

WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. V., No. 1.

THE NATCHEZ INDIANS IN 1730.

*Letter from Rev. Fr. Petit, S. J., to Rev. Fr. Davaugour, S. J.,
Procurator-General of the Missions in North America.*

(Concluded.)

The pleasure, however, which I experienced in the company of Fr. Doutreleau after his almost miraculous escape, was sadly disturbed by the thought of the loss sustained in the death of the two missionaries who had fallen victims to the fury of the savages. You know the merits of these noble champions as well as I. To an amiable character they joined the qualities and accomplishments that make the apostle: they were in the vigor of manhood; their proficiency in the language of the Indians, the courage with which they entered upon their arduous task, the affec-

tion which they bore the savages, the rare success that attended their first labors—everything led us to cherish the fondest hopes for their future usefulness. So much indeed does the unlooked for fate of these worthy men affect me, that I seem to forget the considerable losses we have suffered in material resources, although even the privation of these helps must necessarily, for a time at least, prove disastrous to a newly founded mission.

Notwithstanding, however, the tragic end of our much esteemed brethren, we cannot give way to our tears without at the same time being filled with the sweetest consolation, when we remember that they had consecrated themselves willingly and entirely to the conversion of the savages in these regions: certainly their lot is enviable; and the Lord, Whose service they had at heart while on earth, will undoubtedly have received them with a fondness which would never fall to the share of simple martyrs to the French name. Knowing moreover the spirit of sacrifice which animates our brethren in Europe, and the zeal which prompts Superiors to accede to the pious entreaties of such as are desirous to devote themselves to the missions, I doubt not but that our thinned ranks will be speedily filled up by men worthy to follow in the footsteps of Frs. Du Poisson and Souel.

Under the critical circumstances in which the treachery of the Indians had placed us, the Commandant showed himself master of the situation, and, by his energetic measures, succeeded in avenging the French blood which had been spilt, and in securing to the sorely harassed colony the blessings of a lasting peace.

The melancholy news of the recent massacre had been long in reaching New Orleans—our worthy Commandant was more prompt in bringing relief. Without delay he had full information conveyed to all the military posts from the Gulf of Mexico to the territories of the Illinois; he invited our allies the Tchactas to take vengeance on the perfidious

Natchez: he provided all the houses of the colony with arms and ammunition; he equipped two vessels, the *Duc de Bourbon* and the *Alexandre*, to sail up the river to the country of the Tunicas; he surrounded the city with intrenchments; he formed several companies of militia; and, aware of the greater danger that threatened smaller settlements, his untiring labor did not cease until solid forts had been erected at *Chapitoulas*, *Cannes-Brulées*, *Les Allemands*, *Bayou Goula*, and the *Pointe-Coupée*.

The indomitable courage which animated the devoted soldier prompted him to take command in person of the troops that were to go in quest of the murderers. But the security of New Orleans demanded his presence there. Danger was apprehended, on the one hand, from their fickle allies who were not likely to let an opportunity escape of falling on the city; on the other, from the numerous negro slaves that might, under the favorable circumstances, make a successful attempt to regain their freedom. The command of the little army of Frenchmen devolved therefore on the Chevalier de Lubois whose bravery and experience in Indian warfare were calculated fully to dispel the anxious fears of the Commandant.

While the French were preparing for battle in the village of the Tunicas, seven hundred Tchactas under the command of M. Lesueur invaded the territories of the Natchez. Ever since their revolt, on the 28th of November, 1729, the Natchez had neglected all precaution and spent the nights in celebrating their late triumphs. Little were they prepared therefore to meet the forces of the Tchactas who fell upon them at daybreak of the 27th of January, 1730. In less than three hours fifty French women and children, the sailor and the carpenter, and one hundred and six negroes with their children were rescued; eighteen Natchez were reduced to slavery, sixty were scalped; the loss of the Tchactas amounted to only two dead and seven or eight wounded. The victory would have been complete, had the

Tchactas, in accordance with the previous agreement, awaited the arrival of the French army which was expected with numerous auxiliaries from the Tunicas and the neighboring tribes.

Three days before this action, M. Mesplex with five other Frenchmen had gone to the camp of the Natchez to reconnoitre, under pretext of bringing about a treaty of peace: their mission was doomed to a fatal issue. As they left their boat, they were saluted by savage yells, and in an instant saw themselves surrounded by a horde of their bloodthirsty enemies; another instant and three of the Frenchmen were massacred; the remaining three were forced to accompany their murderers to the next Indian village. Blinded by their former successes, the Natchez put no bounds to their insolence. They sent one of the prisoners to M. de Lubois requesting the Commander to send M. de Broutin and the chief of the Tunicas as hostages; as ransom however for the women, the children and the negro slaves, the following articles were arrogantly demanded: two hundred barrels of gunpowder, two hundred barrels of balls, two thousand flints, two hundred axes, two hundred mattocks, eighty quarts of brandy, twenty barrels of wine, twenty barrels of vermilion, two hundred shirts, twenty boxes of Limburg cheese, twenty bales of cloth, twenty suits laced on the seams, twenty hats with plumes, and a hundred ordinary suits. It was their intention to slay the Frenchmen who were to deliver the ransom; on the same day, M. Mesplex and his remaining companion were burnt to death.

When however, a few days afterwards, the Natchez saw themselves assailed by the Tchactas, their defeat seemed unavoidable: abandoning themselves to the gloomy forebodings of despair, they retired into their forts, and spent the greater part of the night dancing their dance of death; their fury vented itself in horrible imprecations on the Tchactas for supporting the hated strangers, whose destruction they had vowed.

On the 8th of February, the French with the warriors of the Tunicas and some other tribes near the mouth of the Mississippi entered the Territories of the Natchez, took possession of their principal sanctuary, the temple dedicated to the sun, and laid siege to one of their most redoubtable strongholds. If the Tchactas had then acted in concert with the veterans of M. de Lubois and their Indian allies, a lasting peace might have been secured to the colony, and the missionaries would have been consoled by the brightest prospects to our holy religion among the aborigines in these parts. But a number of circumstances favorable to the Natchez combined to frustrate the sanguine expectations of the French Commander and of my brethren in religion. The impatience and obstinacy of the Tchactas who, like all the Indians, will make a *coup de main*, but in a whim of humor relinquish all the success gained; the scanty numbers of the French soldiery; the scarcity of supplies and ammunition, occasioned by the carelessness and dishonesty of the Indians; the spirited resistance of the Natchez, who began to recover from their sudden panic, regained their former courage, and were resolved to fight for life and death—such were the obstacles with which M. de Lubois had to contend, and which after seven days of a fruitless siege, determined him to listen to proposals of peace, and thus to save the remaining French captives, whom the Natchez threatened to burn in case their overtures of peace should be neglected.

The conditions of peace were accepted and fulfilled by both parties. The French army retired into a small fort, that had been erected near the river, in order to keep the wily Natchez in check, and to secure to travellers a passage free from danger. The command was entrusted to M. Dartaquette as a reward for the gallantry with which he had, during the late siege, undergone every fatigue and braved every danger.

Here I should like to say a few words more about the

general character and disposition of the Tchactas. Before the warriors of this nation had determined to make common cause with the French in the last war, they had gone to the Natchez to smoke the pipe of peace. On that occasion the Natchez presented themselves decked out in chasubles and altar-cloths, some paraded patens, others offered their guests brandy in chalices and ciboriums: when the Tchactas had vanquished the Natchez and plundered their villages, they renewed this scene of profanation before our eyes. Their avarice is without bounds: not content with the liberal allowances granted them by M. de Lubois, they frequently appropriated by main force the supplies of the French army; they retained great quantities of ammunition for their hunting expedition; for the most trifling services they demanded exorbitant pay; and after the first battle against the Natchez, most of their chiefs made their appearance in New Orleans in order to receive from the Commandant a remuneration for the scalps which they had taken and for the captives whom they had delivered. Nothing indeed but their superior numbers could have induced M. Perrier to call them to our assistance: their insolence, barbarity, loathsomeness, and avidity are calculated to avert from their society not only Europeans, but even the nobler Indian tribes.

During this war I met Paatlaco, one of the chiefs, and a number of other Tchactas whose acquaintance I had made on my first missionary tour in their territories. They favored me with many interesting visits and repeated to me the same compliment which they had paid me on a former occasion. "Our hearts," they said, "and the hearts of our children are weeping ever since we have missed thy presence; thou hadst commenced to have the same sentiments as ourselves; thou didst understand us, and we understood thee; thou lovest us, and we love thee; why hast thou left us? Why dost thou delay thy return? Come, come with us." Your Reverence is aware that I could not grant their

petition. I simply told them, therefore, that I would join them as soon as possible; that, after all, I was in New Orleans only in body; that my heart remained always with them. "But thy heart," answered one of the savages, "says nothing to us; it gives us nothing." Such is the love and attachment of the Tchactas, as lasting as the presents which we may have to offer!

Paatlaco did certainly show great courage in the war against the Natchez. To console him for his wounds, he was received with greater attention and cared for with more solicitude than the others. These slight marks of affection turned his head: scarcely had he arrived in the village when he told Fr. Baudouin that the entire city of New Orleans had been in consternation on account of his wounds, and that M. Perrier had informed the king of his bravery and the great services which he had rendered France in the last expedition against the Natchez. Here you have the ruling spirit of this tribe: presumption and pride.

No one could restrain his tears on witnessing the return of the French women: the miseries which it had been their lot to sustain during their captivity among the Natchez were engraved on their countenances. Most of the little ones, that after the war were left fatherless and motherless, were adopted by their kindhearted countrymen; the remainder were added to the number of orphans under the care of the Ursuline Sisters, of whose admirable devotedness I made mention on a former occasion.

Indeed it is a sweet consolation for each member of that holy community, to behold the cheering results of their labors and sacrifices: from them the orphans receive a father's care and a mother's affection; under their judicious training, hundreds of young girls are preserved in innocence, and obtain an education at once christian and polite. As the accommodations of the Sisters are inadequate to the wants of the various establishments under their charge, the inhabitants have resolved to offer them a spacious

house with divisions for an orphanage, schools, a hospital, and women of suspected virtue.

In France and other European countries such multiplied occupations would be distributed among several communities, or even among different religious congregations. Among us the heroic zeal of seven Ursulines, supplies their great deficiency in numbers; still it is to be feared that, unless speedy reinforcements arrive to lighten their burden, these martyrs of charity will soon succumb under the weight of their incessant labors. All are unanimous in their praise: and those who at the time of their arrival were loud in declaiming against their large number and the expediency of their institutions, are now numbered among their warmest advocates and their sincerest friends.

The Tchicachas, a brave but treacherous nation, have been trying to corrupt the nation of the Illinois, in order to win them over more easily to the confederacy against the French. But the Illinois nobly replied that most of them were of the Prayer (i. e. Christians), and that the ties of friendship which bound them to the French could never be severed. "We shall never hesitate," said they, "to march against the enemies of our brothers, the French; he who would injure the French must first pass over our corpses." Their deeds did not belie their words. At the first news of the insurrection of the Natchez and the Jassus, the Illinois came to New Orleans to lament the loss of the Black-gowns and the Frenchmen who had been murdered, and to offer the services of their nation in order to take vengeance on the rebels. I was with M. Perrier when they arrived: Chicagou, whom you saw in Paris, headed the embassy of the Michigamias, and Mamantouensa that of the Cascacias.

Chicagou was the first to speak. He spread a carpet on the floor and placed on it his two calumets; then handing his presents to M. Perrier he said, pointing to the two calumets: "We bring thee two words, one of religion, the other of peace or war according to thy desire. We listen

respectfully to the Commandants, because they bring us the word of the king, our father; more yet do we esteem the Black-gowns, because they announce to us the word of God Himself, Who is the King of kings. We have come from afar to join thee in thy lamentations over the death of the Frenchmen, and to send our warriors against the nations which thou mayst point out to us: thou hast only to speak. When I was in France, the king promised me his protection if I should remain faithful to the Prayer; I shall never forget his words. At present we beg thee to protect us and our Black-gowns."

Mamantouensa spoke next; his address was laconic and somewhat different in style from what I had expected. "Here," said he, turning to M. Perrier, "are two young slaves, some furs and other trifles; my present is insignificant. I do not ask thee for a better one. All I ask of thee is thy heart and thy protection; I am more jealous of these two things than of all the goods of the world; and I ask them only because I am of the Prayer. My sentiments with regard to war are the same as Chicagou; I need not repeat what thou hast heard from his lips."

Finally, another old chief of venerable appearance rose, proclaiming that he was desirous to die as he had lived, in the Prayer. "The last word of our parents," said he, "was a recommendation, always to remain faithfully attached to the Prayer; they never ceased inculcating this truth on the minds of their children, that the Prayer is the only means to be happy in this life and in the other life after death."

Mr. Perrier, whose devotedness to his office is equalled only by his fervor as a christian, listened with sensible pleasure to the characteristic harangues of his visitors: far from having recourse to dissimulation, he abandoned himself to the movements of his heart, and was so happy in the replies which he made to their several addresses, that he could not have failed fully to satisfy the upright savages.

During the three weeks of their sojourn among us, the Illinois lived in our house, and gave us every opportunity to observe and to admire their edifying life. Every evening they recited the Beads of the Blessed Virgin in common, two choirs alternating with each other. They were present at my Mass each morning, singing hymns in keeping with the feast of the day: the Sisters sang the first verse in Latin, to the melody of the Gregorian chant; and the Illinois continued the hymn in the same tone in their own language. So novel a spectacle attracted large numbers to our church, and filled every soul with tender devotion; indeed, even a casual observer would have perceived that these simple savages showed more taste and pleasure in singing holy canticles, than the dregs of the French populace show in frivolous and indecent songs.

Your Reverence will be astonished on learning how well our neophytes are instructed: they are acquainted with almost all the historical events of the Old and the New Testaments; they are familiar with excellent methods of hearing Mass and of receiving the Sacraments; their catechism, of which they have a full knowledge, is perfect, and deserves to be recommended to such of our Fathers as are about to commence new missions; in short these savages are ignorant of none of our holy mysteries, nor of their religious duties. Persons that knew these tribes in their former savage state, are loud in extolling the heroic devotedness which the conversion of such barbarians must have cost; but the missionaries find their labors abundantly recompensed, even in this life, by the blessings which the Lord showers down upon their work.

The Illinois manifest great respect for the religious women. On seeing one of them surrounded by a troop of little girls, Mamantouensa said to her: "I see well that you are none of those religious without work." He meant that the Sisters are not simply intent on their own perfection. "You are" he added, "like our Fathers, the Black-

gowns : you labor for others. Ah, would that we had two or three of you with us ; our wives and daughters would learn many useful things and become better christians." "Well," said the Superioress, "choose some from among the Sisters, and take them with you." "It is not for me to choose," replied Mamantouensa, "but for you who know them ; the choice should fall upon such as are most closely united to God and most devoted to their charge." What labors will be required to implant in the hearts of the Tchactas sentiments at once so reasonable and so christian ! it can only be His work, who when He wills, changes stones into children of Abraham.

Chicagou preserves with the utmost care, in a purse made especially for the purpose, the magnificent snuff-box with which the late Duchess of Orleans presented him at Versailles. Although considerable amounts in money or valuables have been offered him for the article in question, he could never be persuaded to part with an object which reminded him of a personage, whose position in French society demanded his respect and veneration ; a remarkable attention in a savage whose characteristic it is to throw away in a moment that which he had been passionately desiring.

On his return from Europe, Chicagou brought such accounts of France and its inhabitants as could not but seem exaggerated to the simple minds of the Illinois. "The French have paid thee," said they, "in order to make us believe all these enticing fictions." "We are willing to believe thee," said his parents and nearest relations, "but thy eyes were charmed, and nothing but visions passed before thee ; for it is impossible that France should be as thou dost describe her." In vain did he assure his friends that in France there are five wigwams, one upon the other, as high as the largest trees ; that in Paris, people in the streets are as numerous as the blades of grass on the prairie, or the mosquitoes in the woods ; that the French travel

in movable wigwams of leather ; that in the cities, the sick are in large wigwams, under the care of experienced physicians: nothing seemed credible to the honest savages. Mamantouensa could not understand, how the large vessels which were built could be set afloat ; or how the immense anchors could be lowered or raised ; "certainly, thousands of hands must be employed there," said he. Everything was explained to him, and the savage chief could not sufficiently admire the inventive genius of the Europeans.

The messengers of the Illinois left on the last day of June : probably the warriors of this vigorous tribe will join the Arkansas in their expeditions against the Jassus and the Carroys. When the latter barbarians were returning after the scene of bloodshed which they had been enacting, they were attacked first by the Tchactas who took eighteen scalps, and liberated the French women and children ; then by the Arkansas who took four scalps and made several prisoners. As the victorious Arkansas approached their home, they met two boats with soldiers. The sight of the French uniform brought more vividly before their minds the remembrance of the fallen victims, but especially that of Fr. du Poisson, their venerated missionary : they swore that while an Arkansas was among the living, the Natchez and the Jassus should not be without an enemy. After the death of Fr. Souel, the missionary of the Jassus, the faithful Arkansas had intended to bring the sacred vestments and vessels, also the furniture of the mission house to a place of safety, in order to make over everything to the new Black-gown: a bell and a few books were all that the murderers had left behind them.

For some time it could not be ascertained what had become of the corpse of Fr. Souel ; only of late I succeeded in obtaining the desired information. One of the French women set free by the Tchactas had, after many entreaties, obtained the body of the martyr from the Jassus, and interred it in a secret spot.

Although we have to deplore the death of only two missionaries, yet some other Fathers are even more exposed than the fallen victims. Thus, Fr. Baudouin is in the midst of the powerful nation of the Tchactas, without any other human protection than the respect which his venerable age and his unbounded charity should inspire. As I indicated above, the Tchactas are becoming more dangerous as our allies than the Natchez as our enemies: their insolence knows no limits; and it is feared that the majority of our soldiers will have to be employed in checking them, and in ensuring the safety of the French settlements within their boundaries. Fr. de Guyenne, the missionary of the Carolinas, is in circumstances not less precarious. His two mission houses have been burnt; and he finds himself constrained to limit his zeal to the French fort among the Alibamons, or to seek for a richer harvest on the banks of the Mississippi.

Nothing now remains but to inform your Reverence of the present condition of our enemies. They have collected their forces near the river Ouachita—the Natchez to the number of about five hundred warriors, the Jassus and Corroys less than one hundred. To avenge the loss of some of their warriors in a late affray with our friends, the Oumas and Bayagoulas, they have begun to make their appearance and to annoy our frontier settlements. Last week they fell upon a small French fort, and massacred nine soldiers and eighteen negroes; only three persons escaped the fury of the ruthless murderers. New outrages are feared every day.

It is plain that such a war will sadly retard the firm establishment of the French colony and render the spread of Christianity among many of the Indian nations almost impossible. On the other hand, the late disasters may determine the French government to take energetic measures, and to send without delay the forces necessary to tranquillize the settlements, and to make them and our missions flourish anew. As far as our missionaries are con-

cerned, the losses which they have sustained and the imminent dangers to which they see themselves exposed, only serve to increase their zeal and to make them rely with greater confidence on Him Whose assistance is at hand even when all human resources are failing.

I recommend myself, our Fathers and Brothers, and our labors to your Reverence's Sacrifices and prayers.

ST. CHARLES' COLLEGE, GRAND COTEAU, LA.

Letter of Fr. Maitrugues, S. J.

NOVITIATE, FREDERICK, MD.,

Feast of St. Fr. Xavier, 1875.

VERY REV. FR. PROVINCIAL,

P. C.

But lately, your Reverence expressed the desire to have a brief outline of the history of St. Charles College, Grand Coteau.

Not being very familiar with the English language and not having any document to guide me, the following attempt must needs be very imperfect; though, I trust, it will not fail to prove my eagerness to comply with your wishes.

J. MAITRUGUES, S. J.

ST. CHARLES' COLLEGE, GRAND COTEAU, LA.

I PART.

[1835—1858.]

Grand Coteau is situated in the Parish of St. Landry, La., west of New Orleans, at a distance, in an air-line, of about one hundred and sixty miles.

Should any one have the curiosity to visit that secluded spot, which, not unlike Brieg, Montrouge, Vals or Woodstock, is perhaps destined to rise into fame, he might be pleased to know that from New Orleans it may be reached by two different ways: Brashear city, Bayou Têché and Newtown (New Iberia, as this last is now called); or Mississippi and Red rivers, the Atchafalaya and Bayou Courtableau. The first route is the most expeditious, and excepting on Sundays, offers daily accommodation; it is objectionable on account of the necessary change and transfer from railroad to steamboat, and from steamboat to stage coach. The wild, beautiful scenery all along the way renders the other more attractive; yet, during the summer, it is not advisable on account of the low water.

Grand Coteau, as the name indicates, is somewhat more elevated than the adjacent tracts of land. It forms to the eye a rough circle of about four or five miles in diameter, bounded by different creeks or bayous, with the usual amount of oaks, cypress and hickory trees, from whose branches the ornamental "Spanish beard" hangs to the ground. The locality is generally considered free from contagious or infectious diseases and may be pronounced healthy, with the exception, perhaps, of the months of August and September, when malaria is apt to exert a deleterious influence.

Although on account of the richness of the land, almost

every kind of produce may be cultivated, a greater attention is given to sugar, cotton and corn.

Grand Coteau forms the border line of the region where orange trees thrive, and even there require special care ; not so much on account of the extreme cold as of the sudden changes of the weather. When a frosty night is succeeded by a serene day, then, under the influence of the sun's rays, the bark splits and the tree is considered lost.

But lately the number of people coming within the jurisdiction of the parish priest was estimated at eight thousand. The greater part is of French origin and is called the old population. About half a century ago, a certain number of families came from Maryland : the Smiths, the Hardys, the Millards, etc. The rest are chiefly late immigrants. This variety of origin does not prevent among them a great unity of purpose and good mutual understanding ; which may be accounted for by the fact that nearly all are Catholics, many educated by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart or in our own College. And, since the occasion offers it, I may here relate a word I heard from Mr. Anderson, who is a Senator in Louisiana : "Your Grand Coteau population hardly ever brings up a case of crime at the courts. 'Tis wonderful !"

This may serve as a preliminary for the better understanding of this little notice concerning the parish and College of St. Charles, Grand Coteau. And, not to appear too egotistic, I must add that, except for the fertility of the soil and for the merit of its inhabitants, the place would be sad and dreary, being flat, generally bordered with swamps, subject to excessive rains and droughts and offering little attraction to an *amateur de la belle nature* :

In 1835, or thereabouts, Archbishop Blanc of New Orleans, desired our Fathers to take charge of a college at Iberville, La. For some cause or other, after having visited the place they did not consider it favorable. They were then encouraged to look for a more advantageous site.

Several attempts were made under apparently good auspices, but notwithstanding the best intentions of all parties, at the moment for final arrangements, something unforeseen would occur and put a stop to further proceedings. What took place at Donaldsonville may be told here, as showing more clearly the designs of Providence in favor of Grand Coteau.

Our Fathers were very eager to establish themselves at Donaldsonville, which was, at that time, a very thriving place. Besides its being easy of access from all parts of Louisiana and of the adjacent States, it is a very healthy and also a very agreeable site, affording a commanding view of the king of waters. Rev. Fr. Point, who was then Superior, went to work in earnest and soon all obstacles were removed; so that it was already considered as arranged; the more so, as the understanding was likely to prove advantageous to all parties. But, when the time for final adjustment had come—the document being written and needing only a few signatures for its validity—some of the inhabitants made an opposition so uncalled for, that Fr. Point withdrew at once, declining further proceedings; and as the Reverend Father had urgent business of a spiritual nature calling him to Grand Coteau, he took a speedy departure from Donaldsonville.

During his stay at Grand Coteau, Fr. Point, guided by Providence, we may say, for mere human wisdom and prudence did not seem to advise that course, made final arrangements for a College in those parts. Meanwhile some of the more fervent Catholics were endeavoring to set matters right at Donaldsonville. The subject was reconsidered and it was decided that the Father should be given satisfaction on all subjects. But great was their disappointment when they heard that another place had been chosen, and that things were so far advanced that there was no possibility of return. From that time, Fr. Point was to feel at what cost he was to deserve the title of Founder of St. Charles' College, Grand Coteau.

It is said that the prince of this world leaves no spot unvisited; that he sends his emissaries everywhere—and that consequently that 'out of the way' place was soon to be the seat of a terrible conflict.

Fr. Point had nothing to begin with but a wooden church, one small wooden house (which still serves as an infirmary), and a kind of log house. He chose this last for his residence and that of his companions, and the other for the intended College. It is said that, at that period, had it not been for the charity of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, it is not known how our Fathers could have withstood the trials they had to endure.

The College notwithstanding was at once declared open. This announcement was received with outcry by the outside world, not so much in Grand Coteau, as in the neighboring towns. We were held up to the public as objects of hatred, unworthy to breathe the air of Louisiana, in short we were "bound to leave the place." Timely warnings were received in the shape of anonymous letters, containing among other compliments the following: That if after fifteen days we had not cleared the place, we should see ourselves stripped, whipped and driven out.

That these were not mere words, idle threats, became apparent; for real organizations were being set on foot in Lafayette, the next parish to ours, with the avowed purpose of expelling us. Meanwhile, in Opelousas, the newspaper was trying to excite a popular movement against us. It was owing to the devotedness of the members of Grand Coteau parish, that things did not take a worse turn; for they too rose in arms and for many days made regular daily and nightly rounds for the security of the Fathers. When this became known, it spread terror in the enemy's camp and they held their peace.

The newspaper gossip was stopped in the following way. A gentleman of Opelousas, otherwise not known to be devoted to us, happened to enquire how the Fathers would

meet the different charges brought against them, and hearing that they would bear all patiently, he became indignant and went at once to the editor, reproved him for the meanness of attacking unoffending priests; and in fine, assured him that, should these abuses be repeated, he would call again for redress. He was heard.*

Meanwhile amidst all this stirring up of the passions, the College of St. Charles was progressing. Over sixty boys had answered the first appeal and were located in the house which at present is considered too poor and too small as an infirmary. There, in that small place, the students studied, ate and slept. During the day, the beds were removed and tables for class and study were placed instead. We are told that those were "the gay times," that the students were fond of the Fathers, and made rapid strides in the acquisition of knowledge. Soon there was to be a public exhibition; and though it consisted mainly of recitations, it created great enthusiasm. The College was duly cheered, and toasts were offered for its prosperity.

