniall as to appoint the publishing of banns (for politique considerations) and to prohibit marriage without such banns published or license obtained from the Commisary being lay, or to limit the degrees of consanguinity within which marriage shall not be contracted, or for the tryall and determinings of causes matrimonial or whether may a Catholique being lay, under the Prynce or state, graunt licenses of marriage, and by permission from the Prynce try and determine such causes according to the lawe of the country, or in defect thereof according to the common law without the incurring the censure of the B. Cæ?

XII.—Whether may Catholiques being members, etc., consent to a lawe prohibiting the marriage of apprentices without the consent of theyr Masters or Miss<sup>es</sup> and imposing penalties upon the Priests solemnizing, &c, and whether such a law be against the liberty of marriage?

XIII.—Whether may Catholiques being members, &c., consent to a lawe which for publique considerations barrs the female from inheriting, or houlding of lands, unless they marry within a time limited (only leaving them a liberty to sell and dispose thereof to their best advantage) and is such a law against conscience?

XIV.—Whether land graunted by the Lord Proprietor to religious persons by the ordinary and common conditions of Plantations, doth *eo ipso* (because granted to religious) become spiritual fee, and exempt from laica onera?

XV.—If a trespass be pretended to be committed upon the lands held by Religious Persons, whether may the Religious without trying the trespasse in some court (spiritual or temporal) proceede against the pretended trespasser by putting in force against him the censures Bullæ Cœnæ? And whether by such declaration, the party be really and to all spiritual effects involved in the censures afore to be adjudged a trespasser upon theyr land in some Court?

XVI.—When graunts of land made by the Prynce to several persons lay and religious are found prejudiciall to the publique, and fit to be reformed, whether may Cath<sup>s</sup> being members of, etc., consent to a law reforming all such graunts? and whether may such a general law include the graunts made to the religious; and whether may the Prynce by virtue of such a lawe resume or reform such graunts made to them afore, or with a voluntary surrender of them by the Religious?

XVII.—Whether in such a country as this may the Prynce or secular Judge being a Catholique summon Eccl<sup>l</sup> persons to the General Assembly, or draw them into Secular courts, where they are defendants in actions of debt, tres-

pass, &c., and may he give sentence therein, as lawful Judge, and execute it upon their persons, lands, &c., without incurring the censures of *Bulla Cœnæ*?

XVIII.—Whether may the Secular Judge, being a Catholique, proceed to the trial and punishment of clerks being in orders for any offence against the peace &c. of the Lord Proprietary, or for capitall cryme extending to the losse of life or members without incurring &c?

XIX.—Whether may Catholiques, being etc. consent to lawes imposing generall contributions towards publick charges for the necessary support of the Prynce, or defence of the Country, and whether are spiritual persons, their lands &c. included (for want of exemption)? And whether may the Secular Judge being Catholique, proceed against such spiritual persons etc. or religious houses (without special and express license from the Sea Apost.) or may he accept such imposition from such spiritual persons voluntarily without incurring, etc?

XX.—Whether the representative body mett in General Assembly may make lawes to dispose of the interests of particular persons, as of Clergymen not being present, nor having proxies in such assembly (tho lawfully summoned thereto) nor otherwise holding Synods Provinciaall wherein they consent to such lawes might be expected, and whether such lawes are against conscience?

The Governor and his Secretary, whose duty it was to publish the conditions and enforce their observance by legal enactments, were in a dilemma. "If they followed strictly the instructions of his Lordship, they must encounter the opposition of the clergy, and incur the displeasure of the Church;—if they disobeyed him, they violated their official pledges, and placed themselves in an attitude of opposition to his distinctly expressed will. In this strait, they determined to seek counsel of their spiritual advisers, and the result of their conference is thus stated in a Memorandum still remaining;<sup>(1)</sup> this paper, preserved in the Provincial Archives, there is every reason to believe, is in the precise and peculiar handwriting of Mr. Secretary Lewger.

*Extracts out of Mr. Lewger's Diary and Letters to the Lord Baltimore.*

The Governor and I went to the good men to consult divers difficulties that wee had.

I.—One about the publishing of the conditions of plantation by Governor with that Article wherein all grants already passed were charged with the statute of Mortmaine. To this the Governor found a solution by interpreting the article not to comprehend grants already made or due by former conditions, but that no man should have benefit by their new conditions unless he would putt all his land, both that already granted and that to be granted &c. under that condition of not alyening it &c. And this being not found to bee an ordination or edict, comandng or obligeing anie one, but a meer proposi-

(1) Streeter Papers, p. 241.

tion left to mens liberty, was resolved by the Goodmen not to be comprehend- ed in Bullæ cœnæ, nor to incurr anie excommunication in the publisher, &c.

II.—Another, though not excommunication, yet whither it incurred not mortall sinn to bee the active instrument of publishing, negotiating and effecting of such a proposition or contract, as conteyned obligations against piety and good manners, and was mortall sinn in both parties that profered, and accept- ed the contract. And this they resolved, that it seemed so for the present, but they would take time to consider better of it, ere they resolved it peremp- torily.

III.—The oath upon the instructions to bee tendered to all such as were to take land &c was resolved to bee evidently against the conscience, and to incurr excommunication of bullæ cœnæ to publish it, or administer it, or record anie such oath, or anie other way to bee seconding or assisting to it.

There is a new question rising about the 5th Article of the new Conditions of plantation; that no Society spirituall &c shal be capable of the Conditions, which sounds like an Ordination or provision. And if it be found so the Conditions I beleeve wil be stopt from publishing or executing and nobody will dare to concurr to the giving them any life or being, for feare of excom- munication Bullæ Cœnæ.

In consequence of the opinion expressed by the "good men," as Mr. Lewger quaintly terms the missionaries, there was a partial stay of proceedings. No attempt was made for the present to exact the oath, and the fifth clause was dropped from the Conditions. Lord Baltimore, on receipt of his despatches from Maryland, must have had recourse to the Superior in England, for at the end of the Stonyhurst MS. copy of the Conditions and Oath, there is a form of certificate by the Provincial of the English Province, S. J., to the effect "that he had read the above-mentioned Colonial Conditions, and the Oath, and found nothing in them, or any of them, which could possibly render the said Lord Cecil Baron Baltimore, for having proposed them, or any of his officials for having published and executed them by his orders, or any other person or persons for having accepted them, in the Province of Maryland, amenable to any cen- sure of excommunication Bullæ Cœnæ, or guilty of any crime."

Not content with this concession, Lord B. demanded that he should subscribe another paper, an old English copy of which is in the Provincial Archives. The Stonyhurst MS. (No. 108F.), in Latin, is entitled: "*Puncta ab Illust. Dom. Barone Baltimore concepta quæ subscribi exigit a R. Prov. Soc. Jesu in Anglia tum suo, tum Missionariorum nomine qui in Marylandia versantur.*"



The paper comprehends four very exhaustive points, and, as these points include some of the controverted propositions, in regard to which a solution had been asked from Rome, the Provincial would not sign it, and complains of the matter as a grievance in his appeal to the Propaganda.

Some compromise must have been brought about, in consequence of the memorial addressed to Rome. *The Records of the English Province* (vol. 3. page 367) say: "The appeal was successful; Lord Baltimore, on inquiry, was disabused, and matters righted again." Nevertheless, there was a delay in settling the precise terms of accommodation. Many members of the English Province, 'in hopes of the Indian harvest,' had offered themselves for the Mission of Maryland, and application was made to his Lordship for the means of transportation. Some correspondence on this subject, which has already appeared in the WOODSTOCK LETTERS, (May, 1880), shows that he was not yet completely satisfied. His brother-in-law, William Peasely, having written, Sept. 30, "I have procured for the present employment of two of Yours, upon confidence that he shall have satisfaction in his just and reasonable demands," sends another letter from Lincoln's Inn Fields, next day, declaring that Lord B.'s "mind is changed. . . . He is stiff in his resolution. . . . He is resolute that none shall be sent until he have satisfaction." The letter of Lord Baltimore, which he encloses, asserts, "unless all matters are agreed and perfected before they go, *I cannot in prudence give way to his request.*" As two Fathers—Bernard Hartwell and John Cooper—arrived out towards the end of the year, we may conclude that the difficulties were brought to an accommodation some time in October, in accordance with the terms expressed in the following paper (Stonyhurst MSS. vol. iv. No. 108H):—

*Form of agreement between the Father Provincial of England, on behalf of himself and his successors, with the Lord Cecil Baltimore and his Heirs, Lords Proprietors of the Province of Maryland,—containing seven clauses, of which the following is an analysis:*

I.—Whereas the King of England, by way of renunciation and special favor, had granted by Diploma the said Province of Maryland, with royal jurisdiction therein, to the said Baron of Baltimore, by force whereof no subject of England, even a colonist of Maryland, was capable of accepting, buying,

etc., any portion of Maryland territory, unless by license of the said Baron or his heirs; and, since the said Baron had incurred, and was still incurring great expenses, and daily underwent many troubles and dangers, both of person and property, chiefly on account of propagating Christianity in those parts, without as yet having received any fruit or temporal gain, who, however, had he failed in his protection of the Colony, it never could (humanly speaking) have lasted so long, &c., &c.: therefore, let no one of our said Society, at any time, directly or indirectly, by himself or another, accept, buy, etc., any lands, etc., in the said Province, for any use whatsoever, of the grant or gift, &c., of any one, whether Indian, or any other person or persons, otherwise than of the lawful license of the said Baron or his heirs, duly sealed with the seal of this Province. But if any one of Ours shall so accept, &c., contrary to the tenor of these presents, such acceptance, purchase, etc., shall be adjudged, and shall be understood to belong to the said Baron and his Heirs.

II.—Since, by the laws and statutes of England, no lands, etc., can be given or conveyed to any person whatever, spiritual or temporal, for any *pious* or Ecclesiastical *usus*, without the special Royal license (to which rule the said Baron, as far as possible, for just reasons in Maryland should acquiesce), and since the same Baron, for the support of Ours living there, hath granted no mean part in the partition of Maryland, none of Ours, by himself, or by another, shall accept, buy, &c., any lands, &c., for his own use, or for any pious prohibited and comprised in the Statutes called *Mortmain*, which are at this time in force in England, unless with the special license in writing of the said Baron first obtained, under his hand and seal. But if any one of Ours, notwithstanding this, my agreement, shall either by himself or by another, so accept, &c. (as above), then, and in that case, all such gifts, purchases, &c., shall be adjudged and understood to belong to the said Baron and his heirs.

III.—Since it is sufficiently clear that Maryland depends upon England, that it could not support itself unless they frequently sent over supplies of necessaries, and since it is not the less evident, as affairs now are, that those privileges, exemptions, &c., which are usually granted to Ecclesiastical persons of the Roman Church by Catholic Princes in their own countries, could not possibly be granted here, without grave offence to the King and State of England (which offence, however, may be called a hazard both to the Baron, and especially the whole colony);—therefore, none of our said Society shall apply by any spiritual authority, or in any other manner demand or require from the said Baron or his heirs, or any of his officials in Maryland, any privileges, exemptions, &c., in temporal matters, except such as are publicly granted to the Society or to the Roman Church in England. Nevertheless, with this caution, that neither the said Baron, or, &c., on the petition of any Catholic cause to be inflicted corporal punishment on any of Ours in this Province, which in any manner can derogate from the privileges, etc., which are usually granted in Catholic countries, regarding the personal punishment of Ours, unless perchance the offence be a capital one, in which degradation will attach.

IV.—That no Jesuit shall be sent to Maryland without the license of the said Lord Baltimore and his heirs having been first obtained.

V.—That if the said Baron or his heirs shall at any time wish that any one or more of our Society, already sent, or hereafter to be sent to Maryland, be removed, and shall signify the said desire to the Provincial of England, or to the Superior of Maryland for the time being, such removal shall be made

within a year after such desire shall have been so made known, provided that the said Baron or his Heirs pay the expenses of the removal to any place which the Provincial or Superior shall reasonably fix upon; if the said Provincial or Superior shall refuse to do so, or the party desired to be removed shall decline to go, the power is given to the Baron or his Heirs to remove the said recusant; if the Baron or his Heirs shall for any ground of bad conduct wish to remove one or more of our said Society from the Province of Maryland, and the party retires voluntarily, and without coercive measures, then the said Baron or his Heirs shall pay to the party leaving the sum of £20 sterling—either in money or its equivalent, etc.

VI.—The Provincial agrees that all members of the Society in Maryland shall on every occasion, and by every means, defend the rights of the said Baron Baltimore and his Heirs, as their absolute and Liege Lords, and shall swear allegiance to him and them as in the form of oath there given.

VII.—Declaration that these presents made by due authority, and under his hand and seal, shall be binding on himself and his successors of the said Society, and that the things therein contained shall be observed by all of Ours in Maryland according to the tenor and meaning thereof.

NOTE.—In the Memorial to Propaganda, and in the Preamble to the 'Cases,' it is alleged that the number of Catholics in the country was small as compared with the Protestants:—"The Assembly was composed with few exceptions of heretics" (p. 125); "three parts of the people, or four, at least, are heretics" (p. 132). A word of explanation on this point may not be out of place here, since these statements have been lately adduced by anti-Catholic writers as an unanswerable argument to prove that the tolerant spirit of early colonial legislation in Maryland was not due to the Catholic inhabitants, if they were numerically so inferior to the Protestant settlers.

Toleration was in the Charter, and it was guaranteed to the settlers by the Conditions of Plantation; the credit, therefore, whatever it be, for this liberality, belongs primarily to the Lord Proprietary, who was a Catholic. Even if any doubt existed in regard to the religious convictions of those who enacted the famous Toleration Act of 1649, there can be no question as to those who abrogated its liberal provisions, when the course of events made it possible for them to do so; for the intolerant legislation which subsequently disgraced the Province was due solely to Protestant ascendancy. But there can be no doubt that the Act of 1649 was the work of Catholics: and unless all the laws of evidence be rejected, they must have had, prior to that date, a controlling influence in Maryland affairs, on account of their position and numbers.

How, then, can the statements of the papers given above be put forward with any appearance of truth? They are

certainly opposed to the commonly received opinions on the subject; more than this, they are in flagrant contradiction with the *facts as proved* by the most competent and trustworthy historians.

We may reconcile the allegations of these papers with the known facts of Maryland history, by supposing that when the writer asked for instruction and guidance 'in such a country as this,' he meant by the phrase to include not Maryland alone, but all the English settlements on the Chesapeake—only in this supposition, by including Virginia, would it be true that the heretics were four parts at least of the population. And we have reasonable grounds for the supposition, as we may be sure that the Jesuit Fathers did not intend to limit their labors to Maryland; their countrymen in Virginia, although they were with few exceptions Protestant, claimed their attention, and received it, too, both before and after the period we are considering (1640-42).

It may be added, that at this time there was no Protestant clergyman in Maryland, whilst there were three, four, or five Jesuit Priests—a state of affairs almost inexplicable, if four parts of the people in Maryland were Protestants.

As to the Assembly, 'composed with few exceptions of heretics,' since no date is given, it would be difficult to account for such an extraordinary statement. It may have been one of the Assemblies convened at a time unfavorable to a large attendance. This very year there were only eighteen persons present at the second session of Assembly, which was composed of Burgesses and gentlemen summoned by special writ; these eighteen members held proxies for eighty-eight others, and Mr. Giles Brent, holding proxies for seventy-three inhabitants of Kent Island, formed in his own person the standing majority of the House. But he was a Catholic. There may have been an Assembly in which few Catholics took part; but if so, their non-attendance was accidental, or was due to some other cause than numerical inferiority or want of influence in the Province.

## ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

### III.—MONTANA TO WASHINGTON.

If a missionary destined for the Rocky Mountains were free to choose his own route, he might select from four different courses. He might embark at St. Louis on one of the upper river boats, and settle down to a month's voyage, following the Missouri as far as Fort Benton, at the extreme limit of navigation. On landing, he would then be not far distant from the Blackfeet, the Bloods and Piegans, for whom the Mission of St. Peter's has been established. Instead of going all the way by river, he could proceed by rail to St. Paul; thence west by the Northern Pacific to the mouth of Tongue River, in the Yellowstone Valley, the furthest point reached by the Northern Pacific Railroad from this side of the Continent (1881). He would be obliged to travel by wagon or on horseback over the route already described to Bozeman, whence he could reach our residence at Helena by stage coach. If San Francisco were his starting point, he would probably go by steamer to Portland, Oregon, ascend the Columbia River by boat as far as the Dalles, and there reach the western division of the Northern Pacific road. This section has been finished across the Walla Walla country, and the plains of the Columbia, as far east and north as Pend'Oreille Lake, in latitude forty-eight degrees, a point not far distant from the Colville agency to the North, and the Cœur d'Alêne reservation to the East. If destined for either of these tribes, this would be his best course. A fourth route remains, the easiest and quickest, if Helena or St. Ignatius' Mission be the objective point. From Chicago to Omaha, and from Omaha to the end of the Union Pacific R. R. in Utah, our Missionary would follow the accustomed line of travel across the Continent. Pausing to visit Salt Lake City and the territory of the

Mormons, he takes the Utah Northern R. R., which is finished as far as the southern border of Montana, whence his journey to Helena would be completed by stage coach. On all sides, then, the railroads are pressing forward, but there still remains a broad gap to be filled, and in this gap lie scattered the principal stations of our Fathers.

Suppose (for the sake of resuming an interrupted journey) he has come by way of the Yellowstone Valley, and joins us at Bozeman, on our return from an excursion into the National Park. The prospect of a stage ride is pleasant after the slow traveling across the plains, and lightens the discomfort of rising at 3 A. M. to catch the coach. The boot is stowed full of valises, trunks are strapped on behind, the leathern apron is buckled over our knees, for we have been lucky enough to get outside seats, and away we go in the starlight. We are in the Gallatin Valley, a portion of Montana which is dotted with ranches and farms, yielding the ordinary cereals, and affording good grazing for cattle. By noon we have reached Radersburg, a mining settlement, where the stage stops for dinner. When we resume our seats, we observe that there are now six horses in the traces, three handsome teams, and Mr. Clarke, superintendent of the stage route, who happens to be going to Helena himself to-day, takes the lines. Are you "laudator temporis acti?" Do you look back with regret to the good old days when the National Road was lined with lumbering vans, that only yielded the way to the mail-coach as it thundered along; when the blast of the horn summoned half a village to the tavern to get a word of news, and see the reeking horses changed for fresh roadsters? If so, there will be an additional degree of pleasure for you in this next hour. For me, it was enough to notice Mr. Clarke's manner as he took the reins, settled himself firmly in his seat, and quietly uncoiled the long thong that hung about his whip. Glancing at my companion, I saw that he was smiling at the change of coachmen, and evidently expecting a display of skilful driving. On leaving the town, we ascended a gentle slope, and, gaining the ridge, found that our

road lay for some distance almost level before us. The road-bed was formed of crumbling granite, and the solid rock beneath made the best foundation imaginable. We were following one of the ridges that constitute the main chain of the Rocky Mountains, but the character of the rock, not that of the scenery, revealed this to us. No sooner had we gained the summit than Clarke whistled shrilly, at the same moment throwing forward his long lash nearly to the leaders' flanks. For a moment there seemed to be confusion—the horses broke into a wild gallop, and tugged unevenly, but the next instant the reins were gathered in closely, and the three teams settled down to a brisk road gait, as steady as possible. The necessary speed once gained, it was little work for them to keep the stage rolling, and they moved as freely in their simple harness as if no lumbering vehicle was at their heels. On our right lay the valley of the Missouri, stretching northward, a wide expanse limited by the gentle slope of the Belt Mountains to the east. The clearness and crispness of the rare mountain atmosphere, the steady beat of the hoofs on the hard road, the beauty of motion in the animals, and the evident pride of our driver, conscious of the power of his horses, and of his own ability to rule them, produced a sense of exhilaration, such as you may have felt in those good old days, but which you must now forego, unless you volunteer for the Rocky Mountain Missions. Before sunset we reached Helena, having made one hundred miles to-day. I would not have you think that all stage traveling in Montana is like the stretch out of Radersburg, for sometimes the roads are poor, and necessitate a slow gait, and then when you reach a station, a lonely log house, perhaps, on a dreary moor, with nothing but sage brush in sight, the horses on which you are relying to pursue your journey have wandered away, and the stage waits for an hour or two, until the animals have been caught and harnessed. Most of the horses employed are thin "*bronchos*," small half-breeds, not much larger than ponies, looking ill-fed and unfit for such work, so that the whip must come into play pretty freely.

I say nothing of cramped limbs, feet numbed by cold, painful efforts to sleep in impossible postures, dread of falling from one's lofty perch, and other minor inconveniences, lest I should diminish your regret for the bygone coaches.

Helena was originally a mere mining gulch; it is now a pleasant town of some five or six thousand inhabitants, the main street lined with stores, situated in what was once a ravine, the residences being built on both slopes and on the hills adjoining. Most of the houses are cottages with pretty little yards, adorned with blooming flowers and trailing vines, giving the town an air of comfort and homeliness. Helena has its hotel, its daily papers, its banks, its public school, and in fact all the appurtenances of the American incipient city, to say nothing of the United States mint. Besides, it is the capital of the Territory, which is an empire in extent, if not in wealth or population. Territories are immediately dependent, of course, on the General Government at Washington. Their governors, judges and other officials, are appointed by the President, and the single delegate sent to Congress by each Territory has no vote in that assembly. They are not constituent parts of the Union therefore, but strictly dependent provinces. The wealth of Montana is principally made up of mines, which are worked in the usual methods. The common way of extracting gold from the gangue, in which it is disseminated, is to crush the ore to a fine powder, which is reduced to the consistency of milk by being abundantly mixed with water. This muddy water, containing the solid particles in suspension, is then treated with mercury, which forms an amalgam with the gold.

The method usually adopted when the gold occurs in sand or gravel, is to wash the sand and gravel from its bed by means of a stream of water, which is made to pass through a trough, inclined at a small angle, so as to cause a current. At the bottom of the trough are a number of transverse slits, filled with mercury, which has a strong affinity for gold, and attracts the grains of precious metal. The particles of gold, in passing over the slits, being at



once taken up by the mercury, from the amalgam thus obtained, the gold is readily freed by sublimation of the mercury. The muddy water, deprived of its gold, forms what is called the "tailings" of mills, and as a portion of the precious metal escapes the contact of the mercury, the tailings are sometimes worked over again by Chinamen or miners of unusual patience. The romantic part of a miner's life is 'prospecting,' that is searching for gold. Armed with pickaxe and sieve, he scours the mountains, examines all the ravines and hidden nooks, leaving here and there ugly holes and heaps of rubbish as the only traces of his industry. In the depths of the mountains you sometimes chance upon a solitary Chinaman or white miner in the bed of a stream, with a bit of canvas stretched between two rocks, or a rude shed for shelter, sifting sand in search of the yellow dust.

The rare metals occur in their native state, that is as metals, associated with or disseminated through quartz rock, sometimes in regular veins, sometimes in seams or *pockets*, as they are termed. The quartz 'gangue' is very hard and refractory, and powerful machinery is employed to crush and pulverize it. In parts of California gold occurs in gravel beds, and whole hills are washed down by streams of water directed against their face, so that many a spot in the Sierras looks bare and desolate, which formerly was crowned with a fine grove of forest trees which a century cannot replace. The bullion product of Montana from 1862 to 1874 was \$120,000,000. Where there are large mines the tailings are sufficient to destroy the beauty of the mountain streams. A clear dancing brook, full of trout, becomes a tawny, muddy little Missouri, and instead of being a pleasant companion as you ride along the bank, is a constant reminder of the 'auri sacra fames.'

Montana has a right to boast of her ranches as well as of her mines. The climate is rather dry, the grasses consequently are hardy, and it is said that cattle can find sustenance the year round among the hills, which seem brown and desolate enough to the eye, even now in September.

The bottom lands in the narrow valleys are rich and productive, especially in the western part of the Territory, where we saw many fields of wheat and oats standing thick and fruitful, of rich color, and entirely free from weeds. Ordinary vegetables are abundant, such as potatoes, cabbages and turnips, but fruit is rare (excepting wild berries), partly because the hot season is short, partly because there is no month of the year when Montana is free from frosty nights. The merchandise is transported about the Territory in huge wagons, to which several yoke of oxen are attached. It is customary to have three of these wagons joined to one another, like a short train of cars, and then not so many oxen are required to move the train as would be needed if the wagons were to be drawn separately, and besides, one teamster is sufficient for the whole train. We stopped for our noon rest one day on the bank of the Little Black Foot River, just after crossing at a point where the stream was rather swift. Reclining on the bank, I noticed a train of wagons come down the opposite slope, the oxen entering the water with reluctance, fully aware, it seemed, that they would have a hard tug against the resistance of the stream, and of the uneven stones at the bottom of the ford. There were eight yoke, and it took no little manoeuvring on the part of their teamster to keep the oxen in line as they entered the water, and when he did succeed in getting them into straight array, it was impossible to make all the animals pull together. The efforts of the teamster were heroic. Standing on the bank, he called to the poor brutes by name, adding volleys of strong language and of sharp pebbles, now scolding, now encouraging, then, leaping on his pony, he plunged into the stream, wielding his long lash furiously, never ceasing for a moment to pour out a stream of oaths and entreaties, all addressed to the oxen, of course. In spite of vast expenditure of lung and muscle on his part, they persisted in tugging unevenly, or not tugging at all, and the three wagons stood immovable on the bank. This continued for more than an hour, when some of the oxen quietly lay down in the stream. Then

the teamster yielded, uncoupled the wagons, and took them across the ford one at a time, a tedious task, to avoid which he made such strenuous efforts to effect the passage of all at once.

Montana is about five hundred miles long from east to west, with an average breadth of nearly three hundred miles, so its white inhabitants, some thirty thousand in number, are not over-crowded. They are scattered along the valleys in fertile spots, except where mining interests have drawn them together in localities that might otherwise have been left deserted. The Indians, scattered on different reservations, number about twenty thousand in all. They are obliged, of course, to remain on their reservations, where some of them are provided by the Government with the necessaries of life, as well as with religious instruction, on the all-sect non-sectarian principle, that denies to the Indian the right of free worship, because he is the ward of a Government that tolerates all forms of worship. As yet our Fathers cannot enter reservations in charge of Protestant agents, but it is hoped that the law forbidding the admission of missionaries freely among the Indians, will soon be changed. None of the Catholic tribes are dependent on the Government for food or clothing, though of late years they have received some help for their schools.

As I wish to give you some idea at once of the nature of the country, the difficulties of traveling, the situation and character of one of our missions, at the risk of being tedious, I shall adopt the easy method of copying from my diary. That my letter may not be interminable, I pass over a large part of our journey between Helena and Missoula, a district which has been described by Gen. Gibbon, in one of his letters to the *Catholic Quarterly*.

*September 4th.*—Leaving the town of Missoula, our road lay along the valley of the Missoula River, which runs westward, soon beginning a long detour to the north. To our right lay the gorge of Coriacan, beyond which is the Flathead agency, and further on the Mission of St. Ignatius. Riding briskly along, we passed a number of thrifty

ranches, and here and there saw a few Indian tepees picturesquely situated in pine groves and sheltered nooks. Seventeen miles from Missoula is the village of Frenchtown, the very jumping-off place, the westernmost town in the Territory. We found a motley crowd loafing about the few stores of the village, Frenchmen, Germans, Irishmen, Spaniards, Americans, negroes, Chinamen, Indians (Nez Percés, Flatheads and Spokanes), all ignorant of the fact that they were to us as great objects of curiosity, as we evidently were to them. We were interested in examining a store-house full of furs, where the skins of buffalo, bear, beaver, martin, wolf and fox told something of the natural history of the mountains. Many of these furs were piled high up on a billiard table, much to my surprise, not that a billiard table is a rare thing in itself, but how did it get there?

*September 5th.*—Our road to-day was rough and broken. The river passing through a narrow gorge forced us to take a winding course through the hills. We passed several ranches by the river, all of them abandoned for fear of the Nez Percés. There are gold diggings on Moose Creek, but the ranche at Moose Creek ferry was also abandoned. The only living creature to be seen about the place was a three-legged cat, that limped disconsolately through the vacant rooms. There is a peculiar fascination about a deserted house; the few old utensils and broken tools scattered here and there, the hooks and shelves, the chairs covered with raw-hide, worn into comfortable shape, all excite interest and a vague terror, as if in sympathy with those whom fear has driven from their homes. Traveling with good escort, one sleeps perfectly secure, but the lonely ranche-man, with wife and children to care for, and no neighbors within miles, must quiver when the news steals up the valley that some Indian tribe has broken from its reservation, and started on a career of rapine and destruction. Our road follows the bends of the stream, now winding many hundred feet above the channel, affording beautiful glimpses up and down the valley, now along level bench

land, through the pine trees, and out into open glades, sometimes at the foot of lofty crags, among huge fragments of rock, then up again, clinging to the mountain side, with barely room enough for our wheels, and an ugly slope towards the precipice. There is more excitement than pleasure in watching a wheel slip inch by inch towards the brink of an abyss, and even the beauty of the view is no great distraction at such moments.

*September 6th.*—We were obliged to make several detours to-day on account of hills that jut out over the river. Even where the road passed directly on, the grades were steep and difficult, testing our driver's capacity and the muscle of our mules. The lateral valleys, which we sometimes were obliged to follow, were wild, and dark with heavy timber, but occasionally we met a level piece of bench land, more open and cheerful. One pleasant feature of the day was that, even in this rugged district, we came upon a few ranches, one belonging to a Frenchman named Lozo, whose Indian wife is the newsmonger of the valley, learning all rumors from her Indian friends. A second belonged to a Yankee named Berry, a Vermonter, who has been twenty years in the mountains, and who lives here alone. For fully a mile before reaching his farm we had noticed a neat ditch near our path, following the curve of the hill, leading its precious freight of water, as we thought, to some gold digging. When we came upon Mr. Berry's farm, with its fine harvest, there was more than one expression of admiration for the industry that had been expended on that irrigating ditch. We camped at Halpine's ranche, now worked by a man named Quinn, a lusty Tipperary man, who labored all night threshing out two thousand pounds of oats for our animals. A man who finds a chance to sell his grain in this secluded valley works willingly day or night.

*September 7th.*—After seven miles of ordinary marching, we reached the Missoula Ferry, the owner of which, scared away by rumors of Indian troubles early in the season, returned only yesterday to earn a few dollars by ferrying our

party across the river. This interesting operation was safely accomplished in an hour, and then began our real pilgrimage. From this point on, the route we are to follow, the continuation of the old Mullen road, has not been used for many years. It is considered impassable for wagons, but we are going to demonstrate that it is not so. Our pioneer party went ahead, twenty-eight in number, to clear the road, hoping, as their officer said, that we would not see them again till we reached the Mission.

The roughness of the road rendered our ambulances so undesirable as a means of transportation, that we gladly changed places with some cavalymen, riding their horses while they took our seats in the ambulances. They, too, took kindly to the change, but long before now have regretted it. We are following up the valley of the St. Regis Borgia River, which, rising in the Cœur d'Alêne Mountains, flows eastward by a gently inclined but very narrow valley, emptying into the Missoula River at the ferry we crossed to-day. The valley is heavily timbered, so that all day long we were traveling in sombre shade. The woods no longer consist of the pitch pine alone, of which we have seen so many during the last few days, but of white pine, tamarack and cedar. The underbrush was quite luxuriant; ferns, mosses and trailing vines covering the ground with a soft carpet. It was delightful to be once more in the saddle, and the twenty miles we made after leaving the ferry seemed short, notwithstanding the delays caused by our having to wait for the pioneers to clear the road. We camped at nightfall in a small opening called the Crow's Nest, where there was some grazing for our stock.

*September 8th.*—Letting our pioneer party start well ahead of us, we began our march about eight o'clock, and moved forward very slowly, that those who were clearing the road might not be too much hurried by our constantly pressing on their heels. The first ten miles of our march we made in fair time and good order, the trail, though obstructed by fallen timber, not being very rough or difficult. During these ten miles we forded the river St. Regis Borgia

twenty-six times, all the bridges built by Mullen in 1859 having been long ago swept away. Our road, except at the fords, was a dark alley-way cut between towering trees, that hemmed us in on all sides, and as we cut our way deeper and deeper, gave the idea that we were penetrating some vast labyrinth, with just light enough to lead us on to where it would become a trackless mass of rock and tree and river. Beyond these ten miles the trail, beginning to ascend more rapidly to the source of the Regis Borgia, in order to cross the divide of the Cœur d'Alène Mountains, became steeper and more rocky, and as I trudged along some distance ahead of our party, preferring to be on foot, and enjoying to the full the grandeur of the forest and the feeling of utter seclusion and retirement that hangs over the mountains, I stopped now and then to wonder how our wagons could possibly be dragged over the rocky ascent without being utterly shattered. Having reached the summit, heavily wooded like the rest of the mountain, and affording no view whatever, I sat on one of the bench marks of the Mullen road, to await the arrival of some of our party. Descending the western slope of the mountain, steep and precipitous, my knees soon felt the effect of the long trudge, and I was glad to accept the loan of a mule from Mr. Hardy, our chief packer. Thus mounted, and in company with an officer of our party, I pressed forward, as it was beginning to be late in the day, and we were anxious to know how far distant was our proposed camp—Negro Prairie. I had to keep the rowels of my spurs tucked tight against my animal's flanks, and my left hand busy with a walking cudgel, to make the mule keep in sight of my companion's horse, which walked at an ordinary gait. Whilst busily engaged in belaboring my mule, I was startled to see my companion wheel suddenly round, and proceed briskly in the opposite direction. The next moment I perceived one of the lords of the forest, a great grizzly, standing in the road, not thirty yards in front of us. In an instant he was gone. "Fugit inermem," Heaven be praised. Being utterly unprovided with means of defence, other than

my pocket-knife, I was not sorry to have him disappear. Darkness overtook our wagons, while they were still a mile away from the camping place, in the midst of the woods; so we camped right there in the shades of the cedar and tamarack, their interlacing branches shading us from the chill air of night, their tender boughs furnishing a soft couch, and their tall trunks our only sentinels.

September 9th.—Breakfasting at five o'clock, we walked leisurely forward to Negro Prairie, a small opening in the forest where our cavalry camped last night. Their pioneer party was already off, and we waited here until nine o'clock to give them a good start, and then we moved forward. Two miles from our camping place, we encountered a grade such as one rarely sees wagons descend—a steep pitch from the brow of the hill, straight down into the rocky bed of a running stream, the Cœur d'Alêne River. I watched with interest as the leaders were unhitched, the wheels locked, and a dozen men at a lariat rope held back each wagon as it slid down the incline. From this point down the valley, for four miles there has been an extensive fire, and the hills were covered with charred trunks. The opening made by the fire has rendered the road somewhat easier, besides satisfying that desire one always feels to see just a little way ahead. Beyond this burnt district, we plunged into the worst portion of our route. The valley narrowed to a gorge, huge cedars grew on all sides, and the road-way wound now in the bed of the stream, now among roots, stumps and rocks, and now in marshy spots, where the wheels sunk almost to the hub. It was dreary, tedious work watching the wagons, to see them safely over mile after mile of just such a way as this, and you may imagine how fast we traveled when I say that from nine o'clock till dark we made ten miles. Again we camped where nightfall overtook us, in the midst of the woods, our wagons standing in the road (obstructing travel, as some one remarked), our camp-fire making darker still the darkness of night in the forest.

September 10th.—*Cressa ne careat nota dies!* I write in a



hermit's cell, by the light of a tallow dip, in the heart of a wild and mountainous region, distant many a league from the nearest settlement. Being anxious to spend at least a day at the Mission among the Cœur d'Alènes, I got permission to come forward a day ahead of our party. There was some excuse for so doing, as the Captain who commands our escort desired a messenger to go forward, to send a feed of grain out from the Mission to his tired animals. Accoutred with carbine and pistol, unusual load, and with a trusty trooper at my heels, I sallied forth, soon traversing the two miles of road already opened, passing the pioneer parties busily at work, and pressing on in the pack trail, winding and twisting about to avoid fallen trees. We picked our tiresome way over the fallen timber for six miles, to an opening called Pine Prairie; then on along the varied route, now in an open glade covered with wild timothy, now twisting once more among the dense timber, or dodging the thick underbrush on the banks of the stream, which we crossed repeatedly. The dark rolling clouds, from which poured a drizzling rain, rendered yet darker our gloomy track; and the closely arched brushwood covered us with fresh showers whenever the rain ceased. The growth of underbrush in some of these cedar morasses is highly luxuriant, and we noticed tall graceful ferns that, bent as they were beneath the rain, reached the height of our heads as we sat in the saddle. The road, on the whole, is much freer from obstacles than any we have passed this side of the mountain, and I know our pioneers will whistle at the easy work they will find. The distance from our camp to the Mission was twenty-three miles, and just at one o'clock, after crossing the river for almost the hundredth time, I found our road bordered by a fence, saw pigs and cows along the way, and the next moment perceived the Mission itself. On the summit of an isolated hill, which rises in the midst of a valley surrounded by mountains, stands the Church, a large frame edifice with square columns in front, and crowned by a plain cross. In front of the church, on the sloping sides of the hill, are the cabins of the Indians,

square log houses, neatly and comfortably built, grouped, as if for protection about their fountain-head of peace and prosperity. At the foot of the hill is the garden of the Mission, and beyond are extensive fields of grain and hay, shining bright in the mellow sunlight that just now burst out from among the clouds, adding to the impressiveness of a deeply touching scene.

I was welcomed by Fr. Diomedì and the few lay-brothers that are here. A hearty and inviting meal soon substantiated the welcome; then the grain for our escort had to be sacked, weighed, and packed on Indian ponies—the packing being dexterously done by a dusky maiden of some sixteen summers. My mind relieved of this responsibility, I set myself to enjoy the company of the good Father, and the afternoon passed pleasantly enough. Imagine a young Italian priest, scantily acquainted with our own language and manners, sent to this far-off spot, and obliged at once to learn the Indian language, to practise the arts of the farmer, ploughing, sowing and reaping, helping to tend stock, and pigs and poultry, and performing the duties of pastor. Add to this the vicissitudes of a mountain winter, the flood that swept down the valley, carrying away barns and fences, drowning pigs and calves, and demanding great exertions to rescue the drowning animals and restore the damaged outbuildings. All this, together with his long rides in the cold and snow, on ministerial duties, gave Fr. Diomedì much to talk about, and me much to marvel at and to admire.