The necessity of enlarging the college became apparent. A tasteful building arose, as if by enchantment, and when it was completed, Fr. Point could not help exclaiming: "*Ah! le voilà enfin, le collège St. Charles, enfanté dans la douleur!*" And he could say so truly, for it is difficult to imagine the amount of vexation it had given rise to. It was a common saying that Fr. Point could not have a brick moved, but there was some one to find fault with it. Towards the end, as if to perfect his crown, he had a great deal of troublesome business and had to go to law with the contractors.

But the work of God was going on meanwhile, and from year to year St. Charles' College was sending to their homes a number of youths that know our Lord a little better. Likewise the convent of the Sacred Heart was at work pre-

* Dr. Millard's testimony.

paring the best sort of catechists, that is, good and christian mothers. And though much still remained to be done, infidelity, heresy and secret societies received severe checks; many a prejudice was removed, many a mind enlightened, many a wound healed, as the present fervor proves. For if in all that country, which extends from Brashear city to Alexandria, the Catholic churches are better attended than heretofore, it may, in part, be ascribed to the two causes referred to. This would be the place to enter into highly interesting details, were it not that the events and facts are of too recent occurrence. Suffice it to say that there were at one time one hundred and thirty pupils at St. Charles; that many have since distinguished themselves and reflected credit on their *alma mater*, and that all have kept a good *souvenir* of their college days, as the little anecdote I am about to relate plainly brings out.

It was during the late secession war that Fr. Abbadie, who is the personification of St. Charles (having been employed there from the first and in all the various offices), whilst on one of his spiritual missions, had to pass over the Confederate lines.- Called upon to exhibit his permit, the good Father acknowledged that he had never thought of such a thing, and was accordingly marched to headquarters. The unfortunate sentry had no idea of the bright capture he had made, but was soon to be enlightened. He had not gone far with his prize, before Fr. Abbadie was recognized by some of his former pupils, and the news that he was a prisoner spread like wildfire through the camp. At once numerous groups were seen emerging from under every tent to see their dear Fr. Abbadie and hear his "God bless you" once more. I will not attempt to describe the astonishment of the officer in charge when he saw this triumphal march, nor the poor sentry's embarrassment the while. The whole resulted in a flourish of three grand, general hurrahs! and Fr. Abbadie could not grasp the numberless hands stretched out to meet his.

There are such sweet moments for apostolic men, but how far apart !

II PART.

[1858—1875.]

About the year 1858, as St. Charles' College was still advancing, another brick building, equal in size to the first, was erected.

These were "the glorious times" throughout the United States. Wealth and general prosperity were to be seen on all sides. But Grand Coteau was a christian institution and had to be fashioned according to the divine model. It was during this truce with the outside world that internal trials took place. Our Mission at the time had but few laborers, and many were in consequence prevented from receiving complete formation. Besides, there were several objections to this establishment. It was difficult of access and otherwise unpromising, or at least it appeared, compared with other houses, to be of inferior importance. And as it was evident that some place must be abandoned, why not Grand Coteau? Serious fears were already entertained by the friends of the College for its further continuance. But just then the cry of secession and war was heard and put an end to this matter for the time. He would have been wise indeed, who, in such a crisis, would have judged what was the most advisable course.

Meanwhile, during three or four calamitous years, of which I refrain from saying anything, our house at Grand Coteau continued its mission and never failed one day to attend to the parish and the convent, the camp and the school. Alternately visited by friends and foes, it received from both due honor and protection. We have to thank divine Providence that, besides the privations consequent on the blockade and

the mental agony of seeing so much desolation in the land, we had no misfortune to bewail in that general catastrophe.

Soon after the war, two of Ours generously offered up their lives for charity's sake. One caught the infectious disease in Washington, La., whilst attending a dying priest, and then gave it to the other who had come to assist his brother in his agony. At a later date their remains were brought to the College cemetery, and for safer transportation in coffins nailed together. With all its roughness this was so expressive and touching that we let it be: both went down together. "One in life, even in death they were not divided." Their names are Fr. Chaignon and Fr. Nachon.

Whilst mourning these and other losses, Grand Coteau struggled to hold on, if not to gain, her former splendor. But the question of its suppression returned with new urgency, till towards the end of the year 1868, by an order of our Very Rev. Fr. General, Grand Coteau was no more a College. Those were "the gloomy times." This measure did not proceed from a hasty deliberation, but was to be definitive and in some way irrevocable. Accordingly measures were taken to dispose of all that belonged properly to the College, furniture, goods, etc.

Nothing was to remain but the parish with its stations and missions. What may have been the regret of some who had spent their lives at an ungrateful task, I cannot say. What I know is that not a murmur was heard, and that some only expressed their resignation and their intimate persuasion that the present trials would, like many others, last only for a time. It is current among our people that a certain religious of the convent, on her deathbed, had foretold that St. Charles' College would have many a hard trial to undergo, but would come out triumphant at the end.

A few months later, there was in Grand Coteau more life, bustle and activity than ever before; for it afforded a welcome and a timely asylum to the whole community of

Spring Hill College, professors, students and all! So whilst the latter received shelter and hospitality, they at the same time resuscitated their sister-house.* When our Very Rev. Fr. General heard of all these things, he sanctioned what had been done, and expressed a wish that St. Charles' College should be suppressed no more and be allowed to work out its own destiny. This glad intelligence was at once communicated to the inhabitants who partook of our joy.

The number of students soon reached one hundred and fifteen. They brought back life and animation, were seen or heard through the fields and over the creeks, and soon there was hardly left a rabbit unchased. The writer bears witness that more than once he counted over thirty after a single hunt. They had been caught without any other stratagem than the throwing of a stick and sometimes a direct run. This sort of recreation the students had not enjoyed at Spring Hill to the same extent or with equal success, so they highly appreciated it. Later on came the summer excursions, the bird-chase, etc., but all this together with the other luxuries to be had at St. Charles', that land of milk and honey, though sufficient to give content, did not extinguish the students' longing after "*old Spring Hill*" as it continued to be called, though it was now entirely new; and so, when Grand Coteau saw the end of that year approach, it could not but feel a vague apprehension with regard to the future.

Then it was that the noblest example of devotedness was given us. By looking over the catalogue of 1870, one can easily satisfy himself that the care of the College, church and the other usual employments of Grand Coteau, such as attendance at the convent, visiting the stations and missions, devolved upon eight Fathers, the youngest of whom was over fifty years; it was also remarked that each one had exercised superiority in the Society. These members divid-

* Spring Hill College was burned to the ground in 1869.

ed their time for class and prefectship among themselves, and as their health was but indifferent, they at times made common cause and set all their ability to work; so much so, that the saintly Rector, Fr. Benausse, whom God called to his reward the following year, could say smilingly, as was his wont, that he was "contributing to the advance of civilization by daily teaching *Rosa, rosæ.*" To leave nothing untold, a young Scholastic was sent to their aid; but it pleased Almighty God to leave us this example in all its brightness, and he became useless during the course of the year. Those were "the times of mercy."

Our Rev. Fr. Superior seeing that the expected help from the Province did not arrive, concluded that some scheme had to be devised to give stability to our works and to fill up the vacancies; for many had completed their sacrifice or were on the point of doing so. He resolved to go to Very Rev. Fr. General and represent the situation. It was in the beginning of the year 1870. It was also the first year of his administration and the affairs of our Mission were in a sad state. New Orleans still felt the consequences of a disastrous war; Spring Hill College was just being rebuilt and Grand Coteau, as we have seen, was struggling for existence.

It is said that our Father General was very much moved when he heard of our works and that he praised the Mission and the zeal and patience of its members. He gave hopes that help would come in due time and measures were taken accordingly.

Meanwhile prayers were offered up for the success of this undertaking, throughout our Mission. It would not be rash to say that the results far surpassed Fr. Superior's expectations. He had indeed spared no trouble and had made application to divers provinces; and he had not done so altogether in vain. Besides, provision had been made for the education of a goodly number of promising youths. The return of some members fresh from their studies was

eagerly anticipated. The prospect was, without doubt, much improved ; but, as far as known, the organization of a novitiate, though the want was felt by every one, had not yet entered any one's mind as feasible. The hour had come notwithstanding.

A year had not elapsed, since Fr. Superior's return, when he was called to the parlor by twelve young strangers. Great must have been his astonishment, and not less his satisfaction, when he learned that they had come all the way from Switzerland to ask admission into the Society of Jesus. They then related how, while at the college in Brieg, they had heard from Fr. Diviné* of our Mission and of its wants, and how by common accord they had resolved to come and offer themselves. Though no immediate provision for their reception could be had in any of our houses, they were, as a Godsend, directed to Grand Coteau, in the hope that He Who had sent them would also provide for them. Not unlike what is related of almost all of our Novitiates and particularly that of St. Andrea, in Rome, of Lons-le-Saulnier, in France, and also that of Frederick, the novitiate of Grand Coteau was, from its cradle, adorned with all the insignia of the Kingdom of Christ. Poverty was there foremost with her sisters, Suffering and Humiliation in the background. There was a large room on the fourth story, once used as a sleeping room but since much neglected. It was put in requisition for the use of the novices. The little cortège of privations arose from various causes, some of which can be ascribed to the want of due accommodations. Next, but not least, the installation of our heroic postulants had taken place in midsummer and at the same time the full strictness of the novices' regulations had been applied. As they were anxious to wear the habit, they were at once satisfied, but as

* Rev. Fr. Diviné belongs to the German Province and has for a long time resided at Brieg, where he is chaplain of the Ursuline Convent. He is nearly eighty years old.

everything in that as well as in the rest, had to be improvised for the occasion, a great variety ensued. It took our college students a long while to realize the object of the strangers and to become accustomed to see them go through the different exercises and experiments.

They were not admitted as novices at once *in globo*. Each one had to be tried and examined according to our custom. Only six came safe through the first scrutiny and constituted the Novitiate. The others received a special order of the day, in which study had the chief part, and they constituted our Seminary or, as it has sometimes been named, though improperly, the Apostolic School. In fact, it is not connected with the apostolic schools established in many of our European colleges by Fr. de Foresta. The latter subsist altogether upon alms, and leave the youth an entire liberty to join any religious Order or Congregation as he may feel inclined. In Grand Coteau the Mission itself bears the burden of such as cannot defray their expenses and acquires certain claims on them. What a noble charity it would be if our American Catholics were to emulate their European brethren and have the satisfaction to prepare young Levites for the sacred ministry!

At present there are eight such students in Grand Coteau. The novices range between fifteen and twenty, I believe, representing many nationalities. Twenty or thereabouts, having come out of the probation victorious, are going through their Junior course.

During the last four years many little improvements have been made, which render the sojourn at Grand Coteau more agreeable. The farm offers to all suitable diversion on holidays, and as the seasons revolve, each brings its own tribute to our enjoyments. The sugar grinding which takes place in November and December is hardly completed, when spring is hailed, which in its turn covers the oaks with green and prepares cool shaded alleys for the summer.

In fine, it is not out of place to mention here, that, among

the blessings of God upon our Novitiate, not the least is its having been preserved from dangerous diseases. Grand Coteau is also much indebted to Dr. Millard, a student and graduate of Georgetown, who, for the past forty years, has been the attending physician at our house and as such deserves the title of benefactor and friend. The following are his own words: "It seems to me that I can have no rest till I know that everything is right at the College." Such words need no comment.

And now, nothing remains but to express the confidence we feel with regard to the future of Grand Coteau. It is daily striking root deeper, and further trials may only render it more stable and more fruitful. Of course it will always be the same lonely spot, still be poor and humble; but who can deny that it is day after day working out a noble task and fulfilling a bright destiny?

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH AND RESIDENCE,
FREDERICK, MD.

To write fully the history of St. John's Church and Residence is to give the history of Catholicity in Frederick county. All the churches in the county have been more or less connected with St. John's; St. Joseph's on the Manor, the churches of Petersville, Liberty and Middletown are its offshoots. St. John's is also associated with the churches of Mt. S. Mary's and Emmettsburg as having had for a number of years the same pastor, the Rev. John

Dubois, afterwards Bishop of New York. In this paper, however, no attempt will be made to speak at length of these outlying missions; a short account will be given of them when the time comes to speak of their foundation.

By the middle of the last century a number of Catholics had settled in Frederick valley. They were principally of English origin, having emigrated immediately from England, or from the lower counties of the State. These settlers were attracted thither by the fertility of the soil, or by the inducements held out to them by Mr. Carroll, the father of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. About the year 1750, Mr. Carroll, then living at Annapolis, went to Frederick county on a hunting expedition. He was much taken with the scenery, the pleasing variety of mountain and valley lands, watered by the Potomac and the Monocacy. He determined to purchase a large tract, now called the Manor, and though his wife said she "could see no use in throwing away money for a forest," he was fixed in his resolution and bought from the State, for the small sum of two hundred pounds, twelve thousand acres of land. This tract, a considerable portion of which still belongs to one of his descendants, was divided into small farms by Mr. Carroll and rented to persons whom he had engaged to go thither from the lower part of the State. These tenants formed the nucleus of St. Joseph's parish, now attended by Fathers from the Novitiate.

It may be inferred that the first settlers on the Manor were Catholics, because Mr. Carroll, was no doubt, anxious for his religion to get a foothold in the Frederick valley; and that most of them were from the lower part of the State, since the names frequently occurring on the old baptismal and marriage records are the Catholic names from St. Mary's, Charles and Prince George's counties. Other Catholics were drawn to Frederick county, in order to escape the rigors of the penal laws, which were in full force in the original colony, owing to the bigotry and tyranny of

the Protestants. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that the Darnalls, the Boones, Abells, Paynes, the Brookses, the Jamisons, the Jarboes, whose names are found on the records, are from the old Catholic settlement.

But whilst enumerating the Catholic population of Frederick valley a hundred years ago, the Germans have to be reckoned; they went either directly from Germany or from Pennsylvania, about the middle of the last century. Some Hessians settled in Frederick Town at the end of the revolutionary war; but of these very few were Catholics. There were also quite likely a few Irish Catholics scattered through the county. Judging from the name, John Cary, signed to a deed for a lot, on which the original Chapel was built, an Irishman was the first benefactor of the Society in Frederick. The deed is in favor of Fr. George Hunter and bears date of the 2nd of October, 1765. In the document it is stated that for and in consideration of the payment of five shillings, current money, a title is given to the lot above mentioned; this same lot had some years previously cost the seller forty or fifty times that amount. Mr. Cary was a merchant, as appears from the deed.

The spiritual needs of this population were looked to, as well as circumstances allowed, by the Fathers from St. Thomas' mission near Port Tobacco, then and for a long time afterwards, the residence of the Superior. The Fathers of this mission had stations, churches, or residences through Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania and a part of New York. Most likely Frederick valley was for sometime attended directly from St. Thomas'. The Father who was appointed for the work used, no doubt, to make long excursions, which would take in the Catholics of what is now the District of Columbia, of Montgomery and Frederick counties along the line of the Potomac river. After the mission was begun at Conewago, some German Father would, perhaps, go to Frederick Town, a distance of forty miles, to administer the Sacraments to the faithful of his nationality.

In the course of time, the number of Catholics increased, especially in Frederick Town, and it became necessary to build a residence and chapel for the spiritual wants of the faithful. This residence and chapel were accordingly built in 1763, by Fr. John Williams, an English Jesuit.* Very little is known about this Father; from papers in the possession of Rev. Fr. Rector of the Novitiate, it seems that he came to the mission of Maryland, on June 9th, 1758, in company with Fathers James Framback and James Pelentz, the founders of the congregation at Conewago. How long Fr. Williams remained at Frederick, and who was his immediate successor, is uncertain. He returned most probably to England, as his name is not mentioned among the nineteen ex-Jesuits† in Maryland in 1774, whose names are given by B. U. Campbell.‡ There is reason to believe that Fr. George Hunter was the successor of Fr. Williams, from the fact that his name occurs in the deed already mentioned. It may be answered that Fr. Hunter was the Superior at that time, 1765, and the deed was consequently made out in his name. These reasons are not conclusive; for it is doubtful whether Fr. Hunter was Superior in 1765.§

* Fr. McElroy's MSS.

† The members of the Society, who happened to be in Maryland and Pennsylvania at the time of the suppression, formed soon after an association and thus preserved most of the property. They appointed a Superior, who was also recognized as Vicar-General by the Vicar Apostolic of London. Fr. George Hunter was the Superior until his death in 1779, and was succeeded by Fr. James Lewis. On the appointment of Rev. John Carroll by Rome as Arch-Priest in 1784, Fr. Lewis was superseded, and this state of things remained until 1805. On May 10th, of that year, Bishop Carroll, having previously obtained from Fr. Gruber permission for the members of the late Society in the United States to be united to those of the (never suppressed) Society in Russia, called the ex-Jesuits, six in number, to Baltimore, and admitted them into the Society. Shortly after this date, he appointed Fr. Robert Molyneux Superior.

‡ Memoirs of the Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll.

§ Fr. Hunter came from England to this mission in 1760, and a second time in 1769. He was Superior until his death in 1779. He labored

It is known that he was the Superior and Vicar-General in 1774, but this was after his return to Maryland. The other reason based on the deed is equally unconvulsive; for deeds were not always made out in the names of the Superiors as will be seen further on in this history.

In Campbell's list of ex-Jesuits, alluded to before, Fr. James Framback is set down as the pastor of Frederick Town in the year 1773. The mission entrusted to Fr. Framback was no easy one; Western Maryland and the upper part of Virginia formed his parish, entailing upon him long and perilous journeys to visit the Catholics scattered through his extensive territory. Sick calls over mountains and rivers for fifty and sixty miles must have come hard on one who had already been on the laborious Maryland mission nearly twenty years. Not unfrequently he had to exercise the greatest caution to avoid detection and captivity at the hands of the Protestants. "He slept generally on the saddle beside his horse, in order to be prepared for a sudden flight; and on one occasion he barely escaped with his life, when on a visit to a Catholic family at Aquia Creek in Virginia, by the fleetness of his horse in carrying him through the waters of the Potomac, while he was fired upon by his pursuers before he reached the Maryland side of the river."* Father Framback was a German and came to the mission in 1758; he died at St. Inigoes, Aug. 26, 1795, in the seventy-third year of his age.

Fr. James Walton succeeded Fr. Framback. This statement is made on the authority of a deed for a part of the Novitiate property. This deed was written in 1779; the following extract will, perhaps, be interesting as giving an

long and well and died in the odor of sanctity at St. Thomas' in the 61st year of his age. He built the fine residence at St. Thomas', which used to be admired so much. The traditions of the Province place a halo of sanctity about the name of this Father. It is to be lamented that more is not known about him.

* Clarke's Lives of Deceased Bishops.

example of the wordiness of legal documents in the last century :

"This indenture made this seventeenth day of November in the year of our Lord one Thousand Seven Hundred and Seventy Nine, Between Benjamin Ogle, Junior, of Frederick County in the State of Maryland, Merchant, of the one part, and James Walton of St. Mary's County in the State aforesaid, Gentleman, of the other part, Witnesseth that the same Benjamin Ogle for and in consideration of the sum of Five Hundred Pounds Current Money to him in hand paid by the said James Walton at and before the ensealing and delivery of these presents, the Receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, Hath given, granted, bargained, sold, aliened, released, enfeoffed, and confirmed, and by these presents Doth give, grant, bargain, sell, alien, release, enfeoff, and confirm unto him the said James Walton, his heirs, assigns, all that Lott or portion of Ground, situate and lying in Frederick Town, known and distinguished by the Number Ninety-Six, containing sixty foot in breadth and three Hundred and Ninety-three foot in length, lying and adjacent to, and on the South part of the Chapel or place of worship used by the Roman Catholicks."

May it not be inferred from this indenture that Fr. Walton was in Frederick Town as pastor in 1779? He is spoken of as from St. Mary's county for the reason, probably, that at the time of the purchase he had not been long enough in Frederick county to acquire citizenship. Fr. Walton was an Englishman and came to Maryland in the year 1776, and died at St. Inigoes in 1803, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

The first residence erected, as was already stated, by Fr. Williams, and which now forms part of the Novitiate, was a two-story brick building; it included on the first floor three rooms and a passage, thus giving a front of about fifty feet, and corresponding to what now are the bed-room, the sitting-room of Fr. Rector, the passage in

the rear of the bed-room and the adjoining apartment now appropriated to the pastor of the church; the second floor was used as a chapel and has since been divided into the library of the tertian Fathers, the chapel of the Blessed Virgin, and the Fathers' recreation room. It is well to mention that the entrance to the residence was by the passage in the rear of Fr. Rector's bed-room; this passage was on a level with the street. Many years afterwards a basement was added to the building by the grading of the street. This was the work of Fr. McElroy.

The small chapel of Fr. Williams was for nearly forty years the only place of worship for the Catholics of Frederick county. The Fathers remained in Frederick Town during the suppression or, at least, went thither now and then. Fr. Walton, the last Father of whom we have any record as having been there, died in 1803; but sometime before his death the chapel was attended by the Rev. John Dubois. This change became necessary, as the Fathers of the old Society were yearly becoming fewer and the number of Catholics was continually increasing. Many of the more distant churches were given up to secular priests. St. John's fell into good hands.

The Rev. John Dubois is too conspicuous in the history of the Church in the United States, to need any notice here. He began to minister to the spiritual wants of the faithful in Frederick Town about the year 1792; he had also under his care the Catholics about Emmettsburg, of Montgomery county, Martinsburg, Western Maryland and Virginia, and was in fact for a long time the only priest between Baltimore and St. Louis. "Some of his congregation came to Frederick to attend Mass and receive the Sacraments from distances of twenty, forty and sixty miles; and when any of them were ill or dying the indefatigable pastor journeyed these distances on horseback and sometimes on foot, to carry the consolations of religion to them. His missionary labors were extraordinary; he spared no pains, labors, or fatigues

in the discharge of the sublime duties which heaven assigned him; after the exhausting fatigues of his ministry in town, he scoured the country in quest of souls, entering into the minute details of instructing and catechising the children and servants, etc." This extract is from the work of Mr. Clarke, and is given in order to show the difficulties the predecessors of Rev. Mr. Dubois had to contend against.

One of the first undertakings of the new pastor was to build a church in the place of the small upper room in the residence. The work was begun in the year 1800. The people thought him mad and even Mr. Taney, afterwards Chief Justice, who was an eminent lawyer at Frederick and a member of his congregation, said: "We all thought that the means could not be raised to pay for such a building; that the church would never be completed, and, if completed, it would never be filled with Catholics."

The church was a brick building, eighty-two feet in length and forty-five in breadth, and having been torn down in part in 1859 and rebuilt and transformed, has since been used for the Juniors and as an infirmary. Much difficulty was met with by Rev. Mr. Dubois in paying for the church. The usual means were resorted to; and in 1804 a lottery even, authorized by the State was resorted to, but with little success. Venerable Fr. McElroy, then in business in Georgetown, took a ticket in the lottery, but the money was returned owing to the failure of the enterprise.

The Rev. Mr. Dubois remained in Frederick until 1806, when he removed to Emmetsburg and from this place most probably went to Frederick once or twice a month. Things continued in this state until the time of Fr. Francis Malevé of the Society, who took charge of the congregation in the year 1811. Of this Father and his labors something will be said in the next paper.

(To be continued.)

THE YOUNG MEN'S CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION OF BOSTON COLLEGE.

As this enterprise is novel in our Province, and gives expectation of fair results in the cause of religion, we trust it will attract the notice and awaken the interest of Ours. With this in view, and in order to record a noteworthy event we subjoin the particulars of the organization, condition and prospects of the new association.

Whilst the Catholic young men of other cities have been supplied for years with satisfactory means of spending their leisure evenings in an agreeable and profitable manner, their brothers of Boston have not hitherto enjoyed a similar privilege. There were, indeed, divers literary and dramatic clubs, but most of them were poorly attended or lasted but a short time. In contrast with these ephemeral bodies, the Catholic Lyceum Association gave promise of vigorous and expansive growth. A zealous clergyman was its Moderator and distinguished laymen yielded their moral support. Soon, however, from various causes, among which the principal was that the reverend director was charged with the burden of a parish, the canker of declining interest set in, and after the lapse of half a decade the society fell into irreparable decay. In the evening, then, our young men were suffered to roam where inclination might lead them, without the influence of a Catholic society to withdraw them from dangerous paths. In consequence, whilst the well disposed, avoiding the peril abroad, at home fell into the snares of mental inactivity and settled down in *ennui*, worse befell the youth who might bear Horace's character of *cereus in vitium flecti*. Already, the Young

Men's Christian Association was beginning to inscribe upon its roll of 2,215 members, some of our faith who were allured solely by the excellence of its gymnasium. It was time to put a stop to this evil.

In the beginning of the present year, when the Rector of Boston College found himself in possession of an enlarged and spacious building, it occurred to him that these roomy precincts, besides serving the purposes of the daily student, might, in the evening, accommodate the Catholic young men of the city. This idea speedily assumed the shape of the proposal set forth in the following communication :

BOSTON COLLEGE, Oct. 5, 1875.

To the Editor of the Pilot.

DEAR SIR: In the improvements lately made in this building, I had it in view to prepare a place where the Catholic young men of the vicinity might enjoy a harmless recreation. I can now offer them a gymnasium, a reading room, a music room, a large hall, and a smaller hall for debating societies. To carry out my plan, I wish to form a Young Men's Catholic Association. My efforts will be fruitless, unless I obtain the coöperation of those who are convinced of the existence of the need I wish to supply. All such persons I invite to a preliminary meeting on Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 7½, p. m., in the College lecture room, entrance by the north door on James street.

Yours truly,

ROBERT FULTON.

Here, then is the final and practical solution of the difficulties that had heretofore rendered futile any attempt to make a permanent provision for the mental culture, physical development and proper relaxation of our young Catholics. As was to be expected, for your Bostonian is not proverbially slow at seeing his opportunity and seizing it, the response to the invitation was general and enthusiastic. The evening of Nov. 3d, witnessed a large concourse of

young men, evidently keen in exploring the new movement, earnest too, in joining it, if found satisfactory. The lecture hall, though capable of holding a goodly number, soon overflowed with the multitude and was abandoned for the ample basement of the church, where an assembly estimated at eight hundred was convened. Men of prominence in Catholic circles had been invited to this inaugural meeting and gave it the benefit of their presence and counsel. The Rev. President of the College arose and after a cordial reception proceeded to state the object of the meeting. He renewed his offer of rooms and conveniences for culture and recreation to the Catholic young men. He invited them to join the association which was now organizing for the purpose of securing the right use of these facilities, and concluded by asking them to exert their good sense and manly virtue in embracing their new advantages. The Chancellor of the Archdiocese, urged the necessity and unfolded the benefits of the project, which meets with the hearty approval of the Archbishop. Frequent applause greeted his remarks which were evidently inspired by his sympathy for young men of whose character and nobler aspirations, for the good and true, he formed no mean estimate. The business of organization was then taken up and a committee appointed to draft the constitution and by-laws of the society. After several speeches that added force to the preceding addresses and heightened the enthusiasm of all present, this preliminary meeting adjourned.

A fortnight later, under omens equally favorable, our young Catholics, now fully in the current of the new movement, reassembled. A constitution, the result of deliberations in which some of the wisest heads and warmest hearts of our Boston Catholics had a share, was read and unanimously accepted. We extract those clauses that are peculiar to the association or of special significance.

1. This society shall be styled the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston College.

2. Its object shall be to promote the physical, mental and moral improvement of its members, and to provide them with innocent recreation.

3. All male Catholics over eighteen years of age, of good moral character, are eligible to membership.

5. For active membership will be required the payment of the initiation fee of one dollar, and of twenty-five cents thereafter, quarterly in advance; or of twenty dollars in full for life.

6. To honorary membership the Board of Directors are empowered to elect eminent Catholic gentlemen, and especially the patrons of the Association.

7. The Board of Directors shall consist of a President, Vice-President, Recording Secretary, Financial Secretary, Treasurer, Librarian and ten Directors.

8. The President of Boston College shall be *ipso facto* President of the Association, and shall appoint the Treasurer and five Directors. The other officers shall be elected.

9. The President shall have power to veto any action of the Association, or of any part of it, and to depute to another the exercise of any of his rights.

14. Every year at some time appointed by the President, the members shall perform during three or more days the exercises of a mission or a retreat, to which all the Catholic young men of Boston shall be invited, and at the termination receive Holy Communion in a body; and should any one fail to comply with his obligation, the Secretary shall drop his name from the roll, unless his excuse be deemed sufficient by the President.

If the framers of these by-laws have won our admiration by the discernment which marks the statutes regarding membership and government, the expression of Catholic sentiment that appears in the last mentioned clause deserves our heartfelt thanks. This we hope to see observed in the letter and in the spirit. We hope to see reproduced in our Church of the Immaculate Conception, the scene that the

Cathedral of Paris witnessed in the days of F. de Ravignan when "on the Easter morning, three thousand men—among them the *élite* of the upper classes and of the schools—with humility in their hearts and a holy confidence on their brows, came forward, in order, to the sanctuary where the chief pastor of the diocese and the orator of Notre Dame, shared the joy of distributing to them the Bread of Angels." This would surely prove an occasion of genuine happiness to the members, of triumph to the patrons and projectors of the Association and of comfort and edification to the entire Catholic community.

The rest of the business transacted at this second meeting consisted in enrolling the names of the candidates of whom a splendid file marched up to the desk, and in announcing the resolution of the Catholic Lyceum Association which constituted the Boston College Society, the heir of its funds and library. In subsequent conventions of the associates and sittings of the Board of Directors, the details of organization were settled and the care of arranging and starting the mechanism of the various sections confided to responsible committees. The opening of the reading room and gymnasium was fixed for the first Tuesday in December; the halls for music and billiards chose to reserve their attractions until the new year.

At this point we imagine that a sketch of the apartments ceded to the club for occupation, will interest some of Ours and display to all the material resources at hand from the very start: a visit to the members is a matter of courtesy and will prove a pleasure, and an exhibition of the advantages they possess is necessary to form a correct idea of the present condition of the Association. First and chief is the College Hall. This elegant place of assembly, beautiful in its decorations and ample in its capacity, is destined to be the scene of many a public display, redounding, we trust, to the credit of the associates. On this rostrum, some will essay their oratory and from a friendly audience receive

the first plaudits ; under the management of others a purified drama will diffuse mirth or awaken noble sympathy, from this stage. How admirably the hall is suited to the literary and social ceremonies of a public reception extended to men of position or distinction, was lately shown on the occasion of our Cardinal's visit ; and it is desirable that the members should make frequent use of it for such purpose. We are not too sanguine when we hope that from its services in the cause of religion, this College Hall will ere long grow as dear and sacred to Boston Catholics, as is Fanueil Hall to the citizens of Boston in the cause of freedom.

In the building connecting the residence and school, there is a lofty, large and neatly arranged room which will comfortably seat two hundred and fifty. Here are held the regular meetings of the Association and here its debating club will have weekly sessions. This is the room of all others that elicits comment. In the meetings, the society exercises its vital functions, grows in strength and limb and adopts measures for its preservation and development. Here it must sincerely be the wish of every reflecting Catholic, that ability and wisdom may never resign the chair, and concord and moderation rule in the council, so that the many schemes for good, both particular to the Association and general to Holy Church, which youth and enthusiasm are apt to devise, may reach maturity and be applied with effect.

For a literary club better quarters could not have been contrived. The size and circumstance of the place call for just the medium of vocal exertion desirable in reading and declaiming for practice ; whilst the debaters may thunder over the opposition in tones most satisfactory to themselves. The debating club should meet with the best countenance of the whole Association. Its work, the prelude, we hope, of the real and arduous labor which the Catholics and people of this commonwealth may, later on, have reason to admire, must reflect honorably on the entire body. If our

knights grow active and expert in these jousts, we may look for valiant fighting in our ranks, that now cry in vain for such champions. In this connection, we would congratulate the members on the chances afforded them, of always obtaining correct views on subjects of moment in religion and ethics ; in effect, they have the best security that they need never leave the College walls without settled convictions on questions of this nature.

Passing out of the lecture hall and going down a flight, we enter the library and reading-room. Once devoted exclusively to the purposes of the College Debating Society, this apartment was the favorite on which three successive Presidents of that body, lavished all the resources of their fertile invention and refined taste. The books, mostly of a severe classic tone, were disposed in mahogany cases ; a table of the same material extended the length of the room ; chandeliers and pictures and all that might add dignity and elegance were procured. This rich furniture remains, whilst the number of volumes is increased by the incorporation of the Catholic Lyceum Library, and will, in due time, receive substantial accessions in the branches of science, history and lighter literature. A glance at the files reveals the presence of the best British and American papers and we hear it is the intention of the committee to make a judicious selection of magazines and reviews. The impression made on the visitor as he advances a few paces into the room, is exceedingly agreeable. He finds himself in company decidedly respectable, and must recognize the appearance of the associates to be such as might be expected of gentlemen embarked in the professions. Above, he has encountered our young men absorbed in the vigorous exercise of their intellects, engaged in the gymnastics of the brain ; here, he notices some, review or paper in hand, moderately tasking the understanding or indulging the fancy, whilst others have relieved the mind of all but the facile calculations of back-gammon and chess. If he is a moralist he

will find consolation in the sight of so much intelligent and promising manhood escaping the vortex of corruption into which such masses are drawn, and spending the otherwise perilous evening in society so safe, cheerful and improving. It is gratifying to learn that the number of those regularly admitted to enjoy these benefits, has reached two hundred and eight, and that those of the better class who have come to inspect, have, without exception, applied for admission.

Taking a few steps in an opposite direction, the gymnasium and the forms of the athletes meet our eye. We have beheld the conveniences set apart for the culture of the intellectual life; before us are the contrivances that tend to preserve and fortify the physical. In this room, which is the deepened basement of the old College building, are set up the various inventions that compose a gymnastic apparatus: parallel bars and trapeze, ladders horizontal and vertical, rings that sustain the bat-like flight of the men around half the room, unromantic machines that will leave you after fifteen minutes of hard rowing in precisely the same spot of dry land, weights to lift and weights to pull, dumb-bells and Indian clubs: in fine, every expedient to strengthen the muscles, expand the chest and impart to the person power combined with grace. We notice that our friends are quite active in developing a sound body, assured that it is not the worst condition for a sound mind. To the Rev. Chairman of the Committee we would hint that he has opportunities for working in the good cause. If the Germans make their *Turnvereine* a powerful lever in politics, and the Young Men's Christian Association opens its gymnasiums to encourage morality, why should we not use ours to advance the manifold interests of Holy Church? Arrived at the end of our circuit, we must compliment our friends on the abundance of the means that invite them to pass their vacant evening in a resort so serene and elegant. Improvements, mainly in a material respect, are, of course, still possible, and will keep pace with the rising condition of the finances.

This review of the facilities and present state of the Association cannot fail to excite a feeling of intense gratification; does a glance into the future inspire a different sentiment? Are there bright prospects of a permanent, vigorous, influential existence? Will it survive when the enthusiasm of the first moments is smouldering low; survive, not with thinned ranks and flagging strength, but marshalled in full column and animated by an energetic and progressive spirit? It is usual to encourage young enterprises by flattering promises of success and immunity from decay; without conforming to this custom, we have reason to predict a prosperous future for the Young Men's Catholic Association. The fund of attractions as we have witnessed, is inexhaustible and adapted to the diversities of temperament and taste. The members, besides readily yielding to the impulse of their Catholic zeal which incites them to support an institution so favorable to religion, are of a class to appreciate means and measures that will evidently result in their improvement. Ardor is infused by efficient committees whose duty and honor it is to raise their several departments to a high degree of excellence.

Shall we sound the praises of the Board of Directors? Not to indulge in the panegyric of individual merit, we must declare that as a body, they form the strongest guarantee for the preservation of the union and the promotion of its interests. Our surest ground, however, of anticipating no early disaster for the craft launched so auspiciously, is not in its construction or general seaworthiness, but in the provision which secures its management to superior officers whom vocation renders alike skilful and experienced. Suffice it to say, that the government of the Association is in the hands of those, whose ancestors have met with eminent success in the direction of young men for three centuries, in the course of which to use the language of Crétineau-Joly, "Tasso and Benedict XIV, St. Francis de Sales and Fénelon, St. Alphonsus Liguori and Bossuet,

Ferdinand of Austria and Maximilian of Bavaria, the Prince de Conti and Turenne, piety and genius, the majesty of the throne and the glory of the army, were united at meetings of the Sodality over which a Jesuit presided." A mere allusion to the flourishing state of the unions in London and New York that are similarly conducted, will enforce and close our reasons for believing, that even when the echoes of the first complimentary "*Esto perpetua*" shall have died away, our Association will live and prosper, and that on this basis of permanency will be raised a structure stately and beautiful. Nor is this the sum of our expectations. It is no great flight of fancy to foresee that the society will very soon outgrow the space which a kind but necessarily limited generosity has allotted, and establish itself in a building commensurate with its enlarged proportions. Colonies will spread the spirit and multiply the benefits of the mother association in remote sections of the city and vicinity. The results of its harmonious and effective action will lead to the formation of like bodies in the larger provincial towns of New England, whilst its wise system will serve them as a model. And, finally, should the commanding appeal ever go forth to unite under one grand system all similar associations that are subject to the vicissitudes of a separate career, what a glorious link will ours form in the golden chain of this Catholic Fraternity!

NOTES ON RETREATS AND MISSIONS GIVEN BY
THE FATHERS OF MARYLAND DURING
THE SUMMER AND FALL OF 1875.

REV. DEAR FATHER,
P. C.

It may be of some interest to your readers to set before them a short sketch of the missionary work which we have been able to perform during the past few months. It will show that our vacation is not all vacation, and that whilst we give ourselves the repose which is necessary after a year of close confinement and hard labor in the class-room; we can still find time to keep up our practice in the use of the spiritual weapons placed in our hands by our holy Father—The Spiritual Exercises.

During the vacation of 1875, our Fathers gave fifty Retreats to various communities who had applied for their services. Of these eight were to the clergy of as many Dioceses, some in Canada, some in the States; one retreat was for Seminarians, the rest to communities of Religious men and women, scattered about the country from Wheeling, West Va., to Halifax, N. S., and as far South as Columbia, S. C., from Hamilton to London in Ontario. But this is not a new thing among us. The vacation has been thus spent for years back as far as any of us can remember. But it seems the number of retreats is continually increasing—as new communities are established ever year, each of which is eager to enjoy the blessings of a retreat; whilst the old communities which have had the retreat in past years, continue their regular annual supplication for the same blessing. Your young friends around you, who are preparing

themselves for the great battle-field on which they are eager to appear, need not fear that when they come out, there will not be work enough for them to do. Let them only come forth well-armed, well-disciplined and full of courage. *Deus providebit* for the rest. For those who are willing to labor, there will always be found more than they can do.

But the great event of the year and one which it was hard to expect in our present condition, is the setting apart of six Fathers for the Missions to the people during the whole year. These Fathers have been divided into two bands, three of them being destined for missions in New England and its neighborhood, the other three for missions in the southern portion of the Province and adjoining States. Our missionaries went to work in a quiet, modest way, beginning in small country parishes; but doing great good everywhere.

The northern band was to commence its labors in May at Leominster, So. Lawrence and Andover. Our Church at Boston, St. Mary's, gave them a larger field, 7500 being the number of communions at the end of the mission. At Leominster there were 1000. A mission at Southington besides giving good results in the usual way of confessions and communions, brought to light a vocation to the Society which is now being cultivated at the novitiate.

July and August interrupted the missions for the sake of retreats to Priests and Religious—but early in September the usual round of labors was resumed in New Brunswick. The Cathedral parish of St. John's numbering twelve thousand was first on the list. Nine thousand communions were the result of two week's preaching. Frederickton and St. Stephens in the same Diocese were evangelized in the same month. A few days' rest was then taken by the Fathers, who were no doubt in need of it, and then came a mission at Brighton near Boston, which was pronounced very successful. Next was a long and laborious mission

at St. Joseph's Church, Boston. In this parish the mission was divided between men and women. The latter had the first part, and more than five thousand communions were given. An equal number of communions rewarded the second part of the mission which was exclusively for men. Yet it had been told the missionaries that the whole population was not over six thousand. Indeed it was remarked at all the missions that the pastors were astonished to find that there were so many more Catholics within their jurisdiction than they had ever supposed. They came pouring out of alleys, lanes, bye-ways, garrets and cellars, where no priest had ever hunted them up.

This was followed by a mission at Canton, Mass., the fruit of which was very consoling; but as the parish is small sixteen hundred communions was considered a splendid result.

There may have been some more small expeditions by the northern band, which have escaped my notice, but what I do know is that they have already work enough promised them for a year in advance; and I hope your readers will have some account of their success in future numbers of the LETTERS.

Jubilee missions were given by other Fathers during the vacation at various places, viz.: Carroll Manor and Clarks-ville, Howard county, Md., Rockville and Tenallytown, near Georgetown, D. C., as also in some of our churches in the lower counties of Md. These were attended to by the Fathers from the Colleges. The three regular southern missionaries opened their campaign at St. Joseph's, Phila., late in September. One week had been allotted to this congregation, but it was necessary to prolong the time. But here let the missionary speak for himself:

"The mission at St. Joseph's, Philadelphia, was continued a week beyond the stipulated time. It was a happy conception; the real fruit of our labors began only then to be apparent. There was not that crowd of obdurate sinners,

which formerly flocked to St. Joseph's during a mission, when the number of Churches in the city was comparatively small; still the amount of good done was not trifling. Not a few cases of many years' standing presented themselves at the tribunal. Some 2,500 souls drew nigh to the holy table.

"Holmesburg, however, surpassed all our expectations. The parish is small, numbering at most four hundred communicants. The news of the mission stirred up the neighborhood of the rural district. People came from a distance of over ten miles. The little Church was well filled from early morn until 9 P. M. Not a few who had to walk from three to four miles, were present at Mass at half-past five. But their great fervor and zeal became patent during the evening exercises at half-past seven. Upwards of a hundred had a journey to travel of from five to ten miles when service was over, and among them not a few females. The confessional claimed our presence all day without intermission. Whales of immense size came into the net by scores, and it did not break. At the conclusion, more than double of the original number of the parish had made peace with their Maker. We had about 840 communions. The good pastor's heart was brimful of joy and gladness at the rich harvest.

"Our next mission was at Richmond, Va., where our labors were blessed beyond all expectation. Persons who had neglected their religious duties for many years, even as far as thirty, came by hundreds. At the conclusion, the fruit gathered in amounted to over 2400 confessions and 2109 communions, an excess of 800 over the mission given here two years ago. Bishop and priests and people were overjoyed. After my closing exhortation on Sunday evening, the Bishop arose and addressed the congregation in one continued strain of happiness. He called his people to witness to our untiring efforts and to the glorious fruit reaped from our labors. We left Richmond in triumph,

all the priests and seminarians accompanying us to the depot."

From Richmond the three missionaries went to Wheeling, West Va., but no account of the fruit has as yet reached us. We hope to hear of this and other missions and would even beg the Fathers to give us some edifying details, which will not only be interesting to the readers, but also be the means of increasing our zeal in preparing ourselves for a work which gives so much consolation to the workmen, so much glory to God.

P. M.

Nov. 23d, 1875.

P. S.—Since writing the above, we have received the following very interesting letter in regard to the mission at Wheeling, which at first seemed not to promise very brilliant success :

"FREDERICK, Nov. 24, 1875.

"REV. AND DEAR FATHER PROVINCIAL.

"You were prophetic in your last to me, forwarded to Wheeling. The ice *did* break and only by almost more than human efforts did we stem the current and become masters of the element. At the close of the first week about nine hundred only had approached the Holy Table. The parish numbered some twenty-seven hundred communicants. A frightful indifference had seized upon the people. The female portion, who in all missions take the lead, were alarmingly slow at Wheeling. Their example was wanting for the good fight. It was patent, that the war could not be carried on with success, if our batteries were not changed. So we commenced to apostrophize those that slept in the Cathedral graveyard. We summoned the parents, friends and relatives of our auditors to relate their sufferings in purgatory and call for help in pitiful strains. Handkerchiefs were soon in demand, and this was the signal of our victory.

"On Tuesday following, over five hundred females received their Lord, and light came out of darkness. During

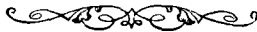
the rest of the week the Church was crowded at every service, the confessionals were thronged at the close, and on Saturday we were busy all day till midnight, hearing about eight hundred men, who approached the railing in a body on Sunday morning. The sight was magnificent and touching. In the evening, squaring our accounts, we reached the astonishing number of thirty-two hundred that had come to confession, of whom twenty-eight hundred had approached the Holy Table. This was an evident proof that the status of the parish was not known to the priests, who told us from the outset, that, should success crown our labors, we should have from twenty-two to twenty-four hundred for Holy Communion. God be blessed for all His mercies! On Sunday evening more than five hundred were invested with the holy scapular, and about the same number had received it at various times during the mission."

From Wheeling the Fathers went to Philadelphia, where a regular mission was to be held in the Church of St. Cecilia, and a jubilee Mission at St. John's. Both were abundantly blessed with the usual good results. The latter was especially important on account of the circumstances that the two great Methodist revivalists were holding forth just across the street from St. John's Church. When the mission was about to open, the leader of the band was far from feeling confident of success. His throat was sore from previous overwork, his voice husky and harsh, and yet the opening sermon was to be given. Trusting in God, he mounted the pulpit and spoke in a clear, ringing, well-modulated voice, such as he had been a stranger to for years; and for sixteen sermons given by him during the mission, this almost miraculous voice held out. Of course, the opposition over the way was not broken down, but it did no injury to the mission. Indeed it is asserted that this jubilee was the most successful effort of the whole campaign.

In the meantime our northern band was not idle. At St. Paul's Church, Worcester, Mass., a very large congregation

was thoroughly stirred up for two weeks. This Church is one of the largest and most beautiful in the State, and had just been completed. Its inauguration by a mission drew immense crowds to the services. Another two weeks' mission was given in our Church of the Immaculate Conception at Boston, the result of which was six thousand communions, without counting several thousand more received in other churches by those who had followed the exercises and had confessed to our missionaries and their assistants from the College. This truly magnificent Church is the creation of our venerable Fr. McElroy the dean of the whole Society, both in years of life and in years of religion, and it may be said to have been the first church in New England, certainly the first in Boston, which, by its architecture, size and splendor of adornment and of services, attracted notice and admiration even from Protestants and gave the example, happily followed since, of building churches that reflect credit on our Holy Religion. It was solemnly consecrated last August, and this mission was intended as a crown to that glorious ceremony, so as to sanctify and consecrate the congregation who frequents the church.

Some smaller missions given by either band we pass over in silence, but enough has been said to show that there is great work to be done and that we must prepare ourselves diligently for successful reaping in the field before us.



OSAGE MISSION.

ST. FRANCIS' INSTITUTION,
OSAGE MISSION, NEOSHO CO., KANSAS,

July 13, 1875.

DEAR FATHER,

The first day of this year was a day of joy and holy pride for my congregation of St. Stanislaus Kostka at Independence, Montgomery county, in this State of Kansas. We had been trying for a time to organize a Catholic Temperance Society, and on that day this great work was accomplished. As the men who were going to form the society were known to be very prone to indulge in intoxicating liquors, so the news that on this day they were going to take the pledge, drew quite a number of people to the church to see how the matter would be conducted.

I had Mass at ten o'clock, and during this explained to the people what was the spirit of Catholic Temperance Societies, their difference from societies of the same name among Protestants, etc. At the end of the Mass all the members approached Holy Communion, and Mass being over, all returned to the foot of the altar and took the pledge. It was indeed a most beautiful sight to see men with white hairs, heretofore notorious for their dissipation, come now to gain such a victory over themselves! It was indeed a great lesson to the growing portion of my congregation.

Of those who had come to witness this ceremony, some were strong unbelievers, and that day meeting me would laugh at me and joke about my Temperance Society, saying, "Father, do you think those old saloon customers will keep

the pledge? Wait a few days, and the police officers will tell you whether they kept it or not. We know those fellows better than you do!" In reply I could but answer that I did not know what they might do in after time; however I was fully confident that, with the help of God, they could keep their pledge. Six months have just elapsed, and I feel happy in stating that not one of them has yet broken his pledge.

Long experience has proved to me most evidently, that people who generally attend to their christian duties, are never deprived of the happiness of receiving the last Sacraments at the hour of their death. I can prove this with many instances that have happened to me during these last twenty-five years of my missionary life in these western countries. I will limit myself to mention three of these which took place of late.

Sometime during last winter, travelling on Fall River, in Greenwood county, to attend the congregation of St. Francis Regis in the vicinity of New Albany, I was told that one of my best friends was on the point of death, that he had sent for me, but they could not find me, and could get no other priest to attend him. I hastened immediately to his house. No sooner did the poor sick man see me stepping in, than his countenance seemed to be animated with a new life. "Thanks be to God," he exclaimed, "O Father dear, you have come at last!" then looking to his wife, he said, "Now it is all right, I am ready to die." It took him about one hour to get over the excitement caused in his system by my arrival. When I saw that his mind was quiet and settled, I advised him to make his confession. So he did. After this I told him that early next morning I would give him the last Sacraments. He felt very much satisfied, and rested well for awhile. During the night he had a good deal of trouble from a violent cough, which seemed to choke him to death. At last he felt again a little easier, and without losing any time at daybreak, I read Mass for him

in his room. At the end of it I administered to him the Holy Viaticum and anointed him. He was at all times conscious, and edified us all with his devotion. The tranquillity and calmness which he showed after having received the last Sacraments, was such that all his friends thought he would recover. Hardly four hours had passed, when he most quietly expired, just like a man who falls asleep. People wondered at the way this man came to his end. Some, specially Protestants, were saying that he could not die unless he had first seen the priest. The same was said by the doctors, who had given him up several times in that sickness; and he himself always said that he could not die before seeing me. He was a very good man in all respects, and God granted him the wish of his heart. May his soul rest in peace.

The same, with but very little difference, happened in the case of two other most pious persons, who, considering the circumstances by which they were surrounded, were almost in the impossibility of sending others for me or any other priest, and were bound to die deprived of the last consolations the Church can give us. But divine Providence brought me to the place where they were, just in time to assist them to die a christian death.

During these last six months I did not forget to visit the Indian Territory, south of the State of Kansas, and I am forced to say that the Osages always received me with great respect and affection; but at the same time I am also bound to acknowledge that, more or less, I always received great annoyance from the Quakers, under whose care they now are. Both Agent and missionaries seem to be bound to oppose whatever might any way seem agreeable to the Catholic portion of the nation: I mean to the half-breeds, who number some sixty families, and not only are good and pious, but also very intelligent and industrious. They have almost all been raised at this Mission school, now called St. Francis' Institution, and naturally can but feel thankful to

us for what they know, and wish to have their children raised in the same way as they were. And this exactly is their great crime before their present Agent as well as missionaries, who seem to burn with jealousy and passion whenever they hear them saying that they wish to have a Catholic school for their children. And because the half-breeds as well as the full-blooded Osages signed several petitions which they sent to the President of the United States, requesting him to give them Catholic missionaries, for this reason the Agent refused to give them rations, took from them all lucrative employment, and refused to pay them for the work they had done! This is the way the poor Indian is treated.

The Agent does not like my visits to the Osages, and much less to their children who are at the school of the agency; for, he says, my visits always bring disturbance in the camps of the Indians, as well as in the school. "When the mission priest comes here," says he, "all are after him, some want to be married, others want him to baptize their children, all want to go to confession and to hear Mass. They even bring him to the graveyard and want him to pray on the graves. Now this is too bad, and breaks all our regulations. It must be stopped."

The school superintendent, an old-fashioned Quaker about six feet high, whom all call Uncle Ben, and his evangelical wife, a small woman, whom people call Aunt Annie, seem to be moved by a good deal of zeal, especially when I go to visit the children, and more than once, calling me aside, requested me, with great politeness, not to tell the children that one must be baptized, and that out of the Catholic Church there is no salvation: these words, say they, create great disturbance, and when we try to teach them Christianity they do not want to listen to us! You may imagine what answer I could give to the entreaties of people who claim to teach Christianity and at the same time deny the necessity of Baptism.

On the fourth Sunday of May, having been invited to preach at the school-house in the afternoon, I did so, and lectured there for one hour. Not only the children were present, but the Agent, teachers and other people, a good number not being Catholics. They did not interrupt me this time, as they had done on a previous occasion, but once I got through, the Agent stood up, and, in the presence of all, said, in a very rough way, that I was interfering with the order of the school and the direction of the children. To this I replied that I never did any such thing, "but the school managers," said I, "did this day act very unjustly towards the children and their parents. You acted unjustly towards the children this morning by not allowing some of them to come to hear Mass, and you acted unjustly towards their parents, for all those who are here present well know that their parents want them to be raised in the Roman Catholic faith." The Agent did not reply to my remarks, but abruptly said, "I want you to answer me some questions just here." Seeing that he wanted in this way to start a quarrel and get the advantage over me, I replied to him that now I would not answer a single one of his questions, that he well knew in what house I was staying, and if he would come and see me there, he would be welcome, and then I would give him full satisfaction. Having said this, I took my hat and left the room.