There are very few Indians at the Mission at present, as they have all gone to their farms, which lie at a distance of nearly sixty miles to the southwest, out on the prairies. This Mission was established here among the mountains when the Indians were all huntsmen or fishermen, and now that they have been taught the art of agriculture, and have taken to farming, it will have to be moved away from this secluded valley. There are a few squaws in the village, and morning and evening they assemble in the church at the sound of the bell, reciting their prayers aloud in a guttural

monotone, not easily forgotten when once heard. Walking about the village, we entered a hut which was neat and clean, and provided with plain, rough, simple articles of furniture, such as stools and a small table. An old gray-haired man sat in the chimney-corner. He greeted the Father with a smile of welcome, extended his hand, and, when I was presented to him, at once expressed his gratification to meet a white stranger who shared with him the blessing of the true faith. Among the other huts, one was noticeable for its round shape; it was, in fact, a *tepee* or wigwam, built of lumber. It belonged to an old Indian, too stubborn and too much attached to the ways of his fathers, to adopt the square log house for his dwelling. A strange figure came riding up the hill. It was an Indian, whom we had met once before in the forest, traveling in the same direction as ourselves. He wore an old black cloak that hung like a cone all around him, and seemed appropriately topped by a beaver hat, not of the latest style. After the manner of a Bishop, he wore a chain and cross, but the chain was a heavy one of brass, and the crucifix hung large and conspicuous on his breast. The Indians are beginning to affect the white man's dress, though most of them still cling to the buckskin for body garments, and to the blanket as a kind of toga. It was a great disappointment to me not to see the main body of the Cœur d'Alènes. They have the reputation of being among the most manly and best civilized of the western Indians. They are ruled by Chief Saltise, according to the customs of the tribe, our Fathers never interfering, as I understand, in civil matters. Saltise has six young braves to act as a kind of police force, and punishes disorderly conduct by summary arrest.

Towards nightfall we were surprised by the arrival of Fr. Joset, a venerable missionary, who had ridden sixty miles since sunrise, from the new Mission on Camas Prairie, coming to help Fr. Diomedi make some preparations for a trip to Walla Walla. They have a great wagon at the Mission, which is to be loaded with hams, cheese and other results of their industry and transported to market. No po-

litical economist ever imagined that bacon and cheese could overcome such difficulties as these will have to encounter. The wagon is rolled down the hill to the riverside, then out upon a raft built for the purpose. Here it is loaded, and the ark moves down the Cœur d'Alêne River to its mouth, many miles below. A sail is now hoisted, and aided by this the Indian boatmen with their paddles propel the boat up the Cœur d'Alêne Lake to its southern extremity. The lake is a beautiful sheet of water surrounded by mountains. When we have reached the southern end, our cheese seems farther from market than ever. What is to be done with a huge wagon heavily laden, where there is no sign of road save a narrow pack-trail? Some Indians from the Mission have come through the woods to the head of the lake with oxen and ponies. They take the wagon to pieces, load these pieces, together with the merchandise, on the backs of the animals, and then cross the mountains. Having emerged on the prairie beyond, the wagon is again put together, reloaded, the oxen are hitched to it, and after many days of patient journeying Walla Walla is reached, the hams and cheese are disposed of, necessary supplies are purchased for the Mission, and the journey just described is repeated. These details make us realize that the difficulties under which missionaries labor are of no ordinary kind. They are frequently obliged to struggle for a bare maintenance, working with their own hands for the necessaries of life, whilst at the same time charged with the burden of being all in all to the Indians. Put yourself in the place of those about to start a new Mission, or to transfer an old one from one place to another. Some sort of residence is necessary for a community. If you want anything more than a log house, you must put up a saw-mill, in order to get lumber. Then you must have a church—the Indians may help to construct it, but there are many expenses to be met, and where is the money to come from? You must have fields and a garden, fences are to be built, tools procured, ground broken and cultivated, whilst, at the same time, you are trying to pick up the Indian language, to instruct, visit and

help them in every way. A missionary must, therefore, be a jack-of-all-trades, and a thoroughly practical man. The chief difficulty, however, seems to be that of persuading the savages to abandon their wandering life, and to settle down in one spot. This once accomplished, their civilization is only a question of time and patience. Polygamy, of course, presents a serious obstacle, but this can be overcome by rearing the children in Christian schools, and quietly waiting till the present generation passes away. Such seems to be the plan adopted among the Blackfeet; in the Catholic tribes this trace of barbarism has been already eradicated. The following extracts from reports of United States agents show how far the Catholic Indians have advanced from their original nomadic state:—

## CŒUR D'ALENE RESERVATION.

SIR: I have the honor herewith to transmit you my report of the farming operations of the Cœur d'Alène Indians. Since my report of last year a marked change has been made in their condition; their old farms have been enlarged, and about sixty new farms opened. Some of their individual farms are quite large. Basil has one hundred acres under cultivation; Louie, one hundred acres; Marchand, one hundred acres; Pierre, seventy acres; George, eighty acres; Joseph, seventy acres; Saltise, the head chief, has between forty-five and fifty acres. Some six or eight of them have fine meadows of timothy hay. There are altogether, large and small, about one hundred and sixty farms, all under good cultivation and excellently fenced. Of their own grain about one third is wheat and two-thirds oats. They find a ready market at Camp Cœur d'Alène, and the numerous towns near their reservation for their surplus crop, and at prices, too, as a general thing, rather higher than their white neighbors, owing to their being able to pack it on their animals in the spring, when the roads are in such a condition as to be impassable for wagons. In connection with the Fathers, a large granary and root-house

will be erected this fall on the bank of the Cœur d'Alêne Lake, for storage of grain, potatoes, etc., and from there transported by flat-boats, made by lashing two or three canoes together with platform, and enabling them to take a load of three tons down the lake to Camp Cœur d'Alêne.

JAMES O'NEILL; *Farmer in charge.*

FLATHEAD AGENCY, MONTANA.

In presenting my fourth annual report, it affords me great pleasure to state that never in the history of this reservation have the Indians enjoyed a more prosperous season. The snug log-houses, well-fenced fields of waving grain, vegetable gardens, the thriving stock and permanent appearance of the homes of the industrious portion of the tribe is very encouraging, and has a tendency each year to induce the more careless and improvident to follow the example of husbandry and thrift. A number of new farms have been fenced in during the past season, and a general tendency to give up their wandering and hunting proclivities for peaceful pursuits, has marked the year. \* \* The harvest season is now upon us, and the yield will be good. Some 25,000 bushels of wheat will be harvested, some 5,000 bushels of oats and barley, besides 6,000 or 7,000 bushels of vegetables. \* \* \* A few years ago it was a most difficult matter to induce an Indian to allow his boys to be confined to a school-room; but a wonderful change has taken place, and the number of applicants for admission to the school far exceeds the appropriation for feeding, clothing and taking care of them. The Sisters of Charity have charge of the school, and have competent teachers for boys in fields, mills, and shops, as well as in the school-room. A large number of the children can read and write the English language understandingly, and work in the first four rules of arithmetic. \* \* \* \*

PETER RONAN,  
*U. S. Indian Agent.*

The position of the Indians in the United States is a curious anomaly. They are treated partly on the theory that they are wards of the Government, partly on the supposition that they are separate and independent nations. To all of them definite reservations have been assigned, and to many of the tribes supplies of clothing and provisions are regularly issued under treaty stipulations. The whole management of the Indians belongs to a bureau of the Interior Department at Washington, and those who desire to procure funds for schools or for other purposes must have recourse to this bureau. A certain number of tribes has been assigned to each of several religious denominations, Baptists, Methodists, Quakers and the rest; and each of these deals with the Department through some authorized agent. The Department in Washington must be dealt with by some one living in Washington, who understands the working of the bureau, who can lobby, and watch and wait. Nothing can be obtained by unauthorized applications from a distance. Appreciating this fact, the late Archbishop of Baltimore, with the approval of many Bishops throughout the country, organized a Catholic Bureau in Washington, to take charge of Catholic Indian Missions. It is perfectly well understood by the Department that this bureau represents the interests of the Catholic Indians, but the Department does not and cannot know individual priests at a distance, however worthy and self-sacrificing they may be. Nor can the Department know the difference between the secular and regular clergy; it deals with the Church as with the sects, very much as it would deal with any common corporation, recognizing an accredited agent, but not having anything to do with individual stockholders. The only way to obtain funds, then, from the Government is through this Catholic bureau. Before the bureau was established, our Fathers only obtained for their school at St. Ignatius \$2,000 annually, and what has been procured in addition to this of late years, for this and other Mission schools, has been due solely to the efforts of the bureau. It is altogether a matter of business; no other way can be successfully

adopted of dealing with the Government. Nine years ago, when the work of the bureau was begun, the Catholic Missions were in receipt of \$8,000 annually; during the two years 1879-80, the receipts amounted to \$88,850 from the Government. During the whole period of its existence, the board has procured for the Indians \$247,800—of this amount \$69,000 was due to the Indians under treaty stipulations, the rest, that is, \$178,800, was not due under any treaty, and was obtained solely through the efforts of the bureau in gaining the good will of the department. It may be fairly claimed that the whole amount was obtained by the bureau, for it is well known that treaties are not always fulfilled, unless there be some one to push matters in Washington. The work of the bureau has been done by Gen. Charles Ewing and Rev. J. B. A. Brouillet in the face of opposition and discouragement. Personally they have nothing whatever to gain, theirs is purely a work of zeal. All that they ask is that their position be rightly understood, and fairly represented to the Catholics of the country. The remnants of Indian tribes, whether in charge of our Fathers or of seculars, cannot be educated and civilized without Government aid, this aid can only be procured by authorized agents, the highest ecclesiastical authorities in the country recognize the Catholic Indian Bureau as the agent of the Church, the Government treats with the bureau as such agent, and all who wish to approach the Government on behalf of the Indians must be content to do so through the bureau. Meantime the bureau must be supported, and as it contributes to the support of Jesuit Missions by securing funds for schools at Cœur d'Alêne, Colville and St. Ignatius, it is only fair that our Fathers should say a word in favor of the bureau when occasion offers, that Catholics may understand what it is, and that in giving to it they are giving to the Indians. A Catholic lady of New York recently devised \$5,000 to Cardinal McCloskey, in trust for Catholic missions among the infidels. In discharge of his trust, His Eminence gave over the funds to the bureau in Washington, to be distributed in accordance with the sec-



ond article of incorporation of the bureau, viz: "The object for which said society (The Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions) is formed is to educate the Indians living within the borders of the United States in the doctrines and moral laws of the Catholic Church—to devise ways and means for the prosecution of such general education." Fourteen boarding schools, established on different Indian reservations, bear testimony to the fidelity of the society in carrying out its main work, and Catholics who generously contribute may be sure that they are taking the best means of helping the Indians. The following figures show that our Missions have received substantial aid through the efforts of the bureau:

Government allotments for schools (1879-80)—	
Cœur d'Alêne Mission, I. T.	5,500
Colville, W. T.	\$8,000
Flathead Agency, Montana	8,000
The total amount procured for schools at Jesuit Missions is \$62,000.	T. E. S.

In connection with the subject of the Indian Missions treated of in the concluding portion of this paper, we add, by special request, the following communication in relation to the same matter:

#### FR. BROUILLET'S APPEAL.

Our schools are limited to seven agencies, the only ones entrusted to our control, and they give facilities for the religious and educational teaching of from twelve thousand to twenty thousand Indians attached to or in immediate relation with those agencies. But the agencies so favored are only seven out of sixty-eight, and they represent only from twelve thousand to twenty thousand Indians out of a population of two hundred and seventy-five thousand, the total Indian population of the United States. What are we going to do with the sixty-one agencies and the two hundred and fifty-five thousand Indians to whom our schools have not yet been extended? Shall we place within their

reach the facilities of hearing the teaching and receiving the training of the Church, or shall we with a cold-blooded indifference leave them to their desperate fate, to live and die in their heathenish practices, and deprived forever of the only saving influences of the Church? From the solution of this problem depends in a great measure, in my judgment, the future progress and improvement of our American Church. It is our duty, whether of justice or of charity does not matter much here—it is our undeniable duty, as I understand it, to provide, so far as our means and facilities may go, for the conversion and Christian training of those unfortunate and degraded members of our national household. If the American Church, collectively, as a united body, and acting with a united feeling of charity and zeal, undertake the work in earnest, and with the noble self-sacrifice which has carried her successfully through so many wonderful undertakings, her progress will be sensibly enhanced, and God's blessings will pour on every side on her numerous and flourishing institutions. Well understood charity never remains unrewarded, either in society or in the individual. But if she shuts her ears and her heart to the appeals of justice and charity made upon her on all sides; if she refuses to listen to so many perishing souls of her own country, who have been, as it were, intrusted by Divine Providence to her charge, woe to our beloved American Church. The curse of God must, sooner or later, be upon her, for God's justice must have its course in society as well as in the individual, and all neglect of duty must be punished.

Individual members of the Church have done their share of the good work. Private contributions have been donated for the conversion of the Indians, but the good example of the donors not having been followed by others, the amount of such donations proves totally inadequate to the requirements of the work.

Such a body of devoted and self-sacrificing teachers as are now engaged in the Indian missionary service cannot be found anywhere else in the United States. The value

of their work, based upon the common estimation of such labors, does not amount to less than \$83,000 a year, as we have officially reported to the Office of Indian Affairs, and every cent of this amount has been consumed by these devoted and true friends of the Indians on the very spot where their labors were performed, and for the benefit and improvement of their work. The Government itself has to a great extent done its duty, and not less than from \$40,000 to \$50,000 of its money is expended every year for the benefit of our Indians.

Now will the Church follow suit, and as a social or collective body issue a common document recommending in earnest terms unanimity of action throughout the United States, and prescribing practical methods of securing the funds required?

## KANSAS.

*Letter from Fr. P. M. Ponziglione.*

OSAGE MISSION, NEOSHO CO., KANSAS,

Dec. 31, 1881.

REVEREND FATHER,  
P. C.

The drought of last summer was the severest and longest that we have felt for many years; and in consequence of it, people were put to much inconvenience and loss, and stock suffered greatly. The crops, which looked very promising in early spring, failed completely over the whole country, and when the season of ploughing had arrived, the ground was as hard as rock, and no plough could break it. It was high time to have recourse to prayer; so, at the opening of September, we invited our people to come and unite with us in the performance of a solemn Triduum, in order to obtain from the bounty of Heaven the rain that was so much needed. The news spread far and wide, and our good Cath-

olics flocked to the services, crowding the Church every night, and joining most fervently in the prayers. You may easily imagine how our Protestant neighbors laughed at the very idea of employing such means to obtain relief. It was amusing to listen to their conversation. "Do you think they will get the rain?" one would ask. "I guess not; do you?" Another would add with a sneering grin, "I guess they will have to send to Rome for it." So they enjoyed themselves at the expense of our good people. We paid no attention to their remarks, but kept on praying. On the very second day of the Triduum, a heavy shower came to refresh the air, and a few days afterwards you would have thought that the flood-gates of Heaven had been opened, so abundant was the rain that fell for several consecutive days. The Protestants could not ignore the fact, and they acknowledged with shame that they had been too hasty in giving expression to their incredulous comments. They felt very grateful, however, as they needed the rain as badly as we did.

These abundant rains interfered with my missionary excursions among the Osages during last fall, for the country became so flooded in various places that it was impossible for me to reach several of the Indian settlements that I had intended to visit.

The Indians, especially the full-bloods, were not much troubled by the drought, for it makes very little difference to them whether the season be wet or dry. If the waters rise in the lowlands, they move their camps to the hills; and if it becomes too dry on the hills, they strike their tents, and go to encamp along some large stream, where there is plenty of water for themselves and their horses. They do not cultivate the ground, and have no fixed dwelling place; all that they want is good hunting-ground, for they live by the chase. When the weather is dry, they go to the high plains and set the grass on fire. By this means they drive the game towards the streams, and manage to secure it without much difficulty. Deer seem to be very much afraid of fire, and as soon as they notice smoke arising on the

plains, they start for the timber land along the river courses, where they fall an easy prey to the Indian hunter.

The wet season, on the other hand, does not interfere with hunting; on the contrary, I might say, it helps it. During this season the grass springs up rapidly on the plains; the deer are attracted by the fresh and tender vegetation, and wherever they go, they leave their cloven-footed tracks deeply impressed upon the wet and muddy paths. The Indian ever on the watch, as soon as he has noticed a track of this kind, has a sure trail to follow, and it will not take him long to come up with the game. Generally speaking, if an Indian get sight of game, he is sure to bring it down. So no matter what the season may be, he can make a living so long as he has a hunting ground. But he never has any meat to spare; for an Indian is a first class trencherman. He disposes of the furs for the necessary supplies of life; but he always keeps some in reserve to purchase fire-water, or bad whiskey, from which he cannot abstain if it be possible for him to get it.

When the Kansas legislature last year passed the so-called Temperance Amendment, we were in hopes that better times were now in store for our Indians, and that there would be a greater chance of improving them. It was thought, that the sale or manufacture of whiskey, which is the greatest obstacle to their civilization, being forbidden by the law of the State, it would be impossible for them to procure any further supplies of the baneful liquor. Vain illusion! The Temperance Amendment, so far from diminishing the liquor traffic, has only increased it amongst both whites and Indians.

The Indian's love of strong drink, or fire-water as he calls it, is beyond comprehension. No matter how high a chief may stand in the esteem of his people, if he can procure liquor, he will drink to excess, nor will he stop until the supply is exhausted. During the whole time of my dealing with the Osages, a period of more than thirty years, I have known but one really sober man amongst them, who could never be induced under any consideration to taste a

drop of whiskey. This man, who is now about seventy-five years of age, is stout and healthy, and in very good circumstances; and his prosperity is due to his sobriety. The whiskey sold to the Indians is downright poison, and hundreds have been carried by it to an untimely grave. The diseases brought on by excessive use of this vile stuff are terrible, the scurvy in its most hideous and loathsome developments being the worst of all. This disease becomes at times epidemic, and will depopulate the whole of a town in one season. Blindness is another of the diseases brought on them by intemperance. Their sight at first becomes dim; after a while, their eyes look glassy and dull; finally, a white skin grows over them, and they are blind for life. This misfortune, however, has in many instances been beneficial to them, for material blindness brought light to their soul: as this expression may seem mysterious, let me illustrate the subject by some examples.

The Indian, for the most part, is brought to fall into intemperate habits, unwittingly and unwillingly, and consequently some allowance should be made for him. And if, unfortunately, he should happen to lose his sight by this indulgence, he is apt to become the wiser in consequence of the calamity. For when an Indian becomes blind, he is placed outside the occasions of doing much mischief; he can no longer rove over the plains with his fellow-braves, and being obliged to keep to his tent, if any good friend will take the pains to instruct him, he listens with pleasure, and will act up to what he is taught, if he possibly can.

I said that a blind Indian will generally stay at home, but there are occasional exceptions, and some years ago we had such a one amongst the Osages. He was a large man, whom we used to call Simeon, and he had lost his sight from drinking bad whiskey. This happened some time after the Mission had been established, and being well acquainted with our house, he frequently dropped in to have a social chat with us. He had never seen me, for he was already blind when I came here, but having got acquainted with my voice, and knowing that he could occasionally get a

little piece of tobacco from me, he used to come frequently to my room. I did not object to his visits, for I could always learn something and improve in the Osage language by conversing with him. Our conversation naturally took a religious turn, and as he was a willing listener, faith by degrees entered into his heart, and as he offered no obstacle to the workings of divine grace, he gradually came to the conclusion of abandoning his heathen practices, and I may say with truth, that his blindness brought him to the light of the Gospel, and he received the grace of Baptism.

This man had an excellent memory, and he remembered all the roads leading to the houses of his old friends, and as he was very fond of company, he was frequently on the move visiting now one, now another. In these excursions he would go sometimes by himself alone as far as fifteen miles from home. The sun whose heat he felt upon his face was his compass; he knew all the usual crossings of the creeks and rivers, and by dipping his hand into the water he could judge of the force of the current, and decide whether he could ford it or not, and he used to wade in and cross the streams without any assistance. It happened one day that he made up his mind to visit a friend living some fifteen miles north of this Mission, and having started off by himself, he did not miss a step until he came within three miles of the place, when he lost the track and went astray. He soon discovered his critical position, and having no one to assist him, the poor man prayed to God with his whole heart and soul to have pity upon him, and help him out of this trouble. Having kissed the cross of his prayer-beads, he struck off at random without any idea of the direction he was taking, and wonderful to be said, he went on in the right way, his Angel Guardian no doubt directing him. The people of the house to which he was going, noticed him while he was some distance away, and could not make out, why or how he should come from that direction, and you may conceive their amazement when they heard of his adventure.

As blindness was a blessing to our old Simeon, so also did

the loss of sight prove beneficial to another old Indian who went by the name of Captain Jack. He belonged to the tribe of Missouriis, but lived amongst the Osages, his own nation being almost extinct. He had been a hard drinker in his youth, and blindness fell upon him in consequence of his excesses in this respect, about two years before his death. This man was very familiar with me, and whenever he came to see me, I used to fill his pipe with some good tobacco; so that, when he became blind, he made his way by a peculiar instinct to my room, in order to have a chat and a good smoke. He was at this time about eighty years of age, but his memory was unimpaired, and he was gifted with good common sense and always listened with great attention to my instructions. In those days, I had in my room a beautiful representation in lively colors, of our Lord in the house of Caiaphas, where surrounded by the Jews he was insulted and abused during the night before his Passion. Captain Jack admired this picture very much, and he had often come to my room to gaze upon it, and at every visit I had been called upon to explain the meaning of the sacred painting.

After he had become blind, he kept up the habit of coming to my room, and placing himself before the picture, just as if he could still see it, he would exclaim: "O Son of God, how sorry I am not to be able to see Thee any longer! O, could I but see Thee once again!" After remaining silent for a while, as if absorbed in prayer, he would point the index finger of his right hand at the Jews represented in the picture, saying: "O ye wicked men, who dare to spit upon the face of the Son of God, how glad I am that I can see you no more!"

Seeing the good dispositions of Captain Jack, I often advised him to abandon his foolish pagan superstitions and to be baptized. His uniform answer was that he should like to follow my advice; but he was accustomed to add: "In my younger days I have been too much of a brave to do now so good a thing as to enter into the ways of my God." By these words, he meant to signify that he regarded himself as unworthy to be ranked amongst the followers of Jesus



Christ, because in former years he had committed too many depredations and killed too many people. The poor old man spoke through a sincere feeling of humility, and this, I believe, procured for him in the end the grace of a true conversion. Some two months before he died he was baptized by Father John Schoenmakers. Through blindness this man also found the truth, and as we hope, attained eternal happiness.

These examples show most evidently, that these despised Indians have good and noble souls, that they love the truth, and are willing to follow its teachings when once they have discovered it. Not only are they well-inclined to the truth itself, but they have also great respect and affection for those, who without any hopes of personal advantage, dedicate themselves to a life of sacrifice and hardship, in order to point out to them where this truth is to be found.

PAUL M. PONZIGLIONE, S. J.

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## JUBILEE MISSIONS IN NEBRASKA.

*(Continued.)*

CRETE, SALINE CO.—Fathers Türk and Hillman opened a mission in this place on Sunday, Oct. 16th. Crete, a lively little town with over two thousand inhabitants, is situated on the Big Blue River, and at the junction of the Beatrice branch with the main line of the Burlington and Missouri Railroad. The weather was cold and rainy on Sunday and Monday, and the condition of the roads was so bad in consequence, that many families living at a distance could not attend. Many German and Bohemian Catholics live in town and in the surrounding country, and for their benefit sermons in German and Bohemian were preached every day of the mission. The Masses were at 7.30, 8, and 10 o'clock; during the 10 o'clock Mass, Father Türk gave a German Sermon, and Fr. Hillman preached in English after Mass.

At 3 P. M. Fr. Türk preached to the Bohemians; and at 7.30 P. M. the beads were said in German followed by an English sermon and the Benediction. The Fathers stopped at the pastoral residence adjoining the church, and the Pastor, Rev. W. Wolf, did all in his power to render their stay pleasant and comfortable. During the mission one hundred and forty-five Communions were distributed and thirteen Bohemian children were baptized. On Friday and Saturday we had again cold rainy weather, and we anticipated a poor mission in Friendville, the next place on our list.

FRIENDVILLE, SALINE CO.—Friendville is a small town about seventeen miles west of Crete, and is attended twice a month by Rev. Fr. Wolf, pastor of Crete. The mission opened on Sunday, Oct. 23rd; the congregation was larger than we had dared to expect after the terrible rain of the preceding days. The weather, however, having cleared up on Sunday and continuing fair during the week, the attendance at all the exercises was very large. For the benefit of the German Catholics of this congregation, Fr. Türk preached a German Sermon every day after the 10 o'clock Mass. All the other exercises were given in English. We had to stop at a boarding-house kept by Mrs. Satterfield, a Protestant. The accommodation and table were rather poor, but no other place could be found. The number of Communions distributed was exactly two hundred. Fr. Türk left on Wednesday for Exeter, where according to promise he visited the Bohemian settlement south of that place. On Saturday afternoon the Fathers were on their way to Hastings, where the mission had to be opened on Sunday, Oct. 30th.

HASTINGS, ADAMS CO.—Hastings, the county seat of Adams Co., is the largest town on the Burlington and Missouri railroad west of Lincoln. It is also a station on the St. Joseph and Western Railway, a division of the Union Pacific railroad system. The church and pastoral residence are within a stone's throw from the crossing of these two railroads. The location is not a very desirable one, especially for a nervous man. The weather being favorable and roads

in good condition, the exercises were pretty well attended. Many old sinners were reclaimed, and one hundred and eighty-three communions were distributed. The pastor, Rev. Fr. Simeon, being of opinion that one Father could attend to the work in Hastings, Fr. Türk went to Fairfield, Clay Co., nineteen miles south-east of Hastings, and gave a mission for the benefit of the Bohemians settled in that neighborhood. The results were, however, anything but encouraging, only twenty-two communions having been distributed. From Fairfield he went to Red Cloud, the county seat of Webster Co., where he visited a small Bohemian settlement—seventeen approached the Sacraments.

The Missions at O'Connor Colony, Greeley Co., and at Central City, Merrick Co., were the next on the list, but were abandoned; the former, because the church had been destroyed by a cyclone a few months before; the latter, because Rev. E. Geary, the first resident pastor, was not prepared to have a mission. Fr. Hillman on his way home from Hastings stopped at Grand Island and proposed to Rev. R. Phelan, the pastor, to begin a mission either at Grand Island or at Wood River on the 13th of November. He gladly accepted the proposal; but owing to the heavy snowstorm on the 10th and 11th of November, this mission also was abandoned.

On Nov. 7th, Fr. Türk opened a triduum in the church of St. Mary Magdalen, Omaha, for the benefit of the German Catholics. The attendance at the exercise was pretty fair, and one hundred and fifty-two availed themselves of this occasion to comply with the conditions prescribed for the gaining of the Jubilee. Shortly afterwards he was requested by the Rt. Rev. Bishop to take temporary charge of the Bohemian congregation in Omaha, which owing to the removal of Rev. Klima, O. S. B., was left without a pastor. He hopes, however, that this charge will be of a very limited duration; because he is anxious to apply to the work for which principally he was sent to Nebraska, viz: to visit those Bohemian settlements, which are seldom

or never attended by priests of their own nationality, and which are more likely to lose the faith than any other.

COLUMBUS, PLATTE Co.—After a rest of two weeks, necessitated by circumstances referred to above, Fr. Hillman left Omaha on Nov. 19th, and arrived on the same day at Columbus, where a mission was to be opened on Sunday, Nov. 20th. Columbus, the county seat of Platte Co., is a little town with about 2,300 inhabitants, situated on the Union Pacific Railway, and ninety-two miles west of Omaha. The pastor, Rev. J. M. Ryan, met the missionary at the depot and conducted him to the pastoral residence, a two story frame building, which, if required, would accommodate two priests. Rev. Father Ryan is one of the pioneer priests of Nebraska; he has labored much and gone through many hardships. When the number and the time of the exercises were being settled upon, the Rev. Pastor thought as a matter of course, that the missionary should sing the High-Mass and give the opening sermon after it. It was further agreed upon, that the evening service on Sunday should take place at seven o'clock and should consist of the rosary, a sermon and some prayers; that during the week the morning exercise should be given at ten o'clock, and the evening exercise at seven. Fr. Hillman had to say the late Mass every day of the mission and, without his breakfast, had to go through all the hard work, which in missions like these, always comes in the forenoon. As an additional consolation, he was told that the church was on the edge of the town, at a distance of over half a mile from the house.

We had very beautiful and favorable weather during the mission; the sky was clear and the air cold and bracing. The attendance was very fair and at some of the exercises very large. On Sunday afternoon the children came to the church; the missionary spoke to them on Confession, assisting them to examine their consciences and to excite sorrow for their sins, and then heard their confessions. During the mission one hundred and seventy-one Communion were distributed and five adults were instructed and prepared for their first Communion. On the last evening the Benedic-

tion of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given in this church for the first time. The Franciscan Friars and Nuns have each a convent in Columbus. The Nuns take care of the hospital; and the Friars attend to one of the two congregations in the town as also to various other congregations in this and the neighboring counties. The two convents and the hospital may not be strong and solid brick buildings; but they look very fine at a distance and certainly add to the appearance of Columbus. Fr. Hillman paid a visit to the convent of the Friars on Friday, and was cordially received by the four Fathers residing there. On Saturday, he left Columbus and arrived early in the afternoon at Fremont, where the next mission was to be given.

FREMONT, DODGE CO.—On Sunday, Nov. 27th, after the High Mass a mission was opened in St. Patrick's church, Fremont. This is one of the largest towns on the main line of the Union Pacific and is situated at the junction of this and the Sioux City and Pacific Railway. At this point both the East and West-bound overland trains stop twenty minutes for dinner; the eating-house belongs to Mr. Mevis, a fervent and edifying convert to the Catholic church, and one of the most respected citizens of the town.

The church, which used to stand south of the rail-road track and in a poor locality, has been removed to one of the most eligible sites for church purposes in the town. This property was secured by the present zealous Pastor, Rev. T. W. O'Connor, and will give ample room for a large church, a residence and schools with the necessary play-grounds. The church, since its removal, has been improved as to its exterior, but more especially as to its interior appearance. It is now one of the prettiest and most devotional little churches in Nebraska: all the furniture of the church is neat, tasty and kept in excellent order. The Catholics of Fremont, who used to be attended only once a month, have now two masses every Sunday, and have been wonderfully improved in morals, and especially in the knowledge and understanding of religion and religious practices. This

happy change is owing to the great zeal of the Rev. Pastor and to the valuable aid he receives from his worthy assistant, Rev. J. F. Quinn, who attends principally to the many outlying missions, which the Rt. Rev. Bishop has entrusted to their care. The opening sermon of the mission was preached after the High Mass to a large audience; in the afternoon an instruction was given to the children, and they were told to come to confession on Wednesday afternoon. In the evening at 7. 30, the exercise consisting of the Rosary, a sermon and the Benediction, was largely attended, many of the audience being Protestants, who were very attentive and respectful in their behavior. For week-days the exercises were: one Mass at 8, and another at 9.30, the latter being followed by a sermon; in the afternoon at three o'clock the Way of the Cross was performed, a devotion which was well attended and which seemed to be very much to the taste of the good and pious people of the congregation; in the evenings at 7.30, the exercise was the same as on Sunday and exceedingly well attended. On Monday afternoon Fr. Türk came to Fremont, heard a few German and Bohemian confessions on Tuesday morning, and then went to Schuyler, Colfax Co., in order to give a triduum to the Bohemians, who have settled down in that neighborhood in considerable numbers. The triduum however was not a success, since only sixteen confessions were heard and but five communions distributed. The failure may be attributed principally to the fact, that Schuyler although placed under the jurisdiction of the Pastor of Fremont, is nevertheless looked upon as disputed territory by three Bohemian priests, who live in the neighboring counties.

On Tuesday during the mission in Fremont a High Mass of Requiem was celebrated for the repose of the souls of the deceased members of the congregation; and on Thursday another High Mass was sung to give thanks to God for all the favors received during the mission. The total of Communions distributed was two hundred and forty-four; one adult was prepared for his first communion; and the pardon of the congregation was asked by the mission-

ary in behalf of one who had contracted marriage in a manner contrary to the laws and regulations of the Catholic church. Many old sinners were reconciled with their God, and on the whole this was one of the most consoling and most satisfactory missions given in the Vicariate.

Fr. Türk came back from Schuyler on Friday, and both he and Fr. Hillman returned on the same day to Omaha, where they once more enjoyed the hospitality of Creighton College.

SIDNEY, CHEYENNE CO.—On the day after the feast of the Immaculate Conception, Fr. Hillman left Omaha for Sidney, the next scene of his labors. Sidney, the county-seat of Cheyenne Co., a town with about twelve hundred inhabitants, is the last place of any note along the Union Pacific Railway in Nebraska. It is situated four hundred and fourteen miles west of Omaha, and has an elevation of over four thousand feet above the level of the sea. From this place a stage route leads to Fort Robinson and Red Cloud Agency, and further on to Deadwood and the Black Hills. Sidney is also a military post, and four companies (three of cavalry and one of infantry) are stationed here. From the information which the missionary received, it seems that a considerable number of these soldiers are Catholics or at least ought to be; only ten or twelve, however, attended some of the exercises of the mission, and but four approached the Sacraments. The mission was opened on Sunday, Dec. 11th, at the eleven o'clock Mass, which was attended by the larger portion of the small congregation. In the afternoon an instruction was given to the children, who came to confession on the Wednesday following. The evening services which were held at seven o'clock, were especially well attended and consisted of the Rosary, a sermon and some prayers. On Monday morning, Rev. Fr. T. M. Conway, Pastor of North Platte arrived at Sidney, the most remote point of his jurisdiction. It was agreed that the Masses should be said at six and at nine, the latter being followed by a sermon. The six o'clock Mass was especially for the benefit of those Catholic men, who had to

work along the railroad or on the depot-grounds, as also of the soldiers who wished to attend Mass. During the mission seven old sinners were reclaimed, ninety-two confessions were heard, sixty-nine communions distributed; and the pardon of the congregation was asked by the missionary for the scandal given by a young woman, who had been married to a Protestant before a Protestant Minister.—The little church is a very neat frame building, handsomely furnished; it is the pride of the Catholics, who deem it their duty to keep the church in good order, and to make such improvements as may be needed. The missionary enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Edward Lowry, who endeavored to render his stay as agreeable and comfortable as possible. Not far from his house is the county prison, which seemed to be well filled. The people of Sidney think they are making rapid progress in civilization and good manners; for during the preceding year only one man was lynched and only four murders were committed, quite an improvement on former records. On Friday evening, Fr. Hillman in company of Rev. Fr. Conway left Sidney and arrived about three o'clock A. M. on Saturday at North Platte, which was the next place on the list of missions.

NORTH PLATTE, LINCOLN CO.—North Platte, the county-seat of Lincoln Co., is situated near the confluence of the North and South Forks of the Platte River, and two hundred and ninety-one miles west of Omaha. The town has about 1,700 inhabitants, and possesses quite a number of good substantial brick buildings, prominent among which are the extensive Union Pacific Railway shops, which give employment to the larger portion of the male population. It is also a division point of the Union Pacific, and every train going either East or West, changes hands at this place.—The church, a rather strange-looking piece of architecture, is in a dilapidated condition, and does not afford sufficient accommodation to the members of the congregation. The Pastor, Rev. T. M. Conway, is seriously thinking of building a new church and of converting the present church into a parochial school, which is not only desirable, but nec-



essary in this place, where the faith is not very deep-rooted, owing principally to the fact that about three fourths of the marriages contracted here during the last ten years, are mixed marriages; and this, perhaps more than anything else, contributes towards the diminution and the loss of faith and practical religion everywhere. The mission was opened on Sunday, Dec. 18th, after the High Mass, the church being well filled. At three o'clock in the afternoon, the hour for Sunday school, the missionary was agreeably surprised to find the church nearly filled with children, about one hundred being present. He explained to them how they might gain the Jubilee, and exhorted them to prepare well for their confessions, which would be heard on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons. The Rev. Pastor has succeeded admirably well in creating and keeping up an interest in the Sunday school; for the children are anxious to come, and the parents are equally anxious that they should attend. If this school continues to prosper, and with the help of God he is determined it shall, the introduction of a Parochial school will not meet with many difficulties. The evening exercise which consisted of the Rosary, a sermon and the Benediction, were especially well attended. During the week the first Mass was said at six, for the benefit of the railroad-men; the second at half past eight. The Stations, at three o'clock P. M., were attended especially by the women and children; the men being more numerous at the six o'clock Mass and the evening service. The number of Communion distributed was one hundred and forty; three adults were prepared for their first Communion, and one young man received the holy Sacrament of Baptism. Many who had neglected their duties for years were reconciled with their God; and on the whole the mission was productive of much fruit. On Thursday evening after the conclusion of the mission, the missionary was kept busy till nearly eleven o'clock, and he did not dare to go to bed, for fear he would be late for the train, which was to leave North Platte for the east at twenty minutes past two on Friday morning. He left North Platte for Kearney Junc-

tion, about 96 miles distant, where he took the Burlington and Missouri route for Exeter, the residence of Reverend J. Jennette, at one of whose stations, Grafton namely, a mission was to be opened on Christmas day.

GRAFTON, FILLMORE CO.—On Christmas eve, Fr. Hillman left Exeter and went to Grafton, only fourteen miles distant. where he enjoyed the hospitality of Captain Patrick S. Real, one of the founders of the place, and one of its most respected inhabitants. Grafton is a little town with about three hundred and fifty inhabitants, by railroad one hundred and thirty-two miles Southwest of Omaha. One of the most prominent buildings in the town is the Catholic church, which is among the neatest and most comfortable little churches in the Vicariate. To the joy and the great satisfaction of the Catholics, the interior of the church was improved during the mission by the addition of a new and very handsome altar, built by Gramer and Co. of Chicago.