This of course did not please the Agent; so, after I had left, he spoke a good deal against me, and his words were confirmed by two of his friends, who most certainly had combined with him, and intended to give me trouble, if I had answered the questions of the Agent.

The people kept very quiet all the time, till at last a little half-breed school girl, some thirteen years old, stepped on the platform from which I had given the lecture, and, pointing her finger at the Agent and his two friends, said with a clear voice, "You, you, want to pervert us, you want to make us Quakers by force. . . . The Father never did try

to pervert us, or to make us join his Church by force. . . . We are Roman Catholics, and will not give up our faith to please you." This unexpected piece of eloquence broke up the whole meeting, and with the exception of a few partisans of the Agent, the balance sided with me and approved my way of acting.

Not long since, the Kansas Indians, who used to live one hundred miles north of this Mission, having been moved to the Indian Territory west of the Osage Reservation, I went to visit them about the end of last June. As I was not a stranger among them, for, several years ago, I attended them, they received me most kindly and requested me not to give them up. I could not stop with them longer than one night. I promised them that we would not abandon them, but, as soon as practicable, I would return to visit them and give them an opportunity of complying with their christian duties.

PAUL MARY PONZIGLIONE, S. J.

INDIAN MISSIONS—LAKE SUPERIOR.

FORT WILLIAM, LAKE SUPERIOR.

October 24th, 1875.

* * * * * Leaving New York on the 15th ult., I reached Toronto at five o'clock the next evening. I went immediately to the Archbishop's residence, where I made the acquaintance of the good, genial old Dean, Mr. Proulx, a French Canadian priest. The few hours I spent with him were quite a relief. The 17th, Friday, at noon, I took the train for Collingwood on the railway which connects Lake

Ontario with Nottawasaga Bay, a continuation of the Georgian Bay, and, therefore, of Lake Huron.

On the steamer from Collingwood I found Fr. Vary who was coming back from Montreal. We got on board at five in the evening; till eleven that night we met with a pretty heavy swell in the Georgian Bay; but Saturday and Sunday morning turned out fine. As we steamed past the Great Manitoulin Island, we had a view of Killarney, a splendid harbor. This being the port of the Holy Cross Mission, I said to myself: now for the land of hardships! (*Bonjour, misère!*) We hoped to see Fr. Hébert, who attends to the Catholics of this place, but we were disappointed. He hears confessions in Indian. Brother Koehmstedt, schoolmaster at Wikwemikong, seems to have been very successful in mastering this language. Fr. Nadeau is just cut out for his work.

On Sunday, Fr. Vary said Mass at Sault Ste. Marie, whence we started about midday. Here we are far out in Lake Superior. Towards sundown the squalls begin. They last all night. The whole crew was up; I did not sleep a wink, and I felt that, whether the danger were real or magnified by my inexperience, there could be nothing wiser than to draw near to God.

At one hundred and eighty miles from Sault Ste. Marie we sight Silver Islet, where the mines are worked by an American company. They are picking out silver five hundred feet beneath the lake's bed, the miners, however, living above ground. None but Americans could succeed there. A Canadian company had tried it and given it up as a hopeless job. Captain T., who superintends these works, allows Fr. Baxter to come first in the religious services of Silver Islet, though he himself is a Protestant. The reason he gives is that the priest needs no breakfast before his service. He also defrayed most of the expenses for the chapel, and made a present of a bell to our church at the Landing. Besides this mission, Fr. Baxter visits Ile Royale and La Pointe à Miron.

At length we got to Thunder Bay, a beautiful inlet on the North Shore of the lake, twenty miles from Silver Islet. The place at which the boat stops is called Prince Arthur Landing. Out of a population of six hundred, two or three hundred are Catholics. Fr. Vary goes there every Sunday to say Mass. Happy we who have always lived amid the splendors of Catholic worship! Those poor people have Mass, and sermon in French and English—there are no Indians there—once a week, on Sunday, and nothing else, except catechism for the children. Low Mass, without servers: for there, the priest is his own server, his own sacristan, *ad omnia*. Then he breaks his fast with those who are willing to invite him. Fr. Vary will try to have some singing, vespers and benediction, a server, etc.; but all is yet to be done.

Our Mission is seven miles from Thunder Bay, up the river Kaminiſtiquia. For sick calls from the Bay, the messenger has to paddle all the way, often in the dark: true, there is a carriage road, but not on our bank of the river, though one can generally find some means of crossing. Often enough, too, Father Baxter is to be found at the Bay during the week, but not always, as he has other missions to attend to.

After spending the night of Monday the 20th, at our Fathers' house near their church at the Landing, we set out, in a steam-tug for our destination, the Indian Reserve. The Indians are not numerous. They are fond of a roving life. At present, they are fishing or hunting, with a view to winter provisions.

What shall I say of the country? Would it be too much to call it a wolfish country (*un pays de loups*) owing to its climate, and a land of adventurers? Indians, half-breeds, whites toiling in the gold, silver and copper mines. Among the whites are all sorts of nationalities: English-speaking, German, French Canadian, etc. Well, I have come to the conclusion that it is very hard to say which climates are

the best, the least demoralizing; hot or cold? a problem I will not undertake to solve. [The writer spent a year in the West Indies.] In these icy regions, the devil, getting no assistance from atmospheric heat, makes great use of internal fires kindled by whiskey. The consequences are self-evident. Happily, the scourge has not succeeded in gaining a foothold on the Indian Reserve, thanks to the zeal of our Fathers.

A digression. To-day, the 27th of October, the ground is covered with snow. We had a heavy snow-storm the night before last: it must have been terrible out on the lake. I hope we shall have a thaw: else it would be winter beginning three weeks too soon. The ice here generally *takes* about the middle of November and remains till the middle of May. Last year it held out till early in June. As we have but two mails a week, Mondays and Saturdays, my letter will leave under care of Blessed Alphonsus, and St. Stanislaus will deliver it to you. A few minutes ago Fr. Du Ranquet handed me a book of notes on our labors here; he has no objection to my making a few extracts for you. I intend sending you a sample sometime in '76. The good Father, accustomed to life in the woods, thinks himself in carnival here, and yet our ordinary fare. . . . Alas! yes, *mon cher*, I take my meals, and now this is, in very truth, an act of pure reason. No doubt it is some compensation to be spared the trouble of examining what part of the meal may be sacrificed. There is no describing the details: tasting is believing (*on y goûte et l'on comprend.*) I have heard of a doctor who, on the threshold of eternity, left, as a legacy to suffering humanity, three prescriptions: *diet, water and exercise*. Truly, those three may be met with *even and especially* at Fort William.

Fr. Vary has just started for the Bay. He is going to place a tabernacle in his church, and thus, at least once a week, those poor people will enjoy the Real Presence.

"Years go quickly by," was a remark lately made to me

by Fr. Du Ranquet, who has been here twenty-three years, and who had already labored ten years among the Indians of Walpole Island on Lake St. Clair and in the neighborhood of Detroit, as well as around Lake Huron and among the Montagnais. In all, thirty-three years of Indian missionary life! Is it not the strangest of paradoxes to say that time does not hang heavily on the hands of men, who lead a life of privations amounting to downright want? They suffer, God only knows how much; moreover—and it is the work of God's right hand (*et Dieu fait encore un coup de sa droite*)—they make no account of their sufferings, they live, without perceiving it, in a state of utter destitution. Fr. Du Ranquet's life is less painful now than it used to be. He meets oftener with white men. What, then, must have been the heroism of Fathers Jogues, Lallemand, De Brébœuf and the other early missionaries!

The Indians, whom Fr. Du Ranquet visits, are scattered over some five hundred miles: this is about the distance he travelled last year. He visits at least a thousand of them, but of these, two or three hundred only are christians, the rest pagan. He never finds more than four or five families in one place. On his excursions he starts by the steamboat, taking along with him his bark canoe, which is to be his only vehicle for a couple of hundred miles. When he goes to Lake Nipigon, which lies towards the west in the direction of the Lake of the Woods, the journey is one of eight days. Although he generally meets with some wayfarers, he told me he once made a trip of a hundred miles alone in his canoe, keeping always four or five miles out from the lake shore. The Grand Portage is a break in the navigation nine miles long. There he steps out of his canoe, lifts it up on the bank, ties to it his bag of provisions together with his portable chapel, and hoists the unwieldy bundle on his shoulders, holding it in its place by means of a broad leather band resting on his forehead.* Thus freighted, he

* This way of carrying burdens is the one commonly adopted in the backwoods of Canada. It is generally known by its French name, *porter au collier*. The muscles of the neck and head do all the work, leaving

toils through his three leagues till he can take to the water again. In winter, he is always on snow-shoes, sleeping alone in the "bush." Need I add anything about his humility and charity, or say that he lives only for his poor Indians?

Fr. Blettner teaches me theology, Dogma in the morning, Moral in the afternoon. One copy of Gury and one of Schouppe for teacher and pupil. However this is no drawback for the teacher, seeing that he has been teaching these things twenty-three years. We hope soon to receive another Gury. As for Schouppe, I believe we are expecting a new edition.

In these parts, we are easily brought to wonder at nothing. Let me tell you the only material advantages we enjoy here: First, the steps from the wharf to the house are a very gentle slope; secondly, the house is all on one flat; no fatiguing staircases—that's all. My professor of theology also teaches me Indian. I must say I do not find this language very attractive, though some think it remarkably rich and beautiful: it is a matter of tastes. School is not yet opened; it will be at All-Hallows; at present, eclipse of children, I don't know where they are. You must know that English is very useful here: it is the ordinary language of the whites around us; I trust I shall not forget it.

Fr. Blettner is sixty-nine; he began his missionary life at fifty. Fr. Du Ranquet is sixty-two. Fr. Vary, who consulted a doctor when last he was in Montreal, will not be able to go on the mission, owing to disease of the heart. The doctor told him he had not long to live, and he speaks of this with the greatest pleasure: it is evident he does not cling to life. God grant that all these holy examples may not be lost upon me. *Adieu, mon cher frère,*

Yours unreservedly in *Corde Jesu,*

E. R., s. j.

the arms and hands free to ply the hatchet in cutting through the under-wood, and to grasp the branches of trees in a steep ascent. Some shanty-men are said to have carried, in this manner, loads weighing between six and seven hundred pounds for a distance of two or three miles.—[ED. WOODSTOCK LETTERS.]

INDIAN MISSIONS—WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

From a letter of Fr. P. G. Guidi, S. J.

COLVILLE, W. T., Aug. 17th, 1875.

* * * * I am happy to be able to satisfy your desire of hearing something about our missions. You will, I am sure, be pleased to hear of the celebration of Corpus Christi among the Indians. For a week before the Feast, the various tribes, some from a great distance, began to gather around the mission church, in great numbers. On the Saturday before, we heard of the approach of two large tribes that had come together on the way, and were coming in a body. The Indians who had already arrived, received orders from their chiefs to assemble in front of the church, which stands on the slope of a beautiful hill. There they waited with the banner of the Sodality and their military standard displayed. Soon the new comers appeared, two and two, on horseback, in very good order, and carrying their guns over their shoulders. They halted a moment, when they came in sight, and saluted us with a discharge of their firearms, to which our Indians replied in like manner and then marched down to greet the approaching tribes. Another double salvo, then the strangers dismounted, all shook hands, and returned together to the church.

On the Sunday following we opened the exercises of the Jubilee. A very devout procession was made in the evening, and throughout, the conduct of the Indians was most edifying. Their chiefs had forbidden any unnecessary or distracting occupations in the camp during that time. Three Fathers were busy, for three days before the Feast, hearing confessions.

On the Feast itself, two low Masses and one Solemn High Mass were celebrated; the attendance was very large and there were many communions. Before the Solemn Mass, the Great Chief made an address to the whites who were present, expressing his gratification at their presence, and urging them to strive, by their modesty and devotion, to give no scandal to the Indians. After Mass there was a long and orderly procession, in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, in which all joined with most edifying piety, singing hymns and canticles as they went. Among the whites were six soldiers and non-commissioned officers, belonging to the United States troops stationed near here.

The celebration of this Feast was attended with many blessings. Many who had strayed away were brought back into the right path; three infidels were converted, and many received signal blessings in many ways. I accompanied one of the tribes on its homeward march, three weeks after the Feast, and was much edified by the piety and regularity which reigned among them. Every morning and evening they gathered around my tent to say the regular prayers and to hear an instruction. On Sundays all came to hear Mass, and many received Communion. Those who lived near enough to my camp, came every morning to Mass, and every evening to prayers and catechism. I baptized there three adults, and five others on my way home.

I might tell you many very touching incidents connected with our missionary labors here, all tending to show that if this field is one of hard work, it is not, by any means, without rich blessings and most abundant consolations.



THE TEXAN CYCLONE.

Letter from Fr. Mancini.

CUERO, DE WITT CO., TEXAS.

November 30th, 1875.

REV. FATHER IN CHRIST,

P. C.

To comply with your Reverence's request, I will give you some account of the disaster which laid waste the town of Indianola two months ago. I should have done so before, had not my many occupations and journeyings to and fro thwarted my good intentions. The delay has no doubt made my too vivid impressions of the scene settle into becoming serenity; my imagination is not now so painfully sensitive as it was just after the event, when I wrote to Rev. Fr. Artola with the clothes on my back still soaked in sea water, and my poor brain crowded with the recollections of that dreadful night. But, on the other hand, some important circumstances may, in the meantime, have slipped my memory. However, I trust your Reverence will kindly accept my best efforts to relate things just as they occur to my mind.

The 15th of September was truly a dismal day for Indianola. It began with one of the largest funerals ever seen in this town—a foreshadowing of the catastrophe which was to follow in a few hours. On seeing the great concourse of people, I felt moved to say a word or two to them on the vanities of the world and on the certainty of death's uncertain hour: for Martin Mahon, whom we were mourning, had been taken away from amongst us quite suddenly.

After the funeral, towards noon, the sky darkened all at once, and a silent fear crept into the hearts of all. I myself was on the point of remaining in Indianola, had I not already promised to go to Cuero where I had some children to baptize, and some confessions to hear, and where I generally used to go once a month.

As I stepped into the railway cars, it began to rain and to blow as if to usher in the hurricane of which all had a presentiment, but whose ravages none could foresee. I reached Cuero at half-past five in the evening, baptized, heard confessions, and, next morning, the 16th, started, in the midst of a pouring rain and a violent gale, for Indianola, as I had promised to return that morning. When we got within ten or fifteen miles of this town, at about 10 A. M. we began to slacken speed, the track being covered with water, and to sound as we went slowly along, for we ran the risk of running into the current beneath us. At 11 A. M. we were half a mile from Indianola station, when a man came running up to us and telling us to stop, because the railroad had been washed away about seven o'clock that morning. So we came to a stand-still. Your Reverence cannot imagine how intensely painful it was for me to hear the conductor say that the train could not advance, and that it was impossible to reach the town on foot, on horseback, or by swimming. It fairly knocked the breath out of me. Was I then to be cut off from my flock in this awful extremity? In my distress, I tried the Church's exorcism on the tempest; but heaven seemed to have sworn to chastise Indianola, and the storm raged with ever-increasing fury. The waters went on rising two or three feet every hour. The violence of the wind was so terrible, that, when I chanced to put my head out of the door, my spectacles were whipped off and blown away as if they had been a shred of straw.

About noon we saw a family making signs to us for help. Some of us immediately ran to their rescue and succeeded in saving two little boys with their father, mother and

grandmother. This act of charity snatched from us our own chances of escape in the rear on the road to Victoria and Cuero ; because, meanwhile, the storm had destroyed the track behind us. However, as the sequel will show, God was not going to allow Himself to be outdone in generosity.

Here we were, then, in the midst of a surging sea, exposed to an unceasing blast, whose fearful impetuosity may be gathered from the fact that it was, without a moment's interruption, driving before it, to a height of some sixty feet and to the distance of forty-eight miles, the waters of the Mexican Gulf. None but an eye-witness could have any adequate idea of the violence of this hurricane. Many people imagine that it was somewhat like an inundation. But the inundation was nothing to the way in which it was produced and to the wind which hurled the waves about. It wrenched up whole houses, whirled away the roofs, and flung down persons who were trying in vain to keep their feet. I attempted to go out on the platform, but I had to draw back immediately, for my breath was gone, and I was running the risk of being blown off like a leaf. The sensation I experienced was as if a machine of several horse-power had thrown a bucket of water into my face.

We thus remained spectators of the storm till seven in the evening, when we began to feel its effects ourselves. The passenger-car, in which we were eighteen, was no more safe: the rails began to slide from beneath the wheels, and soon the car itself was overturned, hurried away by the waves, and broken up into several pieces. We had taken refuge in the baggage-car next to us ; but when we saw the passenger-car, which was much heavier than our present shelter, upset and smashed, we argued *a fortiori* that we were in imminent danger. Accordingly, all the men on the train, except the father of the two little boys whom we had saved that morning, huddled together on the loco-

tive for greater safety. I stayed in the baggage-car, hoping to be able to baptize five children with their mothers and the grandmother, and thus go to heaven in their company. Never did death seem so near at hand as on that night of the 16th of September. Its approach could be read on the faces of my adult companions, whilst the five little boys, lying on cushions here and there, had begun that sleep which, to all appearances, was to end in the next world. For about six hours we were in agony, helplessly stemming the fury of the wind and waves. Often and often was our car borne up on high and almost overset. But still it stood, and withstood the rushing flood. An invisible hand—it was, I believe, St. Joseph's, to whom I made a vow—held it up.

At a time when I had lost all hope of escape, with the liberty of a priest of God, I spoke to one of the mothers on the necessity under which she lay of preparing herself and her children for the dread Judgment-seat whose shadow was already upon us. "Neither you nor your sons," said I, "are baptized. What hope, then, can you have? I know not what will become of those little ones, but I do know they can never see God; and you, you——." "No, no," she answered with a foolhardy fearlessness of death, "neither myself nor my three children shall ever be baptized." I tried to persuade her, but in vain. So I passed on to the other mother. She had been, with her two sons, baptized by a "holy" Protestant minister. "But," I replied, "what if the baptism was not properly administered?" To this she answered: "At all events, baptism by a Catholic minister can do no harm. Baptize me, then." Alas! at this juncture, some evil genius stirred up the old grandmother, who began to rave at me and load me with insults for destroying the work of a "holy" Protestant minister. My remonstrances were quite lost on the poor stubborn old woman, so that even the well-meaning mother took back the permission just granted.

Meanwhile the danger was becoming vastly greater, and, as the emergency withdrew these children from the dominion of their parents, and gave me a right to act upon my own responsibility, I determined to baptize the children as best I could. The darkness favored my determination. Taking some water in the hollow of my hand, and groping for the little heads, I baptized four of the children, and one, in particular, in the very arms of his father.

Somewhat satisfied with this partial success, I withdrew into a corner to prepare for death, reciting the Rosary, and making acts of contrition. During this time the grace of God was at work in some hearts. Three of the passengers, who had sought shelter in the locomotive, came to me, asking me if we were really in danger of death. On my answer that we were, and that they had better make a good confession, they got down on their knees, one by one, in the presence of the other passengers, and confessed their sins. One of them I invested with the Scapular: eight or ten days ago he was crushed to death under the wheels of a railway car.

Others, who were not Catholics, made good resolves for the future. I saw one, a Freemason, who, a short time before, had politely informed me that he belonged to no religion, bless himself with unmistakable devotion. Last night he told me he intended to have himself and his little daughter baptized at Christmas. I heard him saying to his companions that henceforth he would cease to be a man without religion.

It was now midnight. Hitherto the storm and flood had been constantly on the increase. But now the wind which had been blowing from the north-east—a murderous wind for Indianola, as it sweeps the Gulf of Mexico into the town—veered to the north, and immediately the water began to subside, falling seven feet in five hours.

With the veering of the wind our danger ceased, as the car was placed directly north and south. Not so for Indian-

ola. The north-east wind in its mad bout of twenty-four hours, together with the mass of heaving water, had already laid bare the foundations of the buildings: the north wind did the rest. It overthrew more than two hundred and fifty houses, tilted almost all the rest, and tumbled about in the chopping waves from two hundred and fifty to three hundred victims—about one-sixth of the population of Indianola. Of these three hundred victims about two hundred and thirty were recovered, but sixty of the bodies were disfigured and bruised beyond recognition. Nearly all perished after midnight, just at a time when my good angel put it into my head to absolve *sub conditione* those who were then struggling with death. They were morally present to me, and only a few steps off, though I could not see them; but I felt that many were passing to their account. I lost about twenty-five Catholics in Indianola, and many others between Saluria, Matagorda and Peninsula, places within my jurisdiction.

Daylight revealed the ruins of Indianola. I attempted to wade up to them through the water, but I could not do so till half-past one in the afternoon. What a sad outlook towards the town! A few hours since a charming seaport, known for its health-restoring breeze; and now a heap of ruins, exhaling an indescribable stench, owing to the dead bodies and the carcasses of animals to be met with at every step. The sky was still threatening. We might have another hurricane. In fact, about one o'clock, while I was waiting in the cars, a young man ran up to our train, shouting to us that we had better look out for another storm, as the wind had veered from the north to the north-west and then to the south, and would most probably be back to the north-east before nightfall, so that he thought we ought to turn our backs on the town, and seek shelter in one of the nearest stations.

This warning settled my mind: I determined to try fording once more and die, if God so willed it, in Indian-

ola, helping my flock. Leaning on the arm of one of the the three who had confessed to me the previous night, I reached the town, drenched from head to foot. I began immediately to search the ruins of the church for the Blessed Sacrament. To my surprise I found the Tabernacle intact and still unopened. Reverently lifting it up, I went to hide it in the priest's house, in a small room, of which but the least part had escaped the universal ruin. I did not force open the Tabernacle-door, because I hoped to find the key, though, to tell the truth, there was precious little reason for this hope, seeing that the press in which I had put it was broken into splinters, and its contents buried in five feet of sand. However, I appealed to St. Antony of Padua, and next day a little girl brought me a small key: it was the key of the Tabernacle. I opened the Holy Ciborium, and did not find, either in it or on the veil which covered it, the least trace of water.

I was also fortunate enough to come upon one of the church pictures, the Immaculate Heart of Mary. It was in a perfect state of preservation, glass, frame and all, without the least stain; though another picture, which matched it, was fearfully cut up. Many other pieces of altar furniture were found, a fine large monstrance, five candlesticks, five chasubles, corporals, albs, etc., the bell, and the organ almost uninjured.

Having put by all these and the like valuables in the same place, I went to see the Sisters of Mercy, whom a good Protestant, their neighbor, had taken into his house. It appears that hunger and thirty hours of anxiety had made me look like a walking corpse: for they scarcely knew me. I might have eaten in the cars, for, thanks to a kind Providence, we had eggs, butter, bread, spirits, rice, water, and fire withal for cooking; but I did not see the use of material food on the brink of eternity. I provided the Sisters with a more suitable residence in the house of a Catholic, who had offered them his home, and I went to lodge with

Mr. R. T. Evans, an excellent Catholic and President of the Indianola and Cuero Railroad. I should have remained in the little room where I had hid the Blessed Sacrament, had it not been full of the altar furniture, and, besides, damp and encumbered with rubbish. It was now six o'clock in the evening. After taking a mouthful, I went to console the Sisters of Mercy and three Catholic families gathered in the same house, under the hospitable roof of Mr. Regan, one of the most influential Catholics of the town.

Sic transit gloria mundi was my first reflection on seeing the young ladies who, the day before, had been flaunting their fashionable finery, now wearing poor old clothes, and quite penitential in their looks and words. No one ever prayed better than in that terrible night. Never, since Indianola was founded, had so many solemn promises gone up from it to God's throne. And not a few of these promises were kept. A woman had for many years past, been living with a man that was not her husband. Hitherto, my repeated exhortations to a legitimate union had proved ineffectual. After the storm, however, a mere hint from me was enough: she married immediately. Others promised and gave alms to the parish priest and the Sisters. Some came to confession; some, again, began to be practical Catholics.

The first victim I buried was a little girl named Blanche Madden, who was found drowned with her tiny arms clasping the neck of a cow. Of course there were many similar touching incidents. A poor mother, wishing to cross over in a boat with her two children to another part of the town, had to leave one of them on the bank until she could return for him. She came back just in time to see the child swept away by the rising water. One horse was the salvation of four persons, two of whom got on his back, while the two others clung to his tail; and in this fashion they reached a house some two hundred yards off. A whole family escaped on their roof, which floated away undamaged

to a great distance, though the house beneath was completely demolished.

A gentleman, seeing his wife and children in danger, made them climb up to the top of his house; but the building was giving way; he clasped his wife and then his two children in his arms, and the flood rushed upon him and them. He succeeded in catching hold of a plank, and held it as long as he could with his hands, till, his arms failing him, he clutched it with his teeth. The wife and children were drowned; he alone survived.

Many, who had been mourned for as dead, turned up after three or four days, having been carried by the cyclone eight, ten, or eleven miles from the town. I myself witnessed the meeting of a sister with a brother whom neither she nor her relatives ever expected to see alive. They fell on each other's neck and wept in the middle of the street. After the disaster, all were brothers. They shared the little that remained. A kitchen stood in stead of two or three houses, one house sufficed for several families, and one room for many persons. For a month there were two or three sleeping in the same room as myself.

The day following my return to Indianola, the 18th, I made a chapel out of a hall on the ground floor of Mr. Evans's house, whither I brought the Tabernacle with the Blessed Sacrament, our only consolation in these straits. On Sunday, the 19th, I said Mass for the Sisters in Mr. Regan's house, and another *pro populo* in the new chapel. To this latter came a great crowd. In place of an explanation of the Gospel, I dwelt on the intentions for which I was about to offer the Holy Sacrifice:—

First, for the repose of the souls of those who, three days before, had been present with us at the Requiem Mass and were now no more. Several of these were Catholics in deed. One, a mother who perished with her three children, was actually making a novena to be freed from great distress, if it were for God's greater glory. Another mother,

also drowned with her three little children, had come a few days ago to seek advice from me in her hardships. But some there were who had neglected the Sacraments for many years past. Again, among those who were dead and gone, was a young lady whom I had caught, the previous day at the church door, flirting with a young man.

Secondly, in thanksgiving for so great a mercy. Here I reminded them of their feelings during the hurricane and of their good resolves. Did we not then feel keenly our own nothingness and the power of Him Who is *mirabilis in altis Dominus*? Did we not feel that we had above us and against us a Being immeasurably superior and exceedingly terrible to the poor wretches who, but a few hours ago, looked so brave as they scoffed at God and at His religion? * Woe to us if we do not keep our word with God! He may have other scourges in store.