On arriving at Grafton, the missionary had sent word around that three Masses would be said on Christmas day: the first at 8.30; the second at 9.30; the third at eleven o'clock. The people, however, did not seem to appreciate the great favor; because only three were present at the first Mass and none at the second; at the third, more than one half of the congregation came late. The Father to his sorrow had to open the mission with a severe reprimand, and told them that he could not and would not wish them a merry Christmas. This negligence was as far as possible repaired by their faithful attendance at all the other exercises of the mission, and by the really good and consoling dispositions they showed in approaching the Sacraments. The weather was exceedingly favorable, which enabled farmers living at a distance of twelve or fifteen miles to attend the Jubilee Mission, during which one hundred and fifty-six confessions were heard; one hundred and forty-four communions were distributed, and one adult was prepared for his first communion. On Sunday the missionary baptized a little infant and on Monday morning he administered the last Sacraments to a lady who appeared to be in a very criti-

cal and almost dying condition. On Tuesday evening, just after the exercise, an accident occurred which might have proved fatal. Through the thoughtlessness or the ignorance of somebody, one of the chandeliers with three burning coal-oil-lamps fell down from the ceiling. Happily the lamps were extinguished in the fall and the loss of one lamp, three globes and chimneys, and the staining of the floor were the only bad consequences of the accident. The next day the chandeliers were fixed in such a manner as to render another accident impossible, unless the roof itself should fall in. On Friday morning the missionary returned to Exeter, and on Saturday, December 31st, he arrived in Omaha, in time to wish his brethren a happy New Year.

The following are the totals of the fruits obtained: Communion, 4,400; Confessions, 4,468; adults prepared for first communion, 34; children baptized, 38; adults baptized, 2; pardon asked of congregation for scandals given, in behalf of five persons; marriages blessed, 3; marriages revalidated, 2; last Sacraments administered to one person.

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## INDIAN MISSIONS.

### MISSION OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

*Letter of Father P. Damiani to Father F. M. Cataldo,  
Superior General of the Mission.*

I send you herewith, in fulfilment of my promise, an account of the journey which I lately made to Milk River, in order to visit the Half Breeds of that section, and to sound the dispositions of the Assinniboine Indians. I stayed the first night at the little village of Sun River, and took up my lodgings in a house, against the wishes, it would seem, of a countless host of insects, which came swarming to the attack from all sides, and did not give me a moment's peace for the whole of that long night, which I spent partly

in waging unequal war with the above-mentioned enemies, and partly in exhorting myself to resignation and patience. At the dawn of day, I made my escape, and after a long journey, I thought it would be much better to encamp upon the prairie: but it was only exchanging bad for worse. Insects of a different breed, which infest the prairies, more multitudinous and sanguinary than those which beset me the night before in the house, never desisted from their attacks all the night long: partial relief was obtained by filling the tent with dense clouds of smoke, but the remedy was perhaps a worse annoyance than the disease. After this fashion I made the whole journey, with constant change but no improvement of the circumstances, until the fourth of July brought me to the Half Breed camp, not far from Fort Assinniboine.

I remained there until the Sunday following, with plenty of occupation, as I gathered together the people twice a day for instruction, catechized the children, administered Baptism, and was so busy hearing confessions that it sometimes kept me employed up to midnight. Sunday night, I had a sick-call to Bear Paw Mountain, some twenty miles distant from camp. I gave the Last Sacraments to the sick man, a young Canadian, who along with other Half Breeds was working there chopping wood for Fort Assinniboine, and having said Mass the next morning, at which several approached the Holy Table, I set out for Fort Belknap. I found another camp of Half Breeds in the neighborhood of the Fort, and for two days I was busy with them, visiting at the same time the Assinniboine Indians, who were not far off. This tribe is still wholly pagan, but they are a people well disposed to receive instruction, and were it not for the Methodist Agent in charge of them, I believe that with the divine assistance much good might be accomplished among them.

I made known to them through my interpreter the object of my visit. The principal chiefs were not present: they were hunting buffalo at a considerable distance. I lodged with a man who acted as chief for the time. He received

me kindly, and having understood the object of my journey, he immediately called together all the men in the camp to hear what I had to say, and that I might personally learn the dispositions of each individual. Then he began to prepare the calumet, an indispensable preliminary to every friendly consultation. I had communicated to my interpreter what I wished to say to the Indians, and as he is a man of solid piety and sound sense, I had given him the liberty to add whatever he should judge to be appropriate, and this I did the more readily, because he is a Half Breed related to many of the Indians, understands their character thoroughly, and is highly esteemed by them.

He began to address them in the following terms: "My children! Our Father in Heaven has sent me to-day into your midst, to point out to you what He desires from all of us. He desires that all whom He has sent into this world should observe His commandments. Almost all of the surrounding nations have already received the word of the Great Spirit: you alone have not this great happiness, and for this reason, my children, God has sent me to you. If you wish for happiness after death, and to enjoy the vision of Our Father in Heaven, it is absolutely necessary for you to join the Catholic Church and receive holy Baptism. If, then, you wish for this, I ask you to allow your children to be baptized, in order that they may first begin to walk in the way of the Lord. Why do I ask that your children should go before you? Because I know that you love your children dearly, and I am sure that you will not allow your children to travel the right way alone. As for you who are grown up, it is necessary to know what Baptism is before you receive it. There is still another thing that you ought to know. When the body dies, the soul does not die; and God, our Father, does not wish to have the body, but the soul, and in order to go and see him one day in heaven, the soul must be pure, you must practise virtue, you must put into execution that which He has taught you."

So far my interpreter, whose speech I have faithfully

translated, as I shall do for the reply of the chief, delivered in the name of all the bystanders, who interrupted his remarks by frequent bursts of applause. He said: "During the many years that I have lived, such good words as yours I have never listened to, O my Father! When I was a young man, I often came across white men, who never addressed such words to me; on the contrary, they used expressions which caused me much pain. Once I met a Black Gown at the Yellowstone, who said precisely the same things to me that I hear from you to-day, and he declared that God would some day be mindful of us. This day, then, the Great Spirit, Whom we were ignorant of, grants to us the favor of hearing His word. Yes, my Father! you are not mistaken, we do love our children. Since, then, God offers the occasion for our children to be happy, we shall not be so ungrateful as to reject His mercy. When our children shall have opened the way in which we must walk in order to see our Heavenly Father, we hope that He will also have compassion on us. Take pity on us, my Father, and come back when all the camp will be here. I am sure that if they were now present here, all would be of the same sentiments as those which I express to you. I am sure that all will listen to you, when the time for instruction comes. Assuredly, we should walk in the path of our relations, the Half Breeds; and, therefore, I pledge to you that no one will refuse to listen to your words. Again, I say, my Father, have pity upon us, and come back speedily to visit us. At your return, you can live in the house that I am now building, and you will receive a hearty welcome." So far this good Indian, and it may be easily imagined how deeply I was moved by such an answer.

After this my interpreter replied, and told them in my name, that their words were most pleasing to me, that I was delighted with their good dispositions and desires to learn the wishes of the Great Spirit, and that they should continue in the same sentiments; that I should pray for this, but that to merit this favor from God, they should on their part abstain from evil and practise virtue: that my

heart should be always with them even when I was far away, and that I hoped to see them again during the coming spring. Finally, I told them to inform the absent chiefs of my intention, so that I might begin to instruct and baptize without delay at my next visit. Our interview was closed with mutual signs of esteem, and having shaken hands with them, I returned to Fort Belknap.

There are many difficulties in the way of doing much good among these poor savages, although their dispositions are so excellent. The first, and perhaps the principal obstacle is the Government Agent, who is a Methodist, and regards us with an evil eye. At the visit which I paid him, he received me civilly, but shortly afterwards he had it intimated to me that I should not be allowed to see the Indians again without obtaining permission from Washington, and that if I were not furnished with such permission, he should expel me from the Agency, if it were necessary. Your Reverence must see to it that this permission is obtained, and I think it will not be a difficult matter. Let us pray that every impediment may be removed which stands in the way of leading to the fold of Jesus Christ these strayed sheep, who are so desirous of being received into it, but whom the malice of men is dragging to ruin.

On the 15th of July, I was on my way back to the Residence. Nothing beyond the ordinary incidents of such a trip marked my return, except that there was a deluge of rain, it was as cold as in winter, and the roads were badly broken. After a few days of rest I shall be off for Judith Basin whither the good Catholic inhabitants have been for some time inviting me. In union etc., etc.

P. DAMIANI, S. J.

*Extracts from a letter of a Father of St. Ignatius' Mission.*

In this Mission we have only to hold what our zealous predecessors have won by their labors. The Indians are in general civilized, instructed and industrious. The greater portion of them live near the fields and gardens which they carefully cultivate, at various distances from the Mission,

On Sundays and Festivals they come in great numbers to the church, some of them from quite a distance. All are deserving of praise for regularity in frequenting the Sacraments. There is a standing work of great labor for the missionary in attendance upon the sick and dying; for as soon as an Indian begins to feel unwell, he immediately summons the priest from a distance of twenty, thirty or forty miles, and after having received the Sacraments, he is perfectly calm and resigned to whatever may happen.

The proximity of the whites supplies plenty of work: they are somewhat neglected on account of the scarcity of missionaries. They constantly complain of this indifference in their regard, and accuse us of employing all our time in the service of the Indians, devoting little or none to them. It is a fact beyond dispute that the white people here have more need of instruction and of missionary aid than any of the instructed Indian converts.

*St. Joseph's Mission, Yakima.*—A Father of this Mission writes as follows to the Superior General, Father Cataldo:

“In my late journey, which was of some length, I administered a certain number of Baptisms. I came across nearly all of the Winakes, and had the opportunity of giving them two instructions daily in the Yakima language, which they understand pretty fairly. During Sunday, there was not a moment of the entire day, that my tent was not filled with Indians, eager to hear me speak about prayer, explain the catechism, or some truth of our holy religion. Although they all understand well enough the Yakima language in which I spoke to them, it was nevertheless grateful to them that I taught the prayers and some things of the catechism in their own native tongue, and so I am resolved to learn it, as I am sure that by this means I shall be able to accomplish more good among them. I had several Baptisms, some confessions dating a long time back, and many promised that they would ask for Baptism before long. But it is pretty hard for me to remain alone for any length of time in a camp of savages; if I had a companion it would be a great consolation to me, and moreover much more good might be accomplished.”



## TEXAS.

*Letter of Fr. Ferdinand P. Garesché.*

SEGUIN, TEXAS.

REVEREND DEAR FATHER,

Last summer I was invited to give a mission in Refugio. Leaving Seguin in the month of June by the Sunset route, I took the hack at Howard for Gonzales, about twelve miles distant. Although the weather was warm and the roads dusty, or rather, on that very account, I preferred to sit with the driver, as the interior of the vehicle was overcrowded. At Gonzales, I went inside, with only one passenger on the same seat beside me, and yet I found myself straightened for room, though it is true my companion was of a large build. Think then what it must be to make a journey of over a hundred miles, as has been more than once my case, with three persons jammed into the same space. Note, too, that in nearly all these lines of partial travel, you must carry your own provisions, or be satisfied with an occasional cup of coffee and a biscuit. I have been more than once caught in this way, and in a trip of thirty-six hours' length had two cups of coffee and a few biscuits for my only sustenance.

Leaving Gonzales at noon, we reached Cuero in the evening, having made nearly forty miles. The weather was already sensibly warmer because there was here more moisture than at Seguin. It was at Cuero that our good Father McLaughlin was last stationed, and every one was still full of his praise.

I was to have proceeded from this place to Victoria by rail, and thence by private conveyance to my destination, forty miles distant, but the pastor of Refugio finding no one to send for me and having ascertained that one of his parishioners was going to Cuero, changed his plans accordingly, and thus I had sixty miles to make instead of forty. Fortu-

nately the driver made inquiries for me early in the morning before I could take the train, and so prevented me from disappointing the mission. Things are managed very loosely down here, and appointments are made and broken with a reckless disregard to punctuality which is exasperating to one who has not been brought up on "*la mañana*" (the tomorrow) plan, and which the Texans seem to have inherited from the Mexicans. For instance, I made an engagement this same year to give a mission in North Texas, and had therefore to decline another in West Texas, three or four hundred miles from here, which was offered to me about the same time. Would you believe that the former pastor afterwards suddenly gave up the notion of a mission for fear there would not be a sufficiently large attendance, and again, still later, resumed the idea, when I was engaged elsewhere? Pleasant that, is it not?

Leaving Cuero after noon, we halted for the night at Meyersville, a German Catholic settlement, where I met Bishop Neraz who had come to give Confirmation. That night having occasion to walk out in the brush near the residence I became poisoned by a creeping plant, called, I think, "*rus toxicodendron*." I did not find it out until the next day, and after having suffered from it all the rest of the year I have the assurance from every one that it will attack me every spring and disappear only during the winter. Its effects are an itching and inflamed skin, which, if not attended to, breaks out in pustules and ulcerous sores. Ever since I have carried about with me a box of salve formed of cosmoline and calomel which, so soon as the symptoms declare themselves, I rub on the affected part, in my case the upper part of the face, and especially the eye-lids.

Starting at 4 A. M., we arrived at Goliad (Nuevo) about noon. By this time, what with the sun and fatigue, the poison had begun to operate. I had stopped at a Catholic family, half American, half Mexican, and wholly devout, and more than usually well cultivated. Seeing the state in which I was, my face inflamed, my brain burning, they urged me not to proceed. But what could I do! It was already Friday,

and on Sunday the mission was to be opened. It was not in my opinion a question of danger, but only of pain, and I never like to miss an appointment, so we proceeded. Just beyond the river, the San Antonio, we diverged a half a mile to visit the old fort, of which the adjoining church alone remains and is still used. All around are ruined walls and soldiers' quarters, where Fannin and his command were, in despite of military convention, so mercilessly put to death. The beautiful San Antonio, they say, was reddened for a long distance by the blood of the massacre. In spite of my eyes I took a hasty sketch of the church and surrounding ruins. I have little remembrance of the remainder of the journey, save that I arrived worn out and delirious, at the Mission, for so the place is called. Here was one of those old battle fields on which the soldiers of the Cross waged ungrateful and unsuccessful war with Indian savagery. It was never a large or promising station, though the present church built on the site of the old one does not occupy the whole foundation. The bell in use was one cast by the missionaries themselves on the spot, and tradition still points out the place where the casting was made.

The congregation here is diminishing in number, for this is the region of the cattle-kings, and they embrace every occasion to buy out the small holder and to render his stay unprofitable if not impossible, so as to make room for their ranchos of twenty-five to a hundred thousand acres, where roam their countless herds of Texan cattle.

Saturday I abandoned to rest and the doctor, and Sunday found me barely able to commence the mission. That week was a hard and scarcely a successful one, for though all made the mission, it was evident that the spirit was not one of great fervor. This may have been principally owing to my indisposition, which gave way only towards the close of the week, and with all my good will I found three sermons a day in such a sultry climate rather more than my poor powers could do justice to. The Pastor and people seemed more satisfied than the missionary, and you must remember that there is in Texas no Celtic sympathy and

magnetism of faith and feeling, to act and react on people and preacher.

I had here a remarkable instance of the democratic equality which was once more general throughout the South, and is still so observable, at least in Texas, and outside of the larger cities. There were families in Refugio with large possessions, and with homes furnished on the most liberal scale of expenditure, and yet their members mixed on terms of friendship with artisans and mechanics, and held them as fully their equals in social standing. This I have remarked generally elsewhere in Texas.

The mission closed, the question arose how was I to return to Seguin? No opportunity presented itself of going to Cuero or to Victoria, so I accepted a proposition to join a private party who were to make their way by land to Corpus Christi on the Gulf. A gentleman, his wife and child, and sister-in-law, were to start on Tuesday afternoon, stopping over-night at Welder's Rancho, eighteen miles away, and on Wednesday to make the remaining fifty miles to the sea.

Two maxims of conduct have been to me matters of experience and surprise in Texas. The first is, 'never do to-day what you can possibly put off till to-morrow:' the second, 'do the least possible work in the greatest possible time.' These maxims were to receive a new exemplification. The king-bolt of our covered ambulance needed repairing. Early in the morning the blacksmith undertook the job, promising to have it ready for three o'clock in the afternoon. He was repeatedly urged to hurry up the work, and so he had finished by seven o'clock in the evening, too late for us to start. Early in the morning ensuing, we set out, and three miles from the mission, that king-bolt broke as we were crossing a gully in the road. The ambulance was sent back, and by nine o'clock we saw the driver returning with a rough country wagon without cover. Finally, it was agreed to accept this conveyance as far as the rancho, intending to borrow there another covered ambulance, not knowing that a traveller had already borrowed it. By one o'clock we

arrived. In this distance, eighteen miles, we had traversed two ranchos, and entered a third. No one was at home but a colored cook, who was a philosopher in conversation, and a do-nothing in the kitchen. Nothing was to be had but bacon, green corn and some biscuits and coffee. No eggs, no chickens, no vegetables, and only a quart of milk which was confiscated for the baby—and yet there were 18,000 head of cattle on the range, but we were in Texas. Whilst wearily waiting for our lazy cook to prepare something to eat—he had to catch and saddle a horse to go and fetch some green corn—the ladies being forbidden by him to put foot in his sovereign domain, I strolled out to get a shot at some ducks in a pond near by. I got the ducks, and alas, something more. I had to crawl up to them through bushes which were wreathed by my friend the poison-vine. That night—I spent it on a blanket stretched upon the verandah—I got to sleep after scratching my ankles raw on account of the small red ant of the locality, and after having been driven furious by the bite of a scorpion; but finally I was lulled to rest by the song of the mocking-bird, wildest of singers, the plaintive notes of the scissor-tail and the distant howl of the coyotes. I woke up about ten or eleven o'clock with both eyes entirely closed by a swelling consequent upon the fresh poisoning. My salve was in a valise in the room occupied by the women, and so I had to pass the night in dipping my face every half hour in water, and discoursing meanwhile with the sable philosopher of the kitchen, who was busy in preparing breakfast and lunch for the morrow. Morning at last came, as it generally does if you wait long enough, though I had to hold my eye open to see it. All that long day we rode in our uncovered wagon beneath a fierce, vertical sun, and from time to time I had to contrive to shoot some partridges for our dinner, for the lunch proved on inspection to be a counterfeit sponge cake, and nothing more, if you except two or three water melons, made insipid by the heat. But the scenery along the road was noble, consisting until we neared the coast, of broad, slightly undulating prairies, covered with rich grasses, bedecked by

flowers of every hue, and diversified by large clumps (*mottes* we call them here) of majestic live-oaks, gracefully draped with waving garlands of Spanish moss. No landscape gardener could have equalled what nature's own hand had here set out in long miles of continuous beauty and magnificence. At noon we rested on the farther bank of the Nueces, and I flung myself out of the wagon, and snatched an hour's sleep under the shade of a live-oak, regardless or reckless of possible bites from ants, scorpions, spiders and *id genus omne*. I awoke only too late to save the partridges, they were burned to a cinder; a half a melon was my only resource until evening brought food and rest at the hospitable mansion of Bishop Manucy of Corpus Christi. The good prelate exclaimed on seeing me that mine was the most severe case of poisoning he had ever witnessed. The next day at Galveston, whither I proceeded by steamer, the physician treated me for erysipelas.

On my return to Seguin our own physician, Dr. Preston, once a student at Georgetown College, procured me some alleviation, but a few hours in the sun have been ever since enough to bring back irritation and pain, until the winter brought surcease of evil.

The country missionary in Texas must be content with few results bought with much toil and privation. But then does not the Lord always give consolation, and is not the conversion of one soul compensation more than sufficient for any amount of labor and suffering! And when I think that I came to Texas a semi-paralytic, unfit for active and continued labor, am I not justified in loving a country and climate, where I can work, and do, and try to do something for God's greater glory? Only they who have been condemned as useless for work can fully understand the blessing of being permitted to toil in the vineyard. F. P. G.

## B R A Z I L.

*Letter of Father R. M. Galanti.*

S. LUIS COLLEGE, ITU, March 4, 1882.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

After a long interruption, which circumstances beyond my control necessitated, I am going to continue the history of the College of Itu, and I hope I shall be able to carry it on down to the present day. By way of preamble, let me give due credit to the labors of Fr. Onorati, to whom this college owes so much; his exertions prepared the way for the foundation of this institution and subsequently as its first Rector he planted the seeds of its future prosperity. At the conclusion of his rectorship here, good Fr. Onorati went to Sta. Catharina, and afterwards to Pernambuco, where he labored very hard upon the mission. He had much to suffer at the time of the assault made upon the College, although he was not then present in the city. When our Fathers were expelled from Pernambuco, he happened to be far away in the interior, where he was trying to found a College. Having heard the evil tidings from Pernambuco, he used every effort to avoid falling into the hands of the enemies of Jesus Christ, and succeeded in reaching Bahia by a long and circuitous route, from which city he went by steamer in disguise to Pernambuco, and afterwards departed for Rome.

Meanwhile the sectarians were busily searching for him throughout the empire. From Rome he passed to Portugal, where he was occupied in preparing for publication a large work on the great Father Vieira, father of the Portuguese language, when he was called by our Lord to receive the reward of his labors. He was a professed Father, very learned, and competent to fill any position: and better still, he was virtuous, zealous, humble, obedient — in one word, he was a perfect Jesuit.

Having paid this little tribute of gratitude to the founder

of the College, I shall proceed to relate some facts which, though unimportant in themselves, go to show that the college is the instrument of Divine Providence to help in the regeneration of Brazil.

As our Rev. Father General thought it impossible to open the college, on account of the opposition of the government, he sent an order to Fr. Onorati to retire at once from Itu ; this order arrived just after the permission of the government had been obtained, and therefore, Fr. Onorati waited until an answer favorable to his plans had been received from Superiors. The College was opened in an old Franciscan monastery, abounding in deficiency of accommodations, but withal good enough to make a beginning. In the first year there were sixty boys, and this number was increased to ninety-three before the end of the second year. Everything was going on well—but difficulties were not wanting. First of all, a Father was obliged to retire on account of sickness, and Fr. Onorati remained alone with one lay brother to take charge of so many boys, and to attend to a multitude of affairs ; besides this, some people who had been at first friendly to us, and should have always remained so, turned against us, and the sectarian newspapers were constantly declaiming against the college in the strongest terms.

But Divine Providence had a guardian care over its own work. It was during this most critical state of affairs that Rêv. Fr. Ponza was sent to this mission as Visitor. He supplied the College of Itu with a sufficient number of good subjects, wrote its regulations, and after many deliberations settled upon the time and place for erecting a new house : he also drew up the plan of a magnificent building, but the expense of such a grand structure deterred him, and the plan finally adopted was more modest in its proportions. We had no funds here, nor could our poor province come to our aid ; but a good priest volunteered to collect a large amount for us, and some gentlemen of the town promised to make liberal donations. The priest raised with difficulty some fifteen hundred dollars, and the local contributions did not amount to anything. Discouragement was the natural



consequence, and some of the Fathers proposed to stop building; nevertheless, the work went steadily forward, although debts were contracted and many sacrifices had to be made.

One of Ours at this period tried to raise funds in Europe for the College, but his efforts were fruitless: he obtained, however, fifteen hundred francs from his Holiness, Pius IX.

Whilst the *Religious Question* was under discussion, the college was exposed to all the fury of the storm. It is said, that the decree for our expulsion had been already signed, but that its publication was arrested at the intercession of some friends of the Society. My opinion is that the preservation of the college was due to the protection of some heavenly intercessor — our Lady of Good Counsel, or St. Aloysius. For a fortnight we were busy packing up, and preparing to depart at short notice. But the danger passed away, and as the reputation of the College rose, the number of students gradually increased from fifty-five to sixty-five, eighty, one hundred and six. In 1877, owing to various causes, the number decreased to ninety. At the beginning of 1879, we were full of apprehension, because the newspapers were outspoken in their attacks, very few new applications were received, and many of the old scholars did not return after the vacations. In addition to this some of the boys behaved so badly, shortly after classes were resumed, that we were obliged after a fortnight to expel four of them together. It was a necessary measure of severity, unwillingly resorted to, both on account of the loss, and because we were apprehensive of the consequences if their families should resolve to give trouble. No harm came from this measure; on the contrary, from that moment the College received more vigorous life. The number of boys soon rose to one hundred and sixteen, and shortly afterwards some of the best senatorial families of Rio Janeiro entrusted their children to our care. Futhermore, several gentlemen of high position came to spend some days at the college in a friendly way, and after close observation of its workings, they bestowed unqualified praise upon it, and sent their sons

to be educated. This was done by the president of the senate, by the governor of the province, and by several senators and general deputies. A great sensation was excited throughout the whole empire, and scholars were attracted from far and near, so that we have now students from almost every province, even from far distant Ceará, Maranhao and Pará. Such rapid progress was made that in 1879, we had 180 boys; the next year, 230; last year, they numbered more than 300; and, if we only had had the accommodations, we could have received this year over 500 students; as we have barely room for 400, we have been obliged to refuse a great many applicants.

To appreciate adequately such success as this, you must bear in mind what I remarked in a former letter, that in Brazil since the suppression of the Society, the name of Jesuit has been synonymous with all that is corrupt and wicked: you must also know that in Rio there are many colleges, and one belonging to the Emperor himself, which, however, has been almost deserted ever since we began to receive boys from the Capital. It must also be taken into account that some ten years ago two colleges were opened in a neighboring town in opposition to ours, one of them directed by Protestants, and the other under control of the Masonic sectaries. They had some success at the beginning, and did us some damage, but Divine Providence here also protected its own work, and these two colleges are now dwindling down, one of them having only fifty-five boys, and the other scarcely ten.

I should now speak of the buildings, and of the results obtained in regard to religion and studies; but this, I hope, will form the subject of another letter. Meantime, I remain yours etc.

RAPHAEL MARIA GALANTI, S. J.

## OBITUARY.

### FATHER AUGUSTINE BALLY.

Father Augustine Bally, whose death occurred on the 30th of January, 1882, was a man of remarkable merit in many ways. The generation to which he belonged is fast passing away, and we may well regret its disappearance, for the stout and manly virtue which disappears with it. Father Bally was a great man, though he knew it not, and few that knew him ever adverted to the fact. He was so simple in his greatness, so unpretending, so unselfish, so modest, that his merit, though felt and recognized, was hardly adverted to and seldom mentioned. His learning was neither deep nor varied, for he was educated in the "heroic age," when every man was called upon to labor, and when the only time for study were the few moments that could be spared from the duties of teaching or acting as prefect in yard, study-room, dormitory, etc. To such men it has often been noticed that the Spirit of Wisdom supplies in a wonderful way whatever they need in the discharge of their duty. *Dominus dabit verbum evangelizantibus virtute multa.*

Fr. Bally was a man of 'much virtue,' therefore his word was powerful, tho' simple, and it came not back empty. For nearly fifty years he was Pastor of the same congregation, speaking to the same people in private and in public, always under their eyes and under the close scrutiny of men of all creeds, dispositions, passions and prejudices, and yet during all that time Father Bally was esteemed and loved by all that knew him, whether they were members of his congregation or not—during all that time his life stood the test, his virtues underwent the scrutiny, and during all that time esteem and love of Father Bally grew, until his name was in every mouth, and his influence was felt far and near.—None but a great man could have gone through this ordeal

as Fr. Bally did. He was the father and friend, the counsellor and guide of all. If he had any predilection, it was for the children of his parish and for his sodality, which he recruited from his schools — and in this he imitated his Divine Model, who loved children, who blessed them and would not let them be driven away from him. Fr. Bally was proud of his schools, and justly so. The staunch faith and simple piety of his people are the fruit which resulted from his care of the early training of his flock. He labored patiently and perseveringly, and when his labor was done, and his rich harvest all gathered and secured in heaven, he lay down to his rest calmly, with the smile of peace on his saintly face and the consciousness of a well-earned reward in his heart.

We are indebted for this tribute to Fr. Bally's worth to one who knew him well; we add to the words of praise uttered of him by a brother in religion, some extracts from a local secular paper which show how he was esteemed near the scene of his lifelong labors. The *Reading Eagle* of February 4th, speaking of his death, says:—

This morning (Jan. 30) at one o'clock the Rev. Augustine Bally, S. J., pastor of the Catholic Church at Churchville for 44 years, died after a lingering illness of many months, at the pastoral residence here. He was born March 8, 1806, at Merxplas, Province of Antwerp, Belgium. He entered the Society of Jesus, Dec. 2, 1830, made his classical studies at Turnhout, in the Province of Antwerp, for four years, and finished his philosophical and theological studies at Georgetown College, D. C. He was ordained priest in 1837, after making his novitiate with the lamented Fr. Barbelin, late of St. Joseph's church, Philadelphia, and others at White Marsh, Prince George's county, Maryland, of whom only two are surviving, viz: Father Ward, of New York, and Father Emig, of Hanover, York county, Pa. He officiated at this church for the first time on All Saint's day, 1837, and ended it on the same day in 1881.

Father Theodore Schneider, commenced this mission in 1741, which extended at that time from this side of the Schuylkill river to New York and Philadelphia. Father Schneider died here in 1764, and Father De Ritter took charge of the parish after being associated with Fr. Schnei-

der from 1751, and died 1787. One of the children whom he baptized, John Schell, is yet alive, and over 99 years old. Father Kohlmann, was assistant to Father De Ritter, became his successor and died at Georgetown College. Fr. Boniface Corvin officiated for fifteen years after and died in 1837. Father Corvin built the new church, and had it under roof, leaving the completion to our lamented Father Bally, who put it in the condition it now is. He also built the pastoral residence and the school-house attached to the church, besides other buildings.

Since his first year's pastorate in this mission, Fr. Bally took an indefatigable interest in bettering the intellectual condition of his flock, as well as their moral condition. He established the first English school, and in every possible way promoted the spread of the English language. He introduced English into the church services, and as long as he was able to preach, he delivered his sermon first in English, then in German. The result of his labor in this direction is seen to-day in the familiarity of the people in that section with the English language, and their general intelligence.

Father Bally also organized a sodality many years ago, which now has a membership of more than two hundred persons. It was at first composed entirely of young people. These have all married, and have many of them grown old and gray; and with their sons and daughters, many of them also married, still attend the meetings of the society, and take an active part in church work. There were also beneficial societies organized by the men, under his direction, which are in an excellent condition to-day.

Deceased frequently visited Reading and officiated in the services in St. Peter's church, which was then the only one in Reading. He frequently preached to the young people, who were his special care. He had an overwhelming fondness for children, who were his daily visitors. Though his death was expected, it is after all a shock to those who knew him.

In stature Father Bally was below medium height, and the form that in youth was supple and erect, was in his later years, bent over with disease and study. He had a striking face, with very light blue eyes, which retained their clearness to the last, though the sight had grown very dim. His complexion was fair, and since his last severe illness, almost childishly so; and the fringe of snow-white hair which Fa-

ther Time had left on his head, gave him a venerable, and to those who knew and loved him, a saint-like appearance.

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The funeral services will be most impressive, though devoid of any unusual display. It was the wish of Father Bally that when he died every detail of his burial should be plain and simple. No handsome or costly casket, he used to say, should his mortal remains repose in; better a joyous entrance into heaven than the most gorgeous funeral pageant. Yet the love that his congregation bear him, will be shown in every possible way, consistent with the circumstances.

The mission of which the little colony at Churchville was the nucleus, was one of the earliest in the history of Pennsylvania, and the Jesuit Fathers who were its founders are still remembered in the local traditions of lower Berks. Many a story is told by the old grandfathers of that section of the labors and adventures of these pious men, as related to them in their childhood by their sires or grandsires.

The mission which extended over almost the entire part of Eastern Pennsylvania, on the other side of the Schuylkill was a vast wilderness, with few roads but the narrow tracks used by the Indians, who were usually very friendly, and were converted to the faith in large numbers by these zealous priests. The little chapel which was erected at Churchville shortly after Father Schneider's arrival among the settlers in 1741, is still standing, and presents a most ancient appearance. The walls and floor are of stone, and the little altar within the edifice has since been dedicated to the Mother of God. Underneath the stone floor of the chapel lie the remains of most of the Jesuit priests who had charge of the mission, and who sleep so quietly near the scene of their labors. Above the grave of each are quaint slabs of marble, with the name of him who lies beneath carved upon it, together with the date of his birth and death and the years of his labor in the Society of Jesus. There is something so touching about it all. Here, underneath the chapel which their hands helped to rear, they lie in their last sleep. A stone's throw from them outside in the old graveyard, lie their flock, the settlers who with them had braved so many hardships, the children who had grown to youth, to manhood, to old age, and been consigned to the grave under their pastoral care. Now the little children of the present generation come in two by two before school in the morning, and kneel in the plain, old-fashioned pews,

over the graves of the dead priests; and their childish voices recite the prayers which were taught them by good Father Bally, and which were so often repeated in the same spot by the children of the settlers and the dusky faced Indian boys and girls who knelt beside them, long, long years ago.

Father Bally, the successor of these untiring and faithful priests, was in every way most worthy of his mission. He came to Churchville—then it was called Goschenhoppen—a young man, fresh from study, in the prime of life and full of energy. He soon adapted himself and his instructions to the wants of his people. Not to those alone who lived in the near neighborhood of the church was he a faithful pastor, but to those who lived in extreme parts of his mission. His favorite mode of travel was on horseback, and he rode many miles early in the morning, without having broken his fast, to celebrate the sacrifice of the mass in some distant corner of the parish, where a number of the faithful had gathered together to hear the words of comfort and advice that came from his lips.

Some fourteen or fifteen years ago, Father Bally used to celebrate mass once a month at what is now known as Kern's station, some distance from Alburtis. Here a number of Catholic men, some of them with families, were engaged in working on the railroad; and Father Bally was never tired of administering to their spiritual comfort. About this time, too, he was a frequent visitor to Reading: Father O'Connor, who was then pastor of St. Peter's church, and who died two years ago at Manayunk, was an especially warm friend of his; and almost every year when the Devotion of the Forty Hours came around, Father Bally was present to assist in the services. . . . .

The funeral this morning was one of the largest ever known in this section of the country. From Philadelphia, Reading, Pottstown, Allentown, Kutztown and every part of Berks and adjoining counties, were gathered people who had known him as a pastor and friend. . . . .

During his pastorate Father Bally baptized 2,375 children and grown persons: buried 850 persons, and married 455 couples. During the last 10 years he only baptized about one-half of the children. The other half were baptized by his assistants and other clergymen.

## FATHER CHARLES P. BAHAN.

*There was a man in the land of Hus whose name was Job, and that man was simple and upright and fearing God and avoiding evil.—JOB, I, 1.*

The character of one of God's most faithful servants is set forth in these simple words, and with but a change of name and place of birth they would serve also as a concise history of Father Charles Philip Bahan. From the moment when first his childish soul became capable of discerning good from evil and awakened to the truth that he was created to love and serve God, he seemed to say in the words of the Canticle of Canticles: "Till the day break and the shadows retire, I will go to the mountain of myrrh and to the hill of frankincense." For from those boyish days up to the moment when he passed to his Lord his whole being was plunged in abnegation and a childlike, beautiful reverence for God's great majesty. A true soldier of the cross, he warred unweariedly against the world, the flesh, and the devil, and held this triple foe to sanctity of life ever at his sword's point, like a dexterous fencer. In the words of Holy Writ, the law of grace was the apple of his eye; it was bound upon his fingers, and written deeply in his pure, warm heart. It is a noble sentiment in human nature which leads one to speak naught but what is kindly of those whose deeds of might or of weakness have been laid bare in God's searching judgment: but sweet indeed is the conviction that the life of him whose form is stiff in death was pure gold and silver in its warp and woof; that there are no ugly stains there for charity's generous mantle to screen; that he who has passed into the great Silence held ever to the really True and Beautiful and Good. Father Bahan's saintly life shows how well he "fought the good fight," and how dear he was to his Lord. "I love them that love me, and they that in the morning early watch for me shall find me." This holy priest 'watched early' for his Master, and with his lamp of life full, well-trimmed, and shedding abroad its soft



bright light, went joyously forth to 'find Him whom his soul loved.'—Considered as a mere succession of events, his life was of the most commonplace; looked at in the revealing light of faith, it is refulgent with a sacred glory and is seen to be full and momentous.

Charles Philip Bahan was born in Pensacola, Fla., in the year 1834, on the 9th of July. He received the rudiments of his education at Madison, La., near Lake Pontchartrain. His boyish years were passed on Baratavia Bay, a haunt of Lafitte and the Gulf pirates. The child is father to the man, and all through his noble life Fr. Bahan was characterized by the most sturdy, manly form of feeling exhibited in a manner the most delicate and spiritual: in a word,

"Subdued . . . . unto that gentleness  
Which when it weds with manhood makes the man."

He went to Georgetown College for his higher studies. While there he was a boy whom Thackeray would have liked to "tip" — robust, healthy, a vigorous participant in all games and athletic sports, and under all this rich exuberance of physical life, bearing a soul without guile.

One of his old school-friends has in a few strong lines drawn Charles Bahan both as boy and man so feelingly that to quote the entire passage will not seem too much to those who read it. It is James R. Randall, the author of "Maryland, My Maryland," who writes from Washington thus:

"While sitting at breakfast, the other day in one of the numerous restaurants here, my eye fell upon a brief paragraph in the paper that almost made the meal a mockery. It was the announcement of the death of an old college friend, Rev. Charles P. Bahan. He had been found dead in his room—a victim to apoplexy. Though summoned suddenly, all was well with him. I never knew the time that his steadfast soul was not prepared to leave this world for a better one. As a boy, he excelled in all athletic sports, but his piety was ever robust and unwavering. Though born in Florida and long a resident of New Orleans, he was our best skater; and when we stormed snow forts, amid a hurricane of missiles, "Old Crab," as we called him, never failed to lead the victorious assault. In defending

the fort he kept it. That was his character in all things. It was so in his studies, for he invariably gained first prizes. It was so when he became religious. He would have been sure of success in the world, but loved it not. Fired by the example of Ignatius of Loyola, he joined the Jesuit Order when quite a youth, and had been a model priest for fourteen years when he went to Heaven. He cared for nothing so much as the good of others and the salvation of his soul. *That* he gained; and I do not weep for a saint in glory. Here, in this hurly-burly, how many of us are pushing and scheming and sinning to gain a miserable share of material profit, in the line of worldly ambition, which, according even to a successful statesman, is nothing but vanity and vexation. Most of us will reap nothing but disappointment and knowing of the heart. When the struggle is over, and our lives are as tales that are told, it will be found that he who sleeps this night with the cross on his cold breast, upon the hill side at Woodstock, adopted the wiser course in offering his whole being to the greater glory of God, and that he has "chosen the better part, which shall not be taken away."

One of the Fathers once found him in the college chapel with a distressed air. "What is the matter?" was his natural query. "I want to go to confession and I don't know what to tell" was the naïve reply. He carried off the honors of his class, and in 1854 went to the Novitiate in Frederick. What he was as a novice scarce need be told. After his vows he was called to Georgetown, and then—*prefecting*. To Jesuit ears the word has not a soothing sound. Love of God and a pure intention may undoubtedly make this line of work prolific in merit, but the natural man cannot but be deeply worn by its hard, monotonous, prosaic routine. Father Bahan gave about twenty years of his manhood's strength to this irksome task. In a letter written to a brother religious two years before his death he says: "As the years wear on, the office of prefect becomes less objectionable to me. I believe I prefer it to most other occupations. I would prefer teaching some low class, all day, such as Rudiments, without prefecting, to the simple office of prefect. People think that I am rather odd in my preferences." Father Bahan was a lithe spare man, and

his thoughtful, intensely virile nature gave to his face when in repose a slightly severe expression till the sunny smile which it was so easy to call to his lips showed one how light-hearted a soul he was. Apropos of this, he wrote once: "Fr.—— is often at me on account of my sour looks. I find it hard to wear a smile on a face that was never shaped for it. I have not had offices in the Society that foster smiling." It was while acquitting himself of the galling duties of the prefectship that he made his course of Theology. Again to Jesuits there is no need to emphasize what this implies. The teasing care of refractory boys is not the best mental preparation for the terse style and subtle profundity of the Angel of the Schools. In 1868, he was ordained priest by Bp. Gibbons, the present Archbishop of Baltimore. Then, back to the old post at Georgetown, from which place he was called in 1872 to the Vice-presidency of the College of the Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass. He remained there for seven years. This college may be a very Thebaid for him who will so have it. A Thebaid it was for Fr. Bahan. Fr. O'Hagan, the then President of that institution, once said of Fr. Bahan: "That man's personal sanctity is bringing down blessings on this place." When Fr. O'Hagan left for the Pacific Slope in quest of health only to have life's feeble flame extinguished by a weakening passage of the Isthmus and to sink in death at Acapulco in Mexico, Fr. Bahan acted as President, and was spoken of as the possible successor to the office. Father Edward Boone was elected to it, and Fr. Bahan recalled to Georgetown, back to the old time grind of the prefectship. He obeyed this order, which consigned him once more to well-known drudgery with the most cheerful alacrity, indicative of that noble indifference to everything but God's glory which our holy father so earnestly looked for in his sons. Two years more in this place, and then he was called to Woodstock, Maryland, to be Minister in the scholasticate. It was from this quiet hill-top that the Master called him to his reward, exceeding great. Such was his life's tranquil current, its tenor one of quiet toil, devoid of all the brillian-

cy which sometimes radiates even from functions of the religious life. The manner of his taking off was, however, startling, and not without a certain tragic coloring. God in calling him seemed like a mother, who sees her little one performing, in sweet docility, some penance for a trifling fault, and carried away by its touching repentance, snatches it to her bosom ere the task is done. Fr. Bahan was taken in the twinkling of an eye from the very midst of those simple duties which his sanctity ennobled, taken without warning when all the conditions of his physical being argued two or three score more of laborious years in the vineyard. Tuesday, March 21st, he intended to go to Baltimore on matters of business. Not wishing to make his meditation to the jarring accompaniment of rail-road distractions, he rose at an early hour so as to fully accomplish the morning spiritual duties before leaving the house. At the hour appointed for his mass he did not appear, and as the brother, who was wont to obtain the keys from him in the morning, had found his door locked, and received no answer to his knock, some alarm was naturally awakened. Rev. Fr. Rector and a young scholastic Father repaired to his room, and receiving no reply to their calls, the latter effected an entrance by bursting in the transom and climbing through. Fr. Bahan lay stretched in a cramped position upon the floor near his wash-stand—*dead*. Every restorative was applied with no beneficial result. His face was fully prepared for the razor, and his shaving brush had been placed standing on the wash-stand, but the razor case on the bureau hard by was *unopened*. This disposition of his toilet articles told how swiftly the bolt of death had sped to its mark. The doctor says it was paralysis of the heart and that death was instantaneous. The gloom cast over the community may be imagined. All had but one common feeling in regard to Fr. Bahan, that he was a man of great sanctity. And we of the household with the bright example of his holy life so present to us, we who knew how utterly unconscious he was of his own exceeding worth, felt that in truth our loss was great. Sudden death is usually regarded as a proof of

God's anger, and it is rare enough in the economy of providence to mark the subject of it as worthy of much love or much hate. To doubt that it was aught but the tenderest of graces in Fr. Bahan's case would be to outrage every conviction of our heart and mind. No! 'the day has broken: the shadows have retired,' after he had climbed for a Lent of years the mountain of myrrh, for he was but forty-seven when he died. Every action of those years had been purified in the alembic of interior abnegation and an ardent love of God, child-like in its simplicity. Did space allow, it would be a pleasing joy to recall the varied beauties of this sanctified life, to draw on the little novice-like book in which the resolutions of every year's retreat were carefully drawn out. The natural man in him was fervid with the warm impetuosity of the South, and occasionally some little motion of the old Adam told of the Titan gripe which choked its utterance as a rule. Although in the most perfect condition at his death after an enjoyment of particularly good health through life, Fr. Bahan had his share of those sufferings of the body which pain without enfeebling, but they never cast a cloud over his sweet and amiable cheerfulness. He permitted himself no indulgences; to others he was most considerate. His diet was regulated strictly according to St. Ignatius' rules of temperance. Never did a stimulant moisten his lips. One of the most charming traits in his attractive character was his abhorrence of any touch of slander or detraction, and he resolutely resisted the malign influence of evil reports. No one ever heard him breathe an unkind word of his fellow-man. O the exquisite beauty of his holy life! O the treasures such a life amasses in that heaven towards which it ever tends! May our end be like to his. Father, brother, friend, pray for us to God, and peace to thy soul.—J. J. A. B.

## FATHER JOHN BLETTNER.

Fr. Blettner was born on the 3rd of April, 1806, at Neunkirchen (Moselle), in the diocese of Metz, now belonging to the German Province of Alsace-Lorraine, but then a part of the French Empire. After six years of classical studies, and as many more devoted to philosophy and theology, he was ordained priest at Metz, Sept. 24th, 1831. Having spent a short time as curate in his native place, he was sent to St. Sulpice in Paris, where he remained a year preparing himself for the chair of theology which he filled during thirteen years in the Seminary of Metz. It was here that he conceived the desire of devoting himself to the Indian Missions, which finally led him to enter the Society, on Sept. 13th, 1846. He made his novitiate at Issenheim, and in 1849 was sent to the United States. Shortly after arriving here, Archbishop Hughes sought and obtained him as Superior of his Diocesan Seminary, then at Fordham, N. Y. During eight years Fr. Blettner trained in the sacred sciences and in piety the young students committed to his charge, fully realizing the expectations which the Archbishop had entertained of him. Guelph, Ont., Buffalo, N. Y. and Wikwemikong, Manitoulin Island, were successively the field of his missionary labors from 1857 to 1865. The following two years he was at Fordham as professor of Ours in Theology and Hebrew.—He again returned to Buffalo, on the breaking up of the Scholasticate in Fordham, whence after four years he was removed to Sault Sainte Marie, Mich., and remained there one year. After three more years spent at Wikwemikong, he was finally stationed at Fort William Mission, where he terminated a long and useful career, dying peacefully in the midst of his brethren on the 30th of Jan., 1882, loved and regretted by all.

Fr. Blettner was a man of great talent and learning. Besides speaking French, English and German, he understood several Indian languages. Latin and Greek he knew well, but for Hebrew and Sanscrit he had a remarkable and peculiar taste and had made them his special study.

As Superior, though a strict and regular disciplinarian, he was held in the highest esteem by all who lived under him; so gentle and kind was his character that he was called by the Indians "The Pacific." The last days of his life, ever uniform and quiet, are thus described by the Superior of the Residence who attended him in his last moments and comforted him with the rites of the Church:—

"Towards the middle of November, he ceased to go to the refectory for dinner and supper. He never went out of his room unless to say Mass. He was generally lying on his bed, but occasionally sat up to read the Catholic Review or *Le Messager du Sacré Cœur*. His delight was in reading the History of the Church by Rohrbacher. I visited him only every now and then, for he generally preferred to be alone. He continued to say Mass in the parlor until the 22nd of Jan. The Mass he said that Sunday was the last. On the 25th, Father B.— came to the mission and went to confession to him. He found him very weak. From that time he could scarcely take any solid food but continued to take coffee, for which he asked two or three times a day, and Port wine. Saturday and Sunday morning at 5 o'clock, I brought him Holy Communion, in his room. On the latter day, at High Mass I recommended him to the prayers of the congregation . . . . . In the afternoon I went to him and spoke to him about receiving the Last Sacraments. He said: 'Not yet;' and mentioned the feast of the Purification. 'It is better in this matter to be a little too soon than too late,' said I to him. As he did not give me any positive answer, and I perceived no immediate danger, I determined to wait till next morning, telling Br. Stakum to watch him during the night. I had that same afternoon a great many Indians come to bid him adieu and receive his blessing. He recognized them well, looked at them and blessed them. This scene was very touching. Monday morning, I went to hear his confession, which he made well, though he could not pronounce his words distinctly. Then the bell called all of Ours who were here, to his room, as the Last Sacraments were administered. As

he could then scarcely speak, I helped him to say what he wanted to say to the community, and then addressed him some encouraging words. After that Br. Stakum remained constantly with the good Father and was witness of his tender piety. He saw him kissing his crucifix a great many times and blessing himself also. Sometimes he seemed to recover somewhat the use of his senses, and we then could see his lips moving as those of one who prays. Perceiving that his breathing became more difficult, we began to say the prayers for the agonizing, kneeling around his bed, and as I finished the prayers he yielded his soul into the hands of his Creator . . . . . Since he expired, the body has been exposed in the parlor in sacerdotal dress. During the whole day the room is filled with people from the villages and the Town plot. They sing appropriate hymns and say the beads. The grave is dug near the 'Mission Cross' as we call it, in the grave-yard. The funeral service will take place on Feb. 1st, at 10 A.M. Fr. B.— will deliver the funeral oration in English: I will officiate, and speak in Indian the praises of the dear dead. We expect many people from the landing and from the Plot."

The same Father writes under date of Feb. 11: "Our Indians edify us very much, as we watch them approach the grave of Fr. Blettner, brush away the snow that covers it, and there kneel to pray . . . . . Let us thank God for His graces towards us; for we have far fewer disorders to deplore among them than in the past."

Fr. Blettner was nearly seventy-six years of age, thirty-six of which he had spent in the Society.

#### BROTHER JOSEPH TSCHENHENS.

Brother Joseph Tschenhens died at the St. Louis University, St. Louis, Missouri, on February the 25th, 1882, aged 82 years. It is not exaggerated language to say that Brother Joseph was an extraordinary man, especially for the high



degree of perfection which he reached in those virtues that make the model lay-brother.

Brother Joseph was born in Wurtemberg, on February 13th, 1800, and he joined the Society of Jesus, January 6th, 1824, at the College of Freiburg, Switzerland. He was subsequently employed as baker at Brigg, in the canton of Vallis, but he was transferred to the College of Freiburg, and he was there when the revolutionary disturbances among the Swiss began in the autumn of 1847. Early in 1848 the college was seized upon by the populace, and its persecuted inmates were compelled to seek shelter in foreign lands. Brother Joseph, and Caspar Wohleb, also a lay-brother, made their way into France, and thence came to the United States, reaching St. Louis about the beginning of June, 1848.

In the following month they were sent to St. Joseph's College, Bardstown, Ky., just then made over to our Society by the venerable Bishop Flaget. Brother Tschenhens remained at St. Joseph's College till the summer of 1855, when he returned to St. Louis; and there he stayed all the succeeding years of his life. He was employed at his trade, of pastry cook and baker, till far down the decline of life, past three score and ten years; nor did he, even at the last, ever "eat idle bread." A complication of ailments, peculiar to persons of advanced age, carried him off, not unexpectedly, but well prepared for the solemn event, on February 2nd, 1882.

Brother Joseph was a model lay-brother, and, indeed, he might be regarded as an exemplar of genuine religious perfection, relatively to its more comprehensive ideal. He possessed, and always exercised, that complete control over his own feelings, inclinations, and entire conduct, which is the certain test of real sanctity, or of true perfection in high christian virtue. He was not eccentric, had no peculiar weaknesses, no likes nor dislikes, which could not be opposed, or which had to be humored by others. He seemed to be completely master of himself, and to have virtues that were equal to every occasion. In his manners, and in his devotional practices, he was very simple; he was free from

any exaggerated expression of pious sentiment, was never ostentatious, and he neither overdid good works, nor fell below the medium. He could endure contradiction with mildness; he could be interrupted suddenly by the Superior in one employment, and have another one assigned to him, without manifesting the least discomposure; and it even appeared that the unforeseen duty to which he was called away, always happened to be just that thing which he himself preferred at that time to do. Brother Joseph was truly meek and humble of heart; he was gentle and amiable, at all times; his voice, countenance, and entire demeanor, expressing perfect equanimity which not even the advent of painful occurrences ever ruffled. There was an attraction in him for simple people and children, and the students in the college always formed a high notion of his holiness, and departed themselves, when in his presence, with unwonted gravity. He drew the attention of discerning souls among the laity, who, with the instincts of piety, singled him out from among those who, on Sundays, received Holy Communion in the sanctuary of the collegiate Church. He had in a high degree of perfection, the distinctive virtues of the good lay-brother: he was humble, prompt, and cheerful in his obedience to Superiors; he had unfailing industry, shunned idleness and self-ease, and never allowed private devotions, or special preferences, to interfere with any duty whether of prayer or labor.

It does not appear, on inquiry, that any one during the thirty-four years of Brother Joseph's life in the province of Missouri, ever knew or heard of his using an unkind or impatient word; nor that any one ever knew or heard of his failing in any point of charity towards other persons. He was uniformly cheerful and good humored, seeming never to experience sadness or uneasiness of temper. Whether things came to him opportunely or inopportunely, Brother Joseph was always happy, and always had a pleasant and edifying word for any one that spoke to him; and he showed increase of joy most, then when he discovered in what he could serve others, or do an acceptable benefit to

one of his brethren. He had great reverence for the priestly character, and this was manifested with marked and unfeigned sincerity, but unobtrusively, on all proper occasions.

It may be said, then, that Brother Joseph Tschenhens realised, in his religious life, the ideal of a holy man, whose sanctity was not of a type which unfitted him for community life, or which caused him to be admired, but feared by his brethren; for, all loved to be with him, and to converse with him. The praise herein bestowed on the virtues of this venerable and saintly lay-brother, as, doubtless, all who long knew him could bear testimony, is not made to exceed truth and merit, by licence of obituary panegyric; his virtues were in fact all they are described to be, and more besides. At least such Brother Joseph and his life always seemed to the writer of this notice, who knew him for nearly thirty-four years, and lived in the same house with him for more than twenty-six years.

WALTER H. HILL, S. J.

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## MISSIONARY LABORS OF FATHER MAGUIRE AND COMPANIONS,

FROM JANUARY 15TH TO APRIL 4TH, 1882.

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART, NEW HAVEN, CONN. — New Haven has seven Catholic churches for its twenty thousand Catholics. By this showing, one third of the population is Catholic. The Protestants have some fine churches, but nearly all of them are built in the old meeting-house style, a hybrid architecture, that the Congregationalists invented, the barn style with a steeple attached. New Haven itself is a pretty city and has been spoken of in these LETTERS. It is a centre of higher education, and, as a consequence, is quite celebrated. The wealth of the city is due to its various industries. In the colonial times and even in our own day, it was one of the capitals of the state,

Near the old state-house one of the judges who condemned Charles I. is buried. After a life of outlawry, hunted from colony to colony, he found rest here. A modest tombstone marks his grave.

The church of the Sacred Heart was bought from the Congregationalists about six years ago. The leading member of the church and the principal owner of it, when the Protestants possessed it, was a warm Southern sympathizer. At the end of the war, he refused to allow any demonstration to be made in favor of the victory. This manner of acting caused a secession of the entire congregation. The deacon was left alone with his church; his occupation was gone. His heirs, after his death, were glad to get rid of the burden on their hands. The Catholics were always of the belief that the church would one day be theirs, and whilst it was being built, a mason made a cross upon one of the stones, as a sign of what was to be.

The weather during the mission was intensely cold. The thermometer for ten days was below zero, and for the part of a morning sank as low as  $-15^{\circ}$ . The boys of the sanctuary, whilst waiting for the Masses, adjourned to the yard and with their surplices on, kept themselves warm by snow-balling each other. On another occasion, the holy water was frozen solid, and had to be taken to a neighboring house to be thawed out for use. Still the attendance at the services was very large, notwithstanding the cold mentioned above, and the disagreeable walking from the sudden changes to rain, and snow, and sleet during the two weeks. About three thousand persons received Holy Communion. About thirty adults were prepared for the sacraments. In the days of Father Fitton, who built the first Catholic church here fifty years ago, prejudice ran high, so that he could not hire workmen, and was forced to obtain help from other places. Now there is less bitterness, as may be evinced by the fact that six Protestants were received into the Church, and others were left under the care of the priest, for instruction, at the end of the exercises.

There are no parochial schools attached to this church,

though New Haven is well supplied with them. In one parish the school board pays the teachers *pro rata*. The Fathers tried to meet the want of instruction amongst the children by setting apart an hour in the afternoon for their benefit. It was hard to interest them; it was hard even to keep them quiet. Some good was done, no doubt. Let him who is anxious to test the matter, try to give an instruction to three hundred boys, just out of school, where they have been kept in subjection by the fear of punishment. One of the Fathers asked a boy what St. Paul said to his jailor, when questioned: "What must I do that I may be saved?" "Let me out," was the reply. The urchin was thinking about the earthquake, and never dreamt of belief in the Lord Jesus. Another boy having been asked why there is but one God, answered:—"God is everywhere, and there is no room for another."

A lecture was given at the close of the mission to a very large audience by Father Maguire upon "The Church and the Revised edition of the Bible."

ST. PATRICK'S, POTTSVILLE, PA. (Feb. 5-20).—Pottsville has been for sixty years the centre of the coal mining interest in Schuylkill County; it owes its existence to this trade. About the beginning of the century, some enterprising man experimented with the hard stone coal, and found out its heat producing qualities. In a short time mines were opened up, and a large business was developed. Wagon trains transported the coal to Philadelphia. In course of time by canals and railroads, millions of tons were sent to all parts of the country; and to-day the anthracite coal mines of Pennsylvania furnish nine-tenths of the coal in use in the United States. Pottsville and a dozen other large towns, or cities, have sprung up as the result of the trade. A writer, not inappropriately, calls these coal deposits, the gold mines of Pennsylvania.

The progress of the Church has kept pace with the material advancement of the coal region. Not to mention Carbon, Luzerne, and other counties, there are twenty-five

priests in Schuylkill county alone. Some of the churches have schools taught by Sisters, and new churches and schools are being built every year.

The nearest mine is two miles and a half from Pottsville. Many others are not very far off. An attempt has been made quite often in the last ten years to strike the mammoth vein spoken of by geologists. It was reported in February that this had been accomplished. This vein is within a mile of the town, and would bring, if opened up successfully, three thousand miners to swell the present population, which is about twenty thousand. Of course, the Church would gain greatly in numbers by so large an increase of inhabitants in the place.

The first Mass was celebrated in Pottsville about seventy years ago by some itinerant priest. As early as 1827, land was given by Mr. Potts for a Catholic church. He, the founder of the town, and a Protestant, knew too well his own interests to be unkind to Catholics. A church was built, and a secular priest put in charge of it. The first Baptism is recorded, June 2nd, 1829. From Sept. 12th, 1830 to Dec. 19th, 1832, Father Edward McCarthy of the Society was pastor of the congregation. He was very exact in keeping his records, and gives the number of Baptisms and marriages. In a little over two years, he baptized two hundred and forty-four children, and performed forty-four marriages. Some of the oldest inhabitants still remember Father McCarthy with affection. The first church was small; it was afterwards enlarged, and will, in a few months, give place to a much larger and finer one. The Germans have a very imposing church.<sup>(1)</sup>

Three times in seventeen years, the leader of the missionaries has given a mission in Pottsville. All the missions were successful, but the first one was unique. It was given in the middle of a severe winter, and as there were very few churches in the country at that time, people came from all parts for miles over the snow and ice to take part in this mission, the first ever given in the coal counties. It was a

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<sup>(1)</sup> The Catholics were the first to have a church in Pottsville.

common thing to give Holy Communion after dark to persons who had come on foot ten and fifteen miles over the bad mountainous roads, and had waited until 6 o'clock in the evening before their confessions could be heard. This reminds one of scenes in the life of St. Francis Regis. At the end of the first mission, eight hundred persons were confirmed, and, of course, a large proportion were adults. Ten thousand communicants approached the Holy Table during the two weeks. But the congregation now is much smaller. Ten or twelve parishes have been established, and missions have been, and are, given quite frequently. Moreover, the Catholic population in Pottsville has fallen off, owing to the fact that the one or two thousand canal men, who used to transport the coal from Pottsville to the outer world, now *sail* from Schuylkill Haven, a port a few miles below.

The weather was very bad during the mission of this year. The first Sunday, a very important one, the ground was covered with two feet of snow, the result of a terrific storm of the day previous. The services were very well attended; people came long distances to Holy Communion. Every day nearly, the Blessed Sacrament was distributed until after 12 o'clock to persons who had come four and five miles, to take part in the exercises. There were special services for the children every afternoon, and the Papal benediction was given them at the end of the second week. Some of the boys are slate pickers at the mines, and are very bright. They have been known to stop the works in the largest mines, when striking for higher wages.

The congregation is made up partly of Germans who have intermarried with the Irish. The children of course speak English, but, now and then, an idiom learned from mother or father crops out quite unexpectedly. The grown people keep the holydays of the Church, and are attentive, as a rule, to their religious duties. There is a superstition among them called *pow-wow-ing*. A sick person is taken to some old witch, or wizard, who lays hands on, and breathes over him, and mumbles at the same time, some incanta-

tions or dark speeches. The Fathers spoke against this bad practice, but it is not easy to remove such things, once they take hold of the people. Four thousand persons received Holy Communion. At the last service, the church was dangerously packed. Many persons stood outside in the snow for over an hour, in order to receive the Papal blessing at the end of the mission. Some Protestant gentlemen presented a large floral cross for this occasion, and to add solemnity to the renovation of the baptismal vows by the whole congregation. The people in Pottsville have great devotion to the water blessed in the name of our Holy Founder. At every mission, there has been a rush for it, and no little tact was required to keep the peace among the devotees. Barrels of the water were given out. In a former mission, there was so much crowding, that the pastor had to interfere, and the Father blessing the water, had to implore the faithful not to drown him by shoving him into one of the monster tubs of water, in their wild scrambling for the precious fluid. The Fathers could not but admire the faith of the simple people, who came so regularly through the cold and the bad steep roads to the mission. Pottsville is built on the side of a mountain, and this renders winter travel disagreeable, if not dangerous, especially after dark.

The Catholics in the coal regions have suffered not a little from secret societies, imported from Ireland. These are known by various names as the *Buckshots*, the *Ancient Order of Hibernians*, the *Molly Maguires*, etc. The last name is best known and most hated. Enraged by the tyranny of the Welsh bosses and the favoritism of the Protestant superintendents, some of the Catholics in evil hour formed themselves into secret organizations. They thought themselves above law, and soon Catholics as well as Protestants groaned under the reign of terror. No man who offended the Molliques was safe. Many murders were committed in open day. The tribunals of secret societies in Europe could not have been more swift in their action or more blood-thirsty in their vengeance in regard to their victims. In the meanwhile, the clergy were divided, before these crimes were



fixed upon the Mollies. It was said they were not a secret society; that they were a benevolent brotherhood. Chaplains were elected to attend the meetings; the Mollies were foremost in church affairs. It was discovered afterwards that all this was a blind, and that there was an inner circle, unknown even to the priests. The outrages were increasing rapidly. The president of the Reading Railroad secured the services of a detective, who became a member of the society, and after two years of investigation, it was settled beyond a doubt that all the murders had been committed by the Mollies. Ten of the leaders were arrested. But to convict them, there was the rub. It was thought that the prosecuting attorney for the state, an Irish Catholic, would not be hard on his own. To show the twists and turns in politics, it is a fact that the supposed friend was made away with by the Mollies, who were cajoled into electing him to Congress. And this is the effect of secret societies also, where one may favor a measure in which he is the victim. The trial came off, and ten of the Mollies were executed. The clergy having found out before this event the real character of the body, were severe in their denunciations. The sacraments were refused them, unless they abandoned the Order. And this many did in good faith, whilst others gave it up for the time being, to receive Holy Communion. After thirty days they used to return to the Society. At one time the coal regions were entirely at the mercy of the Mollies. Their men were in office, and crime was the rule. The members used to take an oath, and to show their transatlantic origin, they bound themselves, amongst many other things, not to join the army or navy, an impossible oath in case of war between the United States and England. When we see the brutality and tyranny of the bosses and superintendents, we marvel at the long suffering of the victims, still, at the same time, we are amazed at the depths of crime into which men, once good Catholics, fell on account of secret societies. It is thought the Mollies are dead. Many of the priests think they are only dormant. None of them are about Pottsville.—J. A. M.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA. — When we were told that we were to give a mission in St. Patrick's Church, Philadelphia, we knew at once what was before us, great enthusiasm, big crowds and hard work. This is one of the oldest parishes in that city, having been founded forty years ago. Many of the people are from the Northern counties of Ireland, where to be a Catholic means persecution and a life of continual religious and social ostracism. Nor did the "Native American" excitement of 1844 help to weaken their faith, for the anti-Catholic spirit which agitated the country during ten years, and which culminated in making Philadelphia the disgraceful theatre of mob rule and church burning, only strengthened their love for their religion. It did not prevent them from rebuilding their burned temples in the face of open bigotry, nor from gathering their children about their half-completed altars. Hope of religious freedom is the noblest sentiment which can move the heart of man; and if there be reason for admiration in the motive which urges men to fight and die for fireside and family, how much more so in that which causes them to set above all else their altars and their God. Bigotry and incendiarism failed to terrify the Catholics of Philadelphia. They only seemed to tighten about their hearts a determination to cling to their religion yet more closely. This feeling of union and strength in love for all that man holds sacred went on growing and showed itself more and more, so that the 'City of Brotherly Love' is now the most Catholic city in the Union. You would say so, if you witnessed, as we did, two thousand men packed shoulder to shoulder at five o'clock Mass. How Protestants must have opened their eyes, if they were opened at all so early in the morning, at this grand demonstration of faith. The rainy weather seemed to increase their ardor, and many profited by it to visit the church and finish their confessions by daylight. A peculiarity of this mission was the number of men seen making the Stations of the Cross.

Although there were more men than women at the services, as we found by comparing week with week, still the

latter outvied the sterner sex by their zeal and concern to obtain the graces of the mission. When they had made it once for themselves, they were found "doing" it again, in order to obtain divine graces for the living and the dead. The district messenger boys turned an honest penny during the exercises, having been hired by overworked and tired servant-girls to awake them in the early morning.

We were ten and eleven hours a day in the confessional. This, of itself, was hard enough, but our labors would have been lighter, not only here but elsewhere, had these good and willing people been properly instructed by their priests in Ireland, in the elementary rules of a good confession. First Communion was given to forty-four adults, and one hundred and sixty grown persons were confirmed, together with four hundred children. Twenty-one converts were baptized, and formed into a class for more extended instruction. Fr. Maguire preached the panegyric of St. Patrick to an enthusiastic and extraordinary number of people. The Forty Hours Devotion immediately followed the mission, when two thousand communions were added to the twelve thousand already given. The mission began on Feb. 26th and ended March 15th. Thanks are due and acknowledged to FF. Ardia and Romano for constant help given us.

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, NEW YORK.—Our next mission began at New York, in Fr. Edwards' church, East Fourteenth street, on March 19th. This church of the Immaculate Conception was built in 1853, by Fr. Ryan, first President of our College of St. Francis Xavier, N. Y. It is two hundred feet in length and about eighty-four in width. It strikes one as being unfavorable for the voice, but the acoustic properties are very fine.

Unlike our church of the same name in Boston there is not to be found one line of white throughout the whole edifice. The coloring and decorations are of sombre Moorish hues, brick red and seal brown, picked out with gold and blue *fleurs-de-lys*. It might have been appropriately named of the "Seven Sorrows." We soon perceived that

we would not have much time to give in seeking the hidden architectural beauties of Fr. Edwards' great church, for the first service was so crowded that Fr. Maguire announced that a mission for working girls and store misses would be given at the same time in the adjoining chapel. This was accordingly done, and one of the Fathers conducted the exercises there every night of the first week, for girls, and of the second, for boys, from the age of thirteen to twenty, and who do not attend school. This did not seem to diminish the numbers that came pouring in long before the sermon began. During their week, even the Sanctuary was filled with men, so great was the desire to hear the word of God. A very amusing incident happened one night during the men's week. The church was packed from the altar down to the street, and away up through the broad organ galleries, with a sea of heads and attentive faces. The scene was at once grand and imposing. The orator of the evening was equal to the occasion, with his springy, bounding eloquence, and sharp, crisp bang in his voice that shot into the ear with a determination to stay there until some one would be shaken up. He had not long to wait.

The subject being Mortal Sin, among other things he said:—"Who would be willing to die to-night? Is there any one here in Mortal Sin!!" Suddenly, in the midst of the solemn hush, a man cried out in a loud voice: "Yes, Father, I am." The effect on the audience was not of the ridiculous, many feeling that this poor man had answered for them. "Then, go to confession," said the priest. "You are an honest man; there are plenty of Fathers down there to hear you and all like you."

The side mission in the chapel was given to about 700 girls and 800 boys. They were, as a rule, fine and healthy looking, which led those who observed them to discover that New York is not the pestiferous plague-spot that the denizens of the provincial cities would be only too glad to believe. Examination and reflection will soon convince one of this. There is always, on account of its proximity to the ocean, a good bracing air for every one. The entire city is bounded by water, and beholds rolling at her feet

one of the most beautiful bays in the world, rivalling that of Naples, if not surpassing it. Here then is the secret of its health: all the outcry about its so-called dirty streets is simply for political effect—the cry of the *outs* against the *ins*. There has been no epidemic in New York since 1832, and the ravages of small-pox, so *marked* and extensive elsewhere, counted very few victims in Gotham.

Besides, the U. S. vital statistics prove that the death-rate here has been smaller than in any of the six great cities of the Union. The healthy position of New York no doubt accounts for the exuberant spirit of her boys, as the Father who gave them their mission can with sorrow testify. They were congregated in the chapel where Mass has not been said for years, and which has been used for a school and meeting room. Consequently, they were not impressed. I was going to say that the exercises opened with prayer. But this would be an error, for all those not in possession of Derby hats considered it their bounden duty, and as a kind of preliminary exercise, to make all these as soft as their own. Moreover, their lungs were very strong, and the noise that proceeded therefrom was exceeding great. What was the Father to do? As he did not overawe them by his serious words, he essayed gentle and flattering language. It seemed to him then, that some were sending out for candy, for he distinctly remembers that a few uttered the word “taffy.” Finally, the heroic treatment was resorted to, and after the Father had boxed the ears of two inoffensive looking boys, order was restored. They were good, notwithstanding their rudeness, and were anxious to make general confessions, and to do all that they could for their dear little souls. I must not forget to relate two things that a boot-black had to speak of: one was that he missed Mass, because a Chinaman neglected to wash his shirt, and the other that he “pegged” stones at him in consequence. These boys and girls were enrolled in a Sodality especially established for their class.

The mission, under God, was a great success. Thirteen

thousand communions were given and five converts entered the Church. Only a few adults were prepared for First Communion, probably because there are not many in this carefully attended parish who are overlooked by its zealous pastor and his assistants. Three thousand children are educated in the great school near the church, who are well trained in the way they should walk. FF. Claven and Casey were with us continually during this mission, the former also having done good service at the previous one in Philadelphia. Nor must the valuable aid of FF. O'Leary, Becker and Freeman of Fordham, and Fr. J. Daugherty of St. Francis Xavier's be forgotten.

The services of these Fathers made an edifying impression upon the priests of the house. "There does not seem to be any disunion among you," remarked one of these to me, "and you all seem to have passed through the same mould."

General results: Communions, 34,000; first Communion of adults, 88; adults confirmed, 160; grown persons baptized, 32; children baptized, previously neglected, 10.

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## CHARLES COUNTY, MARYLAND.

*Letter from Father E. McSwiney.*

ST. THOMAS' MANOR, COX STATION,  
CHARLES CO., MD., March 30, 1882.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER,  
P. C.

You insist upon a letter from Charles County—but what can a poor country missionary have to write about? What have we worthy of special notice in this part of the world? We are inclined to think that the less we say of ourselves, the better it will be for our reputation.

But, as you will have it so, and some account of our doings must perforce be sent to the LETTERS, we will tell you something of our good qualities and pass over our bad ones.

But where shall we begin? Shall we tell you of the pretty boat, just made, by Messrs Daly and Broderick, in which it may be your good fortune some day to be sped over Potomac's waters, if you do not get swamped? Or shall we enlarge upon the condition of our roads?—a fertile theme. You are probably surprised at the proposition. You suppose that we ought to be able to give you something more interesting than a dose of 'our roads.' But you must understand that it is 'our vocation to travel to various places,' and, therefore, the question of facilities in traveling becomes practical and paramount. But as the same roads are long, the description should necessarily bear the same characteristic—and in mercy we forbear: besides, as you may be sent some day to enjoy county life, we do not wish to anticipate your pleasure in finding that romance still lingers here. . . . .

Our fisheries! This is the subject which suits the season: just the medicine for Lent, especially our Potomac herrings, whose fame is only limited where they become unknown. Our county priests are content to enjoy their blessing, and keep quiet about it. And our oysters! we cannot think of passing them over, so excellent and so abundant: why, they had well nigh succeeded in blocking up the bed of the river, and should probably have succeeded, had not some Yankees come near foundering among them: and they, in their magnanimity, as usual, spread the alarm among their countrymen, who, of their charity, were moved to lend us some assistance in restoring the facilities of navigation, in keeping the oysters to the bottom. Many thanks to our kind New England neighbors, who have done and still do so much to keep the oysters to their natural level.

A letter from here true to nature, after treating of the roads, of horses and horsemanship, of our fisheries and oysters, has exhausted all the staple topics. If you expected we could have given you something better, we can only offer our sincere condolence in your disappointment. To suit your inclination, however, we shall try what we can do for you by a change of scene.

Half a day's travel, from either Washington or Baltimore, on the Potomac R. R. brings you to Cox Station, a distance of some forty miles from either of those cities. You are apt to be somewhat astonished at this rapid transit, but it harmonizes with our surroundings. A quarter of an hour's drive from Cox Station gets you to St. Thomas', i. e. when you can drive: when you cannot, the amount of time it takes you to *wade* two and a half miles, knee deep, in mud and mire. The distance being given, as a constant, the time will vary inversely to your wading power. As the road passes by the house, a few paces brings you into the interior, and you see, too, that the old manor house is worthy of its name, as it is a large and magnificent structure, built in the old baronial style, and very tastefully finished—the 'hard finish,' by the way, being in a great measure due to our late Brother Keenan—and has a church adjoining, on the west side. But the structure of the old manor-house is not its only fine feature; its location is most beautiful, and extremely picturesque. It is situated on a commanding eminence, overlooking the Potomac, and possesses a most charming view of this beautiful river and the surrounding country. We have known one of our Fathers who reached St. Thomas' in the gray of the evening, and, therefore, was unable "to feast his eyes" until the morrow, so much impressed by its position and scenery, that he offered up Mass for the repose of the souls of those who had gone before him and capped the hill with a temple to the Creator.

This house has been remarkable in the religious annals of Maryland. It was for a long time the residence of the Superior of the mission. Both house and church were originally built of brick imported from England, but were burned down December 29th, 1866. The brick work, however, suffered but little from the flames and the lapse of time; the residence and church were therefore rebuilt on the old walls, during the following years, by Fr. McAtee, with a solidity and taste that inclines us to think they must have profited by the change. In a tower on the roof of the old house, was a large bell, which, for more than a century,



had summoned successive generations to the worship of their Creator, and three times a day reminded them of the glorious mystery of the Incarnation. It had been placed on the house rather than on the church, to evade the penal laws, which prohibited the use of bells on Catholic chapels. It was probably due to the same penal laws, which restricted Catholics to the use of private chapels, that such an isolated site was selected for St Thomas' church; for, although the situation is beautiful, it is not at all central. In connection with the house, there is a large subterranean passage now closed up, which, in past times, opened through the adjoining hill-side. Imagination has been busy in regard to its probable use: some have thought it was a place of refuge from the Indians, others suppose that it was to furnish means of escape from the priest-hunters: it was probably devoted to more prosaic uses. Within sight of this old manor-house it was that Fathers White, Altham, Brock, etc. often exercised their mission of love, that the Indian king (Tayac) his queen, family and council became Christians, and that the inhabitants of the Indian village *Potopaco*, now Port Tobacco, were in a body, together with their queen, regenerated in the waters of Baptism. It was here, too, during the prevalence of a most deadly malady, which made its appearance in the county in 1696, that our Fathers went from house to house, consoling the sick, and administering the Sacraments to the dying, which, at the instance of a Minister of the Church of England, elicited from the humane Assembly a proclamation prohibiting "such extravagances and presumption."

The bell originally placed on the house to avoid proscription, has been replaced by Rev. Father Wiget, by a harmony of two, in a piazza, on the church, from which a steeple rears aloft and holds out to its wide prospect the emblem of salvation. It has afforded us some satisfaction to understand that this cross serves as a beacon to guide the mariners of the Potomac, as also does our Sanctuary lamp in a more particular manner, as if its weakness caught up the effulgence of Him to whom it does honor, and cast

it over the broad waters. And may we not also suppose that this glimmer, feeble though it be, has often its reaction on the souls of some poor men of the deep, bringing to them salutary thoughts of God?