These and other things I said, though, assuredly, no words were needed. The very thought of our Sacramental King staying by us amid the ruins of His house, there interceding for us with His mighty voice, and now coming, with unusual sweetness, into the hearts of those of us who that morning had approached His Holy Table — this thought alone was reason enough for our tears and sobs. What a contrast between this Sunday and the previous Wednesday, when we had all the splendors of Catholic worship in the beautiful church of Indianola! Instead of Vespers, which no one had the heart to sing, we told our beads in honor of the Mother of Sorrows, and closed with the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Fr. Gardet, the parish priest of Victoria, had come down the day before to invite the Sisters and myself to Victoria, but we preferred remaining where we were, to afford what help we could to people that were beside themselves with

* Two houses which had been used for public balls and other worldly amusements, sheltered from the storm about three hundred persons, thus becoming the resorts of prayer and compunction.

grief and distress. Quite a number of them could hardly recover composure of mind; and, on the other hand, an extraordinary panic seized hold of many. In two or three days no less than two hundred left the town, some on foot or in carts, others by steamboat for Galveston, Corpus Christi and New Orleans, as some seven miles of rail had been torn up and could not be replaced before a fortnight. Those who remained, though abundantly supplied through the liberality of the generous town of Victoria, of Galveston, New Orleans, San Antonio, Boston, etc., still continued to suffer from want of fresh water, and of lodgings, from the hideous, desolate aspect of Indianola, and from the threatening weather which every now and then looked as if it were hatching new horrors. More than once did I rise during the night to recommend our endangered and helpless Indianola to our Blessed Lord who was now dwelling under the same roof with me. For I knew that the slightest storm would make havoc of a town already ploughed up in at least seven places, through which the sea ebbed and flowed as through so many convenient canals.

I cannot realize how a cyclone could in a few hours work such destruction. In several parts of the town it cut channels from seven to ten feet deep and two hundred or more feet in width. It swept away even brick houses and huge masses of iron to the distance of seven or eight miles, as happened to a railway car and to the iron turn-table or revolving platform for turning cars and locomotives.

Had I remained in Indianola, I should doubtless have perished, as my bed room was destroyed, the roof of the house having been torn off by the wind, and the church, whither I should certainly have hurried to save the Blessed Sacrament, fell into ruins. Nor could I have been of use to any one: for the driving wind and water made it impossible to see a house twenty yards off. Those only could help each other who were standing in the same spot; otherwise each one had to look out for himself. So sudden was the

rush of water, that Mr. Evans, having left his house at 9 o'clock in the morning to run to the help of the Sisters, could scarcely reach the convent, though it was not far distant. Still less could he return to his anxious family: he had to stay where he was that whole day at the peril of his life.

And here I cannot omit to mention something that happened in the home of this eminently conscientious and right-minded Catholic. On the evening of the hurricane, the inmates saw, with dismay, a house bearing down directly upon their own. A shock would have been fatal. Mrs. Buel, Mrs. Evans's mother, a venerable matron of old-time faith and angelic ways, at the sight of the coming danger, took a crucifix and placed it in the hands of one of her granddaughters, saying to the child: "Hold up this holy crucifix to that house which is floating towards us: Jesus will hear the prayer of your innocent lips." The little girl of seven years did as her grandmamma told her, and raising the sacred sign, she cried out: "Jesus, our Saviour, save us!" At that very moment the house stopped, standing near by as a monument of what faith could do. The people who lived opposite say that it looked as if an invisible hand had steadied it there and then. This was truly a triumph of the Sacred Heart: for the whole Evans family (except the father who, as I have already said was absent against his will) made a vow to the Heart of Jesus, while the child was lifting up the crucifix. Thus, in no ordinary way, did Jesus and Mary, and Joseph the patron of our church of Indianola, save and protect me and most of my parishioners. I thought I saw a pious type of this preservation of the principal part of my flock, when we found uninjured the head of a plaster statue of St. Joseph.

Indianola had Mass every day for a month after the storm, till Holy Obedience called me to Cuero, where I am founding a parish. Indianola's promises were very fair.

Our Lord had blessed in a special manner my poor efforts. Several infidels, heretics, and Catholics that had been living for years without human or divine law, were moved by the grace of God. I have turned a part of the priest's house into a chapel capable of holding about a hundred persons. Next week Fr. Mac Kiniry, S. J., will give us there a little mission. The past week he concluded one here at Cuero, and now he is "missionizing" the Irish of St. Patrick's. Cuero already contains twenty-nine Catholic families, and many more Protestant. The latter listened with the greatest attention and tractableness to two eloquent and outspoken sermons from our Bishop, Mgr. Pellicer, who, last Sunday, dedicated our church in honor of St. Michael.

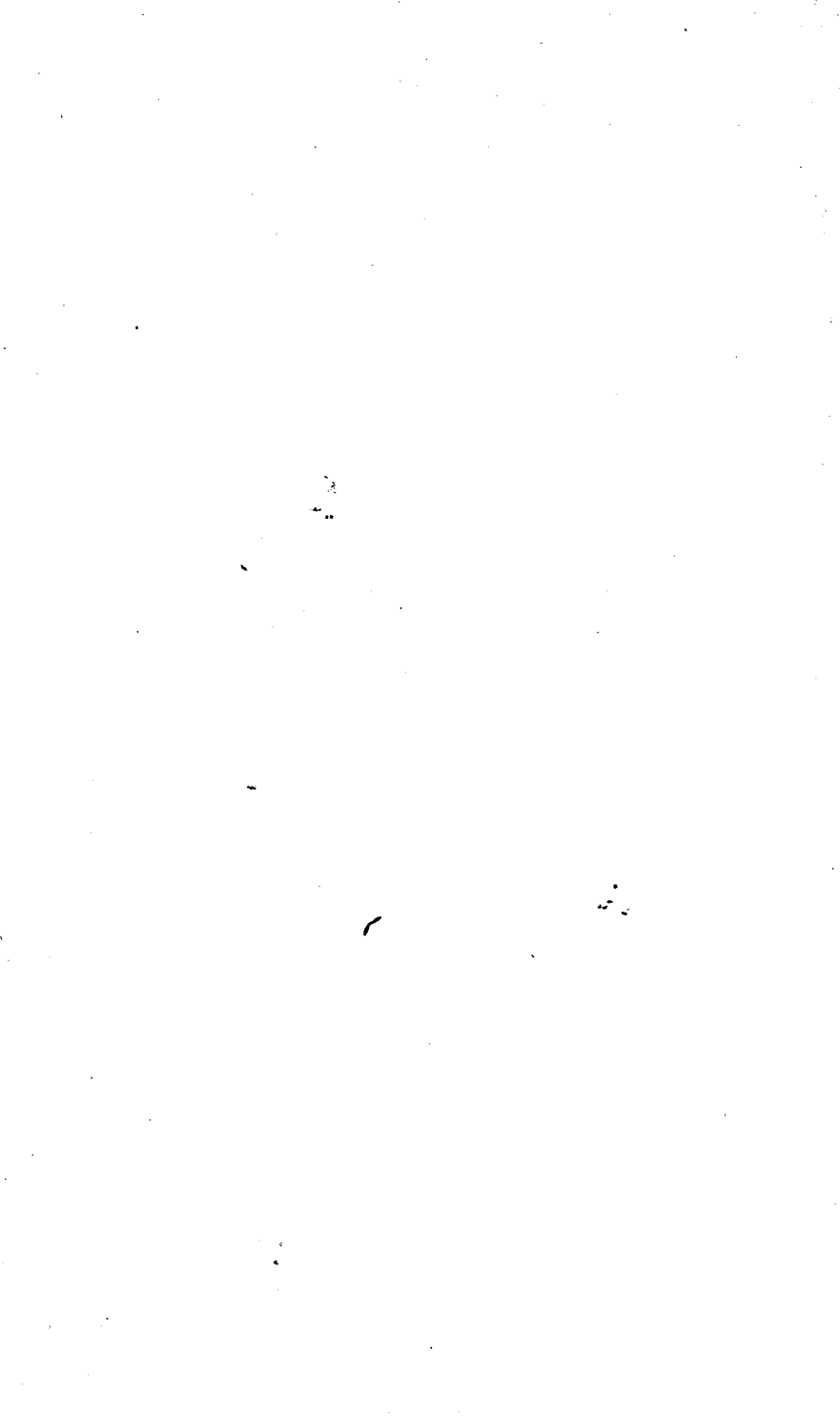
Your Reverence will, I trust, entreat our Lord to give me the physical and moral strength I need for my seven missions. I am tilling a field which, two years ago, was cultivated by four priests much stronger than myself. One of these missions is German, another Polish, the others contain Irishmen, Americans, Englishmen, Italians, Spaniards, Frenchmen, Mexicans, etc.

I am, in union with your Reverence's Holy Sacrifices and prayers,

Your humble servant in Christ,

V. L. MANCI, S. J.

L. D. S.



WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. V., No. 2.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

[*Concluded.*]

Fr. Barbelin's early studies were pursued amid the feverish excitement of the then troubled state of France. From boyhood he was desirous of devoting himself to the missions of the New World under the auspices of the Society of Jesus; and with the consent of his Director, another uncle or cousin, he made a vow to that effect. The only obstacle to the accomplishment of his ardent wishes was the opposition of a mother, who, holy as she was, could not reconcile herself to the thought of parting with the son who had been the sunshine of her heart. Here was a dilemma for the pious youth. God, through the silent voice of the Spirit that breatheth where He willeth and the living voice of his spiritual guide, calls him to the New World, there to labor for the greater glory of God, and, at

the same time, the voice of God's Word and the voice of Christian instruction tell him: "Hearken to thy father who begot thee, and despise not thy mother when she is old:" "Children, obey in the Lord your parents: for this is just." He was indeed perplexed; but he had recourse to his usual refuge and comfort, holy prayer. Every morning, when at home, he would hie away to the parish church and there, before a beautiful painting of the *Mater Salvatoris*, beg her assistance, saying: "Mother of my dear God and Saviour, inspire my loved mother to give her son to thy Son." Could Mary refuse such a prayer? It was well the young levite should be tried, and tried he was for years. At length on the last day of a novena made in honor of our Mother's Immaculate Conception to obtain the wish of his heart, his mother sent for him, and gave him her consent and blessing. "Dearest son," said she, "the only sorrow you have ever caused me is the desire of leaving me and going away thousands of miles, where my dying eyes will not rest upon your loved features. I had hoped to see you a holy priest, like your uncles and cousins, laboring for the good of your countrymen. But I know, son, 'he who loveth father and mother better than Me, is not worthy of Me, and he who loveth son and daughter more than Me, is not worthy of Me. And he who doth not take up his cross and follow after Me, is not worthy of Me.' God has willed that you should sojourn in a strange country; go, my son."

No second permission was required. A short visit of thanksgiving to his God and to the Mediatrix, and then a few hours sufficed for his hasty preparations; and before night he was on his way to Paris;—not that he was in haste to leave the dear ones he loved and who loved him, but he feared lest his mother's courage should fail and she should withdraw her permission.

A few months later he landed in Norfolk, Va., where he met the Rev. Alexander Hitzelberger, afterwards his brother in Religion. On January 7th, 1831, he entered the

Novitiate at Whitemarsh, under the kind and judicious guidance of Fr. Fidelis Grivel. Only three of his fellow novices are living, Fr. Augustine Bally, Superior of the Mission at Goshenhoppen, Mr. Charles Lancaster, Procurator of the Province of Maryland, and Rev. Peter Havermans, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Troy, N. Y. He was raised to the priesthood on the Festival of the Seven Dolors, September 22, 1835, and stationed at Georgetown College, as teacher of French and assistant prefect. It was about this time that the great rebellion took place among the students, and so great was the respect, even of the rebels, for the little French Prefect, that he could move among them freely, though it was dangerous for the others.

In 1836 he was made assistant to Fr. Lucas at Holy Trinity Church, Georgetown. I have many times heard him laugh about the first marriage he blessed—that of two paupers at the District alms house.

I have often wondered what gave Fr. Barbelin so great an influence over children and won for him their affection. Love, we are told, begets love. Fr. Barbelin had no spontaneous love for little ones. With a few exceptions, he took no delight in the presence of children: it was rather irksome to him. But he had read the words of Jesus: "Suffer the little children and forbid them not to come unto Me: for the kingdom of heaven is for such." And he not only suffered, but endeavored to induce them to come. And this was the secret of Fr. Barbelin's great labors for the young, that he might entice them to the way of the Lord, knowing that if, unfortunately, in mature life, they might wander from the straight path, there were greater hopes of their return to the narrow way than if they had never walked in it. His sacerdotal experience had shown him that not unfrequently the chord that has lain unstrung for years, has been struck to tuneful vibration by the sight of a child with its hands joined in simple earnest prayer: that the lips that had forgotten the saving name of Jesus, save to

blaspheme, had been lured to canticles of praise by the sweet accents of a favorite daughter singing her "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I give you my heart:" that many a cursing father has been made a man of prayer by the dying look of a cherished son, and many a prayerless mother has been led to the house of God by the hand of a Sunday School child. Tell me not that there is no benefit in Sunday Schools save to keep children from attending those of our misled brethren. I tell you, with Fr. Barbelin, that the influence there brought to bear upon them will bring forth effects when you and they and I have long been forgotten. "Make the Sunday School attractive," was his motto. For this purpose he employed every allurements, held out every enticement, pictures and medals, processions, sodalities and hymns. "Let the young praise the name of the Lord," he would say. "Be filled with the Holy Spirit, speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord," may we imagine him to have often repeated to his own heart. Before his coming, the recitation of the Catechism was the ordinary routine of the Sunday School. One of his first improvements was his opening and closing hymns, and these together with his interesting pious histories soon collected around him those whose children now crowd our benches. No one could tell a legend as he. It was not that his language was eloquent, it was broken—it was not that his gestures were graceful, we were not aware that we noticed them—but when he spoke, the whole man spoke—face, hands, arms, feet, every golden hair seemed to have a tongue of its own, and while he watched every shade upon the hundred little innocents' faces upturned to his—he seemed to forget self and to be the hero or the heroine he portrayed so exquisitely. He began a history on one Sunday, and when we hung breathlessly upon his words: "Well, I see the time is up—I will tell you how young Pancratius won some of those very naughty

boys away from Paganism and made them Christians, next Sunday," broke the spell, and we returned to ourselves with a sigh of relief, if with an expression of disappointment. "I wish it was always this Sunday and never next Sunday," once said a little boy of nine. So would he continue his serials, for two, three, and even five or six Sundays, generally beginning a new one on the day he concluded an old one: and it seldom happened that a child that heard one commenced failed to hear it concluded. Do you wonder he drew the children around him? Why do bees gather around flowers? So did we crowd around the little French priest who told the stories—because he furnished to us the food our better natures craved for.

Fr. Barbelin was not naturally a prayerful man, but the written guide of man told him, "all things whatever ye shall ask in prayer with faith, ye shall receive." His good parents had taught him from childhood, that "the continual prayer of a just man availeth much;" and from boyhood he had been accustomed to betake himself to "prayer and supplication, praying always in spirit, and watching in it with all earnestness and entreaty," and in manhood prayer became a second nature to him. He fell to sleep with the beads in his hand and Mary's name on his lips, and he awakened with the "*Laudetur Jesus Christus in sæcula sæculorum*," as the natural tribute of his tongue. No enterprise was undertaken without being sanctified by prayer, and every doubt was laid before God in its hours,—it commenced recreation and it finished labor. One moment he spoke with men upon the affairs of the world as they affected their salvation, the next he was speaking to God about the things of Heaven as they affected his own safety and that of those entrusted to his care. Yes, he was a man of prayer, it was his support under bodily ills, his consolation in mental trials. Crosses and contradictions came, but with the Psalmist did he say: "Instead of making me a return of love, they oppose me: but I will give myself to prayer."

Nor was Fr. Barbelin naturally meek and forgiving. From his father he inherited a temper not the coolest, and like his mother, his will was to be bent only by spiritual motives. But in his pious readings he found: "The patient man is better than the valiant: and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh cities." For him it was not easy to forgive an insult; sensitive almost to excess, an injustice rankled in his mind for years—jealous of his authority, he saw disrespect where none was thought of; still when the old man would rise within him, he knelt before his crucifix and pondered the threat of Him who was meek and humble of heart: "If ye will not forgive men, neither will your Father forgive you your offences." And though it was difficult to forget, he did forgive and exhibited no signs of resentment.

Prudence seemed his strong point: "wisdom and prudence abounded in him." Well he knew that in this sublunary sphere we are "as sheep in the midst of wolves;" and he remembered the admonition of Jesus: "Be ye therefore wary as serpents and guileless as doves." His religious and ecclesiastical superiors placed the greatest confidence in his judgment; they and others frequently sought his advice. In an especial manner was this prudence shown in the Sacred Tribunal. He may not have had an abundant flow of scholastic terms, but when consulted about a case of conscience, his solution would not be found to disagree with St. Liguori, or Voit, or Gury, or his favorite Busenbaum. Clergyman had access to him at all times. He had no particular time for any particular class of penitents, but at the appointed time great must be his sickness if he were not one of the first to enter the "healing box" and one of the last to leave it. Many a time has he been carried down two flights of stairs to take his place for hours to listen to the sins, and sorrows, and trials, and efforts, and successes of his fellow pilgrims, and when, at ten o'clock, he was carried up again, his sighs could be heard throughout all the

house. In so great estimation was he held as a prudent director of souls, that when Bishop Kenrick received the despatch, transferring him to the Archiepiscopal See of Baltimore, in his hasty preparation for departure, he took time to write notes to some of his penitents advising them to choose Fr. Barbelin as the director of their consciences. "The wise in heart shall be called prudent: and he that is sweet in words shall attain to great things."

"Let your modesty be known to all men," is the advice of the great Apostle to the Philippians. If in one quality Father Barbelin stood preëminently conspicuous, it was in that virtue which numbers us among the hundred and forty-four thousand, who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth,—the first fruits to God. Never was an action seen, never a word heard from him which was not adorned with the charm of innocence.

He delighted in a joke, and could relate one with humor, although he sometimes failed, as when, with all solemnity he proposed the conundrum: "what little *black* berry is that which is red when it is green?" But his anecdotes were always of the nature that give pleasure to a refined mind, and if any other were related in his presence, he not only did not appreciate it, but he did not seem to understand it.

In the Confessional he could direct with delicacy, prudence and success, the most leprous conscience; but once outside of it he was as ignorant as an infant of all the misery of the world. Nor is this surprising in one who, in the midst of the distractions of daily life, frequently raised his heart with the aspiration: "*Virgo Virginum, ora pro nobis!*" and while discussing some engrossing topic, would turn his head aside to whisper the prayer: "*Mater Purissima, succurre mihi!*" When asked the most powerful means of driving away the dangerous assaults of the enemy, his answer was: avoid the occasions, pray, invoke and imitate the "Virgin without spot."

His devotion to our holy Mother the Society, and to his Religious brethren was unbounded. He would not willingly have resigned his title of member of the Society of Jesus for all the dignity of the purple. It was enough for one to be a member of our loved Society, to find a place in the heart of Fr. Barbelin, and to receive from him a warm welcome to all he had to give.

He considered that men should be enticed, not driven, to virtue. So he endeavored to make "all her ways beautiful and all her paths peaceable." Hence his sodalities, his excursions, his sociable gatherings, his processions, his little altars; so that the year was one beautiful rosary of novenas: and that he did thereby gain souls for God, none who knew him will deny.

Father Barbelin was not a saint by nature; he had his temptations and his faults. For men he had his likings and his strong dislikes. The regularity of the Religious life was never agreeable to him. In the last year of his life he said: "I have been nearly forty years in the Society, and rising at five is as difficult to me now as the day I entered." But when the busy enemy gave him no peace even in his latter days, he consoled himself with the words of St. James: "Blessed is the man who suffereth trial; for when he hath been proved he shall receive the crown of life, which God hath promised to those who love Him." With all his little imperfections he was the "beloved of God and men;" and when he calmly expired on the evening of June 8th, 1869, the loud lamentations, yea, the cries of agonizing bereavement that rose in St. Joseph's Church, as the muffled bell tolled his requiem, proclaimed that his name was held in benediction.

It was about 10 o'clock P. M. that his agony commenced; there knelt around his bed, as the prayers for the dying were being recited, our good Father Provincial, with the Fathers and Brothers of the Residence. At the same time the boys in the room below, and the pupils in the female

Academy, in their rooms, were reciting the Rosary of the *Consolatrix Afflictorum*, for their beloved father. He continued in his agony until 7.55, when he expired.

The news of his death spread rapidly through the city, and even in the suburbs people were heard loudly weeping; and when interrogated as to the cause, they answered: "Father Barbelin is dead, we have lost our father! Father Barbelin is dead!" So great was the number who hastened at once to kiss his venerated remains, that it was necessary to place a guard at the door. Among the first to visit him was Rev. George Strobel, Pastor of St. Mary's Church, whom Fr. Barbelin had received into our holy Church. He knelt at his feet and wept like a child.

The next morning at 8.30, a Mass of Requiem was sung; some of the principal singers of the city formed the choir, and the number of communions was great indeed. Again on the morning of the 10th, another Mass was sung, the body being present, though not exposed; and again the sacred table was crowded.

Towards noon the remains were exposed on a raised platform, in the sanctuary, and before the pulpit he had adorned with such exquisite taste, and from which he had distributed the food of wholesome doctrine for so many years. Placid and smiling, there lay the guide of our boyhood and our youth; the friend of our early and of our later manhood: and while the sweet music of his accents still lingered in our ears, we imagined we could hear him say: "and now we will finish with some prayers to the Blessed Virgin—remember poor sinners and the suffering souls."

Yes, there he lay, where so oft he had knelt—before those little temporary shrines he loved to have erected in honor of the saints. Do you wonder that Protestants, mingling with God's people, did as they did? knelt and kissed his feet, while many a heart felt as never before, the appropriateness of the words of the fire-touched tongue:

"How beautiful the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, and that preacheth peace: of him that showeth forth good, that preacheth salvation."

The crowds that visited the Church during that gloriously sad day, were simply innumerable. They resembled the ocean billows, one gave way but to be followed by another. Still, owing to the admirable arrangements of the gentlemen of the Sodalties, Sunday School, and Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, there was no disorder. It has been stated that, in that one day, over one hundred thousand persons were in a church which will not hold a thousand: and yet, not an incident occurred to distract the most devout. During the afternoon, various Sodalties and Confraternities visited the Church and sang their solemn strains. But the little ones seemed to think that, by right, belonged to them that sadly pleasing duty; and if we had permitted it, they would have been but too happy to spend the afternoon there, raising their sweet little voices in "Oh pray for the dead," and

"O turn to Jesus, Mother, turn,
And call Him by His sweetest names;
Pray for the holy souls that burn
This hour amid the cleansing flames."*

At 5 o'clock on the morning of the 11th the Propitiatory Sacrifice was again offered for the soul of the departed. For more than an hour before, a large crowd had been waiting at the entrance of the church, and during the many Masses that followed at the three altars, there was no lack of weeping.

The *Age* of Saturday, June 12, 1869, says:

"OBSEQUIES OF REV. FATHER BARBELIN—*An Immense Funeral—Impressive Ceremonies at the Cathedral.*—The great esteem in which the late Felix J. Barbelin, S. J., Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, was held by the people of this city, was fully manifested in the concourse of adults and

* Fr. Faber.

children that assembled about Third and Fourth streets and Willing's Alley, at an early hour yesterday morning, to assist in the last Christian ceremony and tribute of respect to their departed pastor and friend. At 5 o'clock, Requiem Mass was celebrated at S. Joseph's, at the conclusion of which preparations were commenced for the funeral. It required considerable time to arrange the numerous schools and societies in order, but by quarter past 8 o'clock the work was accomplished, and at that time the funeral moved into Walnut street by Fourth street, out Walnut to Eighteenth street, and thence to the Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul. The solemn procession extended for many squares and attracted the attention of thousands of persons as it marched slowly to the Cathedral. Along the streets through which it passed the windows of many houses were bowed as a mark of respect to the deceased. The funeral moved in the following order :

Society of the Christian Doctrine.

Male children of St. Joseph's Sunday and Parish Schools, under the direction of their teachers.

Pupils of St. Joseph's Academy with the Sisters of the Institution.

Girls of St. Joseph's Sunday and Parish Schools in charge of their teachers ; attired in white dresses with black ribbon at the waist.

Ladies' Branch of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, of St. Joseph's.

Young Men's Branch of St. Joseph's Sodality of the Blessed Virgin.

Men's Branch of the Same Society.

Students of St. Joseph's College.

Philopatrian Literary Institute of Philadelphia.

St. Joseph's Conference of St. Vincent de Paul.

Congregation of St. Joseph's Parish.

Delegations from St. Vincent de Paul's Society, as follows :

Cathedral Conference ; St. Paul's ; St. Augustine's ; St. Philip's ;
St. Theresa's ; St. James' ; St. Malachi's ; St. Michael's ; St. Patrick's ;
St. Agnes' of West Chester ; and St. Francis'.

Then followed representations from the numerous Catholic congregations throughout the city.

The remains were exposed to view as the funeral passed along and the solemnity of the occasion was thereby greatly increased. A guard of honor, consisting of prominent members of the Young Men's Sodality of St. Joseph's surrounded the funeral car.

Following the hearse, were carriages containing the assistant priests of the late pastor, and the clergy of this city. The right of the funeral column reached the Cathedral about quarter past nine o'clock, and entered by the main doorway, the seats in the nave of the great edifice having been reserved for those who formed the procession. After all the societies had entered, the body was taken from the hearse, carried up the main aisle and placed upon a magnificent catafalque, which was surrounded by pedestals of marble, rich vases containing natural flowers, beautiful candelabra and rows of lighted tapers. At the head of the coffin stood an ivory crucifix. Long before the funeral had started from St. Joseph's, that portion of the Cathedral, unreserved, was filled with people, and many were required to remain upon the street for several hours, the mighty structure being incapable of containing all who wished to enter it. After the doors of the Cathedral were closed, the clerical vestments were laid upon the deceased priest, and a golden chalice with paten was placed in his hands. Rt. Rev. Bishop Wood then entered the Sanctuary, followed by the clergy and the seminarians of the diocese. The solemn office of the dead was recited, the Rt. Rev. Bishop presiding. Near 11 o'clock, A. M. solemn Pontifical Mass of requiem was commenced, during which Rev. Michael O'Connor, of St. Ignatius' Church, Baltimore, preached the funeral sermon; taking for his text: 'The patient man is better than the valiant, and he who ruleth his own spirit better than he who taketh cities.'—Prov., xvi. He began by saying that pomp and honors would seem to be nowhere so much out of place as in the presence of death; because in death is shown the vanity of all things. The proudest

of men and all things earthly, pass away as bubbles before it; and yet, the feeling which induces us to honor the virtues of the dead must have its legitimate effect. It is the great virtues of the departed one which have caused the deep feeling of regret at his death which pervades this enlightened city, which has brought this vast multitude around his remains, and calls forth this homage. While I feel entirely inadequate to explain the character of Fr. Barbelin, I feel that some reference thereto is requisite on this occasion. Whatever is said in his praise at this time, I know will be but the expression of all here assembled. Among the thousands and tens of thousands who knew the departed, there is not one who can remember him otherwise than with the deepest affection and respect. There are none who knew him, but who believe that every word and act of his was prompted by the strictest virtue. After a rapid sketch of Fr. Barbelin's early life, the speaker continued: How he entered upon every duty belonging to his sacred office, and continually extended his good works, you who knew him can all bear testimony. Seeking God only, and for the sake of God, he labored diligently for the welfare of all men. It would be doing injustice to allow this sad occasion to pass without making some mention of the great works of our departed friend. The foremost of his labors was devotion to the children, by his zeal and gentleness leading them to virtue. In that little church of St. Joseph's, his zealous efforts brought around him each Sunday, from 1,500 to 2,000 boys and girls to chant the praises of God. He labored for them because he loved them—because he saw in them that holy innocence which he labored to keep untarnished. There is nothing that can take the place of love; and where christian love exists it is a lever which effects wonderful works. It was this love which so closely bound together Father Barbelin and the children of his church. I recollect having seen him in a distant parish, where children were being prepared for

confirmation. At first, the children were struck with awe by the presence of the strange priest; but as the gentle voice and manners of Fr. Barbelin were unfolded, the faces of the children brightened, and they warmed up to genuine affection for the stranger. An instance of the love existing between Fr. Barbelin and the children who knew him, was shown in the case of a lost child, which occurred a few years ago. The wandering little boy could tell nothing of his name, parents or home, and after repeated efforts to learn something that might lead to his return to his parents, a lady chanced to ask him whether he did not remember the name of any body. In a moment he replied: "I know Fr. Barbelin," and that reply led to the finding of the lost child's home.

It was Fr. Barbelin who founded those Sodalities, which now unite the young of both sexes in devotional exercises; and that good work, commenced in St. Joseph's, has extended throughout this diocese, and become general throughout the Church.

As in his love for children, so in many other good works, Fr. Barbelin took a leading part. The Hospital of St. Joseph's may solely be considered the result of his labors. Years ago, when the dread pestilence, the ship-fever, was striking down the people of the lower part of this city, Fr. Barbelin labored zealously to relieve them; and then it was that the idea of the present Hospital originated with him. He labored for God, and for God only, and was esteemed by the high and the humble. He accomplished great works by the power of his well known virtues. He was not what might be termed brilliant in the performance of his labors; and it was only the power of virtues, simply expressed, which gave him a place in the hearts of the people. It is by such that the virtuous man is greater than the valiant. I say to you, then, imitate him by loving all with whom you come in contact—imitate his virtues. To the Reverend clergy, I would on this occasion suggest

the value of renewing our love for God, and through love for God, renew our love for our people. Though we may all be engaged in various pursuits, let us remember that virtue survives the shock of death. May that day which ends our earthly labors, bring us all to God to receive the reward of virtue and good works. Through that bond of union which God has ordained in our Church, let us perform such devotional works as may benefit the departed, and be of service to ourselves."

After the Pontifical Mass, the absolution followed, and at 2, P. M., the funeral train left the Cathedral and passed to St. Joseph's Cemetery, where the body was interred in the presence of many thousand people. In so great respect was he held even by Protestants, that on the day of his funeral work was suspended on the great Masonic Temple to allow the artisans and laborers to be present at the obsequies.

After the funeral ceremonies, the Bishop of the diocese, well pleased with the respect shown to the Apostle of Philadelphia, remarked: "If this Cathedral had been built for this occasion alone, the money would have been well expended." On the next day I met one of the leading parsons of the Episcopal church. He stopped, and in the course of conversation, remarked: "Father, there was no need of any sermon in the Cathedral yesterday, the sight of those children was eulogy enough for one man."

On the evening of the 25th of July, the Particular Conference of St. Vincent de Paul met in the basement of the Church, when the Hon. Joseph R. Chandler delivered a most eloquent discourse upon Fr. Barbelin as "The sincere man," concluding with these words: Oh! how all the life of Fr. Barbelin illustrated the character of a christian gentleman. How his death, peaceful, confiding, submissive, illustrates the power of christian faith.

"He taught us how to live, and oh, too high
The price of knowledge, taught us how to die."

We mourn our loss, but we fail to comprehend his infinite gain. We, my brethren, "are of the earth, earthy," and in this life we walk by faith, whose light is dimmed by the impurity on which it rests; but Fr. Barbelin is of Heaven, Heavenly, and with affections and views all purified, all sanctified,

—"He walks with God,
High in salvation and the climes of bliss."

Immediately after his death, there was a movement made to raise a suitable monument in the quadrangle near the Church, and to beautify the Cemetery where his remains repose. Sunday after Sunday, even during the inclement winter, the children and teachers, some on each Sunday, and others on the Sunday following the 8th of every month, visited his grave and strewed it with the flowers he loved so much.

On Pentecost Sunday, the 5th of June, 1870, the memorial in the Southern wall, erected during the preceding week, was unveiled. Hundreds of the old and the young, approached the table of the Lord. Solemn High Mass was sung. John Duross O'Bryan, Esq., a former pupil of St. Joseph's, delivered a most eloquent discourse on the life and labors of our late Pastor. There amid the soul-stirring strains of martial music without, accompanied by the swelling organ, the pealing trumpet, and the rolling drum within the Church, the curtain was withdrawn, and many gazed upon the chiseled features of one who from Heaven gazed and smiled on them.

In the afternoon, the children of the Sunday School with their teachers, went in joyful procession to strew with flowers the lowly mound where the remains of their friend and father slept. The idea was the children's, but the Sodalities joined; and then the Conferences, and the Beneficial Societies, and then the congregation. Arrived at the Cemetery, ranged 'round the grassy mound, infant and childish voices, the voice of lad and maiden, of man and

woman, joined in familiar hymns to Saints Joseph, Felix, Ignatius, to the Queen of Saints, and to the loved Name of Jesus—then a few short prayers were recited, and the immense concourse separated, passing around the hallowed spot and depositing their floral offerings—many to return to the Church to receive the Benediction of the Lord of the quick and dead.

This touching ceremony was repeated in 1871; and on Wednesday the 8th of June, an Anniversary service was held.

How more appropriately bring to a close these somewhat tedious pages, than with an affecting tribute, sent from the green plains of distant Minnesota, by one who had known him well and had felt the power of his virtues :

IN MEMORIAM

REV. FELIX JOSEPH BARBELIN.

I.

Father and friend, shepherd of many lambs!
Is it too late for this one to draw near,
And drop from out her prayer-enfolded palms
The flowers of saddest song upon thy bier?
Out of the distant West in spirit come,
To kneel beside thee tremulous and dumb!

II.

That crowded church,—how well my fancy paints
Its sombre drapery, its solemn light!
And in the midst a visage like a saint's
Shining from out the shadows pure and white;
The dear old hands, like lilies laid at rest
Beneath the crucifix upon his breast.

III.

That meek, good face,—'mid children still a child's
The smile upon it was forever young;
And well they loved his accents soft and mild,
The broken music of his foreign tongue;
The serpent's guile, the innocence of dove,
Mingling forever in its zealous love.

IV.

His heart was with them : from the baptized babe,
 Up to the stripling and the maiden fair ;
 His mission lay among the little ones
 Whom Christ committed to His Spouse's care ;
 And how he did his work—how long and well
 He labored—let St. Joseph's children tell.

V.

Early and late, through sunshine and through storm,
 In the Tribunal, at the altar rail,
 For thirty years his dear familiar form,
 His pleasant face with suffering often pale,
 Went to and fro in guise of common things,
 Doing an angel's work on tireless wings.

VI.

Who that has heard his Mass—who that has knelt
 In the Confessional and heard his voice,
 Pleading God's cause so sweetly—but has felt
 A secret thrill which made his heart rejoice !
 And going forth, has breathed a summer air,
 As though our Lord Himself had spoken there.

VII.

Ah ! how we'll miss him, who was ever found
 Ready to sympathize, and strong to guide ;
 Ah ! how we'll miss him as the years roll round,
 And life grows stern and griefs are multiplied !
 How often yearn, 'mid vexing cares, to be,
 Children, to tell our story at his knee.

VIII.

Advent and Christmas we shall, thronging, meet
 To seek our friend 'mid Bethlehem's delights ;
 And through the Lent, the crowded, close Retreat :—
 We'll miss his reading of the prayers o' nights ;
 And when the words of final blessing sound,
 Full many a secret tear will dew the ground.

IX.

May-time will come, and twinkling lights will shine
 And flower and incense fill the air with balm ;
 But one dear visage at the blessed shrine,
 Will look no more upon us, meek and calm,
 And other hands than his will then dispense
 The First Communion to the innocents.

X.

Lo ! in the octave of the SACRED HEART,
 He sought his refuge in that school of peace—
 Take him, O Lord ! all-loving as Thou art,
 Clad in the raiment of his fresh release ;
 Take him and fold him there in deathless bliss,
 And may our latter end be like to his !

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH AND RESIDENCE,
FREDERICK, MD.

(Continued.)

The first entry made by Fr. Malevé in the baptismal record of St. John's is dated the 3rd day of February, 1811. Hence it might be inferred that he began his labors in Frederick about the beginning of that year; though it would appear from the archives of the Province that his arrival was two years earlier.

The state of Catholicity was somewhat improved; the number of the faithful had increased, especially in the more distant stations; so that it became necessary a few years later to build small churches in several parts of the County. The German element had become more numerous in Frederick; still the English and Irish names were in the majority. At Petersville, Liberty, and on the Manor there always has been a preponderance of English and Irish Catholics. During the years that had passed since the Revolution, a great many slaves had been brought into the County; and as a great proportion of them were Catholics, their instruction in religious matters entailed no trifling burden on the pastor. The Church of St. John's was still unfinished, and was even unsafe. The interior was not plastered, and the roof had been so poorly made, that it had begun to sink. Supports from within became a matter of necessity, as the side walls, yielding to the weight, were pressed out. Fr. Malevé had the Church plastered in 1812. The building was made safe when the roof had been rendered secure by means of wooden columns.

There was certainly, a wide field of labor for one man in Frederick. Fr. Malevé was not discouraged, but gave himself up wholly to the work.

This zealous missionary was born Dec. 1st, 1770. His naturalization papers speak of him as a native of Russia, and a subject of the Emperor of that country. In early life he entered the Order of St. Francis of Assisi; but on account of the troubles at the end of the last century, he was forced, after the dispersion of his Order, to live in the world as a secular. In 1804, with the permission of the Holy See, he entered the Society in Russia. Whilst yet a novice, he was sent to the United States; and was indeed the first Jesuit that came to us from White Russia. At Georgetown he spent some months in the study of English. His progress in this undertaking was not over flattering. A man of great energy, of large frame, over six feet in height, with a voice of stentorian strength, he was anxious to exercise his indefatigable zeal for the good of souls. He was allowed to preach occasionally to the students of the College, as they were, no doubt, thought to be less severe upon the blunders he was wont to make, as when he said several times in one of his sermons that the Blessed Virgin Mary had been *assumed* into Heaven. Many other amusing anecdotes are handed down concerning his attempts at sermons, before he became more of a master in English. In 1806, as the members of the Society in the United States had been permitted to renew their vows and to receive novices, a Novitiate was opened at Georgetown. On the 11th of October, the little Community was formed; it consisted of ten persons—a Father, seven Scholastic and two lay Brother novices. The Father novice, the Rev. Francis Neale, acted also as master of the probation. The thirty days' retreat was begun immediately,* and lasted until the feast of St. Stanislaus. On that day, it was thought to be a good thing to have the solemn opening of the Novitiate before the public. Besides this, one of the Fathers of the Old Society † was to make his Profession into the

* Manresa, as the Novitiate was called, is a small house on First Street, for a long time the residence of the pastor.

† Father Charles Neale.

hands of Archbishop Carroll; an event quite novel at that time, and perhaps the first Religious Profession ever made in the United States. Old Trinity Church was chosen for the purpose. A congregation had assembled, and the novices and many Fathers from the College were seated in the sanctuary. Fr. Malevé, in his enthusiasm for the Society, asked permission to say a few words. His zeal was greater than his knowledge; unable to express himself in English, he was forced to use the Latin tongue, to the great wonderment of the faithful and the Archbishop.*

Father Malevé was at no time more than a tolerable scholar in English. He seemed to have great difficulty with English and Irish names: Mc Mollin (Mc Mullin), Ryda (Ryder), Mc Cherry and Tomptson, etc. (Mc Sherry and Thompson, etc.), are frequent mistakes in his writings.

Once in Frederick, Fr. Malevé gave himself wholly to the spiritual advancement of his flock. No labor was too excessive for his zeal; no fatigue superior to his untiring energy. The two churches in the northern part of the County, at Emmettsburg and Mt. St. Mary's, lessened considerably the number of his parishioners. The work, however, that remained for him was very hard. The sick calls were sometimes at great distances, even as far as Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg; that is, to places twenty and forty miles away. Yet he was always cheerful and enthusiastic in the midst of his hardships. Glancing over the records, one is struck with his style of writing; it is an index of his enthusiastic nature. His penmanship is not that of neat, pent-up Utica, but bold, expansive and rugged. The people loved him, though his nature was on occasions rather brusque. It is told of him that once he went to see a

*The Archbishop said to one of the novices: "What is he talking about? There ought to be a sermon in English." One of the Fathers, thinking it better to read a good sermon than to extemporize a poor one, offered to read a discourse from ARCHER for the people. This was done. A member of the choir remarked that the sermon was very good, but the reading spoiled it.

mechanic about some work in the Church. He was observed coming, and the workman enjoined his wife to say that he was not at home. She did as she was told. "That's not true; I know it from the way you say it. Your husband is at home. Come down; I see you up there behind the chimney." Notwithstanding such plain-spoken language, no one was offended.

Fr. Malevé was allowed to take his last vows on the 29th of June, 1815. He prepared himself for this religious act with great fervor. He looked on it as the realization of long cherished hopes. On his return to Frederick he continued the work he had been doing so well. The next undertaking worthy of notice was the building of St. Joseph's Church, on the Manor, about seven miles from Frederick. The work was finished in 1820. The lot of ground for the church and graveyard, with a portion of the funds, no doubt, for the building itself, was a gift to the Father from Charles Carroll of Carrollton. There is, perhaps, not a piece of land in Frederick County that has, for its size, more great names connected with it, than the St. Joseph's property. First, the gift already mentioned; then another by the Pattersons, another by the Harpers and Mc Tavishes: and, finally, in 1853, Mary Ann, Marchioness of Wellesley, makes an offering. The document by which the Marchioness conveys the property has an international character, as it had to pass the office of the American consul in London, the Hon. Mr. Ingersol.* St. Joseph's congregation has always been under the charge of our Fathers, who have attended it from the Residence in Frederick, or from the Novitiate.

In 1821, Mr. Coale, a prominent Catholic of Liberty, a town about 12 miles from Frederick, offered a lot of ground

* St. Joseph's Church has not been forgotten by the members of the Carroll family. Only a few years ago, the old building was torn down and a new and much larger one erected in its stead, at a cost of seven thousand dollars. Of this sum, five thousand dollars were given by a great grand-daughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

for a church. Fr. Malevé, with the approbation of the Superiors, accepted it, and a building was begun; the work, however, went on slowly, and was not completed until after his death. This Church has, with the exception of two or three years, been always attended by the Fathers of Frederick. About three years ago the old building was torn down, and a new one erected, at a cost of fifteen thousand dollars. General Coale, the son of the donor of the land, bore all the expenses of the new church.

The state of religion in Frederick County in 1822 was encouraging. With the congregation of St. John's much increased, and a necessity for churches in other parts of the County, the prospect was indeed cheering, and, no doubt, made the Pastor look forward to a rich harvest. Now he could begin to see the effect of thirteen years' incessant toil; but he was not permitted by the Master whom he served so well, to continue the work. Towards the end of September, he began to suffer from an attack of bilious fever, which, in those days, used to be prevalent in autumn about Frederick. At first, trusting to his strong constitution, he may have looked on the attack as trifling. He grew no better, and soon serious apprehensions were entertained about his recovery. The Superior of the Mission, Fr. Charles Neale, having been informed of his illness, sent one of Ours to give him all the assistance necessary in his dying moments. Fr. John Mc Elroy was chosen for this sad duty. On his arrival in Frederick, he found his much esteemed brother in Religion very ill. He administered the last Sacraments, and waited in hope for some favorable turn in the disease; but God willed otherwise. Fr. Malevé died on the 3rd of October, 1822. His death was a great affliction to the flock. After the Mass and funeral service by Fr. Mc Elroy, the remains of the beloved Pastor were placed in the little graveyard behind the Church.

In the meanwhile, the Superior had been informed of the death. A successor to the deceased F. Malevé was expect-

ed to arrive from Georgetown. Several gentlemen in the congregation, amongst whom was Mr. Taney, addressed a letter to the Fr. Superior, asking to retain Fr. Mc Elroy. The request was granted; and thus was begun a career of usefulness which, if we consider the resources at hand, has been scarcely equalled in any city in the country. Whatever Catholicity has in Frederick, that it may point to with pride, is owing to Fr. Mc Elroy. He found the congregation small, the church sadly in need of repair, the residence old and weather-beaten; after twenty-three years, when he was called away, he left the congregation large and flourishing, whilst the old church had given place to one of the finest churches in the States, and the old two story residence had been greatly enlarged, and was doing service as a Novitiate of the Society. The new residence, on Church Street, the buildings for St. John's Literary Institution, and the school and Orphanage of the Sisters of Charity, gave proof also of the energy and skill of the Pastor of St. John's. It is an easy matter to show financial tact in large cities with liberal congregations; but it was quite a task to build schools and churches in Frederick fifty years ago, as money was scarce, and the little that could be had, was to be used with consummate ability, in order to accomplish anything. These works will be spoken of more in detail, and in the order of time.

Fr. Mc Elroy was expected to carry on the work of his predecessor without any assistant. The rest of the year (1822), passed away without any event of special importance. In 1823, the new Pastor's loneliness was cheered by the arrival of Fr. Van Quickenborne, with a colony of Ours, *en route* for Missouri. They remained a few days, and then set out on the long journey to their destined home beyond the Mississippi, where so much good has been done for the people of the West and the increase of the Society.

Towards the end of 1823, negotiations were begun with the Superior of the Sisters of Charity, for the establish-

ment of a community in Frederick. The help the Sisters could render to the pastor for school purposes was much needed. Early in 1824, five Sisters arrived from Emmettsburg and were domiciled in a wretched log cabin, built in the days of the revolution on what is now the Convent property. This had but two rooms on the ground floor and overhead a miserable attic. The school was opened, however. A notice had been previously inserted in the papers to this effect :

"St. John's Female Benevolent and Frederick Free School will be opened on the 3d of January, 1824. Reading, writing and needle-work, etc., will be taught. All denominations admitted."

The ministers were greatly offended that the benighted Catholics should have a free school and that Protestants should attend it in great numbers. The text in every pulpit was sharpened, so as to wound the harmless Sisters. Bells were rung; public meetings held to denounce the Papist aggressions. Vile epithets were vomited forth against priests and nuns and, above all, the Sisters of Charity. A Free School Association was formed, by which each church was to have its own school, and the attacks of Rome to be warded off. A petition was sent to the Legislature for pecuniary help for the "free schools" of Frederick. Of course, the Catholic school was ignored. Fr. McElroy got wind of the movement, and, through the exertions of Mr. Frank Thomas, afterwards Governor of the State, Col. William Schley, Mr. Harper, a Catholic, and several other Catholic members from the lower counties, obtained a part of the money donated by the Legislature.

In the meanwhile, the ministers were not idle. In their visits from house to house and by means of the newspapers, every effort was made to draw away the children from the Sisters' influence. "Beware of the she-wolves," said they, breaking the figure: "beware of the she-wolves that want to kidnap your children." These clamors of the press and

the parsons were unheeded, and the good work went on. The Protestants would not withdraw their children, though urged to do so by their preachers, especially by a certain Rev. Mr. Schaeffer, who was looked up to as the leader of the anti-Catholic movement. The true-blue orthodoxy of this man was undoubted, though it would seem that he was acting more in his official capacity than from private malice. The following announcement clipped from a paper of 1837 will show what kind of gospel he expounded:

"The Rev. Mr. Schaeffer will deliver the Sacrament in the Baptist Church to-morrow, in the German and English languages, at 10.0'clock in the forenoon."*

The Sisters' school soon had two hundred pupils. The Protestant children were much attached to them and used to learn the catechism, Catholic prayers and hymns, the "Angelus," etc. It was a common thing with them in their homes, to the no little astonishment of the parents, to sing the hymns and recite the prayers they had been taught by the Sisters; and when the "Angelus" bell was rung, they were wont to fall on their knees to say the beautiful prayer to the Mother of God. Opposition had only perfected the work. It would seem natural to expect many conversions among the children. Unfortunately, this was not the case; for though prejudices were removed, yet very few embraced the faith, owing to the oath which then, and even now, is exacted from the candidates, for what is called Confirmation, of never abandoning their belief. This custom is found in the Lutheran and Dutch Reformed churches, which are numerous in Frederick County.

In 1825, it became necessary to build a large establishment for the Sisters, to serve for a school and an orphan

* Not very unlike the spirit of this notice, taken from a Copenhagen paper: "Noving & Co. have constantly on hand a Protestant minister who will, on the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms, administer all the Sacraments; namely, Baptism, Confirmation, Matrimony, Divorce and Funerals."—*London Register*.

asylum. How do such a thing with the means in hand? In New York, or some of the large cities such a work could be easily done, but how do it here? The work was done and paid for; the orphans, too, were well supported by the alms of the people and especially by the farmers of the Manor. When then the building was finished, a sign was put over the door with the words: *St. John's Female Benevolent and First Frederick Free School*. These words had given great offence already, but the sign with the addition of the epithet *first*, was not at all pleasing. Mr. Taney said it was right to have the fact put before the eyes of the bigots, that the Catholics had the first free school in the city. Not so, thought a certain doctor of medicine who undertook to prove in the public prints that the fact was not true. His attacks, as well as those of so many others, since the opening of the school, were not noticed; a style of defence that might be oftener adopted. Many of the Protestants who were educated by the Sisters always kept up kindly sentiments towards them. Even now one may sometimes meet with Catholic books in the houses of Protestants; these books were given as prizes by the Sisters.

During this year (1825), Fr. Mc Elroy had as his assistant Fr. P. W. Walsh.* One was much needed, as the congregation in Frederick was enough for a priest. The help of another Father became more imperative next year, when a church was built at Petersville. The land for this church was given by Mr. West, a Protestant gentleman. Our Fathers yet attend this congregation. A few years ago the old log building was enlarged. The colored people form the larger portion of the congregation, and, what may seem

* Fr. McElroy had at different times, from 1825 to 1845, the following assistants: Fathers Walsh, Grace, Peeters, a martyr of charity for the fever-stricken workmen on the canal, Dubuisson, Pise, a secular priest, V. H. Barber, Flautt, a secular priest, Kroes, McGerry, a secular priest, McCarthy, Ryder, Moore, Aloysius Young, Steinbacher, Powers, Dietz, Logan, Enders, Tuffer, and George Villiger.

strange to those who look on this class of people as dull and uninstructed, have the choir to themselves and sing very fair music at Mass on Sundays. Of late years a great deal has been done for the religious education of the colored children by the heroic self-devotion of a young lady who, though wealthy and admired by the world, has given herself entirely to this good work.

It had long been evident to all that some provision should be made for the education of the male youth of St. John's congregation. The girls were excellently cared for by the Sisters; something had to be done for the boys also, who were much in want of religious and literary knowledge. The usual difficulty presented itself. How raise the money? How support the school?

On August 7th, 1828, the octave of the feast of our holy Founder, the corner-stone of St. John's Literary Institute was laid. In 1829, the classes were begun, and soon St. John's College, for by this name it was more commonly known throughout the State, became the rival of Georgetown and remained so until 1853, when it received a check by the expulsion of a large number of students at one time. It has never recovered; and, in truth, no effort has been made to restore it to its former glory, as the system was justly thought to be attended with great dangers for the morals of the young men. The students used to board in private families and were subject to the domiciliary visits of the prefects. This regulation, though succeeding well at first, was not sufficient afterwards to keep out abuses. The college was in a measure a free school, as many students were educated gratuitously. St. John's has given many vocations to the Society, and to the legal and medical professions some of the most distinguished names in this city and State. The school is still kept for the youth of Frederick. A charter was obtained from the legislature in 1829, together with an annual donation of three hundred dollars. This sum is still faithfully paid by the Comptroller of the State.

The pastor had done a great deal toward finishing and beautifying the old Church ; but on account of the increase in the congregation, it was thought advisable to extend the front of the Church fifteen or twenty feet and to erect galleries. This plan was proposed to the people in 1830 ; all readily agreed to contribute to the work. Several builders were consulted about the contemplated addition ; they were unanimous that it would be a waste of money, and advised rather the pulling down of the old Church and the erecting of a new one. The project was abandoned for some time for want of money. In 1832, the new plan was put before the congregation ; this time four thousand dollars were subscribed. With this amount and a legacy of another thousand dollars, a beginning was considered to be warranted. Very Rev. Fr. Peter Kenny, Superior and Visitor, was consulted and, after an interchange of opinions, it was finally resolved in January, 1833, that the work should be undertaken and the site changed from that on which the old Church stood to the lot on the opposite side of the street. Books of architecture were obtained from Georgetown ; with the aid of these, Fr. Mc Elroy and Mr. Tehan, a well known builder of those days, fixed upon a plan for the new edifice. The form was to be that of a Latin cross ; the nave to be a hundred and thirty-six feet in length and forty-nine in width ; the transept, forty-nine feet in width and ninety-four in length ; length of nave to transept, sixty-three feet ; height from floor to ceiling, forty feet. The Society's Church in Gardiner St., Dublin, was used as a model for the ground plan, though St. John's is considerably larger.