In a neatly enclosed lot hard by the church, lie side by side the remains of thirteen priests, one lay-brother and our late scholastic, Daniel Keating. Two marble slabs define the limits of each grave, and supply you with the name etc., of your deceased brother, while the ever blooming myrtle, so beautifully shrouding the dust of the departed, would remind you, that those whom we have lost for a time await us still beyond the tomb.

But you desire to know what we are doing in our day. The answer to this question we might epitomize, by saying, we keep to the tenor of our ways, but have done very little which calls for particular notice. Almost the latest incident worthy of comment, was our mission in last August, given here and at Pomfret by Fathers Finnegan and Flynn, an account of which has already appeared in the *LETTERS*. In October, Fathers Wiget and Keating gave the jubilee exercises at Bryantown and Cobb Neck. Last summer we erected a pretty marble altar in our church; nor was it too much for the kindness of the Most Rev. Archbishop to pay a special visit to the counties to consecrate it. Last May, His Grace honored us with a longer stay, not only making St. Thomas' his home while attending to the other churches of the mission, but also returning to it from churches not attended by us, when it was possible. He also favored this old place by administering the Sacrament of Confirmation here on Sunday. The morning was beautifully bright: our people could not think of absenting themselves, and they came in crowds. Protestants as well as Catholics whipped on to the old manor church. We could not have believed that this place could become the scene of so much attraction, nor was it without much ado that we were able to maintain a position for the children, who, of course, should all have conspicuous places, if it were only to show off their white dresses to advantage, though nature had, unfortu-

nately, often forgotten to give them faces of the same hue. Those of the people who were unable to enter the church crowded round the windows, and had the advantage of a freer ventilation. The Archbishop, happily chimed in with the general enthusiasm of the occasion, as well in his instruction to the children, as in his address to the congregation. He highly eulogized the Fathers of the Society, "who," he said, "had so laboriously planted the seeds of faith along the Potomac, and the number of holy innocents now before me, shows that their labors still bear fruit."

The Archbishop, with the priests, and about forty of our *magnates* sat down to dinner in one of the spacious halls of the house. It was easy to see that this afforded him a new pleasure. No one could help admiring the *taçt* with which the Archbishop *talked farming*, and enlarged upon the cultivation of Indian corn and tobacco. After dinner, he made us a short but pretty speech. He declared how much pleasure it afforded him, to have had an opportunity of enjoying the society of our Charles Co. representative men, and compared them, led on by their pastor, Rev. Father Wiget, to the barons of England under the leadership of Archbishop Langton, when, in the plain of Runnymede, they wrung from King John the *Magna Charta*. Those who understood well what the Archbishop talked about, could not help feeling flattered at his comparison: while those who did not understand, felt even more complimented, simply because they had been considered worthy of being talked at in such a style.

Kind regards of a quondam condiscipulus to acquaintances, hoping they will sometimes pray for a county man.  
Vale.

E. McSWYNEY, S. J.

D. O. M.





# WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. XI, No. 3.

## THE CATHOLIC RELIGION IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1818.

BY FATHER JOHN GRASSI. <sup>(1)</sup>

The Catholic Religion is better appreciated and more widely spread in America than many may suppose. However rude and ignorant a person may be, when mention is made of the Catholic Church, he willingly grants that it is the earliest of all; and many non-Catholics prefer to communicate their religious doubts to a Catholic, simply because he professes the faith which is the first and oldest. Our missionaries are generally respected, either on account of their education and superior knowledge, or of their celibacy, or of their disinterested and zealous labors, or, finally, because of the undoubted validity of their ordination. It is a noteworthy fact that when the impious Thomas Paine was on his death-bed, he gave positive orders that no Protestant minister should be admitted to his chamber, but he allowed two Jesuit priests to be called. They came and spoke with him; it seems that now and then he paid some attention to the truths which they suggested to him, but the acute pains which tormented him caused him to break out in blasphemies and howls of despair. The Fathers, having

<sup>(1)</sup> Notizie Varie sullo stato presente della Repubblica degli Stati Uniti dell'America Settentrionale, scritte al principio del 1818, dal Padre Giovanni Grassi della Compagnia di Gesù. Edizione Seconda, Milano, MDCCCXIX.

failed to accomplish anything, withdrew in horror, and the infidel died as he had lived. Paine was an Englishman, who had been a corsetmaker before he undertook to write upon religion. His principal work, *The Age of Reason*, is remarkable only for the unbridled fury with which it speaks against revelation.

The Jesuits, who planted the Catholic faith in Canada, and spread it far and wide through South America, were also the first missionaries in the provinces which now form a portion of the United States. Some two hundred English Catholic families, bitterly persecuted for the faith in their native land by their fellow-countrymen who proclaimed themselves to be the apostles of liberty of conscience, emigrated to Maryland in 1633, under the auspices of Lord Baltimore. Father White, with some other members of the Society, accompanied the first settlers, and Maryland from that time forward continued to be a mission of the English Province. I shall not here recount how these good Catholics, by an unexampled display of liberality so vaunted in our times, and so little practised by their adversaries, gave an asylum to Protestants in the colony they had founded, and how they were repaid with ingratitude by those whom they had befriended, and were cruelly persecuted by the English Government;—since my object is to speak only of the existing state of affairs. I may add, however, that the Jesuit missionaries, even after the suppression of the Society, continued to labor on the missions, and to found new ones, under the jurisdiction of the Vicar-Apostolic of London. The number of Catholics having greatly increased, the See of Baltimore was erected by His Holiness, Pius VI., and the Rev. John Carroll was appointed its first Bishop, to whom a Coadjutor was assigned in the person of the Rev. Leonard Neale: they were both ex-Jesuits and natives of Maryland. Bishop Carroll was consecrated in 1790, at Lulworth Castle, the seat of Thomas Weld, one of the principal Catholics of England, who in his life and death was a true type of the Christian gentleman. The Sees of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Bardstown and New Orleans were subse-

quently founded, and in 1810 Bishop Carroll was advanced to the rank and title of Metropolitan Archbishop. It seems to be a signal mark of Divine Providence that this dignity was bestowed on one whose character was best qualified to dispel prejudices against the Catholic Church, and to give a fair idea of it to this portion of the new world. Archbishop Carroll was a native of the country, and had enjoyed all the educational advantages which the Society of Jesus furnishes to its members. He had been professor of theology at Liege, and previous to 1773 he had been admitted to the profession of the four vows. He had been traveling companion to some English noblemen on a tour through Germany, Italy and France, and everywhere he had made the most favorable impressions. Nor could it well be otherwise, since in him irreproachable conduct was united with a profound knowledge of Catholic doctrine, and his accomplished manners and kindness of heart were accompanied by rare prudence, so that he won the affection and respect of Catholics and non-Catholics alike; amongst others who honored the Archbishop of Baltimore with their friendship was the glorious hero of America, the immortal Washington. Archbishop Carroll passed to a better life on the feast of St. Francis Xavier (Dec. 3), 1815. The day of his funeral was a species of triumph for the Catholic religion, as the ceremonies were conducted with all the public pomp that would mark such an occasion in a city entirely Catholic. His mortal remains were placed in the sepulchre of the Sulpician Seminary, until such time as, in accordance with the wishes of the illustrious deceased, they can be deposited in the Cathedral, which is approaching completion. This was the first time that Baltimore witnessed the rites of the Catholic burial service in full accordance with the ritual; the cross borne at the head of the sorrowing procession, the priests chanting in strains of woe, the funeral trappings, the burning tapers, the expressive ceremonies, made a deep impression upon the people, who, in respectful silence and with signs of mourning, testified their affection and esteem for the good prelate whom they had lost. It will remain the glory forever of the Catholic Church in

America, that her hierarchy began with one so conspicuous for worth and merit as Bishop Carroll. His successor, Archbishop Neale, soon followed him to the grave, in June, 1817; his memory will be held in benediction, particularly in those places which were the theatres of his zeal, ever intent on advancing the spirit of solid piety. The name of Bishop has a grand sound in Europe even before the world; but in America, magnificent display is unknown, and the prelates with great edification are constantly engaged in the labors of simple missionaries. Fancy my surprise in 1810, at seeing the Archbishop of Baltimore and Metropolitan of the United States enter a house along with me, and then, having drawn from his pocket a wide ribbon to serve as a stole, place upon a small table the holy oils, a vial of water, and a little ritual in order to baptize a baby. The same is done by the other Bishops in their respective Dioceses, and Bishop Flaget of Kentucky made the visitation of his Diocese traveling hundreds of miles on horseback, and alone.

It is to be remarked that the names of *congregation* and *missionary*, are here equivalent to parish and parish priest. I shall say nothing in regard to the number of Catholics scattered throughout the vast extent of the United States, as there are no reliable statistics on that point: but it will not be amiss to mention something briefly in regard to each Diocese, beginning from the North.

**DIOCESE OF BOSTON.** Catholic missionaries are stationed only in two places of this Diocese, at Boston and on the Penobscot. The Abbé Matignon, a Frenchman, has succeeded in founding the Church in the capital of Massachusetts, and Bishop Cheverus, also a Frenchman, resides there at present. The amiable character, the conspicuous virtue and learning of this prelate, and of his worthy assistant, have won the respect and esteem, not merely of Catholics, but also of those who are outside the pale of the Church: all have been inspired with the highest idea of our holy religion by the lives of such excellent ministers. The Penobscot missionary has charge of a tribe of Indians who have not yet forgotten the Jesuits from whom they received



the Gospel. Throughout the rest of New England, Catholics are very few and there is no missionary.

**DIOCESE OF NEW YORK.** In the city of New York the number of Catholics exceeds 20,000, mostly Irish, whose attachment to the faith is wonderful. The new church of St. Patrick, Gothic in style, is held to be one of the finest buildings in the United States, and serves as the Cathedral of Bishop Connolly, an Irish Dominican. He has with him only two missionaries, both of whom are advanced in years. Anyone can easily imagine how great and numerous are their labors in a city of such size. At Albany, the State Capital, there is a church and a missionary, who has care also of the Catholics living at considerable distances. In almost every village of this State there are good Irishmen, ever ready to contribute to the building of churches and the support of missionaries, if they could obtain them.

**DIOCESE OF PHILADELPHIA.** The Jesuits from Maryland built the first church in Philadelphia, St. Joseph's, which together with the adjoining residence still belongs to them. There are three other churches here: St. Mary's, under the direction of the Bishop; Holy Trinity, which is principally frequented by the Germans; and St. Augustine's, erected by the zeal of Father Carr, an Irish Augustinian. There are five priests in the city, who also visit outside missions. The Jesuits had founded some other missions in Pennsylvania before that of Philadelphia. One is at Conewago, where four Fathers of the Society reside: this and the neighboring congregations are made up of German settlers, who still preserve their attachment to the ancient faith, and primitive simplicity of manners. Another mission is Lancaster, and the missionary who resides there is at the same time burdened with six other congregations, each one of which would require a priest. To avoid entering into trifling details, I shall merely mention that in 1813, there were in the whole of this extensive Diocese no more than thirteen priests, amongst whom Prince Demetrius Gallitzin, a Russian, deserves special mention for the zealous discharge of all the duties of a country missionary.

**DIOCESE OF BARDSTOWN.** The remoter frontiers of this Diocese were formerly considered as an extension of Canada, and for this reason many of the inhabitants of those parts are French; many families also have emigrated thither from Maryland in search of better lands than those they were leaving, which had been worn out by long continued cultivation of tobacco. The Bishop resides at Bardstown, where he possesses a little seminary and has begun to build a church to serve as a Cathedral. In 1813, there were only eight priests in the whole of this vast Diocese, in which the missions are perhaps more laborious than elsewhere, because the Catholic population is more scattered and poorer. In the neighboring Territory of Illinois, there are various Indian tribes, some of which were brought to the faith by the Jesuits long ago; but for the most part they live still in utter ignorance of the true God.

**DIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.** This Diocese comprises all the States south and south-west of Maryland. There are five churches in Baltimore, including the Cathedral, which is still unfinished. It is built of the hardest granite, from designs of Latrobe, the chief government architect. The church of the Seminary of St. Sulpice is Gothic, but elegant. As Maryland was a Catholic colony, the missions are more numerous there than in any other State. In the new city of Washington, there is a large congregation, but only one priest, who officiates at St. Patrick's church, close to which the Jesuits have put up a house destined for the education of youth. Some years ago the foundations of a Cathedral were laid, but the building had to be suspended for want of funds. Besides two small chapels in this neighborhood, there is at Georgetown the church of the Holy Trinity, which unfortunately is not large enough to contain more than a third of the people who flock to it. This church is served by the Jesuit Fathers of the College, and the Religious of the same Order have in Maryland four Residences, and other missions, each one of which has several congregations depending upon it. There were in 1813 some forty missionaries in Maryland, a number utterly in-

adequate to the wants of the Catholic population. A single missionary must therefore supply as best he can for the want of laborers. Some notion of the journeys and fatigue of such a life may be gathered from the subjoined list of places cared for and visited this year, 1817, by one priest, Father Malevè, S. J. He resides at Fredericktown, where the congregation is tolerably numerous. Besides this, he has to go to the Manor, distant 7 miles; Maryland Creek, 15; Hagerstown, 28; Martinsburg, 38; Winchester, 50; Cumberland, 110. These places have large congregations and spacious churches. To these we must add four smaller congregations and various scattered families whom this one priest must visit occasionally.

The cities of Norfolk and Alexandria in Virginia possess Catholic churches. Richmond, Petersburg and Fredericksburg have made efforts to obtain a priest, but without success, and for this reason there is as yet no church in these places. In Charleston, S. C. and Augusta, Ga., one hundred miles apart, there are churches and priests. In North Carolina, Tennessee and another new State, there is so far neither church nor priest.

Statistics are wanting in regard to the lately erected Diocese of Louisiana. The zeal of Bishop Dubourg of New Orleans will surely obtain abundant fruits from the field entrusted to his care, and cultivated by many eminent ecclesiastics who have accompanied him from Europe.

From this brief description it can be seen how great is the want of priests. Add to this, that the settlers in newly opened sections are most anxious to have churches and missionaries; many landholders also, even Protestants, offer hundreds of acres gratis for this purpose, not through any special zeal for religion, but simply as a matter of speculation. For people prefer to settle in places where they can easily procure the helps of religion, and hence the lands increase in value. Missionaries who should establish themselves in such places, would have the consolation of seeing the whole neighborhood embrace the Catholic faith. But where in our days can so many zealous priests be found?

For those who wish to know who are they that labor in this extensive vineyard of the Lord, I shall give a brief notice of the Religious Orders existing there, in addition to the Secular Clergy. The Jesuit Fathers, besides their missions, have at Georgetown, near the rising city of Washington, a boarding College, delightfully situated, which was empowered (March 1, 1815) to confer such academical honors as are customary in the other colleges or universities of the country. The Jesuits also directed a school in New York, called *The Literary Institution*; it has been closed, solely for want of teachers, but they still possess the property. The Sulpicians have a creditable College at Baltimore, chartered as a University by the Maryland Legislature. In addition to the Seminary at Baltimore, they also conduct a school at Emmitsburg. Some English Dominicans have in Kentucky a convent and school, and the church of St. Rose of Lima; in 1816, they had four students of theology, besides some novices. They have only three priests upon the mission, and stand greatly in need of liturgical books, but they try to remedy this want by edifying industry. Some Lazarists from Italy have lately reached the Western territory of the United States, and they are only waiting the arrival of the Bishop from New Orleans to fix upon a place for their establishment. The zeal and activity of the Rev. Mr. Andreis, who is the Superior of these missionaries, excite expectations of great works for the glory of God: he has already written that God has deigned to crown his labors amongst the Indians with signal success.

There are also in America some communities of Religious women, the most ancient of which is the Discalced Carmelites of St. Theresa. Three of this Order had the courage to leave their English convent at Antwerp, and cross the broad Atlantic to found a new house of their Order; in a few years their number had increased to twenty-six. Their convent, a wooden building, is not far from Port Tobacco, in Maryland. Archbishop Neale, filled with zeal for the instruction of youth, has established at George-

town a community of Visitation Nuns for the instruction of girls. In a short time this community has increased so rapidly that last summer it numbered thirty-six religious. Another institution for the same object has been founded at Emmitsburg by the Abbé Dubois: the teachers and sisters have adopted and follow, as far as circumstances permit, the rule of the Sisters of Charity, who in France are principally occupied in the service of the hospitals. Some of them have gone from Emmitsburg to Philadelphia, where they have taken charge of an orphan asylum: on festival days they conduct the orphans in procession to the various churches, to the admiration and edification of the public, and also to the profit of the benevolent institution which is supported by the alms of Catholics and of generous Protestants. These same Sisters were expected in New York, to take charge of a similiar institution. Mr. Nerinckx, a most zealous priest, has founded in Kentucky a Congregation, called the Daughters of Mary at the Foot of the Cross. Finally, Mr. Thayer, a Calvinist preacher, who became a Catholic at Rome, and died not long ago in Ireland, has left funds sufficient to found in Boston, his native place, a house of Ursulines for the instruction of young girls.

#### CHURCHES AND FUNCTIONS.

The churches are unpretending structures, without ornament; frequently with galleries all around the inside in order to have more room, and the organ, if they possess one, over the main entrance, and they have only one altar. Behind or alongside the altar, there is a small sacristy, in which confessions are heard, and it is provided with a fire-place. M. Peemans, the Countess De Wolf, and Fr. Geerts, formerly a Jesuit, and other benefactors in Flanders, with a generosity equal to their zeal, have sent to America many decent and even beautiful vestments, which were much needed, and of which there is still a great deficiency. The good impression produced upon the people by sacred pictures

cannot be sufficiently described : the few that they have represent some well-known mystery in the life of Jesus Christ. The Crucifixion is the most common : they come and stand before it, deeply moved to compassion, especially rustics, and sometimes Protestants. But, unfortunately, paintings are rare, and of little artistic merit, the productions generally of non-Catholic pencils : I make particular mention of this circumstance, because the observation has been made by many, that non-Catholic painters do not succeed in imparting to their works that air of piety which helps so much to excite devotion.

I shall say nothing of the services in city churches, because they are the same as in Europe, so far as the number of priests will permit : but it will not be without interest to say something of those which are held in country churches situated at a distance from any dwelling-house, which are by far the most numerous. On Saturday, the missionary leaves his residence, and goes to take up his lodging with some Catholic living near the church. Having arrived at the house, he puts the Blessed Sacrament in some decent place, and also the Holy Oils, without which he never sets out on a journey. On the following morning he rides to the church, and ties his horse to a bush. The whole morning is spent in hearing confessions : meantime, the people from distances of four, six, ten miles, and even more, are coming in on horseback, so that often the church is entirely surrounded with horses. Mass begins towards noon ; during the celebration, those who can read make use of prayer books, and pious hymns, for the most part in English, are sung by a choir of men and women. The sermon comes after the Gospel, and it is preceded by the Gospel read in the vernacular. The preacher either reads or delivers his sermon, according to his inclination, and sometimes it is deferred until after Mass, to enable the priest to take some refreshment, which the faithful never fail to supply. There is no necessity to recommend attention, because they display the greatest eagerness to listen to the word of God. Vespers are not said, as the people live so far off and are

so scattered; and so, when Mass is over, the children recite the catechism, infants are baptized, or the ceremonies are supplied in the case of those already baptized in danger, prayers for the dead are recited or the funeral services are performed over those who have been buried in the churchyard during the absence of the priest. Finally, one must attend to those who ask for instruction in order to join the Church, or who wish to be united in the bonds of holy Matrimony.

These labors being ended, the missionary remounts his horse and goes to dine at some neighboring house: invitations are not wanting. On festival days, especially, he is informed of dangerous cases of sickness: these sick calls are the most laborious work upon the missions, whether you regard the long distances or their frequency, and sometimes there is want of discretion in these good people, who summon the priest even when there is no danger.

A Dominican Father on one occasion traveled thirty miles through the woods, in order to assist a sick woman: what was his surprise to find her well enough to mount a horse, and act as his guide to point out the way back, the return trip being thirty miles more! On these visits, it is often necessary to begin by giving conditional baptism to the sick, for they cannot tell whether they are baptized or not: the negligence of Protestants on this point is very great. Cases frequently occur of those who are not Catholics, but who wish at least to die within the bosom of the Church: they know nothing, and there is no time to impart instruction, or they are incapable of receiving it. On such occasions, after getting them to make acts of Faith, Hope and Charity, and making them understand as well as you can those truths which are necessary for salvation, you must rest satisfied, especially in the case of negroes with a *Credo quidquid Catholica credit Ecclesia*. All these functions have at times to be performed in private houses for the convenience of families too far removed from the church, and the order observed is the same same as that described above. If it be asked, how these churches are built and supported, I answer, that

it is generally done by the voluntary contributions of the faithful who subscribe a certain amount for the building. When the church is built all who wish to have the exclusive right to a seat pay a trifling amount, which helps to support the church and pastor, except in the ancient missions of the Society of Jesus. This is the custom especially in the towns and villages: in some places, the pews in the church are sold to private families, and one such sale in St. Patrick's Church, New York, in 1817, produced the sum of \$37,000. The so-called Incorporated Clergymen of Maryland hold lands by virtue of an Act of Legislature, and these lands could be made to yield a handsome revenue, if they were properly cultivated, but the means are wanting to accomplish this. With this exception, every bequest for religious purposes must be made in the name of some individual, as the laws of the country are opposed to legacies after the manner that used to prevail in Italy.

The position of a missionary in the United States will be better understood, if I note the special difficulties and the consolations which he meets with in the exercise of his ministry. I hardly consider the acquisition of the English language to be a difficulty, for in the space of about six months one can qualify himself to hear confessions and give public instruction; nor has one to contend against indifference to religion, for this evil exists there perhaps less than elsewhere; nor the civil laws, which permit complete liberty: but one of the greatest difficulties to be encountered, and experience alone can make it understood, is that one is left completely alone, and sometimes at a distance of twenty, fifty, a hundred miles and more from any other priest. Besides, one's duties are very trying, because the Catholics live so far apart, that you have to labor a great deal even to gather a little fruit and hence if new and inexperienced missionaries are not careful, they run the risk of ruining their health at the very start. Not a slight difficulty arises from the perplexing cases of conscience, which are but lightly touched upon by authors, in other respects full of information: v. g., on the state of slaves held by non-



Catholic masters, who are sometimes rabid enemies of the faith; and of masters who deny their slaves the permission required by law to contract marriage, etc. Mixed marriages cause great embarrassment and trouble: sometimes the husband hinders his wife from frequenting the Sacraments, sometimes the wife does not allow the children to be reared in the faith. This recalls to my mind an odd accident that happened to Father Francis Neale. He was baptizing a little boy in the house of a Catholic gentleman: in the middle of the ceremonies, the Protestant mother rushes into the room all in a rage, snatches the child from its god-mother's arms, and carries it off, declaring that no child of hers will ever be baptized by a priest. Cases happen when Catholic parties are married before ministers who care but little for the prohibited degrees of relationship, and nothing at all for the spiritual dispositions: but such a step is regarded as an act of apostasy, and those who are guilty of it, are not permitted to approach the Sacraments, until they have performed public penance. What causes the most grievous affliction to the good missionary is the evil conduct of some Catholics, whose lives are in contradiction with the sanctity of the faith which they profess, and who are the greatest obstacle to the conversion of others. How painful too is it to hear those who have traveled in Catholic countries speak of the profanation of Sunday, the disedifying conduct of the clergy, the want of devotion in the churches; and often also to see abandoned Catholics from Europe come to America and be guilty of the greatest scandals against religion. This is much more afflictive than the poverty which at times straitens the missionary scarcely supplied with the necessaries of life, but utterly unprovided with means to establish a school, to decorate the altar, and to help the indigent sick.

In the midst of such difficulties, God is liberal in granting many consolations to sustain his servants. It is certainly not a trifle at the present time to be able to say, as in America it could and can still be said with heartfelt gratitude:—'Here, at least, the Catholic religion is not persecu-

ted by public authority, here she enjoys peace.' The labors of some missionaries are not so constant but that they have at times entire weeks for rest, or rather, to apply themselves to prayer, their main stay and comfort, and also to study: when sickness is not prevalent, they have plenty of leisure. Besides, if they are grieved at seeing some neglect their Christian duties, this grief is often compensated by the pleasure of finding excellent families, especially in the rural districts, who although they see the priest only once or twice a year, lead eminently Christian lives, observe strictly the prescribed fasts, recite their prayers in common, unite together on Sundays for spiritual reading, and say the prayers for Mass, as if they were actually present at the Holy Sacrifice; and also by meeting some who journey over a hundred miles to comply with their Easter duties, bringing their grown-up children for Baptism, and instruction, and carrying back a handful of consecrated earth to cast upon the graves of their dead. What shall I say of the happiness one feels at the signal marks of Divine providence, when children after Baptism, or adults shortly after their conversion or after being fortified by the Sacraments, die sweetly in the peace of the Lord? What shall I say of the triumphs of grace in certain wonderful conversions? Two years ago not less than three Protestant ministers embraced the faith, and then was renewed the edifying example given in former times by Lord and Lady Warner, who after abjuring their errors and having provided for their children, by mutual consent entered into the religious state. Many examples of remarkable conversions might be here adduced, but for brevity's sake I shall limit myself to two. A Quakeress, one of the most distinguished, and, so to speak, the spiritual mistress of her sect, upon hearing that there were Catholic priests in New York, and Jesuits too at that, was fired with zeal, and took the resolution to go and convert those whom prejudice made her believe to be the worst abomination of antichrist. She soon found them, and began right away to talk such outrageous nonsense, that one of the missionaries thought it best to leave the room. The

other better acquainted with the customs of his country, listened to her with patience, replied with politeness, did not lose his temper when interrupted, and having to some extent calmed down her fury, rendered her attentive and docile to his discourse. God blessed this conversation and others which were held upon the subject of religion, she was disabused of her false notions, and finally recognized the truth and embraced it. The other example is that of a young Methodist preacher, by the name of Richard, who went in the same manner to convert the priests of St. Sulpice, in the College and Seminary at Montreal in Canada. His undertaking had excited the highest expectations amongst the members of his denomination : but, imagine their amazement, and the satisfaction of Catholics, when it became known that Mr. Richard had been converted to the faith, and afterwards became a priest, and finally professor of theology, an office which he continues to exercise with honor to the present day. I ought not to pass over in silence the very great consolation which the negroes bring to the missionary ; for amongst them, although they are poor slaves and so abject in the eyes of the world, are found chosen souls filled with such beautiful sentiments of true piety, that they move one to tears, and the missionary himself is encouraged to work for the glory of God. The frequent offering of their labors to the Lord, patient endurance of ill-treatment from hard masters, obedience for the love of God, the recitation of the beads when it is possible, these are the devotions chiefly recommended to them, and which they chiefly practise ; consequently, Catholic slaves are preferred to all others, because they are more docile and faithful to their masters.

There is reason to believe that the duties of the missionaries will in future be less arduous, because in addition to a fair number of excellent young men, native to the country, who have already entered upon an ecclesiastical career, many priests have gone to America, who will divide the labors with those who were there already. Up to the present time, there were not priests enough to attend to the

Catholics, and so, they could not be expected to devote themselves to the instruction of such as wished to enter the Church, and to the Indians who are still in ignorance of the true God. A letter written recently from Washington reports that some Indian chiefs, who had lately called to pay their respects to President Monroe, paid a visit to the neighboring college of Georgetown. These Indians manifested their joy in the most touching manner at sight of the Jesuit Fathers: they said that they had often heard their fathers speak of the Black Gowns, and they offered every inducement to persuade them to return with them to the forest, promising that their tribes would listen to no other prophet or teacher but the Jesuits. Poor people! Since the suppression of the Society, they have been deprived of all spiritual assistance.

The truth can be proclaimed freely and can triumph in America, since it has not there to contend with one of the greatest obstacles which elsewhere hinders the propagation of the Christian faith, namely, religious intolerance and the persecution of idolatrous governments. Furthermore, there are in America characters, so to speak, naturally inclined to piety and devotion, and religion will make rapid progress there, whenever it is proposed with the gentle charity which characterizes the true ministers of Jesus Christ. A person acquainted with ecclesiastical history is startled on hearing the names of certain sects, and shudders to recall the wild doctrines held by their founders, and the bloody excesses which marked their origin: but they are quite changed in our day. Many individuals, it is true, bear the evil name of those sectaries, but they are far removed from the primitive spirit of the sect. You will find them gentle in character, upright in their lives, polite in their manners (this virtue however, is more or less common to all there) towards all classes of people, whatever may be their real internal persuasions. After having conversed with many of them, and having heard their admiration for the apostolic courage of the common Father of the faithful now reigning, and their ridicule of those who even at the present day pretend that

the Pope is antichrist, one is quite surprised to hear that he has been speaking to a Quaker, a Methodist or a Puritan.

There are Protestants, however, in whose mind the mere name of Roman Catholic conjures up the horrid pictures which their preachers trace in glowing colors, and the many enormities slanderously charged upon the Catholic Church —The horrors of St. Bartholomew's, the Gunpowder Plot, the Great Fire of London, the abuses of the Inquisition ; such detestable principles as, for example, that faith should not be kept with heretics, that the priests give license to perpetrate the blackest crimes, promising to pardon them if they have a share in the spoils of theft, for instance, etc., etc. ; errors, which not only are not taught, but are abhorred and explicitly condemned by every Catholic ; stale calumnies, acknowledged to be such a hundred times by honest sectarians, but still daily repeated as unquestioned facts in conversation, in sermons, and printed books. Hence, it is no wonder that the name of Catholic is equivalent to monster in the minds of many Protestants ; for the prejudices of early education are deeply rooted. But if the genuine principles of the Church in regard to doctrine and morals be explained to them in a gentle manner, with patient and kind-hearted charity, and above all, if they become acquainted with a well-instructed Catholic of irreproachable life, they can scarcely trust themselves, and exclaim with amazement : 'Is that the teaching of the Catholic Church ? That upright gentleman is a Catholic ? How different from the idea I had formed of it !'

But it is time to stop writing upon a subject, the abundant matter of which and its interesting nature have led me far beyond the short notice that I had intended. How many reflections might here be made upon the vicissitudes of empires and nations, the advance in arts and sciences ; how many on the pretended right of interpreting the sacred Scriptures to suit individual caprice ; how many upon the contradictory liberality of those who present the Bible as the only rule of faith, and at the same time by legal enactments

impose the obligation of believing what was dictated by men who acknowledge themselves to be fallible, and who change the articles of belief to suit their whim and pleasure?

These reflections, which will present themselves to the minds of all good Christians, will induce them to pray to the Author of our Faith for the prosperity of the Church in America, and to contribute some offering for the benefit of the missions and the decoration of their churches. I do not dwell upon these reflections, because they will offer themselves spontaneously to the impartial reader of these pages; and besides, the sole object I had in view was to make known the actual condition of the Catholic Church in the United States of North America.

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## THE VICARIATE OF MANGALORE.

### I.—INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO CANARA.

It is generally believed by the Christians of Canara, that St. Francis Xavier visited this coast soon after his arrival in Goa, in 1542. Though an express mention of the Saint's visit to any place in Canara is not made by his biographers. Yet Cannanore in Malabar was fortunate enough to receive his visit. On his voyage from Cochin to Cambay, in 1544, our Saint found himself in company of a person of high rank and office, whose impiety and wicked life were a scandal even to the heathen. St. Francis always paid him great attention and seemed to court his friendship, until they arrived at Cannanore. As the vessel stayed there for a few hours, the two friends landed and walked together into a palm grove, that was near the shore. Then our Saint bared his shoulders, and began to scourge himself cruelly, until the ground was red with his blood, and the whole grove resounded with the noise of his blows. His companion asked for the cause of so severe a penance. St. Francis

told him that it was for him that he was doing all this, and reminded him that he had cost much more to his Saviour. He entreated him to give up his wicked life and to try and save his soul. The man was conquered. He knelt at the feet of St. Francis, made his confession, and was thus reconciled to God.

According to F. Sebastian do Rego, the mission of Canara was in former times cultivated by missionaries of various Religious Orders, according as the Chaplain of the Portuguese Commandants belonged to one or the other Order. Father Henry of Coimbra and seven other Franciscan Fathers landed at Angedivo on the 13th of September, 1500. They administered the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion to the Portuguese, but did not preach to the Islanders, as they were ignorant of the Ronkan language. In 1526, other Franciscan Fathers came to Mangalore. They succeeded in converting many natives, and erected, according to the testimony of Pietro della Valle, a Roman nobleman, who visited Canara in 1623, three Churches, viz. : our Lady of the Rosary, our Lady de la Misericordia, and of St Francis. The same traveler states that there were two churches within the fort of Honorè, called St. Catharina and St. Antonio. We learn from other sources that there were also four churches at Cannanore, viz. : La Misericordia, St. Francis, St. Mary of Victory, and the episcopal church.

The Franciscans were followed by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, who established themselves in Goa in 1543. They built a church at Barcelore, a seaport of Canara, under the invocation of our Lady of the Rosary. Fr. Francis Estefoni and two other Fathers of the Society attended the Portuguese army commanded in person by the Viceroy, D. Antao de Noranhor, who set sail from Goa on the 5th of Dec., 1567. The object of the expedition was to punish the Queen of Ulala who had refused to pay her tribute. The Jesuit Fathers erected three hospitals, one at Mangalore, another at Barcelore, and a third at Honorè. From 1574 to 1578, the Portuguese garrisons of Mangalore, Barcelore and Honorè were destitute of Priests. Father Ruy Vicente,

Provincial of the Society of Jesus at Goa, sympathizing with them, sent some priests who were to teach the Catechism and administer the Sacraments. The converts of these missionaries, as well as some Christian families from Goa, who about this time settled at Mangalore, Barcelore, Honorè, and other parts of Canara, favored by the powerful protection of the Portuguese Government, commanded the respect of their more numerous Hindoo neighbors, and Christianity flourished under the zealous exertions of these missionaries and the supervision of the Archbishops of Goa. One of them, Dr. Fr. Aleixo de Mineses visited Canara on his return from the Synod of Odiampur in Malabar, in 1600. These missionaries, however, were obliged to desert the mission, owing to the defeat of the Portuguese in 1603, and the state of religion became daily more and more deplorable. In 1643, there were but three churches in Canara, viz.: at Mangalore, Barcelore and Honorè, and these were without regular priests. The Christians suffered very much from the want of the Sacraments. Many had to marry without the ministration of the Pastor; many received the nuptial blessing on the very day that their children walked up themselves to be baptized.

Dom Juan IV., king of Portugal, being informed of the state of Christianity in Canara, applied to Rome for Bulls of Consecration for the Very Rev. Sebastian Gomez, Vicar foraneus of Goa. Unfortunately, the Bishop elect was already dead before the Bulls reached India. It seems that no subsequent steps were taken by the Portuguese king, to fill up the vacancy. In 1658, a Jesuit Father of the house of Spinola visited Canara. His indefatigable zeal obtained for him the name of the great missionary. In the same year, Father Vincent Mary of St. Catharine of Siena, a man of great virtue, prudence and zeal, belonging to the Carmelite mission of Verapoli in Malabar, visited Canara. At Batkul, a wealthy Musselman and friend of the Rajah of Canara, invited him to establish his mission in this country, and promised to assist and favor him and to promote his mission at Honorè. Father Vincent found there two mission-



ary priests from Banola, who had come to administer to the spiritual wants of the large number of Christians who were in that fortified place. They were Oratorians and under the jurisdiction of the Vicar Apostolic of Byapur and Gal-konda. It seems that the number of Christians at that time was about 30,000, the majority of whom were originally natives of Goa, Salcette and Bardoz. Had missionaries not been wanting a great deal might have been done for the conversion of the natives.

“The Rajah himself,” says Father Vincent, “was favorably disposed towards the Christians, publicly confessing that there is no law so just nor better regulated than the Christian law. He was a prudent, judicious man and his morals were good. He loved justice so much, that robberies and thefts were rarely heard of in his states. A traveler was perfectly secure. When anything had been stolen from any one, the community of the place where the theft had been committed were apprehended and not allowed to withdraw before the guilty person had been found out. In case the thief was not found out, the whole community had to make good the money to the owner.” The same is asserted by Vissher in his letters from Malabar, 1743. In 1660, D. Joseph Sebastiani, first Vicar Apostolic of Verapoli, on his way to Rome visited this district. Probably upon his representation of the state of Canara, the Holy See was pleased to appoint D. Thomas de Castro, Vicar Apostolic of Canara. He was a native of the island of Divar, near Goa. In his childhood he accompanied his uncle, D. Mattheus de Castro, Bishop of Chrysopolis and first Vicar Apostolic of Bombay to Rome, where he professed in the Order of Theatines. He arrived in India with the title of Vicar Apostolic, in 1674, and came to Canara in 1677, after having resided at Calicut for about three years. Disputes, however, about ecclesiastical jurisdiction between the missionary Bishop and the Archbishop of Goa, paralyzed to a great extent his own efforts as well as those of the priests sent from Goa. D. Thomas built the Church of N. Sra. dos Milagres at Mangalore, procured respect and veneration of the people

for the missionaries, obtained the liberty of Catholic worship amongst the idolaters and infidels, taught the word of God without restraint or opposition, shielded the faithful with privileges and exemptions, so that they were judged by the missionaries in all their disputes with the infidels.

## II.—FATHER JOSEPH VAS.

One of the most zealous and successful laborers during the administration of Dr. Thomas was Father Joseph Vas. He was a native of Salcette, and born on the 21st of April, 1651. He arrived at Batkul, in 1681, and began his mission with so much zeal, fervor and diligence, that hardly a Christian escaped him, were he even an inhabitant of the woods or mountains. During the four years of his residence in Canara, Father Vas traveled over a great part of the country. He usually went barefooted, and his feet were torn by stones, thorns, and continual marches. Scarcely had he finished a mission in one place, when he opened a new one in another. Very early in the morning he performed his private devotions and said the divine office. Then he gathered together the children of the village and instructed them in the Christian doctrine with notable affability and patience. This work finished, he preached and heard the confessions of all those who had recourse to him. After this he celebrated Mass and dismissed his congregation after a fervent discourse. He employed the afternoon in visiting and consoling the sick, particularly the wounded and miserable, who were the objects of his fondest care. He distributed alms among them, and dressed their putrid and loathsome wounds with his own hands. He also rescued many Christian children, who were sold by their parents, or pawned for debts. He married many of the orphans, and young virgins, who thus owed their chastity to his fostering care. He regained many Christians who had relapsed into infidelity for want of priests.