The corner-stone was laid in the north east angle of the nave on St. Joseph's day, 1833. Amid the greatest difficulties the work went on. Money came somehow. Subscriptions, loans, legacies, contributions from the employees of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, enabled the pastor to finish the building

by April 1837. Among the presents recorded for the altar were a dozen candlesticks and two crucifixes; these articles cost twelve hundred francs, and were sent by Very Rev. John Roothan, General of the Society.*

On the 26th of April, St. John's was consecrated to the service of God, and was perhaps the first church thus solemnly dedicated in this part of the United States. The Rev. John Hughes who had been chosen to preach the sermon of the day was forced to decline, owing to the death of his father a short time before. This distinguished ecclesiastic published in the *Herald and Visitor*, of Philadelphia, an account of the consecration. From it a few items are taken:—†

"MR. EDITOR: Knowing that the readers of your widely circulating and useful *Herald* will be edified by the record of whatever marks the progress of the one Faith, I take the liberty of forwarding some account of the consecration of St. John's Church, in Frederick, which took place the 26th ult. (April).

"The consecration was performed according to the solemn rite of the Roman Pontifical. There were present the Most Rev. Samuel Eccleston, Archbishop of Baltimore, and eight Suffragan Bishops, viz: Rt. Rev. John England, Bishop of Charleston; Rt. Rev. Benedict Fenwick, Bishop of Boston; Rt. Rev. Joseph Rosati, Bishop of St. Louis; Rt. Rev. John B. Purcell, Bishop of Cincinnati; Rt. Rev. Guy Ignatius Chabrat, Bishop of Bolina and Coadjutor of Bardstown; Rt. Rev. Simon Gabriel Bruté, Bishop of Vincennes; Rt. Rev. William Clancy, Bishop of Orio and Coadjutor of Charleston; Rt. Rev. Anthony Blanc, Bishop of New Orleans. Besides these, there were present a large concourse of clergymen from almost every section of the

* The Church cost \$36,964.96: it could not be built now for much less than \$100,000.

† *Herald and Visitor*, May 4, 1837.

United States, about seventy in all. Among them I may mention Very Rev. Louis Deluol, D. D., Superior of the Sulpicians, Baltimore; Very Rev. William McSherry, Provincial of the Society of Jesus in Maryland; Very Rev. P. Verhaegen, Superior of the same Society in Missouri and President of the College of St. Louis; Rev. Thomas Mulledy, S. J., President of Georgetown College; Rev. Thomas Butler, President of Mt. St. Mary's College, near Emmettsburg; Rev. John Hickey, Superior of the Sisters of Charity; Very Rev. Felix Varella, of New York; Very Rev. John Hughes, of Philadelphia; Rev. Ignatius A. Reynolds, of Louisville, Kentucky; Rev. Stephen Theodore Badin, the pioneer of religion in the West and among the Indians, the first ordained priest of the country, and, as he was appropriately designated, "The eldest Son of the American Church." There was a great number also of clergymen from the neighboring Missions, as well as the ecclesiastics belonging to the Seminary of Emmettsburg, the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus, under the direction of the learned and venerable Fr. Francis Dzierozynski. They were dressed in surplices; the priests in chasubles of the richest kind, and the bishops in copes and mitres.

"The day was calm and bright, as if to harmonize with the scene and with the feelings which it was calculated to awaken in every good breast. The ceremony of consecration, which was performed by the Most Rev. Archbishop, commenced about six o'clock, A. M., and terminated about eleven. The solemn procession for removing the relics from the old church was one of the most imposing spectacles which it was possible to conceive. * * *

"After the consecration of the Church, there was Solemn Pontifical Mass by the Most Rev. Archbishop, Very Rev. Dr. Deluol, Assistant Priest, Rev. George Fenwick of Georgetown, and Rev. Thomas Butler, of Emmettsburg, Deacon and Subdeacon. As soon as the Gospel was sung by the Deacon, Rt. Rev. Dr. England ascended the pulpit,

and the Word of God was proclaimed for the first time in the temple which had been reared and just consecrated to His greater honor and glory. The sermon was a mild and dignified vindication of the principles of the Catholic faith, in connection with the rites, sacerdotal vesture, language and ceremonies, which are employed in the public worship of God.

"The variety of topics on which it was necessary for him to touch, in a sermon of this kind, would seem unfavorable to what has been regarded as a peculiarity of his mind more than of any other living orator: that is, a power of unfolding a *principle* and extracting from its development evidences of truth, which sometimes even those who are familiar with the principle, do not suspect it capable of containing, or cannot exhibit with that clearness and perspicuity, which carry at once light and conviction to the minds of audiences. When you hear the Bishop of Charleston on a subject of this description, you are borne along on a tide, which may at first seem barely able to sustain you, but which is continuous and cumulative in its progress, until it acquires a force that overwhelms everything which cannot spring to its surface. On such an occasion, he and the advocate of the error he is confuting, seem at the commencement of his discourse to be nearly on an equality, but as he advances, you mark the growing strength on the one side and the progressive weakness on the other. He defeats his adversary by the very unfolding of the principles involved in the contest; but when he gathers up his evidences in a concentrated form and shows them in their collected might, you see that the opponent is not only defeated, but absolutely crushed to the earth, until your sense of pity becomes oppressive, and you would almost interpose for his rescue. You are so interested in the condition of him who is stricken by the thunderbolts of the Bishop's unerring logic, that at last you become almost insensible to the flashes of eloquence in the midst of which he launches them forth.

"The sermon on this occasion was not, owing to the variety of topics to be treated, of the description now given. I have listened to him, and always with rapture, and yet I never listened to him with more admiration than in hearing his consecration sermon of the Church of St. John in Frederick. The sermon was one hour and a half long and was listened to with profound attention by the large congregation, who must have been deeply instructed and edified.

"In the afternoon, there were solemn Vespers and the benediction of the Holy Sacrament. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Purcell of Cincinnati preached. The subject was the duty of Christian charity, in connexion with the obligation of asserting the truth as it is in Christ. He denounced that, as but the mockery of charity, which would sacrifice truth, in order to conciliate the opinions of men. But whilst we are to profess our faith, and to proclaim the necessity of what our Divine Saviour taught, our kindness, our affection, our best offices are equally due to those who are estranged from us in religious belief. His discourse was brief and eloquent, not the result of special preparation, but springing from the impulse of the occasion and his disposition to accede to the request of the respected Pastor.

"The next day the Sacrifice of Mass was offered with solemn rite by the venerable Bishop of St. Louis. After the Gospel, an instruction was addressed to the people by the Rev. Mr. Hughes of Philadelphia. The object of his discourse was to establish the identity of religious truth from the beginning, to point out the manner in which God communicated the truth to mankind, and the means by which He has chosen to have it preserved.

"It was a singular coincidence that the Pastor of the Church, and the three preachers who were the first to occupy the pulpit in succession, should all happen to be called the same name as the glorious Apostle, under whose spe-

cial invocation the temple had been dedicated and consecrated to the service of Almighty God. * * * * *

"If any one would learn from ocular evidence what wonders can be accomplished by the unchanging purpose, the patient but sleepless energies of a single mind, under the guidance of that immortal index which ever points to the "Greater Glory of God," let such a person visit the monuments which have been erected by the zeal and piety of Fr. Mc Elroy. Let him visit not only the splendid Church of St. John, but also the splendid Orphan Asylum on the right, as the equally noble Academy on the left of the Church. * * * * *

The steeple of St. John's was completed in 1854, by Fr. Burchard Villiger. Two years ago the interior of the Church was restored and beautified, a tribute to the good taste of the designer of the improvement.

Many ask why it is that this Church, architecturally viewed, ranks so high. We have larger churches: we have surely churches that cost more money; but when we come back to St. John's, we find the old charm revived. Why is this? St. John's Church does not offend against any of the common laws of architecture; it is not merely a chaotic pile of stone with a roof, with windows at convenient distances in the side-walls, whilst the interior, abounding in glaring patches from all the old orders, is made rather grotesque by gothic arches and stained glass; it is not a long and high building with rows of columns, which, more than amply sufficient to support the roof, act also as a screen for the altars and the pulpit.—Good taste is the charm of St. John's.

(To be continued.)

THE JESUITS IN CINCINNATI.

Though it is our main object in this paper to give our readers a sketch of St. Xavier College and Church and a brief account of the labors of our Fathers in Cincinnati, still, the birth of Catholicity in this vicinity is so intimately connected with their early history, that we may be pardoned for referring to the first Catholic missions in this section of the country.

Rev. Edward Fenwick, a Dominican, who established St. Rose's Church, near Springfield, Ky., in 1806, appears to have been the first priest that did much service here. Though stationed so far away, he traversed the dreary forests of Ohio every now and then in his missionary excursions, from 1810 to 1822, when he was made first Bishop of Cincinnati. His small congregation here numbered in 1818, about one hundred members. By an intolerant city ordinance the Catholics were prohibited from building a church within the city limits or the so called "out lots," and were obliged to put up their small frame building in the "Northern Liberties" (corner of Vine and Liberty). How far out of the way this Church lay can be conceived from the fact that according to the original survey of Cincinnati village, its limits were Eastern Row, now Broadway, Western Row, called Central Avenue within the last fourteen or fifteen years, 7th Street on which our College now stands, and on the south, "La belle rivière." The streets were laid out through a dense forest, their corners being marked upon the trees. In 1820 the number of inhabitants was 9602. What a change in fifty years! Our Church has about as many parishioners as Cincinnati had inhabitants at

that time. 250,000 would be considered a moderate estimate of our whole population now.

The majority of the Catholics being Germans, the Bishop in 1844 obtained from Pope Leo XII. the assistance of Fr. Frederick Reese or Résé, whom he made his Vicar General. The ordinance above mentioned had by this time been annulled, through the exertions of the Catholics; and in 1823 the frame church, north of the city, was removed to Sycamore Street, and occupied the ground on which St. Xavier Church now stands. Such was our first Cathedral: nor is it difficult to believe that the "Episcopal palace" often suffered sore distress when his "Lordship" thought himself fortunate in obtaining from a Catholic layman the loan of 500 francs *without interest*.

The frame building was soon after taken down and replaced by a larger and more permanent structure of brick built in the gothic style, and capable of holding about 800 persons. The latter edifice, with its tower and handsome spire, formed at that early day one of the most ornamental buildings in the city. It remained standing till about 1860. We shall see in course of time what a sad story was weaved about its fall.

Beside the church a school soon sprang up. Judiciously organized and efficiently managed, almost at once without intermediate stages it grew into the proportions of an advanced literary Institute, affording the youth in this section of the country an opportunity of acquiring a higher education. This institution was called *The Athenæum*. Thirty-five years ago it was considered a marvel of architectural beauty and seemed to embody the laudable pride of its founders as it towered above its less pretentious neighbors. But the times have gone on and humbled the pride of the old Athenæum. It stands even now, it is true; but with all our efforts to make it put on a modern appearance and holiday attire, its bright garment of sheeny paint cannot hide its decrepit features or persuade the observer that it is

anything else but a relic of the past. The wonder of the passer-by has given place to indifference, and another generation sports through the time-honored corridors and but for the watchful eye of the master would disfigure the walls with as little consideration as they smile at the quaint square brick on which they tread and stop to joke at the solidity of the occasional fantastic framework which their fathers considered admirable. To understand the object of its erection and the scope of its studies we need but read the inscription carved on the front of the building :

ATHENÆUM
RELIGIONI ET ARTIBUS SACRUM

It must have puzzled the brain of more than one simple inhabitant of our young city as he stood with gaping eyes to make out the mystic meaning of that motto.

The beginning of the Athenæum was very auspicious, but it did not continue in its original flourishing condition. At length, after varied fortunes and a season of doubtful success which answered but poorly the expectations of its friends and patrons, it was established on a new basis in 1840, being given by Most Rev. Archbishop J. B. Purcell, D. D., to the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, who have conducted it ever since. From that date it began to be known as St. Xavier College; and then, properly speaking begins the history of the College as it exists to-day. Though established in October, 1831, by the Right Rev. E. D. Fenwick, not until 1842 was it incorporated by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, under the name which it now bears, with all the privileges usually granted to universities. Boarders as well as day scholars were re-

ceived for instruction. The advantages held out to students from abroad who desired to board at the College were: an institution easily accessible from all parts of the Union; a location peculiarly conducive to mental improvement and bodily comfort; an opportunity of attending many interesting lectures on the arts and sciences, delivered at the various institutions in the city; regular and well supplied markets, and, in case of sickness, the best medical attendance. Taking into consideration the frugal spirit of the times, which was more manly and vigorous as well as less prone to luxury than the present, the buildings were spacious, well ventilated and well adapted to school purposes. As a consequence, students flocked from the Southern and Western States, Mexico and Cuba. To give some idea how our College was regarded by non-Catholics we may be allowed to quote a passage from a book entitled "The Schools of Cincinnati and its Vicinity," by John P. Foote, whose work shows that he is evidently a Protestant, speaking of St. Xavier's College, he says:

" * * * A good school was organized, with a sufficient number of teachers to attend closely to all the pupils, both during their hours of study and recreation. This feature, in which most of our prominent seminaries are defective, gave the school a reputation which induced a number of Protestants to prefer it to any of our other schools for the education of their sons. It had then become (as it has since continued in the West) an established rule, that teachers should not be allowed to punish pupils for any fault. The consequence was that such a degree of lawlessness prevailed in our schools as to deprive them of much of their usefulness. The arrangement of subordinate teachers in numbers sufficient to keep every pupil constantly in view, served as a substitute for the old fashioned system of discipline by the rod and ferule, and caused the Athenæum to become a popular and flourishing school. The institution continued but a short time, however, in its original flourishing state,

and although the denomination increased so rapidly that it now [that was more than twenty years ago] possesses thirteen very large churches, with a splendid Cathedral—one of the best specimens of Grecian architecture in the city—all of which are crowded with worshippers on Sunday, yet the College did not seem to partake of their progress, and it was a few years since transferred to the Order of the Jesuits."

No State aid was ever given to St. Xavier's. The effort made about 1850 to secure a division of the school fund for denominational schools, however manifestly just from the Catholic standpoint, failed; and it would have been worse than hopeless for the College to expect State assistance. Every one knows that repeated attempts since then, have resulted in repeated failure; and that agitation, instead of benefiting our fortune, seems to have removed us farther away from the accomplishment of our purpose. Both Catholics and Protestants in this part of the country start out with the grand major proposition that the common schools should be administered for the common good and should not be sectarian: therefore, the schools should be continued on the present basis, argues the Protestant. Catholics, however, have modestly requested the courts of justice to hear their little *atqui* before deciding and see if an opposite conclusion could not be reached by the ordinary rules of sound logic. But it must be confessed that Justice has been asleep whilst Bigotry was up and doing, until, now, the most that we are granted is expressed in that un-American word, *toleration*. Toleration! in a land where the first European blood that moistened the soil of these Western States was that of the Church's noblest sons.

During the decade from 1842-52, the terms for board and tuition were \$130 per session of ten months, exclusive of personal expenses, and for day scholars \$40. A couple of years after that the College ceased to receive boarders, but continued to accept other pupils at the same rate of tuition,

till 1863, when the high price of every commodity and the depreciated value of money necessitated an advance of the terms to \$60. The tuition fee remains the same still.

Almost coëval with the existence of the College was the establishment of several societies for improvement in literature, music and the various branches which form a portion of a finished education. One of these, the Philopædian Society, still exists, bearing after thirty-four years no marks of age to mar the lustre of success. It still fosters literature and eloquence, and meets once a week to exercise its members in debate, invites the attendance of honorary as well as of regular members, and from time to time gives a public entertainment or lecture.

So remarkable was the change effected in the people in a very short space of time by the Fathers in attendance upon the Church, that in 1846, amongst other edifying items, the following tribute was contained in a leading editorial in one of the city Catholic papers :

"It is extremely gratifying to witness the great increase of piety in that quarter of the city where the Church of St. Francis Xavier is situated. Two years ago there was only a small chapel in that part of town, and now the spacious accommodations of the Church of the Jesuit Fathers, is scarce sufficient for the numerous congregation that attends it. The rapid increase of this congregation is a subject of frequent remark by our people, and its character is no less gratifying than its numbers. The instructions given at this church on Sundays at Vespers attract a great many Protestants, who listen with marked attention to the familiar, yet impressive exposition of the Catholic faith and morals, which is usually delivered by the President of the University. * * * * The good done is witnessed, not only in the number of conversions that have taken, and are taking place in our city, but also in the great improvement in the general tone of piety, in the striking reformation that has occurred in many families and individuals, and especially

in the edifying behavior of the male portion of the congregation."

Let us pass on to the year 1847. Fr. Elet, of happy memory, had been Rector of the College since it passed into the hands of Ours; but having been named Procurator of the Province, he went to Rome in August, Fr. Blox taking his place in the mean time. Under his administration a peaceable secession was effected, the long wished-for separation of the large and small boys took place. The juniors had an opportunity of enjoying country life at the Purcell mansion on Walnut Hills, under the Presidency of Rev. George Carrell, afterwards Bishop of Covington, Ky., the College proper continuing to receive large boys as usual. At this period the Institution enjoyed unexampled prosperity, and the number of its pupils was greater than at any previous time. This, however, lasted but a short time. It is difficult, at this date, to assign the cause or causes of the great change which took place. We find that at the end of the scholastic year 1848-9, the number of boys in attendance had dwindled down to 140. It is not improbable that either political or local causes were at work to produce this fluctuation; for no change had taken place in the management of the College to justify this capricious variation. A note in one of the old catalogues may throw some light on the matter. It is of 1848-9 and reads as follows: "On account of the prevalence of the cholera at the present time, the greater part of the exercises (i. e. commencement exercises) have been postponed till the opening of next session." What sad pictures of sorrow and distress this reference recalls to the minds of those who witnessed the harrowing scenes of those eventful years!

About this time our parochial schools were established, with a hundred children in attendance after the first few days. The seed was cast in good soil. At present our parish schools contain nearly two thousand children, including the girls, who are taught exclusively by the Sisters of

Notre Dame. Independent of these, our College, and a pay school conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame, swell the number of those educated in our parish about four hundred more: This is a pleasing picture to look back upon. The reality far exceeds the highest hopes of those who projected the scheme. The good done by those years of silent labor is incalculable.

During the cholera season one of our Fathers died a victim of charity in the service of the sick. It was Fr. Angelus Maessele, a Belgian. He used to visit the pest house where he contracted the disease, and before he was completely cured, his zeal urged him out to assist those who were attacked with cholera. The fatal malady laid hold on him in June, 1849, and he died gloriously, after spending twelve years in the Society. Fr. Genelli, the author of the life of St. Ignatius, died here of cholera also, in 1850, but under different circumstances. A Prussian by birth, he entered the Society in 1842, when over forty years of age. He came to America in 1848 and spent two years in Missouri, suffering greatly from the climate. On this account he was recalled to Europe. On his way back he stopped at St. Xavier's, the day after he fell sick with what subsequently proved to be the cholera, and died of that disease in a day or two.

In the next year still another victim of the cholera! This time it was a Scholastic, Mr. J. D. Johnston, a Virginian by birth and a Protestant by education, whose name is held in benediction by those who knew him best. More than one aged eye will be dimmed with affectionate tears should it chance to follow the page I devote to his memory. How often I have heard his name when a boy. From his tenderest years all of Mr. Johnston's associations were Protestant, and his advance to that blessedness for which he yearned clogged by unbelieving friends and the allurements of the world. But hearkening to divine grace, he was at last converted in St. Louis. Though a lawyer and bur-

dened with the care of a family, he led such a pious life in the world that he is believed to have been gifted even then with a lofty spirit of prayer and love of God. Finally, the death of his wife releasing him from every difficulty and doubt, after providing for his two young daughters, he entered the Society on the feast of the Assumption, 1844. It is by no means wonderful to see him the pattern of every virtue, after having overcome so many obstacles. In prayer and the mortification of his flesh he was so remarkable, that he spent a great part of the night in these holy exercises, and gave to sleep only the time absolutely necessary for preserving his strength—even that, he took lying on a bare board. Amid the most acute sufferings of cholera he enjoyed a most delightful peace, and in persevering prayer passed to a better life in June 1851. He it was who wrote that devout translation of the little office of the Immaculate Conception, now so generally used and so highly esteemed for boys' manuals of devotion.

Pursuant to our purpose of speeding past the names of the living, we omit some facts which, though of interest, would still too evidently redound to the praise of the Rector of that day. The next incumbent was Father (afterwards Bishop) Carrell, during whose term of office the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception for young men was established by Fr. Francis Acmal (Van Agtmael) in the free school. It began with a hundred members, and ever since its foundation has continued to be a source of great good in the parish and in the rest of the city; and has bound together a large body of young men whom temptation no less than want of instruction or example would otherwise lead astray. It is still known among the people as the Young Mens' Sodality, though the heads of many of its members are whitened with the snows of more than fifty or sixty winters. They are very likely young men, indeed! The elements are so heterogeneous because, since many continued belonging to it after they were married, and there was then

no longer any distinctive character given to membership, some were permitted to join the body, though advanced in years.

This Sodality has quite an extensive library in active and useful operation; a well supplied reading-room; a hall devoted to billiards and other games, opened nightly; in fact all possible inducements to withdraw young men from vicious company. Debating societies have also been formed in it from time to time.

Whilst speaking of their debating societies it may not be out of the way to mention a system which proved eminently successful in eradicating false notions and keeping up interest. A suggestion may give an idea or two, which can be practically of great service. Each speaker was subject to be called upon at the close of his remarks by any one for proofs of his assertions. The director especially exercised this power, and even whilst engaged in speaking, when a member touched upon a question where false impressions might be made, he would sometimes interrupt him for proofs. The interruption was never taken amiss. Notably in one case, that of education, which was debated in several successive meetings, some openly acknowledged themselves convinced and adopted the right opinion, to which they had before been sincerely opposed.

Another side play, as it were, which could be of great utility in a young city, and easily initiated, was of absorbing interest to many young men intellectually serious. It was to collect from the old inhabitants facts in connection with the early history of Catholicity in the city; for example: who was the first priest; who said the first Mass; the number of Catholic inhabitants at stated periods; various incidents in connection with the growth of Catholicity; the building of churches and similar topics, which a few years hence could not possibly be obtained. Those engaged in the work would visit persons from whom they were likely to obtain information, collate the facts, narrate in the next

meeting their adventures, success or ill success, read a paper on the subject, if they had prepared one, or at all events, keep the notes gathered.

What we have said will give our readers an idea of subsidiary education imparted without the appearance of instruction, and the laudable efforts made by our Fathers for the mental improvement of young men beyond the age for didactic direction.

Our parish is composed mainly of the poor, devoted children of the green Isle of saints. They are very liberal according to their means, but the greater part of them can hardly give more than the widow's mite for the support of the Church. Nevertheless, by the favor of Heaven, the self-sacrifice and priestly abnegation of the pastors have earned them such an enviable reputation that the people never allowed the Church to want means for magnificent decorations, ceremonial, and all the needful improvements for making it one of the most attractive and devotional of Catholic Churches in the city. Worshippers come from other parishes, some even have pews in St. Xavier's as well as in their own churches. For confessions and communions the "Jesuits' Church" is always besieged—both the facilities for approaching these Sacraments as well as the reputation of the Fathers and the affectionate veneration of all classes contributing to this effect.

(To be continued.)

THE COLLEGE DEL SALVADOR, BUENOS AYRES.

We had the sad task last year of announcing and describing the destruction of one of our Colleges at Buenos Ayres. We have the pleasure on the present occasion of narrating an event which forms an agreeable contrast with that calamity. Measures are being taken to restore the College; and at the distribution of premiums to the students, Dec. 20th last, Dr. Emilio Lamarca delivered a speech which is calculated to bring consolation to our hearts.

To recal briefly the circumstances of the conflagration, a meeting was held by an excited mob, at the theatre *Varietades*; the cry was raised, "Down with the Jesuits;" a rush was made to the College; and the incendiaries inflicted a loss of five millions of *pesos* (\$4,650,000).

The College was an establishment of the first order. The building had been raised at the cost of great sacrifice and labor by our Fathers, not without the assistance of some public offerings; and one of the results had been no small accession of importance to that whole portion of the city, which became frequented by more than two hundred and fifty students.

On entering the College del Salvador, you passed through numerous halls, each bearing its inscription of the use to which it was put:—philosophy, physics, chemistry, natural history, mathematics, arithmetic, cosmography, national and general literature, æsthetics, history, religious lectures, Latin, Greek, Spanish, French, English, German, geography, calligraphy, school of design, vocal and instrumental music—a complete preparatory course of science.

There was a magnificent library, a cabinet full of precious

specimens, a laboratory, and a valuable collection of minerals. There was a botanical collection, large-sized globes for the study of geography and cosmography, besides a number of maps.

All this, with all the furniture, became a prey to the mad fury of Feb. 28th, 1875! The very walls of the building fell in ruins; all except one, that was the façade. It stood there when all the rest had fallen as if to shut from view the marks of the horrible crime, which miscreants had committed against religion and society, against the priesthood and science, against the Church and their country.

Our Fathers were dispersed as a matter of course. They found shelter where they could; and the most respectable citizens received them with honor and sympathy, and soon there was a manifestation of public opinion throughout the city, and it called for an immediate reparation. Such a crime should not leave its blot upon a civilized and cultured people.

Our professors were urged to return to their post and renew their labors. This Ours were only too glad to do; and though they had barely escaped with their lives, they were ready to risk them again. Meanwhile, a Commissioner was nominated and charged with the reconstruction of the College del Salvador. It opened a subscription list, and, though the times were hard, the citizens were not backward. In nine months they had subscribed six hundred thousand *pesos* (\$558,000), four hundred and fifty thousand of which were in ready money. However, to repair the whole loss, without counting the scientific cabinets, nothing less than a million of *pesos* are needed.

At all events, a large portion of the building has been reconstructed; and on Dec. 20th, 1875, the distribution of premiums took place. Dr. Emilio Lamarca, Secretary to the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Argentine Republic, read, on this occasion, a report of the Commissioner charged with the reconstruction of the College. At the

same time he delivered a fine speech, which was published, and which we subjoin below.

We call attention particularly to the duty which, in the course of his speech, the orator imposed upon Sig. Edw. Calvari, Consul of the Republic at Geneva. It was to bear to His Holiness, Pope Pius IX, the consoling information, that if the mad fury of assassins undertook to renew in Buenos Ayres the awful scenes of the Commune in Paris, at least the faith, the generosity and patriotism of the Argentine citizens knew how to make a prompt reparation.