Father Vas repaired the Church of N. Sra do Rosario. He erected two churches, one at Kundapur and another at

Gangoli. He also built several chapels in various other places. He instituted Confraternities, and celebrated the public festivals of the Church with all possible pomp. After several years of arduous labor in Canara, he returned to Goa, and entered the congregation of St. Philip Neri. Shortly afterwards, he went to Ceylon, where, after converting many thousands to the faith, he died in the odor of sanctity, on the 16th of Jan., 1711.

### III.—EMIGRATION FROM GOA.

The greater number of Christians, however, were emigrants from Goa, Salcette, or Bardoz. Their number is estimated to have been about 80,000. This numerous emigration from islands converted chiefly by Fathers of the Society explains why the people of Canara have always insisted upon calling themselves the children of St. Francis Xavier, and the descendants of ancestors who were converted to the faith by members of the Society. These constant emigrations were due to the raids which Shiwagi, the founder of the Mahratta Empire, and Sambhagi, his son and successor, made upon Goa and the surrounding territory. Sambhagi's hostilities were distinguished by the most horrible barbarities, committed by the Mahratta horse and infantry who amounted to about 30,000 men. They employed the most cruel means to compel the people to reveal their treasures and to give up their money. Red hot irons were applied to the soles of their feet, oil was thrown on their clothes and ignited, the head was tied in a bag filled with ashes and dust. The people tired out at last by these cruel persecutions, and forced by famine and distress, sought refuge in the dominion of the brave kings of Bednore, capital of Canara. Under the reign of these wise, enlightened and vigorous Rajahs, security was proverbial, and a succession of never failing crops of rice precluded all fear of starvation.

On the 16th of Jan., 1763, Canara was conquered by Hyder-Ali. Previous to his reign, the Christians of Mangalore and other places were in a flourishing condition, under the

privileges and grants of land obtained from the Ikery or Bednore Rajahs. In the beginning of his reign Hyder manifested a friendly disposition towards his Christian subjects but after the capture of the Fort of Mangalore by the English Commandant, Watson, in 1768, he began to entertain suspicions against them, and accused them of infidelity to his standard. The Priests and chief members of the Christian community succeeded in persuading him, that they had held no communication with the English, nor had been in any way instrumental in the taking of the fort, and from thenceforward to the end of his life, Hyder-Ali continued to treat the Christians of Canara with much consideration and kindness.

#### IV.—REIGN AND PERSECUTION OF TIPPU SULTAN.

Quite the reverse was Tippu Sultan, son and successor of Hyder-Ali. From the earliest youth of Tippu, Hyder made no secret of lamenting that his son's intellect was of an inferior order, and his disposition wantonly cruel, deceitful, vicious and untractable. Among other follies of his youth, it was his delight to hunt the sacred bulls of the Hindoo temple, wounding and sometimes killing them with his lance, and thus outraging the feelings of the great mass of his subjects. Another time he ordered an English soldier, who had been a prisoner, but was now free, to be suddenly seized and circumcised. Hyder-Ali hearing of this put his son into confinement for some time, and forbade his courtiers to speak to him. He told him that his silly actions might one day bring the vengeance of the English nation on his house, and that Tippu would lose the Empire which he had created.

After the capture of Mangalore by the English a second time, Tippu immediately evinced his aversion and distrust of the Christians because one or two of the Christian merchants and shop-keepers had supplied the English with provisions, and the Church of our Lady of the Rosary afforded shelter to the English troops and guns which they

fired from that direction. Tippu seems to have entertained the belief that he could not keep his kingdom secure without reducing all his subjects to the Mahometan religion. The Christians, in particular, he wished to convert, considering them, on account of their religion, favorably disposed towards the European nations. To execute his iniquitous design of forcible conversion, he accused the Christians of Canara of having acted as spies and guides to conduct the English into his territories. Tippu first gave orders, that a special enumeration and description should be made and transmitted, of the houses of the Christians in each district. Detachments under trusty Musselman officers, were then distributed in the proper places, with sealed orders, to be opened and executed on one and the same day. In conformity with their instructions, twenty-one missionaries who resided in Canara were ordered out of the country. When he had got rid of the heads of the people, who might have stood in the way of his projects, he seized about 70,000 Christians, men, women and children in one and the same night, on the 25th of Feb., 1784. They were confined in various dungeons, where 500 mothers gave premature birth to their offspring on account of the shock so suddenly received. After two months imprisonment, they were finally marched to Seringapatam. During the eventful march, the Christians had to undergo many hardships. Many dropped down by the road-side, and were immediately consigned to the earth, or abandoned. The meagre countenances and the squalid forms of the remainder revealed at once the intense suffering to which they were subject. During the wearisome journey, many had consoled themselves with the cheering expectation that the end of their journey would bring them some relief. But their hopes were sadly to be disappointed. On arriving in Seringapatam they were put in a number of tents, erected for that purpose, and each capable of containing one hundred persons. When all had arrived, they numbered 80,000 souls. A few days after their arrival, small-pox, dysentery,

fever and cholera broke out, and carried off one half of their number. Consternation might be seen in every face, nothing was to be heard but cries and sobs. The disease was so universal that in a family of fifteen members more than ten would be sick at a time. Hardly had the news of the death of one member of the community been received, when another was on the point of expiring. Thus it happened that a father was not aware of the death of his sons, daughters and wife, and vice versa. A brother would go out to bury his deceased brother, and on his return he himself would be taken with fever and cholera and die. In many instances, people were not able to dig a grave for their dead relatives. In other instances they dug a grave only half a yard deep and put the body into it, and some would simply stretch the body on the ground, and cover it with a quantity of sand raised in a heap. The bodies thus interred were often exhumed by the thieves of the country, in order to steal the cloths, etc. with which they were covered when buried. On his return from Mangalore, the merciless Sultan ordered the survivors to be supplied with a quantity of old padohy (coarse rice). By partaking of this decayed food sickness again broke out amongst them to a vast extent, and the mortality was very great. At this time, many availing themselves of the darkness of the night, made good their escape; a few others succeeded in bribing the guards by paying a ransom of four rupees a head. Upon a second and third occasion, the Sultan carried off some thousand more Christians. In all cases he confiscated their property, and distributed their lands and goods among his Mahommedan subjects. The Convent and Seminary and twenty-six churches of Canara were ordered to be razed to the ground, and the Church property was confiscated. To execute the iniquitous design of forcible conversion, Tippu one day commanded his army to surround the expatriated Christians at Seringapatam. They were then pinioned and their legs tied to stakes to prevent their free use. Having thus been made powerless and resistless, they were circumcised to their sorrow and misfortune.

After inflicting so many hardships upon the Christians, within the short space of a year, they were supplied with muskets and prepared to take the field. As these selections for the army were made at four different times, none but the lame, deaf, old, and infirm were left behind. In about three months, the Sultan took them to Adoni, to attack the Maharattas and the Nizam of Hyderabad. Tippu was victorious. But as the water, as well as the grain, of the place was bad, a great number fell sick and died. At last they were ordered back to Seringapatam. In 1785, and the following years, when about two-thirds of the Christians had perished by disease, starvation and the savage cruelty of the Sultan, he attempted again to proselytize the remaining Christians to the Mahomedan religion. As they refused, they were subjected to a sound beating with sandals, shoes, whips, canes, clubs, etc. Each individual received fifty stripes. From the effects of this cruel beating a good many died. Some select persons were not flogged, but their noses and ears were cut off, and thus mutilated they were mounted on asses and made to ride all around the town. Others with a rope tied to their waist, were made to carry earth in baskets. Tippu hanged many Christians; others he ordered to be tied to the feet of elephants, to be dragged and trampled upon, till their limbs fell to pieces. He first tied up the mothers, and then suspended the children from their necks. The tyrant tried every means to make them renounce their religion, but he failed in his attempt, as he himself was forced to acknowledge. While thus leading a miserable life, the Christians recited their prayers, and read the history of the Old and New Testament by Father S. Stevens, S. J. Some of Tippu's men happening to see this, forcibly removed the books and destroyed them. These poor people were at last obliged to betake themselves to a subterranean room, and there by means of the light of a lamp they read or recited different prayers to the Lord. The news of this contrivance having reached the Sultan, he ordered them to be separated.

Tippu Sultan now went to Malabar, where he committed

the most abominable excesses (1787), especially at Calicut and Palghat. He destroyed the churches and perpetrated on both Christians and Pagans, who refused to embrace the Mahommedan faith, the same cruelties as in Canara. Elated by his constant victories and successful exploits, Tippu found out some grievances against the king of Travancore, whose territory had so far escaped the horrors of war. On this expedition, Tippu again employed many of the Christians. After reaching a certain place, he halted his army, and continued his march attended only by a few personal guards. He was surprised by the men of the Travancore Rajah, and a brisk fight began. Tippu would have undoubtedly fallen into their hands but for the presence of mind and generosity of one of his guards, a Christian, named Manuel Dias, who putting on the rich garments of the Sultan, making the latter descend from and getting himself into the Royal Polki, facilitated the escape of the Sultan, who flying for his life through valleys and ravines, at last safely regained his camp. Manuel Dias was hacked to pieces by the Travancore men, when they found out the deception (1781).

The rage of Tippu was terrible: he vowed revenge, and after three months' preparation, he attacked and overcame the king of Travancore. But as the latter was an ally of the English, Lord Cornwallis, Governor General of India took the field against Tippu. He marched upon Seringapatam, and Tippu, after several months' useless resistance was forced to sue for peace.

Tippu, next strained every nerve to form a coalition against the English, to expel them from India. Embassies were dispatched at various times to the Ottoman Porte and to the Court of Cabul, letters were exchanged with Arabia, Persia and Muscat, and agents employed at Delhi, Hyderabad and Poona, to form an alliance. Whilst Tippu was maturing his plans, stress of weather drove a French Privateer to the coast of Mangalore (1707). It had on board an obscure individual by name François Ripaud, who formed a Jacobin Club. He had an interview with Tippu, who com-



missioned him to proceed to Mauritius, to invite the Martartic Governor to join the holy war. The Governor, having not a single available soldier, issued a proclamation, dated Jan. 30th, 1798, inviting the people of the Island to join the Sultan's standards, in order to expel the English from India. Those that offered themselves were sent to Mangalore, accompanied by two officers, named Chapuis and Dubus. This brought matters to a crisis. On the 3rd of Nov. 1798, Lord Morington, then Governor General of India, called on Tippu to disavow his embassy to the Mauritius, or to prepare for war. After a month's procrastination, spent in gaining new allies for the holy war, Tippu insolently replied that he was going on a hunting expedition, and that Major Doveton might be sent slightly attended to confer with him. The Gov. General interpreting this as contempt and as a means to gain time, ordered at once the troops to march, and informed Tippu of it. The English army consisted of 20,800 men, of whom 6,000 were Europeans. To these were added 10,000 of the Nizam's cavalry, with 10,000 foot under European officers, led by Col. Wellesly and Captain Malcolm. General Harris was Commander in Chief of the combined forces.

At Sedasir, a few miles from Peripatam, the first battle was fought, March 8th. Tippu's forces, commanded by himself, were routed with the loss of 2000 men. From thence the English marched to Malavelli, twenty-six miles from Seringapatam. Here the second struggle took place, March 27th. Tippu again was beaten, and lost 1000 men. The English now advanced rapidly upon Seringapatam, and on the 5th of April they sat down before the capital. The place was very strong, the Sultan's army numerous and their valor undaunted; Tippu, consequently, refused all offers of peace or capitulation, made by the English. On the 4th of May, 1799, the scaling ladders were placed, and at two o'clock in the afternoon the attack began. The British soldiers fought like lions, and in less than seven minutes the English flag was planted on the summit of the breach. Whilst all this was going on, the Sultan was quietly taking

his dinner, persuaded that the English would never dare attempt scaling the walls during the day-time. When the news of the catastrophe was brought him, he at once mounted his charger, and tried to defend the few remaining strongholds. But the English gained point after point, and Tippu was forced to retire to the gateway leading into the inner fort, which he entered with a crowd of fugitives. A deadly volley was poured in upon them, Tippu was wounded and fell on a heap of the dead and dying. The gold buckle of his belt excited the cupidity of a soldier, who attempted to take it. Tippu snatched up a sword, and made a cut at him, but the grenadier shot him through the temple. Thus ended the mortal career of the Nero of India, the most cruel persecutor the Church has known in modern times. His death put an end to the persecution.

The fall of Seringapatam made the English masters of Canara. The 10,000 Christians that had outlived the cruel persecution were at once restored to liberty. Several families that had fled during Tippu's persecution also returned. But they were all very poor. Their property had been bestowed upon Musselmans, from whom the English government did not think it prudent to take it. Though in very indigent circumstances the Christians erected twenty-seven churches. All, even the poorest, contributed by money, labor or materials. The want of priests, however, was very great.

D. Fr. Manuel de S. Galdino, Archbishop of Goa, died on the 15th of July, 1831. Revolutionary troubles in Portugal and a disputed succession were the cause of a long vacancy of the episcopal See. On the 20th of Sept., 1836, D. Antonio Feliciano de Santa Rita Carvalho was nominated Archbishop of Goa, by Royal decree of Donna Maria II. Information had been received at Mangalore, that he was an intruder; consequently, nineteen churches of Canara withdrew from the jurisdiction of Goa, and placed themselves under the jurisdiction of the Vicar Apostolic of Verapoli, Fr. Francis Xavier of St. Anne; thirteen other chapels, erected later on, submitted to the same jurisdiction, sixteen on the contrary, recognized the jurisdiction of Goa.

Several petitions asking for the appointment of a distinct Vicar Apostolic for Mangalore were subsequently presented to the Holy See. On the 17th of Febr., 1845, Dr. Fr. Bernardino of St. Agnes was designated Bishop of Tanis and Vicar Apostolic of Canara and Malabar. Upon the death of the Vicar Apostolic in Rome, in 1853, Fr. Michael Anthony of St. Louis Gonzaga was appointed Bishop of Mennith and Vicar Apostolic of Canara and Malabar. He resigned in 1869 and was succeeded by Bishop Mary Ephrem, who was then Vicar Apost. of Quilon. Bishop Mary Ephrem died in 1872, and Rev. F. Paul became Administrator of the Vicariate. He was succeeded by Rev. F. Victor of St. Anthony, who administered the Vicariate up to the arrival of the Jesuit Fathers in January, 1879.

Bishop Michael and his successors belonged to the Carmelite Order. These good Fathers labored hard for the welfare of the mission. It is astonishing to see how much they did, notwithstanding the smallness of their number, and the difficulties which everywhere stared them in the face. In the year 1870, the Carmelite Sisters came to Mangalore, and, consequently, lodging had to be prepared for them. They were accompanied by several Sisters of the Third Order. These latter Sisters wear the habit of the Order, and follow the rule of St. Theresa, as much as is compatible with the end of their vocation, which is to teach children and to take care of orphans and sick persons. A Convent and schoolroom was erected for them at Mangalore, Cannanore and Calicut. In these two latter towns, houses and schools were likewise built for the Christian Brothers. In Calicut, they also built an orphanage, asylum and parochial residence. In Mangalore, a school-house and the Seminary of Jeppoo. Unfortunately, the number of subjects did not correspond to their zeal and the immense amount of work necessarily to be found in so large a mission. They were but six in 1878.

It was this want of a sufficient number of laborers in so large a vineyard, that determined the Holy See to transfer the mission to the Society of Jesus.

The first band of missionaries, consisting of FF. Motti, Muller, Sani and Maffei and three lay-brothers, left Naples on the 28th of Nov. 1878. They arrived in Bombay on the 2nd of Dec. Here they were joined by Very Rev. Father N. Pagani, S. J., whom the Holy See had appointed Pro-Vicar-Apostolic of the mission, and FF. Stein and Ehrle of St. Francis Xavier's College, Bombay. They arrived in Mangalore on the last day of December, 1878.

V.—PRESENT STATE OF THE VICARIATE.

The Vicariate Apostolic of Mangalore is bounded on the south by the Vicariate Apostolic of Verapoly, on the north by the Archdiocese of Goa, on the east by the Ghauts and on the west for upwards of 300 miles by the sea. It varies in breadth from east to west, between 40 and 60 miles. It comprises a portion of the Collectorate of Malabar from Ponany to Mount Delhi, and the whole of the Collectorates of Canara. The total population amounts to about three millions and a half. The Catholic population is 65,000 souls, of whom 38,500 belong to the jurisdiction of the Vicar Apostolic, and about 26,500 to the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Goa.

The number of churches is 40. There are at present 10 Fathers of the Society of Jesus; they are helped by 28 secular priests, nearly all natives of the country. In the 29 schools, nearly 2000 children receive elementary instruction, at an expense of about 9000 rupees a year. Education is, indeed, the matter which occupies our thoughts most. Middle, and high, and, in many places, even elementary education is almost entirely in the hands of Pagans. To counteract the baneful influence of these schools, and to foster sound Christian education, it will be necessary to establish several new schools all over the Vicariate, and to erect at least one College, where middle and higher education will be imparted. Mangalore seems to be marked out by divine Providence as such a place. It is the most central town of the mission and the seat of the Vicar Apostolic,

The number of Christians in or about the town is about 13,000. Nearly all of them are of the Brahmin caste, and belong to very respectable families. They were known and respected, historians say, even in the time of Hyder-Ali, for their superior industry, uprightness, intelligence and courteous manners. The moral excellence of their character, their perseverance especially, showed itself during the persecution of Tippu Sultan. They also gave proof more than once of their generosity, nor have they degenerated in this respect at the present day. They have come forward of their own accord and offered to give each one-twelfth of one year's income for the erection of a college. But the sum thus to be realized will be far from sufficient to defray the expenses of the building. The work and material are very dear in this part of the country, and workmen have to be got from a great distance. Add to this that the people of all the other parts of the Vicariate are generally poor, and one will understand our well-grounded fears, of not being able to carry on so laudable, and, at the same time, important and necessary a work, for want of sufficient funds.

The total expenses of the mission for missionaries, Priests, churches, schools and seminaries are about 24,000 rupees. The income from the Propagation of the Faith and Holy Childhood Association, etc. is about 14,000. Thus there is every year a deficit of 10,000 rupees. To this must be added the expenses necessitated by the erection of new buildings, etc.

But whilst we are thus kept back by want of means, our adversaries are doing their work. The members of the Basle Evangelical Missionary Society are straining every nerve.

A few words about this Society may not be out of place here. It was founded in 1815, in the city of Basle, Switzerland. The missionaries are members of different churches at home, and are often of different creeds, "Lutherans, Calvinists and Zwinglians, work together for one end," says one of their number, viz. 'to plant Christ and sound Chris-

tian principles in the hearts of the Hindoos.' How this can be done in such a diversity of opinion, we leave the reader to judge.

In 1833, on the renewal of the charter of the East India Company, India being opened to settlers from other countries, the B. E. M. Society resolved to establish a mission there, and in 1834 sent out three missionaries who arrived in Mangalore on the 30th of Oct., 1834. The mission was reinforced, in 1836, by four, and, in 1839, by five new arrivals. In 1837, Dharwar was taken up as a second station, and in 1839, Tellicherry in Malabar as a third. Cannanore was taken up in 1841, Calicut in 1872, Udapi in 1854, etc. The Evangelical Mission at present extends over a strip of country of about 400 miles in length, has twenty stations, employs 65 missionaries and 66 catechists. It has 65 schools, and 24 seminaries in which about 106 male or female teachers are employed. The total of last year (1878) amounted to 206,211 rupees, about \$103,105. Besides this, they have several industrial and mercantile establishments. There is in Mangalore, the head-quarters of the mission, a printing press and a book and tract depository. The first turns out a large number of heretical books in Canarese, Tulu, Malagalore and English. Several colporteurs are employed to distribute these books all over the country.

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## BRAZIL.

*Letter from Father R. M. Galanti.*

ITU, May 28th, 1882.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER,  
P. C.

I hope you have already received my letter of last March, wherein I spoke to you of our College at Itu. In this present letter, let me say a few words about our building, and the results obtained in study and in the advancement of religion.

Some few years are yet required before our building can be completed. The increasing number of students who patronized us compelled us to extend the College building to twice its original size, and soon we will be enabled to receive at least five hundred boys. The building is in shape, quadrilateral; three stories high, and about one hundred and fifty feet long, by forty-five in breadth, well worthy of admiration for its architectural design. The study-hall and refectory alike elicit the praise of all who inspect them. In addition to our College building, we are furnished with an excellent bathing-place, excellent play-grounds, and an extensive property.

The tuition fees of the boys are abundantly sufficient to defray all our expenses; and in the work of building, we are greatly assisted by our three good lay brothers, one of whom is a mason, the second a carpenter, the third a capital painter and architect.

The method we pursue in teaching, met, at the outset, with great disfavor. Wishing to impart to the boys a thoroughly literary education, according to the Ratio Studiorum, we had to combat the desires of the people at large, who want their children to learn superficially a little of everything, and that in the shortest time possible, and with the least imaginable labor to themselves. It is a common thing

to hear such questions as the following proposed to us: "How many weeks does it take a boy here to get his rhetoric? How many for his philosophy? If he gives an hour each day to the study of the English language, wont he be all right in six months?" Thus, a boy of middling talent and studying so as not to injure himself, can, during the course of one year, at one of the country schools, prepare three, four or even five of the subject matters of examination for entrance into the University. Thus, you can easily see, how depreciated was *our* method of training, and we earnestly considered how we might gain the favor of the people. Finally we decided upon a sort of compromise. Keeping, in the main, to our old classical method, we yielded, in a few points, to the country's fashion, and in this way, thanks to God, we have crept gradually into favor, silenced our former detractors who are converted, in some cases, into eulogists, and have won for ourselves, the palm, in teaching. Indeed, it is now universally conceded, that the boys who are best prepared for the University course, are they who come from our hands, and the important positions which many of the graduates from our College now hold in the province, caused a rapid increase in the number of our students, so that our greatest difficulty is to find room for the great numbers.

Another cause for our steadily increasing popularity is the system of discipline and morality which we pursue. We found that the boys who came to us, instead of joining in the games, separated into little knots of threes and fours, and indulged commonly in scurrilous conversations. To prevent this, we had recourse to two little inventions. First, an order was issued, by which all who refused to take part in the common sports, were commanded to keep strict silence during the recreation times. Secondly, we instituted a sort of bank. From this bank, the authorities of the College issued for the boys, money-papers in francs, with which the students may purchase several objects offered for sale at a public auction held by the College three or four times a year. These objects were generally, fruits, confectionary, wines,



as also objects of devotion, such as : pictures, statues, roses, crucifixes and such like. The transactions of the bank were regulated by a fixed rule : to obtain these money-orders, the boys must be conspicuous for an earnest part in the games, in their studies, and in their general deportment. Fines are, moreover, exacted from those who refuse to signalize themselves in the play-ground and at their desks.

We were not left, however, to reap our success without some opposition. Our enemies accused us of opening a bank without legal authorization, and for a time we had to contend against this new calumny ; but soon this detraction died away through want of general support, and peace and greater glory was ours. The plan was energetically carried out, and all the Fathers acted in unison, and the happiest results have followed from it. During the time of recreation, all the boys are either engaged in play, or busy at some occupation ; pernicious conversation is banished ; they apply themselves to study afterwards, and are more content than at any time before.

Meantime, how is religion faring here ? Of course it is not advanced as much as we could wish ; but all things considered, we have scarce any cause for complaint. We have many colleges about the country. In Rio Janeiro alone we have about two hundred, and throughout the interior of Brazil it would be difficult to find a single town without either one or several colleges. But if I must credit report, very few of these houses of education retain a high standard for morality. In these institutions, prayer for the most part is forgotten, the holy sacrifice of the Mass is seldom offered, religious instruction is unheeded and rarely given, but bad books and worse newspapers are freely read by the students. This picture cannot but seem exaggerated to them who have not examined into the matter, but it is far from being so.

In our College, if the boys did nothing better than receive some religious instruction, learn how to make their confessions, go to Holy Communion, say their prayers, and follow a truly Christian line of conduct during the years of

study, a great good would have been accomplished by our labors. And in the beginning, we could scarcely hope for even this much, such were the difficulties we met with from every side. But, thanks be to God, we have done a great deal more. They persevere in this good course even after they have left the College and become good members of society. Those of our graduates who have entered the University are doing well. Two of our boys are now in the Seminary and about to receive Holy Orders; ten have entered the Society and more are soon to follow their example.

I could say much in praise of those from among them who have become Jesuits, but as it is not prudent to praise the living, I will omit any eulogistic narration of their deeds. Nevertheless I cannot omit to make mention of one of their number, who died in Naples two years ago, but I will reserve my account for my next letter, which I hope I shall be able to send you very soon.

Your humble servant in our Lord,

F. RAPHAEL M. GALANTI, S. J.

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## DEMERARA.

*Letter of Father Casati to Father Charles Piccirillo.*

DEMERARA, PLAISANCE, EAST COAST,

May 8th, 1882.

REV'D AND DEAR FATHER,  
P. C.

Please accept my warmest thanks for your kind gift received to-day. The books are especially welcome, for my young people delight in pious reading. The devotion to the Sacred Heart has already borne fruit among my flock. Last month we received from France a beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart; your generous supply of Messengers will help on the good work.

There came to us at the same time a statue of the Angel Guardian, so you see how timely is the coming of the little books treating of devotion to the angels.

The progress of our little Society of St. Aloysius, for boys and girls, comforts me very much. More than thirty of the boys are making, without a word from me, the devotion of the Six Sundays, and approach the Holy Table every month.

In the observance of Pentecost, a custom which took its rise in our colleges in Italy finds favor with my devout Portuguese. Seven or more persons direct the arrangements for the feast. With a beautiful silver crown, called the crown of the Holy Ghost, and bearing aloft two dove-crowned poles, these persons make the rounds of the Catholic houses. You would marvel at the love and veneration with which the Portuguese kiss the emblems, and welcome these envoys of the Holy Ghost; and at their generosity in giving money for the coming celebration. On the feast-day, Solemn High Mass is celebrated in the church. In some large house an altar is made ready, brilliantly lighted

and exquisitely adorned. In this same house a splendid banquet is partaken of by twelve poor persons, who likewise receive, each one, a new suit of clothes; they are waited on by the first people of the place, the Bishop, pastor, and sometimes by the magistrates (Protestants!). Besides the bidden twelve, a hundred or more poor folk make merry on the good cheer. An ox is roasted whole for the guests, to say nothing of the poultry and other good things prepared and sent in. What remains is carried to the homes of those too bashful or too sick to come.

On the 26th of June we shall keep the feast of the patron of our poor little church. I say *poor* because we owe \$600 on it, and because it is of wood and unfinished. Yet for all that, I assure you, it looks very pretty when lighted up, and decked out in its best.

I would like to get from Rome the body of some saint to place under the altar of our church. As you know how, when and whom to ask, I am sure you can help me much in my quest. I am poor: so I cannot give much. I dare not think of a figure in wax; the bones, and tokens of martyrdom will be enough. With them I can instruct my people. Now that so many churches at home are sold at auction, don't you think that *Liberal* Italy could spare us a saint?

With kindest remembrances to my friends at Woodstock and Baltimore, I remain,

Your Servant in Christ.

LUIGI CASATI, S. J.

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## INDIAN MISSIONS.

### THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

#### ATTANAM, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

I.—*Letter of Father J. M. Caruana to Father Cataldo,  
Superior General of the Mission.*

Your Reverence is well aware of the hardships inseparable from missionary life with its wearying toils and labors, and of the dangers to be encountered on lonely journeys and in dealing with the savages. But these dangers and hardships are counterbalanced by consolations which sweeten the toil of the journey, and reconcile one to the life of an Indian camp. A European may wonder, perhaps, when he reads that only two or three hundred confessions are heard in a couple of months at one of our residences; and as this is oftentimes only the work of a single day with him in many cities of Europe, he may be inclined to judge that our missionaries have an easy time. Let him, however, take into account the trouble which it frequently costs to hear one confession with us, and wonder will be changed into sympathy. There are only two Fathers at this mission (Attanam, St. Joseph's) in charge of a territory three hundred miles long by two hundred and fifty in width; futhermore, the same Fathers attend to all the Indians from the Kitlitas to the Okinagan, which adds a district fully sixty miles square to the above-mentioned territory; and as these Indians are broken up into small tribes and scattered all over the country, it entails great and constant labor to visit them with the regularity which their spiritual wants demand. To these we must add the care of the white settlers, whose numbers are constantly increasing to the south of the mission, in which direction all the lands have been cleared of Indians, who have withdrawn to the north, and

are gathered upon the reserve lately secured to Moses by the United States Government.

Allow me, just here, to suggest the propriety of having some Father among the Northern tribes at Nticlika: from that point he could pay them frequent visits, which cannot easily be done from here, on account of the distance, and in winter on account of the snow-drifts. I am very much afraid, as I have declared to you on a former occasion, that if we do not take timely precautions, the Protestants will obtain control over those Indians, since they belong to the reserve of Moses. As we cannot neglect the Whites so long as we retain these missions, four or five Fathers would be needed here: with this number I hope that the missions would be well attended to, and that care would be taken of all the population, whether White or Indian. I could then divide the Fathers, assigning to one of them the entire charge of the Kichita<sup>l</sup> Valley, with the Indians of the Columbia around Celilo; a second would attend to this place, to Yakima City, the schools and the Indians of Simcoe; a third would have charge of the Indians and Whites of Kittilash, where the greater portion of our Catholic Indians reside; two other Fathers, or at least one, should have charge of the tribe of Winashes as far as the Okinagan inclusively, and they would spend the greater part of the year in traveling from one place to another. Their residence could be fixed near the boundary of the Reserve, on this side of Lake Chilen, at Natelve, as Father Grassi thinks that to be the best place for such a purpose.

The great question is, where are these Fathers to come from, to aid so many poor abandoned savages? Would that the spirit of St. Francis Xavier were mine, and I should write burning letters, and inflame the hearts of many among our young Fathers in Europe with divine love and zeal for souls lost in such numbers through want of evangelical workmen. Certainly they would petition for these missions, if they understood our great need of strong and zealous laborers, and the abundance of the harvest now ripe for the gathering. But whilst warmly soliciting them to

come and help us, it would be well to caution them to make ample provision of virtue in order to encounter dangers and hardships of every kind.

God, however, sends abundant consolation for the solace and encouragement of the missionary. It is almost beyond belief how great a change for the better is wrought in an Indian, when he has once been gained over to our holy Religion: what piety, fervor, and constancy in the faith! The characteristics of the savage, however, will still appear in his manner of acting and thinking. It happened to me one day to arrive at an Indian camp early in the morning, and all the people quickly flocked around me. After the accustomed greetings, I began the prayers, instructions, etc. Next day at early dawn, all came to the public prayers, which are those that are usually recited during the time of Holy Mass; this exercise was followed by the ordinary instruction. After this was ended, I would have taken some little refreshment, as tired nature stood sorely in need of it. But how could I abstain from appeasing the hunger of these poor souls eager for spiritual nourishment? Without delay, and still fasting, I began a full day of missionary work, occupied without intermission in instructing, advising, visiting the sick, administering Baptism, hearing confessions, etc. These duties succeeded one another until pretty late at night, and then I asked the chief, a fervent, well-informed man, to continue the instruction of five adults who were being prepared for Baptism on the morning, and thus I should have a chance to get something to eat before midnight. The chief was amazed and scandalized. "Are not you," said he, "the Black Robe who taught us to take care of the soul first, and afterwards of the body?" I answered with a smile: "You know very well that I have not tasted food of any kind for more than twenty-four hours, and that if I prolong my fast any further, I shall not be able to-morrow to labor for souls, as I am now thoroughly exhausted by my journey, and long fast and want of sleep." "That's true enough," answered the chief, "I see now how thick-headed and unreasonable I have been." With this remark he went away, but soon

returned, and said to me: "Here is my supper; make a good meal, and then take a rest to recover strength for to-morrow." Having then made a sign to the Indians to depart, they left me to myself, and I was enabled to take a little food and rest. Meantime, the chief took charge of the neophytes, and, as I learned afterwards, they received instruction in his lodge during the whole night: on the following morning, as I found them sufficiently disposed, they were admitted to Baptism. I have had the consolation to see them become fine fervent Catholics, whilst before their conversion they had been addicted to drinking and vice.

Every day we have palpable experience of the necessity of conforming to the advice of our Lord when he says: *Patentia vobis necessaria est.* The Indian's mind is superficial, and without great patience nothing can be obtained from him, but when one shows fatherly tenderness towards him he easily becomes a docile and obedient child. Let us give an instance of this. One day I arrived at the chapel of Namen beyond Kickitash, on my visit to the northern Indians; shortly after my arrival, a Catholic young man, who seemed to be by himself, came to visit me, and made his confession. Having finished with him, I gave myself up to the ordinary occupations of the camp, when at a pretty late hour of the evening, the same young man presented himself and said that he had come to accompany me to an Indian lodge, where a boy of seven or eight years, the child of infidel parents, was dying without Baptism. I set out on the spur of the moment, and traversed the twenty miles of distance at the greatest speed. Having reached the place where the sick child was lying, I found him in proximate danger of death, but to my intense sorrow, the parents absolutely refused to permit me to baptize him. Despairing of success in my desire, I was about to leave the place, when a woman approached me and said: "Black Robe, I have four children not yet baptized, and I think that your visit to this place is providential, in order that they may be made partakers of that great happiness. If the parents of this



boy are so cruel towards their offspring, I am only the more confirmed in desiring this grace for my children." Her husband began to manifest opposition, but the woman said with extraordinary firmness: "I am pleased at this opposition, for it will be to the profit of my soul to be separated from you, seeing that you wish to lead me and my children along with yourself into perdition, I am a Catholic: up to this present moment, I have concealed this fact for your sake; but now I want my children to receive Baptism, and I shall go to the chapel to make my confession, and shall begin to practise my religion, and if you wish to live with me, you must take the steps to have yourself baptized, as soon as the Black Robe leaves this spot." The poor man was dumbfounded, but the zeal of this good woman obtained for me an opportunity to baptize the sick boy, who by the divine mercy, as soon as he had received the sacrament, began to grow better, and as this improvement was manifest to all, it caused several conversions.

I was obliged to be at the chapel on the next day, so I took to the road anew. I could not obtain a guide, and as I was not acquainted with these places, it is no wonder that I went astray. What was to be done? I could only recommend myself to the guidance of my Angel Guardian, and dropping the reins I allowed my horse to go wherever he wished; after three o'clock in the morning, I arrived by ways unknown to me in the neighborhood of the chapel, blessing the Lord for his goodness in my regard. I could mention many mishaps of this kind: I shall always remember the occasion in which I was lost for two whole days and three nights, without provisions, without anything, and a terrible snow-storm raging.

As I have spoken of the obedience and confidence displayed by the poor Indians towards the Black Robe, I shall cite one example of a prodigy effected by these qualities. I was called to assist a dying Indian, who in the opinion of the doctors, and according to all appearances, could not live beyond midnight. I heard his confession as well as I could, by signs rather than words, as he could not speak without

painful effort. I administered Extreme Unction, and then I went to a neighboring lodge to take some rest, recommending those who were waiting upon him to come and tell me of any change for the worse. As I was leaving the lodge, some of the bystanders remarked that the dying man regarded me with eyes brimful of tears. Being informed of this, I returned to ask him if there were anything which troubled him: he told me with a great effort, that he did not wish to die before having received Holy Communion. Knowing the impossibility of making him swallow the smallest particle, I told him to beg of our Lord that he might be able to come next day to the public prayers at the chapel, and that I would give him Communion at the Mass. To the surprise of all, on the following day, he caused himself to be carried to the chapel, and after receiving Holy Communion, he went away sound and strong, without any appearance of sickness; and when I went to see him shortly after, I found him busy at work. I asked him how he had recovered so promptly and so completely from such a severe sickness. He replied: "Are not you the Black Robe who directed me to come to the chapel for Holy Communion? After that I felt well and strong as, of course, I had expected."

Such consolations are not always granted, nor would it be reasonable or useful to look for them. The virtue of patience must often be called into play. I was once summoned in haste to a person who was said to be in great danger of death, at a distance of sixty-five miles from the residence, and, consequently, I started without delay, faking only the ritual and the holy oils. We traveled at full speed so long as the little path was visible, and after a few hours of rest, at the first break of day we were again in the saddle. A wide stream had to be crossed, and the only means of passage was a frail bark canoe, which split open in the very middle of the river, and this obliged us to swim the rest of the way. Having reached the further bank, I remounted to continue the rest of my journey, and as soon as I arrived at the place, I went in search of my sick man — and found

him strong and hearty. He remarked with a smile: "I thought that I was going to die, but, feel well now." The case would have been more striking, if he had not been at home for my call, and such a cure is not unique in my experience: most true is it, *patientia nobis necessaria est*. Instances of this kind are plentiful, for the poor Indians have a great dread of dying without the Sacraments; but after they have been fortified with them, a perfect calm takes possession of their soul, and they are fully resigned to the will of God. It is most consoling to assist them in their dying moments, and in the far greater number of cases we can say to ourselves: *Fiant novissima mea horum similia*.

In conclusion, I appeal to the ardent zeal of Your Reverence, and beg you to write letters filled with the fire of charity to inflame the zeal of our Fathers in Europe, to come to our aid, or rather, I should say, to the aid of so many souls that are perishing through want of those who may break to them the bread of the divine word.

Ræ Væ Servus in Xto,

J. M. CARUANA, S. J.

## II.—MONTANA, ST. IGNATIUS' MISSION.

### *Letter of Father J. Bandini to Father Cataldo.*

Without any preamble, I shall proceed to narrate some facts, from which it will already appear how tender and solicitous is heavenly bounty in regard to these poor Indians. Last January, a certain woman came to me and said: "Father, go to such a place, fourteen miles from the residence, and you will find a man at the point of death: he is not yet a Christian, but he desires to receive Baptism."

As soon as it could be done, I was on my way. A strong, piercing cold wind was blowing at the time, and some savages whom I passed on the road were riding with their shoulders turned towards the heads of their horses. I reached the place where the reported sick man lived, and made several inquiries, but no one could tell me anything

concerning him. Finally, after long and fruitless search, I myself saw an Indian pass from one lodge to another, who, if not in danger of death, had certainly the appearance of a man in very bad health. I told him that I had come for him, and that such a person had informed me that he had desired me to come and see him. He answered that he had not sent for me, nor had he spoken to anyone of a wish to see the Black Robe, or of a desire to receive Baptism. I told him that, in any event, my journey of twenty-eight miles on so cold a day was not to be for nothing, and that in the whole affair I recognized the designs of Providence. I then asked him if he had ever at any time wished for Baptism, and he said that he had; but he had some difficulties, which were promptly and completely removed by my explanations: and as I found him ready for Baptism, I administered it to him before the evening. Towards the end of winter, this good *Ægidius*, for this was the name given to him in Baptism, went on foot to a camp thirty-six miles away, but he had scarcely reached it before he fell sick, and went to heaven, as it pleases me to hope.

Last winter, I baptized a Nez Percé youth, about eighteen years of age, named *Nep-tez-ta-kanim*. He was a stout young man and in perfect health. Hardly a month had elapsed after his Baptism, before he grew sick, and he died in less than three days, exhorting his mother and all his relatives and companions to receive holy Baptism and to love the prayer of our Lord Jesus Christ. Fortunate young man! of whom we can truly say: *Raptus est ne malitia mutaret intellectum ejus.*

I was one day traveling over the hills where these Indians obtain their supplies of bitter roots, when I perceived coming towards me an old man of the nation of the *Kottonesi*, who told me that he had been ordered by his chief to beg me to have pity on his people, and to go and hear their confessions. I answered him, that after I had visited the *Kalispels* who were scattered through that section of the country, I should go to his camp. The zeal of the old man in executing his commission, and the trouble that it entailed

upon him were pleasing in the sight of God, and his recompense was speedily decreed. Next year, under similar circumstances, I happened to be in the same neighborhood, when a messenger from the same chief met me and begged me to go to his village without delay, because the good old man was dying, and was earnestly asking for a priest. It was not possible to reach him that day, and traveling by night was out of the question, as the road was very bad and led through many dense woods; so I was obliged to wait until the next day. It is not easy to describe the consolation of the poor dying man, and his gratitude expressed in the warmest language towards our Lord who had granted the prayer that he might die assisted by the Black Robe. I administered the Last Sacraments, and he continued imploring pardon for all his faults, and on the following day the good old man rendered up his soul to his Creator.

Another case not less consoling, and one that compensates a hundredfold for all our labors in the exercise of the ministry, was the closing scene in the life of the Sutolesi chief, Polotkan, who had belonged to the Protestant church. He was encamped about eleven miles from our Mission, and was dangerously ill. We must premise here, that we were in the month of May, sacred to the honor of our Lady, and this devotion is widely spread and practised among our Indians. As the news of his death was momentarily expected, one of the Fathers recommended our Indians to pray to the Blessed Virgin for the conversion of Polotkan. I started immediately, and during the night I reached the encampment of the sick chief, and directed all the Catholics of the camp to recite the Rosary for the conversion of the dying man. The Indians, not through want of faith in the intercession of our Lady, but with their accustomed simplicity, answered me that the affair was hopeless, because their poor chief was too obstinate, and filled with prejudice against the Catholic name and faith. Still, notwithstanding their persuasion to the contrary, in obedience to my order they began the recitation of the holy Ro-

sary. I betook myself speedily to the sick man's lodge, and the first thing I did was to offer him the miraculous medal of the Immaculate Conception : then, little by little, I made progress in gaining over his heart, which up to that moment had been so estranged from our religion ; and in a short time, the power of divine grace effected a complete change, conquered and subdued him to such a degree, that I was able to baptize him on that very night. On the following day I had time to prepare him for his first and last Communion, which he received in a manner that was most edifying to all the bystanders : and thus, fortified with all the consolations of our holy religion, he went to thank his Benefactress in heaven.

The common saying, that in this world there is no rose without its thorn, is only too true, and in the exercise of our ministry we have daily experience of it, but with this difference, that our roses are fragrant beyond measure, whilst the thorns are very sharp. I have an example to my purpose. An unfortunate young man had formed an illicit connection, and I had for some time tried over and over again to come across him, but all my efforts to meet him had been in vain. He came to the church at Christmas ; I was soon informed of the fact, and I sent a messenger to tell him that I wished him to come and see me. The poor youth did not comply with my request, and he little suspected that it was the last invitation of grace calling upon him to abandon the way of perdition. It was only a few days after this, that he took part in a game which was not entirely innocent, and which lasted until late in the evening. On returning to his lodge, he felt himself suddenly indisposed. Next day, towards nightfall, he sent for me, but as I had no horse at the time, I was obliged to defer my visit until the following morning. I left the Residence very early next day, and when I was within two miles of his house, I met a young man who stopped me, and inquired where I was going. "I am going to see Francis," I answered ; "Francis is dead," he replied. My grief at this news may be easily imagined. Nevertheless, I continued on my way, and having reached the house,

I inquired into all the particulars of the sad event. They assured me of the desire which the poor young man had manifested to be reconciled to God, and that when he could no longer speak he began to mark upon a stick the number of weeks that had elapsed since his last confession. So I have grounds to hope that the divine mercy had compassion upon his poor soul, and that the infinite goodness and charity of God was displayed towards him, so that in presence of death he had been touched with sincere and efficacious sorrow for his sins. The attending circumstances, as you may well believe, supplied me with abundant matter for a fitting discourse to the partner of his guilt, who was there present, and my words animated by divine grace brought about her conversion which has been sincere, persevering and exemplary.

Yours in Christ,

J. BANDINI, S. J.

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## K A N S A S .

*Letter from Father Ponziglione.*

OSAGE MISSION, NEOSHO CO., KANSAS,

July 1st, 1882.

REV. DEAR FATHER,  
P. C.

The Indian question has in our days become the subject of general debate. Pamphlets, periodicals, newspapers, and novels treat of it; one hears of it in the halls of Congress as well as in the shops of cobblers; the school-masters, the lawyers, the preachers, all have something to say either about the education of the Indian youth, or about the treatment of the nation at large, some favoring their civilization, others advocating their total extermination, and what is most wonderful, some of those who make the most noise about this question, do not know what an Indian is!

Now, according to the old saying, "tractant fabrilia fabri," I think that after having some thirty-one years' experience amongst the Indians I have as much right to tell my opinion about them as anybody else.

Though my dealing has been almost exclusively with the Osages, yet, at different intervals, I came in contact with many other tribes of our western Indians, and judging on an average, I can say that the Indian is a man like the rest of mankind, who if well treated is docile and easily satisfied; he is perfectly submissive to authority, and rather inclined to be religious, and I am confident that we could to-day have in North America, Indians of industry, pious, and self-supporting, as at the opening of the last century were to be found in the famous reductions of Paraguay, if justice would be done to them, and the promises made to them in most solemn treaties were kept.

The Osages as a nation are yet wild, and are what we generally call blanket Indians, because they refuse to adopt white people's clothes; yet they are good-natured, peaceful, and would prove industrious farmers were they only properly assisted. Before the late war, they were living around this mission, and they were doing wonderfully well. Father John Schœnmakers advised them to farm, and though a great many would not follow his advice, yet some did and went to work. As a matter of course, the Father had to supply them with tools, teams, wagons, ploughs, etc.; he had to help them for a while to put up their fences, their cabins, to break and sow their fields, and the like; but in a very short time, the Indians could do all this by themselves, and the crops they were raising along the Neosho river below this mission showed that they would soon have become comfortable farmers had not lawless bands of guerillas, nay even of regular troops, burned their improvements!

They had begun to do so well that we would buy from them corn as well as beeves for the support of this institution which at that time was very large. The beauty of all this was that their farms did not cost a single dime to their treasury. Father John Schœnmakers was amongst them



as the head of a large family, taking care of them all. He was their steward, advisor, doctor, lawyer, and judge, in a word he was all that a man could be. They were happy, though their anxieties did amount but to a trifle. To encourage them to work Father Schœnmakers would make them work in our fields, or cut cord-wood for our use; he would send them to haul for us, and would always pay them more than was due for their labor. The good Father went so far as to give them \$5.00 for one thousand rails, and once they had cut them he allowed them to keep them for themselves.

But since the Osages by their last treaty sold to the U. S. Government all the land they had in Kansas, no less than nine thousand acres, a large annuity became due to them, and since that time the nation's expenses have increased to an enormous amount. Before this last treaty, when their treasury was nearly empty, they had but one agent managing everything without any assistant, and this officer was considered quite sufficient for their need, though the Osages, at that time, numbered at least three times as many as they are now. In those days, the agent lived in a very common house, generally with no other staff than his wife and children; he was seldom in need of a secretary. Now however that they have dwindled away to hardly fifteen thousand, all counted, they have agent, sub-agents, secretaries, commissaries, sheriff, police, doctors and farmers, so that their Agency has the appearance of a regular town. Can you imagine what has caused this great change? I will tell you. By the last treaty mentioned a little while ago, more than nine millions of dollars became due to them by the U. S. Government. This explains the whole problem without any need of much calculation; and now the good Osages are like orphans, and all these useless employes are like guardians fattening on their treasury, while quite a number of families of this good people not only are in destitution, but are suffering real need.

To read the annual reports made up by these agents, especially since the Osages have been taken from our charge,

they are improving wonderfully. Would you, however, accompany me but once to visit their dilapidated wigwams you would be bound to acknowledge that the facts deny such statements, and the real truth is that to-day the poor Osages are no more advanced in their civilization than they were thirty years ago.

I stated that the Indians are generally submissive to authority, and this is particularly true of the Catholic Indians, who have an unbounded respect for the Black Gown as they call the priest, whom they really consider as a minister of the Great Spirit. To illustrate this assertion I will relate what some years ago happened to one of our Father's, who was very successful with them, though on this occasion perhaps he was not sufficiently prudent.

This good Father was trying to check the vice of intemperance amongst our Indians, and used all imaginable means to prevent whiskey to be brought to the village. One day, being told that a certain Indian had gone to Missouri and was expected to return with some whiskey, the Father resolved to watch the man at his arrival, and not allow the liquor to get in. So no sooner did he see the Indian coming with a small keg under his arm, than he went to him directly, and attacked him, saying: "Give up that keg to me;" but the Indian thought too much of his treasure, and would not surrender-under any consideration; so here began the struggle. Both grappled together swinging this way and that way, till at last, missing their foot-hold, both fell to the ground, and in falling the Indian dropped his keg. Here the Father noticing that the chances of the war were on his side, at once gave a powerful kick to the bottom of the keg bursting it, and spilling all the liquor on the ground: the contest was over.

You cannot form an idea of what were the feelings of that Indian when he realized that all his whiskey was gone! He folded his blanket around himself, and stood straight with the gravity of a Roman Senator looking on the theatre of the war, repeating with excitement short Indian expressions equivalent to those words of the old poet,

"O suavis anima quæ tantum mittis odorem,"

then addressing the Father said "if you were not the Black Gown, I would kill you on the spot," and certainly he would never have been so easy with anybody else; but he knew the character of the Black Gown, and this was enough to make him check his passion.

The Osages as well as all these western Indians have a great respect not only for the priest, but even for anything concerning our holy religion, though but simple crosses, holy pictures, medals, and above all prayer-beads, nay the wearing of these is equivalent, I would say, to a profession of our faith. Some time ago, in traveling through the forests of the Indian Territory, I met a stranger Indian. Wishing to know whether he was a Catholic or not, I addressed him in the Osage language, but he could not understand me; then I spoke to him in the general language, namely by signs, and he understood me very well, for having looked at me for a few seconds, he opened his shirt on his breast, and showed me the prayer-beads he was wearing. You may imagine how happy I felt at that moment! I then took my cross from my vest and showed it to him, he smiled, and giving me a strong hand-shake, off he went.

Some years ago, a party of Osages was out on a hunting expedition in the Caddo Reservation, about two hundred miles south-west of the mission, when one day about sunset an Osage horse-hunter came in from the plains bringing the news, that a band of Comanches was coming down along the Washita river, and "likely," said he, "they will attack us early in the morning." The chief of the Osage party, hearing this, soon gave his orders, that every man should be ready to start before day-break to meet the enemy. You hardly can form an idea of the bustling which at once takes place! Every one is at work, the boys gallop after their horses, some of the men are sharpening their cutlasses and tomahawks, others are pointing their javelins, these are fixing their bows and arrows, the few who have guns load them with heavy cartridges, and some are packing dry meat to suffice them for two days rations;

meanwhile that all this is going on a dispute arises about who should wear the prayer-beads.

There happened to be in this band of Osages a young brave who had one of them, and the chief thought that he himself had the right to wear it during the expedition, but the owner would not give it up. At this all insisted that the chief should have it, for, being the leader of the band, he needed more protection. Hearing this the young brave declared that Father John Schœnmakers had given him that prayer-beads, and on no consideration would he part with it. When the chief heard Father Schœnmakers' name, he did not dare to insist any longer on the matter, but said he "if such be the case, you certainly must keep it, but you will have to march at the head of us all in the attack of the enemy, for you are better shielded than we are." All agreed to this, and about one hour before day-break the young brave gave the war whoop, and out he started at the head of all, leading the march up the Washita river.

They had hardly been one hour on the way when in the stillness of the wilderness they hear the tramping of horses at a distance. The Comanches, confident of taking the Osages by surprise, were advancing rapidly from the west. The morning twilight however placed them at a disadvantage, and was very favorable to the Osages whose back was turned to the east. Here they halt for a moment to watch the enemy, and as soon as they see the Comanches appear on the crests of the hills in front of them they throw at them shower upon shower of arrows and javelins, their men from the rear open upon them a brisk fire with their guns.

The Comanches, though ranking amongst the bravest of warriors, this time find themselves caught in a real trap. They did not expect such a sudden attack, bewildered as it were, and blinded by the rays of the rising sun now shining in their eyes, and by the smoke produced by the firing of the Osages, they imagine they see many more warriors than in reality their assailants are, and becoming entirely demoralized, give up the engagement altogether, and run for

their life in every direction, soon finding a safe shelter in the woods that are lining the Washita river. So the Osages carry the day without much fighting after all, and the rich booty of the abandoned Comanche village is the prize of their victory.

I hope you will not get tired of me if I write a few words more on this subject. Whilst visiting the Delaware Indians, whose Reservation is near to that of the Osages, I came for the night to the house of a Delaware chief who keeps accommodation for travelers. While I was waiting for supper I took notice of the furniture, and seeing a large prayer-beads hanging by the chief's bed, I asked him whether he was a Roman Catholic? He answered he was not. Then, said I, why do you keep those beads hanging there; what do you mean by it? Oh, he replied, those beads are the great prayers of the Osages; they made a present of them to my wife, and as long as we keep them in the house no evil spirit will trouble us.

But how does it come, you might ask, that the Indians have such a respect for the prayer-beads? Well in truth I cannot give you a positive answer; all I can say is that this seems to be an inheritance they receive from their grandfathers who knew the first missionaries that came to this country, and irrigated it with their blood.

Concerning the Osages in particular, as they were first discovered by Father Marquette, and were subsequently visited by him as well as by Father Gravier, in all probability they learned the value of this great instrument of devotion from those two great missionaries of our Society, and if after having been for a length of time deprived of Catholic missionaries, and abandoned to their wild nature, they forget the reasons why the prayer-beads are to be respected, so that many look upon them merely as a talisman, we must not wonder; the best garden's soil, if left uncultivated for but few years, will reproduce briars and thorns instead of flowers and fruits.

I must acknowledge that some Indians now look upon this article of devotion, just as they do on some medicine-work, yet it is not generally so amongst the Osages. Talking about Indians, we must always be willing to make some allowance. The Osage indeed is yet wild, however, in matters of religion, if he has any way received some knowledge of Christianity, he knows a good deal more than you would suppose from his appearance. Could you but hear the Christian Osage when early in the morning, rising from his pallet, he cries out to God,

Whacontaei!	}	O God!
Anska-ke-ninchxei!		Thou who hast made me!
Lake-anlao! &c., &c.,		Have pity on me! &c., &c.

Could you hear him when with filial confidence he applies to Her who is the help of Christians, crying out,

Kassantzi Mary!	}	Virgin Mary!
Whaconta Hishinchie Hion!		Of God the son mother!
Lake-anlao! &c., &c.		Have pity on me! &c., &c.

you would most certainly form a different opinion of these poor Indians, despised, alas, and neglected. You might perhaps feel your heart burning with a spark of that heroic charity, so scarce in our days, which in old times induced so many of our most illustrious Fathers to abandon the honorable positions they enjoyed in Europe, to come and labor suffer, and die, in behalf of these unfortunate people.

PAUL MARY PONZIGLIONE, S. J.

## MISSIONARY LABORS OF FATHER MAGUIRE AND COMPANIONS,

FROM MAY 7TH TO JUNE 15TH.

ST. JAMES', BOSTON.—This congregation was formed about thirty years ago, and a church was built about the same time. A few years ago, it was found necessary to build a finer and larger church on Harrison Avenue for the great increase that had meanwhile taken place. The old church was disposed of to the Boston and Albany Railroad Company. The present edifice in its tasteful and elaborate architectural appointments, in its imposing appearance, reflects great honor upon the former pastor, who is now the Bishop of Portland, the Right Reverend James A. Healy.

Fathers Maguire, Hamilton, Carey, Finnegan, and Morgan were engaged in this mission. Three weeks were spent in laboring for the spiritual advancement of the people. The first week for the women was so well attended, that an overflow service had to be held in the basement, even from the first evening. The second week was for the married men; this part of the mission was a drag, and some began to predict a failure. But even in St. Mary's, in our own church, the same remark was made last year, when we gave a three weeks' mission. The second week is always dull. When the young men began to show themselves in their week of the exercises, all misgivings vanished. They not only crowded the church during the sermons, but the confessionals, too, so that the good done amongst them was more apparent, and certainly more to the liking of the Fathers. Parts of this parish are looked on as very much in need of reformation. Bostonians speak of the "South Cove" as one of the plague spots. Many of the fighters, and drinkers, and hard characters of this very quarter made their confessions as contritely as those in more favored localities.

"Father," said one, "I have never been to confession in my life, and I am thirty-two years of age. I have spent sixteen years in prison for various offences. I have just got out now. I want to do what's right; can't you put me through this time?" Thus was the Father addressed, who had charge of the first Communion class. Another man, sixty-four years of age made his first Confession. These cases, and many more equally startling, showed the necessity of a class for adults, who might be prepared for the Sacraments. The Fathers have such classes always, though some one has to be taken from the confessional for a half hour or so, to give the instructions. Special efforts were made in the interests of the sodalities and confraternities in connection with the church, and some success was had in enlarging the roll of members. Unless the young men, and we might say this for all classes, men and women, join some good society, they will fall back into their old ways.

An amusing incident gave rise to some fun for the boys on the last afternoon, and for older people also. About vesper time, a great noise of tin pans beaten most vigorously, of clashing plates, of jingling anvils and the horrible screech of a one-stringed fiddle attracted the attention of the children just leaving Sunday-school. A Chinese laundry opposite the church was responsible for all the hideous sounds. It was said a wake was going on. And this seemed probable from the hampers of liquors and provisions that were carried in now and then. Pipes, cigars and tobacco were in abundance, as far as could be seen. The police had to guard the house, and it was only when a new mourner arrived that a glimpse could be had into the interior of the den. The Chinese flag, or something supposed to be, was raised on the top of the house, and kept in position by bits of plank and the seat of a water-closet. It turned out afterwards that all the noise and feasting *a la Chinoise* were parts of a Masonic celebration, or, perhaps, initiation of members.

There were about 12,000 Communions. The first Communions of adults were one hundred and thirty. Ten per-



sons were received into the Church. For Confirmation there were two hundred and forty-five grown persons, amongst these were three Jewesses who had been received into the Church some time before by one of the curates of the parish. Several persons were left under instruction for baptism.

The mission lasted from April 16th to May 7th. The Fathers could not but be pleased with the kind, zealous, and hospitable pastor, the Rev. Thomas Shahan.

ST. MICHAEL'S, NEW YORK (May 14-28).— Rev. Arthur Donnelly, a warm friend of the Society, made the Fathers feel very much at home. He has been pastor at St. Michael's from the days when Mass was said in a shed up to the present time, a space of twenty-five years. Much has he to show for his labor. Schools, convent, residence, a very large church and fine chapel, and—a small debt. Perfect order reigns in and about the church.

The mission was confined to the parish, and was most satisfactory. The men here, as in many other places, outnumbered the women in the confessional. So much was the difference in favor of the men, that the clergy were astonished. There was a great desire to receive the scapular, or to be *rowled* in the order, and a thousand or so were *rowled* before the end. The boys were foremost in this rush. Some were of opinion no harm could happen them with the scapular on, and became reckless in walking and climbing over the roofs of houses too steep for other boys, not favored thus by our Blessed Lady.

The mission was given by Fathers Finnegan, Claven, McCarthy and Morgan, though they could have done but poorly without the aid of the good Fathers of Fordham and St. Francis Xavier's, who came the last three nights of each week for the confessions, when the penitents are more numerous and have harder accounts to settle. Father Magvney deserves especial thanks for the two eloquent sermons he gave, thus relieving the missionaries already overworked. The results were: Communions, seven thousand

five hundred; first Communion of adults, sixty; prepared for Confirmation, one hundred and fifty; baptized, eight. Some Protestants were left under instructions.

JENKINTOWN, PA. (May 31-June 6).—This town is about ten miles from Philadelphia, and is quite fair to look at. The surrounding country has been appropriated by some of the rich men of the city, and their magnificent residences and grounds attached give a grand appearance to the township.

The work here was quite light, more of a recreation, and this was evident by the side of the hard struggle in New York of the week before. The good and zealous pastor, Father Mellin, made the Fathers understand he desired them to enjoy a few days' rest. In a week, therefore, everything was easily ended. Fathers Finnegan and Morgan gave the exercises. There were seven hundred Communions. Five or six were prepared for first Communion.

GLOUCESTER, MASS.—While Fathers Finnegan and Morgan went to New York to give a mission in St. Michael's, Fr. Maguire, Hamilton and Casey were engaged in the same work in Gloucester, Mass. This place is made up of fishermen from all parts of the world. The population is over twenty thousand. Of these fully one-fourth are Catholics. We find here Irish, Scotch, Canadians and Swedes in large numbers, with a few native converts. The interests of Gloucester are almost entirely commercial. It has a greater amount of tonnage employed in the domestic fisheries than any other city in the United States. Nearly three hundred vessels, owned here and manned by men from this place, are engaged in the mackerel fishery. The cod fishing has been going on here very successfully for more than a century. The Catholic people are full of faith, which they evince by erecting one of the handsomest churches and pastoral houses in New England. Their life is a hard one, and they are very much exposed. We were informed that in one year one hundred and twenty persons

were lost at sea in the Georges and at the Grand Banks. The mission commenced on Sunday, May 14th, and finished on Tuesday, the 23d. We were constantly occupied from 5 o'clock in the morning until after 10 at night. Some of these poor fishermen, who knelt at our knees then, have since been lost, as we learn by recent accounts from the Pastor. We hope they made the mission well. A few Protestants came at night, but they are rather bitter here, being of the old Puritan stock. We heard twenty-five hundred confessions, and gave Communion to more than two thousand in ten days. A few grown persons were prepared for first Communion: a man forty-five years of age and a woman over sixty. The latter was induced to come to confession for the first time by her own grandchild. Two persons presented themselves to be received into the church, but they were left under the care of the Pastor. Several parties who had married out of the church did public penance by kneeling before the altar on two successive Sundays before the whole congregation, and receiving the reprimand of the stern little pastor. We admired their humility. Mixed marriages are a great evil in this place, and are very common.

MISSIONS AT GRAFTON AND UPTON, MASS.—On Trinity Sunday, June 4th, the mission at Grafton was commenced. The town of Grafton lies about eight miles north of Worcester, and draws to its very modest church the Catholics of three adjacent villages. This peculiar modesty will be soon eliminated we were informed, and the church be made worthy of the worship which is offered therein. The Rev. Pastor, Fr. James Boyle, is young, active, and one of the most earnest of priests. When he sees a want, therefore, he will use every endeavor to supply it. A few facts concerning him may not be out of place here. "He was to the wars." He entered a New York regiment as "drummer boy," and when his regiment was mustered out of service, he was its first lieutenant. Now it was that God called him to a higher duty. But unfortunate for him, he was—

(as who hasn't said it?) "the son of poor but respectable parents." This was his heritage. Sad to say it. It has never paid a "bill" yet. For a while he was in one of the departments at Washington, then in the Custom House at New York city. In a few years he had saved enough to pay all his expenses at college. When about to be ordained he preferred to work amongst strangers than among his own, so instead of remaining in the diocese of New York, he placed himself under Bishop O'Reilly of Springfield. Are the Catholics of Grafton not assured of a better church? Of the Catholics attending Grafton, one-half is of Irish, the others of French origin. For the benefit of these latter, Fr. Vignon, a French Canadian Jesuit who has temporarily charge of Notre Dame church at Worcester, accompanied Fr. Maguire. The weather during the mission was all that could be desired. The little church was, therefore, crowded each evening. Frs. Maguire and Vignon spoke on alternate evenings, and it was remarkable that though many did not understand the preacher of the evening, yet they were as attentive as if they understood all. It was possible that nine hundred might receive the benefits of the sacraments; of these, eight hundred and fifty received Holy Communion. About four hundred children also made their confessions. There was one convert during the mission; but from the numbers of Protestants who attended and their careful attention to the sermons, we may fairly conclude that others will follow. On the second Sunday after Pentecost, June 11, the mission of Grafton was closed, and on the same day another mission was begun at Upton, a village, some five miles distant from Grafton. Hither we were forced to go and return each morning and evening. The care and kindness of the Pastor, however, made these journeys even pleasant. A short time ago Fr. Boyle purchased the Protestant church at Upton and made it a place of "true sacrifice." Except for the altar and sanctuary, little change has been made. Some of the relics of "easy worship" remain—one—a carpet which extends along the aisle and into the pews. There are not more than two hundred Catholic

adults attending Upton, and of these about one hundred and seventy-three went to confession and Holy Communion. A few made their first Communion. The confessions of some forty children were also heard. As at Grafton, so here, the evening sermon was attended by many Protestants, some of them the wealthiest of the place. As the mission only lasted three days it is impossible to tell what was the result of the evidences of our holy religion upon their minds. With this mission, closed the labor and toil of the scholastic year 1881-2.

The following item is from the *Worcester Spy*:

“GRAFTON.—St. Philip’s Church was far too small for all the people who assembled last evening to hear Father Maguire preach upon “The Confessional,” and many of them had to range themselves before the doors and along the windows outside in order to catch his words. The reverend preacher began by saying that man was destined for Heaven and immortality, and would have been translated from this world, body and soul, without knowing death, had sin not come to break the charm of his innocence. But sin changed the whole economy of man’s existence, rendering him subject to the ills of life and eternal damnation. Christ came to save sinners, and was always kind to them, as could be seen from His treatment of Mary Magdalen, the woman taken in adultery, and the man who, because of his sins, was afflicted with palsy. These people sought Christ to obtain pardon of their sins. He forgave them; and the power which he then exercised he left with the priests of the church that he established. In support of this statement, the preacher cited various texts from scripture, and said that while the power of forgiving sin belonged to God alone, yet, as God had delegated to Moses, and others of whom we read in the Bible, extraordinary powers, so had he delegated this power of forgiving sins to the priests of the Catholic Church. The priest, however, could not use this power in an arbitrary manner. In order to determine to what extent he should exercise it, he must hear the confession of the sinner, and if he found the sinner sorry for his offences and determined not to renew them, then he could give him pardon, and the act would be ratified in heaven. He said the Catholic Church has not, and never will “pro-

gress" so far as to eliminate the ten commandments from the moral code by which men are to shape their conduct if they wish to reach heaven, and consequently, a Catholic, in preparing for confession, must take these commandments as a guide to the knowledge of wherein he may have offended his Maker. He spoke of the inviolable secrecy of the confessional and the feelings of security which Catholics have in telling their sins, their troubles and their sorrows to the priest, and how potent the confessional is, not only in making men better, but also in saving them from the commission of suicide, which, he said, was often caused because men and women afflicted with sorrow and trouble knew not where to seek for consolation and sympathy. The reverend father kept his audience, among which there were many Protestants, almost spell-bound for over an hour, and the throng will no doubt be as great when he preaches again on Friday evening."

HOULTON, ME.—The mission at St. Mary's Church in this place, the county seat of Aroostook county, was given by Father Hamilton. Despite the inclement weather, the exercises were well attended, and as the town is situated near the New Brunswick line, those who live in the Queen's domains were well represented. The older people retain their strong Irish faith, but mixed marriages have done much harm amongst the descendants of the earlier settlers, and Protestant associations have caused neglect of religion. This is also true of Fort Fairfield, where a mission was given after the conclusion of the one at Houlton, from which place it is about eighty miles distant.

On the Feast of Corpus Christi a procession in honor of the feast was one of the features of the mission, in which all the members of the congregation took part. Hundreds of Protestants were in attendance, and went away better pleased than when they came. A mission cross was erected in the graveyard, around which the procession passed.

At Houlton, there were nine hundred confessions; at Fairfield, two hundred and fifty. Over seventy adults, for the most part men, made their confession for the first time. Beads and scapulars were in great demand; they wore the beads around their necks, and would not tuck in the scapu-

lars under their coats, because they felt proud of them and wanted their Protestant neighbors to see them. Several were left under instruction, and are reading "The Sure Way to Find the Truth," of which book almost every Catholic family possesses a copy.

General results for the spring campaign compare favorably with those of former years, though the time was much shorter on account of the late Easter.

There were 24,325 Communions; 22 Protestants were received into the Church; 276 adults made their first Communion; 465 adults were prepared for Confirmation.

Adding these to the figures already given, there is a grand total somewhat higher than that of the last year:

Communions, 109,625; First Communion of adults, 542; Prepared for Confirmation of adults, 803; Total number of baptisms, including 40 children previously neglected, 138; Protestants left under instruction in various places, 25.

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## MISSOURI.

WESTPHALIA, OSAGE CO., MO.  
July 15th, 1882.

REV'D AND DEAR FATHER,  
P. C.

To give you an idea, my dear Father, of our doings in one, though not the least of our Western missions, I humbly submit to your Reverence the following account which is a free translation of an article that appeared in one of our Western dailies. The event, to which allusion is here made, was indeed a glorious one, and such as will be long remembered by all participants:—

"On Pentecost Monday, May 29th, was celebrated in the little town of Westphalia, Osage Co., Mo., the grandest solemnity that had ever occurred within the recollection of the oldest inhabitants of the county.

"The celebration was successful in every respect, as well in its idea as in its execution. The occasion was the meeting or reunion of all the Catholic young men's Sodalities of Osage county. In the morning the weather threatened to be very unpropitious; but in the course of two hours, the clouds disappeared and disclosed a most lovely sky for the rest of the day. Enthusiasm soon took possession of all hearts and rose to its height when one Sodality after another arrived on horseback at the appointed time, in Westphalia. The scene which then followed almost beggars description. The sight of the three hundred and fifty men on horseback as they passed through the streets and under triumphal arches, decorated with garlands and flowers, aroused all hearts to feelings of joy and exultation. The Pastor of the town, Rev. P. A. Krier, S. J., surrounded by the prefects of the five Sodalities, headed the procession,—the Sodalities of Linn, Kœltztown, Loose Creek and Richfountain being preceded by their respective Pastors. Many an eye was suffused with tears of joy at the sight of this grand display. As the procession crossed the limits of the town the young men dismounted, and giving their steeds in charge of keepers in waiting, marched on foot, to the music of the Westphalia Cornet Band, in the direction of the church. At the church door, where they were greeted by a tastefully arranged decoration of "Welcome," all halted, and at a given signal three hundred and fifty heads were uncovered and bowed in humble, thoughtful reverence to Him who reigned upon the altar within.

"If the procession was so imposing a spectacle, the sight in the church was still more so. The members of the choir did their best, and were found quite equal to the occasion. The prefects, with their assistants, took their position before the altar of the Blessed Virgin; at which, after Father Krier had welcomed the Sodalities with a pathetic and soul-stirring address, the act of consecration was repeated in a loud clear voice by all the members of the different Sodalities. Thereupon Rev. W. Niederkorn, S. J., of Loose Creek, assisted by Rev. H. Kellersmann, of Kœltztown, and Rev. H.



Erley, of Richfountain, gave the benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament, and then intoned the *Te Deum*, which was continued in unison by all present.

"As the soul had her food, the body was not to be forgotten. Close to the church an inviting park called upon both young and old to partake of its ample shade and enjoyments. Tables, decked with the flags of the nation and laden with the richest delicacies, invited all to a friendly repast. Young and old, boys and girls, partook of the friendly cheer. On the grounds were seen youths clad in Chinese garments, feeling their way through the dense crowd and selling their flashy trinkets and curiosities to whomsoever would buy. Old-fashioned 'tea-party' maids were also there, with a smile and a word for every kindly purchaser. And 'to cap the climax,' King Barbarossa,—he that had slept on for ages and ages,—was finally awakened from his deep slumber, and was now walking about, stroking his long red beard, and smiling with evident satisfaction upon his happy, peaceful progeny.

"The day passed by merrily, and the best order prevailed. Satisfaction was everywhere manifest. Nothing occurred during the course of the day to mar the solemnity of this glorious occasion; and when at evening the Sodalities returned to their respective towns, a thousand 'hurrahs' rang through the air in praise of the hospitable Westphalians, and their incomparable, self-sacrificing Pastor.

"Union is strength. The five Sodalities are now made one in soul by that strong and unfailing bond of fraternal charity, and, by their united efforts, purpose to effect much for the greater glory of God and the edification of their neighbor. This, their first meeting and reunion shall never be forgotten. It has had, too, a marked effect; for the young men now cling to their Sodalities and to their religion with stronger love and fonder attachment than ever before, and discover in them the only source whence spring true love and devotedness to their God and their country."

Yours in Christ,

P. A. KRIER, S. J.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY FATHER NICHOLAS POINT.

The early labors of our Fathers in the Rocky Mountains have been made widely known by the books of Father De Smet, *Oregon Missions, Western Missions and Missionaries*, and various other publications in English, French and Flemish. Father Nicholas Point, the early companion and zealous assistant of Father De Smet, and founder of several Indian Missions which are still under the care of the Society, during the later years of his life, when incapacitated for active labors, by the direction of his superiors recorded the history of the events in which he had so large a share, in three bulky volumes entitled: *Souvenirs des Montagnes Rocheuses; Notes Biographiques; Chasses*. The work is profusely illustrated, and so finished in every respect that it could be sent to the printer and engraver. It was intended to have the volumes published, after the manner of Schoolcraft's great work on the Indians, and for this purpose application was made to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, but the project failed because the conditions under which that body would undertake the expense of publication were considered inadmissible. Other efforts in the same direction made at Paris were equally unsuccessful. Its Catholic tone may explain why a work of such historical and ethnographic interest and value, of decided literary merit and artistic finish, failed to secure the financial aid without which it would be too hazardous to undertake so expensive a publication. A strong religious sentiment pervades the whole work, and the written descriptions are heightened and set off by illustrations intensely Catholic in spirit and execution.

Father De Smet drew largely upon the narrations and

used the drawings of Father Point in his books relating to the Indian Missions; but the complete writings of Father Point, as contained in the three volumes now kindly placed at our disposal by the Reverend Superior of Canada, have never been given to the public. A translation of such portions of the work as are judged to be of greater general interest will appear in these LETTERS: a short biographical notice of the author, compiled from notes furnished by his brother, Father Pierre Point, by the Reverend Superior of the Mission of Canada, and by Father James Perron, will throw some light upon a life worthy of praise and imitation, as it was rich in works for the greater glory of God.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF FATHER NICHOLAS POINT.

Father Nicholas Point was born in the small fortified town of Rocroy (Ardennes), April 10, 1799. The place of his birth, a modest parish in the diocese of Rheims, had been exempted from the terrible excesses of those evil days, but there were many dangers to which virtue was exposed, and many difficulties in the way of a Christian education, the consequences of the Revolution, and which lasted during the administration of Napoleon. Although his mother was early left a widow without resources, the childhood and early youth of Nicholas was preserved from the contagion of vice which marked the period, by her maternal solicitude and piety, and by the zealous charity of some good souls who consecrated themselves to the cause of primary education.

He made a fervent First Communion in the spring of 1810. Even from his earliest years the salient traits of his character began to manifest themselves; piety, charity, energy, generosity, regard for authority, compassion for the poor, cordiality towards friends, love of study rather than of amusement, taste and aptitude for the arts, and industrious application. These qualities he possessed, as it were, from nature, and they developed spontaneously, without ef-

fort on his part;—God, who had bestowed these gifts upon him, was to employ them in His own service.

As Catholic schools had ceased to exist, the Curé of the parish threw open his own house to some boys of the town and instructed them in the first elements of Latin. The young Nicholas was received among these scholars after his First Communion, and devoted himself to these first studies with joyful ardor. After about two years spent at this school, he concluded that desire of knowledge should give way to filial piety, which prompted him to aid his poor mother in the support of the family. So he accepted a situation in a lawyer's office, and afterwards in the bureau of a receiver-general. In this employment his piety and innocence were not endangered, nor did he lose his time. Devoting the day to his office duties, he gave the evening to reading and spent the moments of recreation in drawing, which he had acquired without the aid of a master, and Sunday was occupied with the offices of the church. During the three or four years of his life which were spent as a department clerk, he gained the esteem and good will of his superiors by his industry and successful tact, but, above all, by his exemplary conduct.

He used in after years to refer with gratitude to some signal instances of God's protecting care over him at this period of his life. One day he rashly ventured upon the Meuse, when it was thinly frozen over, and breaking through the ice he was on the point of disappearing, when he was rescued by a friend. In 1814, whilst the Prussians were besieging and bombarding the town, a shell burst at a few paces from where he was passing with a heavy load of goods belonging to his employer; he attributed his preservation to Our Lady, for it was the feast of her Assumption. He often thanked God for having escaped from a danger which menaced his soul at this time. An officer high in rank, Marshal Ney, having met him at the office, and noticing some signs of genius in the youth, offered to adopt him, and place him at a government school. He was unwilling to accept the offer without consulting his mother, and thanks

to her maternal prudence and to his own filial respect for her opinion, the tempting proposal was declined.

The Divine Master wished to withdraw him from the dangers of the world, and, in 1815, God clearly made known to him his vocation. The Curé, a generous confessor of the faith, desirous to help in the regeneration of the clergy, had just opened in his parochial residence a school for some forty scholars. Some pious students among the friends of young Nicholas, who like himself were about seventeen years of age, and a holy religious woman advised him to resume his classical studies. After some time devoted to serious reflexion and to prayer, he ended by recognizing the call of God to the ecclesiastical state, and applying himself with ardor to study, and striving to compensate for lost time and for the advantages of a regular college by unflagging industry, he completed his course at this school, finishing with rhetoric.

But this was only the first step in the way of his vocation; he felt that God and his conscience demanded more of him, a complete sacrifice. This, however, was a secret known only to God and himself. He eagerly read the Lives of the Saints, the Edifying Letters, and above all the Life of St. Francis Xavier. This reading inspired him with sentiments quite in harmony with his character. All his thoughts and aspirations were concentrated on the ideal of the Society of Jesus; but he believed that the Society was suppressed forever, and he remained undecided as to what he should do.

It was in 1819 that he went for advice to his master, who was also his spiritual director, and learned from him that the Society really existed, and had established at St. Acheul a college which was already in a very flourishing state. His vocation was decided from that moment, and his resolution taken. A magnetic influence attracted him, the grace of God was urging him, St. Francis Xavier's novena came to sanction his final resolution and to press its speedy execution. His petition to be received into the Society was made to Fr. Loriquet, Rector of St. Acheul, and it was

granted immediately. He left home, June 25th, 1819: it was a mighty sacrifice for his tender heart. But the thought of treading in the foot-prints of St. Francis Xavier, of going to save the infidels, raised his will above his affections. The secret and concentrated struggle which he sustained before his departure threw him into a fever. Was this impediment a trial sent by God for the good of his conscience, or was it a diabolical attempt against his firmness? The fact is, that on the eve of his departure the fever disappeared; his victory was as complete as it was generous.

On reaching St. Acheul, June 28, he was appointed prefect of discipline, and, while thus employed he made a year of philosophy under Fr. Martin. After another year as teacher at St. Firmin, he entered the novitiate of Montrouge, Sept. 23rd, 1822. In May, 1823, he fell sick, and was obliged to leave the novitiate for a time. He went back to his family, and wrote to Prince Hohenlohe, a holy priest, who at that time obtained many miraculous graces by his prayers to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The Prince answered him, that he would celebrate a novena of Masses for his intention to the Sacred Heart, and at the end of the novena, he was cured, and returned immediately to the novitiate. On account of this interruption, he did not take his first vows until March 9, 1827: a considerable portion of the time since his entrance at Montrouge had been spent at St. Acheul in the duties of prefect, and after pronouncing his vows, he resumed this employment and was engaged in it, when the college was closed in August, 1828. For the next three years he studied theology, partly at Brigg; was ordained priest March 20, 1831; in 1831-2, prefect of discipline at Fribourg; troubles and persecution in Switzerland drove him into Spain; in 1833, he was vice-superior of the college of St. Roch, near San Sebastian. Expelled from Spain in 1834, he made the third year of Probation; pronounced his last vows in 1835; and on the 15th of August of the same year, he set sail for America, landing in New York, Dec. 13, along with Fr. Murphy and Br. Ledoré. The passage was as stormy as it was long. Three

days after their arrival, they departed for Kentucky. On the 6th of June, 1836, he was at Bardstown, and shortly afterwards at St. Mary's College. In December, 1837, he founded the College of St. Charles at Grand Coteau, La., of which he was the first Rector. It was an arduous undertaking, when the circumstances are taken into account; he had to choose between fifteen places which were offered with apparent liberality, but in truth the spirit of profitable speculation was at the bottom of the whole affair. His choice fell upon Grand Coteau. With thirty-five dollars in hand, but with unbounded hope in his heart, he began with a few workmen to build the College. The first stone was laid, on the 23rd of June. Malarial fever soon prostrated the coadjutor Brothers; Father Point was also seized by it, and for a time, he was believed to be dead. After eighty days of sickness, prayer restored him promptly to health. In two years the college was in full operation, and the trifling debt which had been contracted was canceled in the following year. This college, built under very depressing circumstances, and already after a short time in splendid working order, was the first fruit of his constancy and ability. Towards the end of July, 1840, he left Grand Coteau without a cent of debt upon the college, which numbered one hundred and ten students. It was a good beginning, and to his successors it was left to do the rest.

He was called away to accompany Father De Smet in the overland trip to the Rocky Mountains, and on the 1st of August, 1840, he departs from St. Louis. Compelled to wait for some time, a new theatre presents itself for the display of his zeal. On the extreme Western frontier, from Nov. 10, 1840 to May 10, 1841, Father Point assumes the charge of a little village, poor in every respect and steeped in ignorance. In six months, Westport undergoes a complete transformation. He organizes everything as if it were question of a great and permanent mission. He is indefatigable in labor, unbounded in patience, mildness and perseverance. The ceremonies of the Church are introduced, catechism classes and sodalities established; the children

are prepared for first Communion, whilst general Communions bring back the adults to the practice of Christian virtue; immodest dances and amusements are abolished; temperance is promoted and held in honor. The neighboring mission of the Kickapoo Indians, which had been abandoned, is brought back to the faith by the exertions and prayers of Father Point.

His stay and labors among the Indians can be dismissed briefly here, as his own graphic descriptions will make them known further on. Setting out on the long trip over the Plains, May 10, 1841, the Flathead Indians are encountered for the first time on the 15th of August, and some days afterwards he founded a mission among them under the name of St. Mary's. He drew up the plan of the mission; it was adopted, a chapel was improvised—grand ceremony—big feast—music—pictures—complete success. The mission is assured. Next-year the whole tribe is baptized. This first mission should be the model of all the rest, and such it really was.

The second Mission was founded amongst the Cœur d'Alènes; it was a most difficult undertaking, but his zeal, patience and energy overcame every obstacle. He accompanies the tribe upon its grand annual hunting expeditions, — in January 1844, returns to the Flatheads, — visits the Nez Percés.

In 1846, after the summer hunt, Father De Smet decides to send Father Point among the Blackfeet. They set out together after the Assumption:—are present at the battle with the Crow Indians:—The Flatheads come to meet the two missionaries with an imposing escort:—the Piegan nation receives them:—the Flatheads depart after concluding a treaty with the Blackfeet, the two Fathers remaining as a pledge of peace. In October, they separate, and Father Point remains alone among the Blackfeet, with a child of twelve years to act as interpreter. With mildness and perseverance, by becoming all to all, he accomplishes prodigies. He visits the chiefs of these ferocious bands, and presents them with their own portraits in lieu of official gifts. He



is hospitably received at Fort Louis. He baptizes eight hundred children with the consent of their parents, and confounds the sorcerers who acknowledge their defeat. All these Indian tribes asked for Black Gowns.

In May, 1847, he is recalled by the Provincial of France for the Mission of Upper Canada. Some idea may be formed of the difficulties of communication in those days, and of his isolated position, when we say that it took three years for the order of recall to reach him, as it had been sent in 1844.

Spent with the uninterrupted labors of seven years among the savages, Father Point, in the judgment of his Superiors needed rest, and upon his arrival in Canada, he was sent to the French Canadian mission of Sandwich for that purpose. But his rest consisted in working. A more regular organization, the spirit of piety and emulation introduced among the little children, the schools established, the four sodalities formed in the parish, in a word, the good order which he re-established throughout the entire mission, marked his administration at Sandwich as another success.

In 1848, he went to reside at Wikwemikong, Grand Manitouline Island, in quality of local superior. His predecessors had accomplished a great deal at this place, but they had never been numerous enough for all the labors of the Mission. Father Point undertook to establish a methodical plan and discipline in the various works. The results were; economy in the gifts bestowed upon the Indians, cultivation of the soil and some manufactures inaugurated, the construction of a fine stone church, a school and convent erected; finally, a greater moderation in the exercise of zeal, in order to preserve the health of the missionaries.

In October, 1855, he set out for the mission of the Immaculate Conception, at Fort William, Lake Superior. He fell sick upon his arrival at Sault Ste. Marie, and as it was judged to be impossible for him to continue his journey, he returned to Sandwich, and for the rest of his life, he suffered from hernia constantly, and often acutely. Upon the suppression of the mission at Sandwich, October 24, 1859, Fa-

ther Point was transferred to Sault au Récollet, near Montreal. In January, 1860, he was ordered to rest from every active employment. But his desire was to die in harness, laboring for the Society. He was named Socius of the Master of Novices: he was charged to reduce his numerous manuscripts into orderly shape and form; he also assisted in the parish church, was chaplain to the convent of the Sacred Heart, gave the instructions in catechism to the pupils of the Academy, etc., etc.

In order to withdraw him from the temptation of overworking himself, his Superior transferred him, Nov. 5, 1865, to the residence of Quebec. On his arrival, he confined himself to his room. He had no special occupation assigned to him: he prayed, and suffered, and practised obedience, and prepared himself to die well. His last work was to instruct some fifteen boys for their First Communion. On the 28th of June, 1868, he took to his bed, received the Last Sacraments on the following day, and on Friday, July 4, at eight o'clock in the evening, he rendered up his soul to God.

The success which attended the labors of Father Point was due, in the first place, to Divine Providence in which he placed unbounded trust, and which visibly assisted him on several occasions; 2ndly, to the exactitude of the plan which he never failed to draw up even when it was question of undertakings that seemed to be of lesser moment, and for which he invariably obtained the approbation of his Superiors; 3rdly, to the opportune employment of such means as ceremonies that were calculated to attract the savage mind, little gifts, games, portraits and drawings, which were very flattering to the chiefs; 4thly, to the co-operation of his brethren.

Father Point never remained long enough upon any of his fields of labor to gather all the fruits of the success which attended his efforts. When his Superior had any specially difficult mission to establish, he sent forward Fr. Point to open the way and prepare the ground for future conversions. The first care of the missionary was to be-

come acquainted with the dispositions, the character, the vices of these nations which differ so widely one from another : then, to select a convenient site for the centre of the village and for the church. This being done, when once his plan was formed, he endeavored with prudent firmness to carry it into execution ; a long continued residence in these centres would be necessary to realize all that he aimed at, and to change the manners of these poor people, whilst he passed the greater part of the year in the company of the hunting parties or in traveling from place to place : so he laid the foundations and left it to others to continue what he had begun.

After this brief sketch of his labors, we may say a few words about the virtues of Father Point. He had a filial affection, invincible and constant, from the first day of his admission until his dying hour, for the Society, for all its members, its constitutions, its virtues, its works. As proof of this, we might cite the dreadful temptations that assailed him on various occasions, and which can be read in the notes which he left concerning his annual retreats. All these temptations were scruples of fear and terror lest he might be dismissed from the Society, and be lost in consequence thereof.

His character remained through life such as it appeared in his early years : he was daring and courageous, light-hearted, open-handed, full of tenderness, industrious, an enemy of untruthfulness, of injustice and ingratitude, compassionate, generous, sympathetic with children, with the poor, and with soldiers, and always delighted to read the lives of martyrs and missionaries, and the life of St. Francis Xavier beyond all others.

The ideal under which the Society presented itself to him was that of the foreign missions. His instinct carried him in that direction. Even when he knew the Institute only by the life of St. Francis Xavier, the labors of the Apostle of the Indies were the object of his desires. Twenty years after his entrance into the Society, after having discharged various duties more or less in harmony with his natural in-

clinations, to his intense delight the missions of Oregon were thrown open to him. He made a vow of martyrdom. This inspired his zeal, and armed him with patience and intrepidity in the midst of labors, dangers, sufferings and persecutions. Once, a tomahawk was raised against him. He hoped that among the Blackfeet he would find the object of his desires, but the martyrdom of blood was denied him, and he had to rest content with that of the spirit and of charity. Worn out with fatigue after a long journey, and summoned upon his arrival to attend upon a dying man, he ran with all speed to the place whither he was called; a rupture was the consequence, and he never recovered from this injury, and in the end it was the cause of his death. His sufferings for fifteen years took the place of martyrdom for him.

As for the spirit of faith and hope, from the age of sixteen years, he saw God in all things, and all things in God, and from that time he cherished devotion to St. Francis Xavier, to whom he believed he owed his vocation, and whom he chose as his patron and model. His confidence in God was such that he had no fear to be exposed even to the greatest dangers for the salvation of souls, and it was always with a sensible perception of the divine protection that he escaped the perils that threatened him. His zeal was remarkable: it was the mainspring and life of his actions. His obedience was unquestioning. His charity knew no limits: he never refused to render a service to another; he was fertile in expedients to assist every one; he loved to encourage children, and to aid and console the poor; he would remain all night long by the bedside of the sick preparing them for death. His free time was spent in making pictures which he distributed to those whom he had converted. He had become so patient that he seemed impassible to injuries which were directed against himself; he never retorted except to defend the weak, the interests of the Society, of justice and of truth. His spirit of devotion was sincere and tender, and frequently sensible from the time of his first Communion: it was ardent and active in

after years. He was very devout to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to our Blessed Lady and to St. Francis Xavier. At the end of his life, despite his sufferings, he was often before the Blessed Sacrament. He used to say that he could no longer meditate, yet his days were one continued prayer. The moving principle of his soul in all things was the holy will of God.

## CHAPTER I.

### *Introduction.*

In the beginning of the present century the United States sent out parties of men to explore the territories included to-day within the limits of Oregon. These adventurers were bent merely on promoting their own worldly interests, so it was hardly to be expected that they would advance in any great measure the higher interests of God. In spite, however, of this indifference for the welfare of souls, their presence among the Indians produced one good result; for, during the recital of their idle, fabulous tales, hidden truths had been touched upon, truths alluding to the existence of a Supreme Spirit, to whom special worship was due.

After these hardy explorers, traders were the next to come upon the ground, concerning whom a word or two will not be out of place. Some of these men were utterly regardless of God and religion, their main purpose in life being to gratify their evil passions. In bargaining, their principle was, always to barter off a mean article when a good one could be gotten in its stead. In case their pet principle was not available, at least they took care to give little and to secure much in return. Yet these acts of knavery were done with such suavity of manner and fine words, with such apparently handsome conduct on the part of the traders, that they seemed occasions born for the one purpose of throwing into broad light signal examples of generosity and kindness of heart. Thus, in a little while, this set of men acquired the popular esteem.

But the redeeming element among the traders was composed of Canadians and Iroquois. Love for their mother country, reverence for that country's religion which they themselves professed: such were the themes that occupied their thoughts and were frequent on their lips. Being such as they were, it was no wonder that they inspired the natives with such true admiration for the French Religion, as they used to call it, that these poor children of the forest listening to them speak of it, asked with tears to be reckoned among its followers.

Yet before the knowledge of the true God had really been preached among these Indians, called the Cœurs d'Alêne, there appeared one day on the outskirts of their villages an Indian from somewhere along the Red River. His presence was not without meaning. In fact, having embraced Protestantism he was made its forerunner throughout the Indian country outlying his own which was that of the Spokanes and Nez Percés. But what came of his visit to the Cœurs d'Alêne? Well, whether it was that on his return he made known to his masters that they would be welcome, or that missionaries all unasked for had been sent from the United States to convert the Cœurs d'Alêne, this much is certain: soon after the strange Indian had been seen haunting the neighborhood of their villages, the Cœurs d'Alêne were surprised by the arrival amongst them of Presbyterian ministers with their wives and children.

Of course the surroundings at first must have been extremely wild and uncouth for the new-comers. Still, they made the best of circumstances, and though their poor neophytes had to go without shelter, the ministers, their wives and families were soon in the enjoyment of comfortable homes.

This success when known gave great weight to the testimony of the previous visitors to the region, so much indeed that it proved the means of drawing to the scene many others of the same religious persuasion with the ministers themselves. But Protestantism, far from drawing strength

from the arrival of the new-comers, through them, indirectly at least, received its death blow.

The story is an old one. The new arrivals, in the hope of acquiring more personal influence, as well as of profiting more largely by their traffic, set themselves to work crying up their ministers; the latter, as a matter of course, doing the same by their devoted flock. What was the upshot of this manœuvre? Simply this: the same mode of warfare was adopted into the Catholic camp and from that moment the sun of Protestantism sank to its setting. For our Canadians and Iroquois, besides being more experienced and men of better parts than their adversaries, had three other advantages over their opponents; in that they had truth on their side, the affection of the natives, and singular adroitness of speech. It was not hard, then, to foresee who would remain masters of the field after the battle's issue.

When the tug of war did come, they dropped all argument, taking in hand pleasantry, which they used with telling effect. By means of this weapon, they ridiculed the Protestants, whom they styled "the Brothers of the Long Knives;" the ministers also felt its edge, as being men fixed in the leading-strings of women; finally, it dulled itself in giving Protestantism the repute of being the poorest form of religion known. The contest closed to the dismay of the Protestants: their Indian followers, respect, affection, all had been weaned from them. And, worst thought of all, they had to see all these, and Indian arms, and luggage go over to the Catholic side.

It may be added that among the many, who, to preserve their own interests intact, had figured in the fight, there were also some who were actuated by higher motives, and amongst those were two Iroquois, Big and Little Ignatius, who had taken part in order to help the natives to whom they had bound themselves as brothers.

Big Ignatius, out of the desire of obtaining for his brethren the gift of faith he had himself received in the Iroquois village of Sault St. Louis on the banks of the St. Lawrence, undertook two journeys to St. Louis, in Missouri. On the

first of these journeys three of his companions died of sickness; on the second, Ignatius and the rest of the party fell under the knives of the Sioux. But his death, the death of a hero, did not at all abate the courage of his brothers, the Flatheads: it only served to kindle anew the desire that burned in their hearts. They sent to St. Louis other Iroquois, their guests, thinking the brothers of Ignatius more apt than any others to urge their petition. This perseverance amid adversity was not suffered to go unrewarded. It won the sympathies of the Bishop of St. Louis and of the Jesuit Fathers whom the Bishop's predecessor had introduced into the diocese to labor for the conversion of the savages.

Father De Smet was then sent to the Rocky Mountains to find out what were the dispositions of the poor savages, and to see and report how their condition could be improved.

The Father gave his account as directed, and shortly afterwards, in a Provincial council, it was decided, that in the following spring, Father De Smet with two priests and three lay brothers should plant the cross in the land of the Flatheads. The priests were Frs. Point and Mengarini. The Brothers:—Classens, Charles Huet, a Belgian, and Joseph, an Alsatian.

## CHAPTER II.

### *Westport, Mo.—The Kickapoo Indians.*

I was sent to Westport to exercise the holy ministry there until the return of Father De Smet. The district in which I took up my abode was peopled by an assemblage of twenty-three families, each family group comprising a Frenchman with his Indian wife and half-breed children. Immediately upon my arrival these people found a large place in my sympathies; for, albeit very poor, they had somehow contrived to build themselves a church, and again and again they had asked for a priest before succeeding in getting one. It was well though that I had sympathy to spare, there being no lack of ills awaiting cure at my hands. What with the ignorance of some, the drunkenness of others,



the sensuality of almost all, there was misery enough to inspire zeal in the most laggard of missionaries.

I went to work, then, with great confidence, the more so, because I had found that the sovereign remedy for ills of this sort lay in a little good will and in the use of one's common sense. Another consideration also had much weight in animating me with confidence:—who could tell but that in God's providence this town, small as it now was, might some day attain to distinction! Even as it was, Westport was the gathering point for all expeditions to Mexico, California, and the Rocky Mountains, and it was no uncommon thing for travelers to sojourn there for weeks and weeks together. Easter time generally brought great numbers of people thither, and I often thought, if only the Easter holidays had been kept as by right they should have been, what an influence for good had been gained over the travelers and through them over the savages!

I landed at Westport on All Saints' day just as cold weather was setting in. The cold of winter, by the by, lasts until Easter, and at times it was so intense as to freeze the chalice even when the altar had a chafing-dish full of live coals placed at either end. Yet neither the severe cold, nor long distances, nor bad roads were obstacles formidable enough to prevent the people from coming to church, where on Sundays and Festivals you could make sure of seeing them crowding the little house not only at the time of Mass but also during the other services.

Meanwhile, one of my chief cares was to keep my ministry high in repute with all. To this end I tried to be as slight a burden as possible on the community.

My labors now kept me quite busy. I had at the time in my possession a lot of knick-knacks that had been given me in Louisiana. Well, I got to work at these, and at the cost of a little trouble managed to eke out of them a number of articles that were very useful to one in my situation. Among other things there were: premiums for the children, and ornaments, statues, pictures, a tabernacle and, best of all, a monstrance for the church. What real treas-

ures they were to us, who when Christmas came round were enabled to enjoy all those blessings of religion which we could have looked for only in a large city. Moreover, I taught the children to sing certain short hymns with results, I may say, that fairly astonished me.

But my good people's needs extended to something beyond the singing of hymns which embodied such words as eternity, and Heaven, or which alluded to the mysteries or the Sacraments of the Church. Solid instruction was plainly necessary; since mention alone of these things passed with most of the people for an empty sound.

Accordingly, I instructed them in the great truths of our religion insisting particularly on the practical consequence that should be the result of the consideration of them, namely, the making of a good confession. Nor did I hesitate to address very pointed remarks to those who were included in St. Paul's catalogue of sinners, especially the drunkards.

Amidst these labors in behalf of the older people, I did not neglect the children. I had catechism classes regularly, in the course of which I paid special attention to children gifted with good memories and pliable minds, so that when scattered over different parts of the little parish they might teach others whatever I had taught them. It is a common saying, that in America it is impossible to fire children with emulation, as is done in the churches of France and Italy. In point of fact, this saying is not true. The affair is a little harder to manage here, I grant, but provided you are not afraid of losing a little popularity, and with justice and prudence administer your praise and blame where it is deserved; provided, also, you give out marks, and distribute medals, pictures, &c., beneath the parents' eyes,—I warrant you success: because self-love is everywhere more or less to be found and if rightly taken hold of can be moulded into emulation. I tried this plan, myself, at Westport and succeeded beyond all expectation. During the week I would teach catechism, repeating the instructions on Sunday for the benefit of the whole congregation. What a picture we

made up! There was the missionary Father, myself, in front; near him the youngest children; next, those who had made their first Communion; then those studying the catechism of perseverance, last of all, the mothers and fathers. During the week marks were read out, and every Sunday the best scholars in each catechism class received a medal as a reward. At the end of each month also prizes were awarded to the most proficient in the shape of sacred pictures. These pictures were afterwards hung up in some conspicuous place at home, and before them morning and evening prayers were said in common. Whenever I made my visits, I never failed to cast my eyes in the direction of these objects, an action that went far towards exciting a laudable spirit of rivalry among both young and old.

As the children's piety depends greatly on that of their mothers, I undertook to increase the store of piety of the latter by establishing a sodality of married women in honor of Our Lady of the Seven Dolors. Soon after I formed another for young girls under the patronage of Mary Immaculate. These young girls I found to be very modest, and so remarkable for natural piety and goodness that no word of praise was uttered of any one without reflecting credit on them too. Thus if a young man was spoken of as a model in behavior, the compliment was turned into 'he is as quiet as a girl,' or some parallel saying. It is a fact, that in all the twenty-three families living here, there was not a young girl whose moral conduct was not above reproach,—and this marvel took place in a section where man's licentious nature brooked no bounds. A few of these young persons, encouraged by the example of a pious widow, took it upon themselves to make some artificial flowers for the church and I can say with truth that the work of their hands was not to be despised.

Before Lent it happened that I made mention of the prayers of the Forty Hours' Devotion; when immediately, men, women, children, all offered to make in turn their hour of adoration and during the three days several persons were constantly before the Most Blessed Sacrament. The

novena in honor of St. Francis Xavier, the patron of our parish, had also a large attendance of people; it consisted in having evening prayers and an instruction in the church. At the close of this novena, as was also the case at Christmas, two-thirds of the congregation received Holy Communion.

Another thing occurred at this period that gave me great joy. The year before, balls had taken place among the people weekly; this year there were only two or three which I permitted, lest by too great a show of severity I might lose the ground I had gained with them. The means they took in securing my permission for their dancing amused me not a little. They sent as bearer of their first petition an old soldier who had served in the time of the Empire, who had also accompanied Father De Smet on his return from the Rocky Mountains, and who bore the reputation of being a man to whom I would refuse nothing. The good old fellow came to me, and after telling me that he had a favor to ask, begged to be allowed beforehand to say a Hail Mary, for the success of his mission. The prayer said, he confidently broached his petition. The second ball was given on occasion of a wedding; on this, so many and such restrictions had been put, that all fear of danger resulting from it seemed effectually precluded,—young women for instance were not to go to it without my leave.

Among the young persons who were invited to this ball was an Iroquois girl of very attractive personal appearance. She was not ignorant of the pleasures in prospect for her, did she go to the ball, yet as soon as she knew that its pleasures would be attended with risk to her virtue, she put all thought of being present at it from her mind. Furthermore, not to be without a reason for her refusal, she cut her hair very close, a sign of deep mourning among the savages. But the matter was not settled as easily as the poor girl could have wished. Her friends insisted, and her father even went so far as to threaten to imprison her in the cellar if she persisted in her refusal. Finally, through fear of offending God by her disobedience the maiden yielded,

yet even then only on the condition that her father would accompany her to the ball.

Now that the Catholics had laid aside the custom of having balls, the Protestants out of opposition took it up. Again our young Iroquois heroine was among the many invited to the dancing. This time, however, her firmness in refusing was such that her father sought me at midnight to know if there were not some means of inducing her to be present at the dance. Poor old Iroquois, it was not malice but ignorance that induced him! That night he returned home believing implicitly that it belonged to his own honor to help his child not to lose but to preserve a treasure that she knew how to estimate so well!

Other victories, more difficult still, were won. There were several Iroquois Indians who were drunk all the time, coming off from one spree only to go on a bigger one, with whom the habit of drunkenness had gone so far that, in the phrase of the country, they were 'played out.' All of these have now so far improved as to be sober occasionally for a week: some of them have taken the pledge not to taste a drop of whisky for a time, and cases are given of those who have kept their promise for months, and have resisted every temptation to imbibe; and two of the most inveterate toppers have sworn off entirely. The older of those two said to me: "Father, if you stay here, I believe that you will be able to make something out of me, but when you go away, I am very much afraid that I shall go back on my promise."

On the Sunday before my departure, all the married women belonging to the sodality of the Seven Dolors, the members of the young women's sodality, and all the children who had made their First Communion, approached the Holy Table. In the afternoon there was the blessing of beads, medals and pictures, the premiums for catechism were distributed, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed, and finally a large cross was erected in the graveyard. In the evening I administered the last consolations

of religion to a man, who had given to his wife and children the most beautiful example of faith and resignation during his sickness, and whose last recommendation was an expression of the most tender confidence in the Blessed Virgin. The day before, for the first time since my arrival at Westport, I had caused the consecrated earth to be opened, in order to receive the mortal remains of her who had been first prefect of the sodality. She had had the consolation during the course of the last year to see all her children and grandchildren approach the Sacraments.

Only three marriages took place whilst I was at Westport, but they were in truth marriages, where the contracting parties were all in those dispositions which it is to be wished that the children of the Church should ever possess. Thus from the first day of my new career, did God still support my feeble steps by giving me new proofs of the care which he takes of those who put their trust in Him.

During my sojourn at Westport, I received occasional visits from some Indians of distinction, amongst others from the head chief of the Kaws, of whom I shall make mention in the journal of my trip to the Rocky Mountains. I had previously been visited by three of his tribe, one of whom was a chief's son and another was considered to be the first warrior of the nation. All three were daubed with red and black paint, and ornamented with bracelets, medals, collars and ear-rings, and decked off with plumes of feathers. After I had made a trifling present to each of them, I led them to the chapel, where it quickly appeared that they had never seen such a sight. They advanced, drew back, stopped still, and looked around on every side, and above all could not rest in their astonishment before a picture of the Seven Dolors, and another representing the head of our Lord crowned with thorns.

They pointed out to each other whatever they did not understand. They were particularly struck by the large tears which were depicted as flowing from the eyes of our Saviour, and they inquired who could this person be. A woman, who was acquainted with their language, having

told them that it was the Son of God, Who was weeping over our sins, they appeared to be very much moved. They belonged, nevertheless, to a tribe so savage, that a party of their men had massacred in cold blood, during the preceding winter, the women and children of their nearest neighbors to the number of more than forty.

The Osages, so much spoken of in France, are only two or three days journey from here: in all, they are no more than five thousand souls at present. They are a bad people, as are all the non-Catholic tribes bordering on civilization. I have made inquiries in regard to those of them who had visited France, and they tell me that only three out of the six are still alive.

About Christmas, Father Allen, the missionary of the Pottawatomies went to visit the Kickapoo Indians, having been ordered to suppress the mission to this tribe. He asked me to accompany him. On the journey, both in going and returning, we lodged in the cabin of an Indian, who was half civilized, a great friend of the French, and proud of the knowledge he had of their language. To show us his proficiency, he repeated the expressions he had picked up in his travels to the Far West: *merci mon ami. . . bonne la vache, mon camarade.*

The Kickapoos are a hideous nation from every point of view, but especially as regards religion. Here had our missionaries been laboring for five years in their midst, and yet on Sunday during Mass you could scarcely see more than one of them in attendance at the chapel. This chapel is the one which was built by the venerable Father Van Quickenborne, whom I saw at Philadelphia. He had just begun to announce the gospel to the Kickapoos, when he was recalled to St. Louis, and from there was sent to Prairie des Sioux, where he died in three weeks. His place was supplied at both stations by other Fathers, who did not possess his experience, and to-day both posts are abandoned, one in part, and that of the Kickapoos entirely. The people of the neighborhood are persuaded that this would not

have happened, if Fr. Van Quickenborne had been able to continue that which he had begun.

The Kickapoos are now at the mercy of a Methodist minister, and of a certain Kenekuk, one of their own nation, who is commonly called the prophet. By his cool effrontery and persevering industry, this man, who is a genius in his way, succeeded in forming a congregation of about three hundred souls, whom he used to assemble in a church which the United States Government had built for him, and palsied all the exertions of four missionaries of the Society. He gives himself out as a messenger of the Great Spirit: it would be too long to tell you the story of his birth in the other world, and of his mission to this earth of ours. He says that he came down from heaven through a blue hole, and after having floated for a long time through empty space, he at length fell upon our planet. Here is a capital point of his teaching, which will furnish you with some idea of his impostures: The whites, he says, will not be saved. And why? "Because the whites cause all nature to groan. They cut the grass with large scythes; they hurt the grass, and the grass weeps: they chop down the trees, with great axes; they hurt the trees, and the trees weep: they dig up the earth with great ploughshares; they hurt the earth, and the earth weeps: they make huge steamboats run upon the rivers; they hurt the rivers, and the rivers weep. You see, my children, the rivers weep, the earth weeps, the trees weep, the grass weeps; therefore, the whites cause all nature to groan, ungrateful that they are: and so, they shall not be saved. Practical conclusion; for us, in the spirit of thankfulness, let us not bring huge steamboats upon the rivers, let us not cultivate our fields, let us not fell the trees, let us not mow the grass"—in a word, let us be just what we are: that is to say, stupid, lazy, thievish, impure, blood-thirsty, etc., etc., and for recompense we shall obtain eternal life.

This is a pretty fair picture of what they are for the most part. As for Kenekuk, in his quality of prophet, five wives are not too many for him; his son has killed I don't know



how many men ; his house is dirtier than any stable ; his temple is not a particle better off on the score of cleanliness, and I can vouch for this on personal inspection. But when this prophet speaks of his revelations, they listen to him in admiration. The proof of his mission is a little plank two inches wide by eight in length, the picture of which I sub-join as I have seen it upon the place where he holds forth !

*NOTE.*— *Wonderful instance of justice and mercy in the conversion of an idolater on the very day when the Mission of the Kickapoos was closed.*

On the 1st of May, 1841, Father Point went from Westport, in order to consume the last Sacred Host which remained in the tabernacle of this poor mission. He arrived at the Kickapoo village towards sunset. The first news that he heard upon dismounting from his horse, was, that about a mile from there, a pagan was at the point of death, and consequently, in great danger of losing his soul. He obtained an interpreter without delay, and proceeded in haste to the house of the sick man, whom he found in despair, as regards both soul and body, for the only words he uttered were these : "Every one deserts me." "No, my brother, every one does not desert you, since I, who am a Black Gown have come to help you, and this is certainly by the will of the Great Spirit, Who wishes to save you." At these words the dying man rallies, confidence springs up in his heart, the minister of divine mercy speaks to him as is befitting such circumstances, the most satisfactory replies are given to all his questions. I helped him to repeat the acts of faith, hope and charity, and as death might take place at any moment, I asked myself why should I not baptize him without delay. The remembrance of St Philip and the eunuch of Queen Candaces came to my mind, and regarding this as an inspiration of the Holy Ghost, I proceeded forthwith to the administration of holy Baptism. On the morrow, he exchanged this perishable life for, as I hope, that life of bliss which will last forever. Was not this the sweetest bouquet which the missionary upon his first entrance to the field of labor among the Indians, could offer to the Queen of Heaven, on the very day when the month consecrated to her honor begins ? But how inscrutable are the judgments of God ! This same day was the last of a mission which had been plunged into the deepest abyss of moral degradation by the scandalous conduct of people who pretend to civilization.

*Unus ne desperes, Solus ne præsumas.*

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## OBITUARY.

FATHER JOSEPH GIORDA.

*(From the "Helena Daily Herald.")*

Rev. Father Joseph Giorda, Society of Jesus, who died of heart disease at Desmet Mission among the Cœur d'Alene Indians, was a native of Piedmont, born March 19, 1823, and was consequently in the sixtieth year of his age at the time of his death. He joined the Jesuit order when twenty-two years old, and previous to coming to America, for some time filled the chair of Professor of Divinity, and held other high offices in the colleges of the Society in Europe. In 1858, Father Giorda arrived in St. Louis, and soon after started for the wilds of the Northwest as Superior General of the Rocky Mountain Missions, which office he continued to hold until increasing infirmities, brought about by arduous labors and constant exposure in traveling, obliged those in authority to delegate the duties of the position to another Father in order that he might have the repose so long needed. While Superior, Father Giorda established many new missions amongst the whites and Indians throughout Montana and the adjoining Territories, and was loved and respected by all with whom he came in contact. Despite his great learning and talents, which raised him in his early years to an equality with some of the brightest intellects among the priesthood in Europe, his disposition was modest and retiring, and his brilliant attainments, which might have made him noted amongst the celebrated theologians of the old world, were devoted wholly to the advancement of the spiritual welfare of the Indian tribes in the Rocky Mountains, where he labored in the humble garb of a missionary.

He had a wonderful aptitude for languages and besides speaking fluently the principal continental tongues, mastered, during his manifold duties in the Territories, the different dialects spoken by the Blackfeet, Nez Percé, Flathead, Yakama, Kootenai, and Gros Ventre Indians. In all of these languages he preached to the different tribes, and conveyed to them the knowledge of the Christian religion.

His studies had made him so perfect a master of the Kalispel tongue, that he compiled and had published a few years ago at St. Ignatius Mission, a complete dictionary of that language, which is said to be one of the most difficult spoken by the tribes of North America.

The hardships and trials experienced by Father Giorda in his journeyings at all seasons through the wilds of the Rocky mountains very often nearly proved fatal, and at times were of a nature to discourage any man not wholly lost to self, and devoted entirely to his sacred calling. Often he experienced attacks of severe illness, when in remote Indian camps and far from aid of any kind, which brought him to the verge of the grave. Once he was captured by a war party of Sioux who stripped him of every particle of clothing, even to his under garments and offered him other indignities before he was permitted to depart. Another time in crossing the Missouri river he fell through the ice and was carried by the rapid current under the frozen stream to an open space some distance down, where he was rescued from certain death by a devoted Blackfoot Indian, who bravely risked his life to save the good priest. Pages could be filled with the recital of the heroic acts and deeds performed in a simple, humble spirit by Father Giorda in the course of his long missionary labors, but they would only be a recapitulation of the history and experience of the many noble men who preceded him in the same self-sacrificing field of duty. All generous admirers of virtue in any guise, whether displayed in the narrow limits of the home circle, where a charitable construction takes the sting out of an unkind remark regarding the failing of a neighbor, or in the wider field where for over eighteen hundred years devoted men have labored for the salvation of souls in all the countries on the face of the globe, must join in rendering respect and admiration to the memory of Rev. Father Giorda. He was well known here in our midst, being for several years pastor of the church of the Sacred Hearts in this city, and the many, be they Catholic or Protestant, who remember his kind, benign face, his sweet, affable manners, and the fatherly interest he displayed toward every one who approached him, will unite in reverently saying:—May his soul rest in peace.

**OUR COLLEGES IN THE UNITED STATES FOR 1881-2.**

PLACE	NAME	PROVINCE	STUD'S	GRAD. A. B.
Baltimore, Md.....	Loyola College *.....	Md. N. Y.	110	4
Boston, Mass.....	Boston College *.....	Md. N. Y.	241	18
Buffalo, N. Y.....	Canisius College.....	Germany	206	..
Chicago, Ill.....	St. Ignatius College *.....	Missouri	208	4
Cincinnati, O.....	St. Xavier College *.....	"	262	6
Detroit, Mich.....	Detroit College *.....	"	157	..
Fordham, N. Y.....	St. John's College.....	Md. N. Y.	240	11
Georgetown, D. C.....	Georgetown College.....	"	191	7
Grand Coteau, La.....	St. Charles College.....	N. O. Miss.	68	..
Jersey City, N. J.....	St. Peter's College *.....	Md. N. Y.	148	..
Las Vegas, N. M.....	Las Vegas College.....	Naples	264	..
Milwaukee, Wis.....	Marquette College *.....	Missouri	83	..
New York, N. Y.....	St. Francis Xav. College *.....	Md. N. Y.	465	22
New Orleans, La.....	Imm. Conception Coll. *..	N. O. Miss.	327	4
Omaha, Nebraska.....	Creighton College *.....	Missouri	231	..
Santa Clara, Cal.....	Santa Clara College.....	Turin	190	2
San Francisco, Cal.....	St. Ignatius College *.....	"	782	4
St. Louis, Mo.....	St. Louis University.....	Missouri	291	4
St. Mary's, Kansas.....	St. Mary's College.....	"	252	3
Spring Hill, Ala.....	St. Joseph's College.....	N. O. Miss.	130	2
Washington, D. C.....	Gonzaga College *.....	Md. N. Y.	107	..
Worcester, Mass.....	College of the Holy Cross	"	149	16

\* Day College.

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