SPEECH OF DR. LAMARCA.

You will certainly excuse me, gentlemen, if, obeying the impulse of my heart, I give expression to a few thoughts which will create an echo in your hearts; for my words are the expression of a noble desire. I feel encouraged to believe that in addressing this select circle of our best society in the State, I take the most powerful means of making emphatic and energetic the protest of our republic against the mad and criminal attempt of Feb. 28.

I do not mean to speak of the Jesuits, towards whom I entertain profound gratitude and respect: for I recognize in the Jesuit the beloved master and guide of my earlier years. Nor will I speak of those sons of St. Ignatius of Loyola, who shed their blood in the Indies for the Catholic faith, and confront the enemies of souls and of nations. I think it useless to recall how much America owes to them, in the way of faith and civilization; and how once, in this very State, they thought it preferable to leave it and sacrifice all, rather than sanction tyranny. I will not follow this line of thought, because I should be open to suspicion; lest that very love which I profess towards my masters should make me speak, from an over heated zeal, in extravagant terms of affection.

It is from motives of a different kind that I speak of the

necessity which is upon us of completing the reconstruction of this College. They are motives of national honor and dignity; for as long as a brick remains out of its place, as long as a single wall of this house bears traces of that infamous piece of incendiarism, so long are we under the weight and under the disgrace of that condemnation which the European press pronounced on Buenos Ayres, when it beheld a band of assassins strong enough to upset the public order, to despise the public authority, and reproduce a chapter from the pages of barbaric history.

I have seen the information which our Minister at foreign courts despatched to our government, relative to the views taken by foreign journalists about Feb. 28. They condemned the crime loudly. Even Bismarck's official journal condemned it. And reasonably enough. The Chancellor of the German Empire could not understand how a people could fight with itself and burn down its own monuments. Notwithstanding his own crusade against Catholicism, he could never admit as weapons of warfare the mad attempts of popular frenzy. The very journals which had inflamed the passions of the mob, were struck with fear at the excesses perpetrated, and entered their protest against them with the rest.

These protests came rather late, and the evil is already done; and they do not build up walls that are in ruins, nor repair outrages upon the state of public morals.

I beg of the members of the diplomatic corps, who honor us with their presence, that if they have in their correspondence made mention of the unhappy calamity, they will now state likewise that a commission formed of citizens and assisted by citizens has invited them to attend and witness this solemn act of reparation, and that upon the ruins made by a mob of madmen, the Argentine people, condemning the mob, turns to rebuild a great College.

I beg of Sig. Calvari, our Consul in Italy, who honors us to-day with his presence, that, since he was not able to pro-

nounce those telegrams false which bore to Rome the news of the conflagration, he will now announce to His Holiness that the Argentine republic is removing every trace of the crime; for it would not have that blot attach to the body of a people which boasts of being christian. If this bring consolation to the Father of the Faithful, ask of him, Signor, his blessing on this work, and his prayers, whereby the Almighty may be moved to establish the College del Salvador as a lasting glory of our city, a trophy of our faith and of the aspirations of a free people.

It remains now for our own press to make known and publish to the world at large, that the Argentine people does itself the honor of erecting again at its own expense the walls laid low by a frenzied mob. This will prove that such a spirit of hatred is not a product of our soil, and will never find support among a people who react at once, powerfully and resolutely, against every assault upon their liberties. Let us blot out then from our memories and remove from before our faces the disgrace of that unhappy day.

On that day, February 28th, 1875, we had a view of the horrors of Paris, a reflection of the Commune. On February 28th it seemed that our Constitution was a sarcasm—a sarcasm, I say, gentlemen, because all the liberties which it guarantees were trampled under foot, and all the rights which it sanctions were spurned. There was spurned the right of property, when they consigned to the flames a public institution; there was spurned the right of free education, when they pursued and dispersed public professors, and endeavored to frighten the best families of Buenos Ayres from choosing for their sons the teachers they liked best. The very right to existence was trampled under the feet of assassins, when they set on peaceful citizens and attempted to take their lives; for, gentlemen, even the priest is a citizen. They spurned and contemned the right of liberty of conscience, religious freedom, when they profaned with sacrilegious enmity objects the most sacred, and

belonging to that very worship which is proclaimed by our social compact.

Excuse me, gentlemen, if I have uttered my thoughts with undue vehemence : it has more than a sufficient reason in the enormity of the crime perpetrated. In fact, I think as a Catholic and feel as an Argentine citizen : I think and feel like yourselves, gentlemen. And now, in the name of your faith, of liberty, of the most sacred duties of patriotism, I call upon you to lend your support that the ruins of the College del Salvador remain no longer in their present state, to raise a blush of shame for the honor of our country and of civilization.

BUENOS AYRES, December 20, 1875.

ASSASSINATION OF DON GARCIA MORENO,
PRES. OF THE REPUBLIC OF ECUADOR.

Letter of Father Brugier, Professor of Mathematics in the
Polytechnic School of Quito, to the Scholastics of Aix.*

On the 6th of August, 1875, the first Friday of the month and consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Don Garcia Moreno, according to his usual practice, had approached the Sacraments. Returning to his home he put the finishing strokes to his address for the opening session of Congress, which was to be held on the 10th. Scarcely had he completed his task when he received notice, in the first instance from the police, but shortly after from a private

* Fr. Brugier writes : "I send you this account just as I received it from the lips of the Governor and of two eye-witnesses."

source, that his life was threatened. To these ominous communications, the President made no other reply than the single word, "*Cobardia!*" (cowardice). In spite, however, of the slight importance which he himself appeared to attach to this double warning, it is hard to see how the police can be excused for their want of vigilance whilst entertaining suspicions so strong.

One o'clock had just struck when Garcia Moreno left his residence to proceed to the *Palacio del Gobierno*, as the building is called which contains the government offices. As usual, his only companion was a *decano* or adjutant, in citizen's dress and unarmed; for, full of confidence in God, he had always refused the armed escort which his friends, alarmed by the rumors that were afloat of plots laid against his life, had entreated him to accept. His ordinary attendant was Don Martinez, a man of small stature, but vigorous and resolute, and hence held in salutary fear. On the present occasion, however, it happened to be the turn of the second adjutant, who, unfortunately, was not possessed of all the good qualities of his superior.

The *Palacio* is separated from the Cathedral only by the width of the street. The President entered the church, where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, and remained a few moments in deep prayer. Before long, an emissary approached and begged him to hasten to the *Palacio*, because, as he said, important despatches had just been received from Guayaquil. The President then rose and left the church, followed by the adjutant at a distance of twenty or thirty paces. In front of the *Palacio* is a Doric colonnade, about thirteen feet in height. Here, between the second and third columns were posted three murderers: Roberto Andrade, a law student, Manuel Cornejo, also a student, and Moncajo, a former pupil of the Jesuits, but expelled from the college. Beside these stood two other wretches: Rayo, a captain degraded from his rank, the chief of this band of assassins, and Campuzano, a fellow

who had already been once condemned to capital punishment. The presence of these men in such a place was in itself nothing unusual or surprising. The traitors even saluted the President very respectfully as he passed, and then followed him up the steps. He was about to enter the building when Rayo, crying out: "Robber! brigand!" struck him on the shoulder with a *machete* (a kind of long and broad knife). Don Garcia Moreno turned upon his assailants; but as he did so he received a severe cut on the left side of the head, and as he attempted to draw his revolver, another blow from the *machete* and a fourfold discharge from the weapons of his adversaries prevented him. Wounded to death, he tried to support himself against a column, but was again struck and fell to the ground. Then Rayo, seizing him with satanic rage, hurled him from the top of the stairs to the pavement below. The four others, as cruel as they were cowardly, again discharged their revolvers upon the dying man. The monster Rayo hastened down the stairs and began to hack with his knife the grey and venerable head of his victim. Meanwhile, the President's attendant had taken to flight with but a slight scratch to prove his fidelity to his chief.

During all this scene of horror, Garcia Moreno uttered not a single word, until he saw Rayo approaching to inflict new wounds; then he said to him, in a half broken voice, "God does not die!" It was only at this point that four soldiers came up, detached from the guard on duty. The commandant of the post, hearing the noise from a distance, had sent them, though with no very clear idea of what was going on. The soldiers threw themselves furiously upon Rayo, who fled with only a slight bayonet wound, but a second and more vigorous thrust from one of his pursuers brought him to the ground. He rose again, but was immediately seized by the soldiers. By this time the commanding officer had come up, and to his exclamation of horror, Rayo replied: "Yes; I have killed the tyrant." At these

words, one of the soldiers, a negro, stepping back a few paces, cried to the murderer: "*Basta, no mas!*" (Enough, no more), and shot him dead on the spot. His corpse, an object of horror to all the soldiers, was thrown by them into a sewer. The rest of the murderers had fled on horses which their accomplices held ready.

Meantime the poor President, horribly disfigured, and bleeding from seventeen wounds, was borne into a side chapel of the Cathedral. He still gave signs of life. Physicians were immediately summoned, and hastened to the spot, but there was no longer any hope. The priest was still able to address some questions to the dying man, who answered him by feeble signs: when the minister of God asked him whether he forgave his murderers, he energetically inclined his head. Then he received absolution and Extreme Unction, and at three o'clock the tolling of the bells announced to Quito that the Republic had lost its father.

If Garcia Moreno's enemies had ever entertained the hope of finding partisans and approvers among the people, they were doomed to complete disappointment. Had any doubt existed as to the sincere love and attachment of the people for the illustrious dead, it must have been dispelled by the heartfelt sorrow for his loss manifested by all classes, as well as by their horror for the atrocity of the deed and their apprehensions for the future. Men, women and children of all ranks, wept and sobbed in the open street. The whole city was in mourning, and for three days the houses remained draped with funeral colors. The people thronged in crowds to the Cathedral, where the body lay in state. The funeral ceremonies were solemn and touching in the extreme. On the monument of the noble victim were inscribed the words: **TO THE REGENERATOR OF ECUADOR AND THE ARDENT DEFENDER OF THE CATHOLIC FAITH, BY HIS EVER-GRATEFUL COUNTRY.**

The officers of the various army corps, the citizens of

Quito, and especially our own good students, spontaneously addressed to the government assurances that the existing order of things should be, on their part, faithfully preserved. Like addresses, no less forcible than touching, were forwarded by the Provinces; nowhere was public order or security disturbed; nowhere was there shown the least defection or even hesitation among the troops: the members of the government, on their part, showed a praiseworthy activity, free from all party spirit. Such facts must astonish anyone who is acquainted with South American manners and customs. Still more surprising was the conduct of the public journals: whatever their peculiar shades of opinion, all loudly condemned the assassination and filled their columns almost entirely with communications on the subject from the different classes of society.

The first care of the government was to institute a search for the murderers and proceed with the inquest. Campuzano, Rayo's most active accomplice, was arrested on the very day of the murder, and was shot the Wednesday following, on the spot where the deed was committed. A few days later, a third of the band, Cornejo, was seized. From an intercepted letter, which he had written to his mother, it was learned that he was lying hid in the neighboring mountain chain of the Cordilleras, on the Pasuchoa, a peak very difficult of access. On the same mountain are situated four little hamlets. When the villagers heard that the criminal was on the peak above, they turned out in a body, cut off on one side, the approach to the heights, and on the other set fire to the long Paramo grass; so that Cornejo, in order to escape the flames, was obliged to fly in the direction where they were awaiting him. In this manner he was taken, and a small body of cavalry then conducted him to Quito, where he was brought before the court. He showed great repentance and detestation for his crime, and himself asked for the death penalty, in order, he said, to make some reparation to his country and his family. On the way to the

principal Plaza, where he was executed, he several times asked pardon of those whom he met; indeed, he died in the best dispositions. In consideration of this fact, his body, an hour after the execution, was delivered to his family, that they might obtain for it christian burial.

The two remaining murderers have not yet been taken, and there seems to be little hope of laying hands upon them; for, to all appearances, they have passed beyond the territory of the Republic.

Some other persons were also arrested; and the sad inquest brought to light the names of about two hundred Liberals, who, either in the city or from a distance, had taken part in the conspiracy. It was not, moreover, the murder alone that the band of assassins had in view. Garcia Moreno once out of the way, they intended to force an entrance into the college of the Jesuits, massacre all whom they might meet, and then, breaking through a thin partition wall on the upper floor, pass into the arsenal adjoining the college, and seize the arms. But the wretches who held themselves in readiness for this part of the enterprise, deprived of their leader by the death of Rayo, and disconcerted by the firm attitude of the people and the army, took to flight without daring to strike a blow. They did not, however, give up their design, but proposed to take the arsenal by surprise during the funeral services, which took place on Monday, the 9th. Their plan was to effect this while the body of the President was being carried in procession from the Cathedral to the church of Blessed Maria Anna de Paredes, the church of the Jesuits. As the soldiers had to form part of the procession, it would have been easy for the conspirators to make an unresisted entrance into the sacristy of the church and thence into the college: another band was to have fallen, at the same moment, upon the ill-guarded posts. The authorities, however, informed of this new plot, dispensed with the transportation of the body, and took measures so effectual as to remove from even the boldest all desire of attempting an outbreak.

During the blessing of the corpse, two emissaries presented themselves at the house of the deceased President's mother-in-law, bearing a message, as they had the effrontery to assert, from the Jesuits: the Fathers begged her, they said, to use her influence to obtain that the original intention of removing the body might be carried out. The lady, with great prudence, sent for more certain information, and thus the falsehood and the snare concealed under it were discovered.

Another treacherous attack made, on the evening of the 10th of August, upon the person of Don Garcia Moreno's nephew, shows in a still clearer light, if possible, of what baseness the President's enemies are capable. This young man, a student of medicine, was suddenly called, at nine o'clock in the evening, to the bedside of a sick person. He fell into the trap, and, at the corner of the cathedral, was treacherously assaulted; but, happily, the two sabre strokes which he received, one upon the head and the other on the side, inflicted no wound. He cried for help, the patrol came up, and the villains took to flight.

It seems almost incredible, but even the President's little son, a child only five or six years old, had been devoted to the dagger; for it was well known that the President was in the habit of taking the boy with him to the *Palacio*. On the 6th of August, it happened providentially that he did not take him as usual, and thus the child escaped the dreadful fate that was awaiting him. Later on, however, the conspirators endeavored, on two several occasions, to get him into their hands. One evening, about eight o'clock, a stranger came to the child's mother, pretending to have been sent by the Jesuit Father N., in order to conduct her son to the College, where he would be in much greater safety. Of course the message was false and the lady judged it prudent not to trust her son to so suspicious an ambassador. On another occasion, a like proposition was made to the mother, purporting to come from the French nuns: the offer was, happily, declined.

It may naturally be asked by whom all these villainies were planned and carried out. By the Freemasons. Mgr. Vannutelli, formerly Nuncio of the Holy See at Quito, and now at Brussels, learned, before his departure, from the President's own lips, that the latter was expecting the blow. He had received, he said, on good authority, the assurance that his assassination had been resolved upon at a meeting of a lodge held at Lima; and Garcia Moreno even named the very day. This assertion, that the Freemasons directed the whole affair, is fully confirmed, as well by the judicial enquiry, as by a passage from a letter written by the immortal President to the Holy Father. We copy this extract as it was given by the *Osservatore Romano* :

"I beg that your Holiness would deign to give me again your Apostolic benediction; for I have just been reëlected, for six years, President of the Catholic Republic of Ecuador. This new term of my presidency begins on the 30th of August, the day on which I am to take the oath of fidelity to the constitution of the Republic, and when it will become my duty to notify your Holiness officially of my reëlection. Nevertheless, I send you the news to-day and beg your Holiness to pray to God for me that I may show myself a devoted son of our Lord and a submissive servant of His infallible Vicar. Already, at the instigation of Prussia, the neighboring powers are pouring forth against me the grossest insults and calumnies, and are even preparing in secret to assassinate me. I stand more than ever in need of God's help, to live and die a defender of our holy religion, and of this Republic, to the government of which God has called me. Nevertheless, I esteem myself happy in being hated and calumniated because of the love I bear my divine Saviour. It would be my greatest joy if your Holiness' blessing were to obtain for me the grace of shedding my blood for Him Who, God though He is, willingly poured forth His for us, and immolated Himself upon the tree of the cross for our salvation."

What aspect will affairs now assume? What will be the future course of events in this republic? God alone knows. Without doubt, the men of the trowel and apron, the party that calls itself liberal, and boasts itself the standard-bearer of civilization, will not remain idle. Will it gain its end—that is to say, the overthrow of the new constitution? Will the new government follow in the footsteps of Garcia Moreno? All these are mere conjectures. The official proclamation which followed the death of the President seems to offer some guarantees for the maintenance of the present order of things, but only the success of the new presidential election can completely assure the future of the Republic. The proclamation first expresses the deep sorrow which afflicts all the citizens for the death of "Garcia Moreno, that innocent victim, struck down by the blows of infamous assassins; of that good citizen, torn from his country by the most execrable of crimes." The proclamation then continues in these terms: "Our country shall not perish; and we will die a thousand deaths rather than proclaim the reign of crime and parricide which Free-masonry has dared to inaugurate over the corpse of Garcia Moreno. People of Ecuador! imitate the virtue and the constancy of the hero whom we have but now lost; copy the model of his profound piety; remain unshaken, after his example, in maintaining the sacred rights of religion and justice. Alas! Garcia Moreno is no more! Guiltless and generous victim, he has taken his flight to Heaven, where without doubt, he already enjoys the reward of his admirable virtues, while all good men mourn for him and will forever call down blessings on his name. QUITO, Aug. 16th 1875."

The government has remained faithful to these principles. It is still composed of the same elements as before the death of the President: the Minister of the Interior, according to the constitution of the Republic, has become Vice-President, and his former office has been given to the father-in-law of Garcia Moreno. This venerable man is so

far advanced in years that he can scarcely even walk without support; yet by his rare energy and prudence he is the very soul of the Republic. The condition of the army is excellent; and of this all the honor is due to Garcia Moreno. He alone, first as Commander-in-chief, afterwards as President, transformed a band of brigands, as it might not unjustly have been called before he took command, into a well-disciplined army, inured to labor and fatigue. He calmed the revolutionary fever that pervaded the staff, and inspired many of its members with true love of country. Still, though there are some true patriots in Ecuador, their number is very small: we see on all sides only petty intrigues, private interest of families, and party spirit, which hamper all good, and, by unhappy divisions, threaten us anew with some great calamity. A proof of this is the very manner in which the canvass is being carried on for the election of a new President on the 17th of next October. One fraction of the Conservatives puts forward as their candidate Don Salazar, a high functionary in the Supreme Court of Justice. He is a prudent man, well versed in affairs of government, and of undoubted integrity; but as one of his brothers is Minister of War, and another, General in active service, and as, moreover, the family already enjoys great influence, many Conservatives were of opinion that such a choice would be too favorable to family interests, and hence unpopular. A second portion lean towards Saënz, an excellent General, under whom we should have every assurance of a prosperous future. But other Conservatives, finding this division in the party of right and order full of danger, nominated, on condition that the two former aspirants should retire, a third candidate, Don Carbajal, an important official in the judiciary, and a former Minister. If anyone is able to save the country, it is certainly this old companion in arms and inseparable friend of Don Garcia Moreno, who, besides his other good qualities, possesses the necessary energy to keep the state officials to

their duty. Moreover, in his case, no family intrigues are possible, for almost all of his relatives have preceded him to the grave. But unfortunately, neither of the other two candidates has retired from the lists: in fact, Don Carbajal himself has thought it his duty, under the circumstances, to withdraw, and has really announced, with a noble unselfishness, all claims to the presidency. Nevertheless, he will still receive some votes, and thus the division of the Conservative party has only been increased by his nomination.

The Liberal party, on the contrary, has from the very first, centred its support upon a single candidate, Borrero, a lawyer of great popularity. The adherents of this party, although nearly all extreme radicals, have prudently contented themselves with Borrero, who is a sincere, practical and zealous Catholic, but withal slightly imbued with Liberalism. Thus they hope to secure a heavy ballot for their candidate, especially as many even of the Conservatives will certainly cast their votes for him.

This is the state of affairs at present in the Republic of Ecuador. It seems that events are about to be unfolded according to the plan of the secret societies in Europe. "First let Garcia Moreno be put out of the way: that alone is quite enough," was their watchword. Once let a Liberal, even the most moderate, sit in the presidential chair, and this is all that could be desired for a first year: the Radicals will know how to dispose of him when it suits their purpose.

NOTE.—On the body of the President, after his death, was found the second part of the discourse which he was to pronounce at the opening of Congress. The following are the closing words of the peroration: "If I have committed any faults, I ask pardon for them again and again; yes, I ask pardon from all my fellow-citizens, with tears that are sincere, and with the consciousness that those faults were at least involuntary. If, on the contrary, you think that I have done any good, oh! attribute it above all to

God and to our Immaculate Lady, who dispenses the inexhaustible riches of His mercy; attribute it to the people, to the army, and to all those who by their services in the different branches of the administration, have sustained me in the discharge of my arduous duties."—[From the *Lettres des Scholastiques d'Aix*].



THE MISSIONS IN CHARLES' CO., MD.

ST. THOMAS, Dec. 31, 1875.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

* * * I cannot complain about chills and fevers any more: they, God be blessed, are gone. What a change from my previous life! Here I have made, since my arrival August 29, on horseback or in the buggy, nearly a thousand miles: to this day, nine hundred and sixty-two miles, and ten more this p. m., and no frolicking about it, I assure you. For instance take Christmas season. Thursday, the 23, off on the way to Cobb Neck; Friday, Mass at a station. At such stations, the neighbors come together for confessions, etc. N. B.—Stricteris observantiæ and fast in the country. The 25th, first Mass at five o'clock at Ign. Lancaster's; a nice little congregation; fifteen confessions. Off by daylight to the Church; second Mass, confessions; High Mass, sermon, Benediction, etc.; ten o'clock a hurried breakfast in the crowded little sacristy. Plenty of invitations to Xmas dinners, but the afternoon was spent in the church waiting for a marriage till 6 o'clock p. m. Then drove through the dark, damp woods (and oh, what roads!) to the night quarters, almost sick, I must confess this time,

with fatigue; but the cheerful, kind reception of my hosts and a good night's rest fixed all right again for Sunday's work, which ran as usual. Crowds of confessions; High Mass, sermon, Benediction; hurried breakfast, and then off for Newport district, where, at a station, I held service on Monday morning the 27th, and was home at St. Thomas after one o'clock P. M. The Superior was away on a sick call or station work; the Brother was sick in bed; the cook nowhere to be found, but the solitary drumstick of a Christmas turkey, found in an unprotected pantry, with the inevitable pork, strengthened the weary missionary.

A note left by the Superior informed me of a sick call to the (to me) unexplored Indian territory of the Chickamoxen. So, Tuesday morning, according as the note directed, I left for Chickamoxen, the rain pouring down. Away down the hills and up the hills, through swamps and woods, through mud, water and rain, Chickamoxen lies between Cornwallis Neck and Nanjemoy, along the Potomac, a lonesome and spiritually a very forsaken district, with few Catholics. But an old colored man, born in 1801, wanted to die a Catholic. So I instructed him as well as I could, baptized that seventy-four year old child, heard his confession, and next day brought him Holy Communion. I stayed all night, about a mile from the old man's cabin, with a poor Catholic family, and said Mass there on Wednesday morning. The holy simplicity of the old man and his consolation to see the priest, as also the consolation of this poor family, with eleven children, of whom the eldest is only eighteen years old, paid me well for this Christmas frolic of the excursion to the Chickamoxen. I got home Wednesday night.

I praise God and sincerely thank Him, that he has given me and continues to give excellent health and strength, and, I trust and pray, also a perfect will to do something for His glory. The wandering life I lead—I had in these four months twenty-five different night quarters—reminds me that we have no permanent dwelling place in this world;

and every sick call I attend, and every confession I hear, and every communion I give, gives me some more little hope that our Lord will be merciful to me in life and death.

B. F. WIGET, S. J.

OSAGE MISSION.

RESIDENCE OF ST. FRANCIS OF HIERONYMO,
OSAGE MISSION, NEOSHO CO., KANSAS,
January 1st, 1876.

DEAR FATHER :

The year just gone has been for us one of trials and also one of wonders. The common impression at the beginning of last year was that we had to look for nothing less than a dreadful famine. The crops of 1874 having proved almost a total failure, all our hope was in the wheat sowed during the fall of that year, but the severe winter and dry spring that followed began to diminish our expectations, and when at the opening of last March we saw our fields and gardens covered with legions of locusts we indeed gave it up. People who had any means began to lay in provisions to last them for one year, those who were not able to do it left the country.

April, May and June passed and nothing green could be seen, with the exception of some wheat and oats on the high prairies, and the grass, so much needed in this country where so many herds of cattle are depending upon it for their existence, was not yet coming out. Horses as well as cattle could be seen roaming about in a starving condition, feeding on brushwood and the lower limbs of the trees

which they were stripping as far as they could reach. This state of affairs was really discouraging, and was made still worse by different reports, daily coming in, of several deaths occasioned by want of food. And though in some instances there was exaggeration in such reports, yet it is certain that during last winter and spring several died of starvation in this part of Kansas.

There was no time to lose; the depressed spirit of our people was to be aroused, and the best way to succeed in this, was that of applying to prayer. We therefore announced to our congregation that we would make some solemn processions, to move God to be merciful to us. Our plan was favorably received, and people came in good numbers to attend the processions. We had the first on St. Patrick's day, and on each of the Rogation days we again marched out, singing the Litanies of the Saints and blessing the fields. Some of our Protestant and infidel neighbors were very much surprised at this public demonstration of faith, but we did not mind them and on we went.

At the end of June, though the locusts had diminished, yet large numbers of them could be seen, especially along the Neosho river. There was not a blade of grass in the woods, nor a vegetable in the gardens, and the corn though planted and re-planted many times, would not show itself; for as soon as it sprouted out it was devoured by the invading insects. The trees indeed were covered with new leaves, but the ground was as bare as in winter time.

Such was the condition of this country till the beginning of July, when at last a change took place for the better. With the opening of this month heavy clouds began to appear in the sky, and rain fell in abundance, so that in a few days the whole country was flooded. With this the locust invasion was over. Vegetation which had been generally interrupted now takes a new start: plants grow luxuriantly, and the much needed grass began at last to sprout upon these interminable western plains, which now

seem covered with a beautiful emerald carpet strewn over with a variety of flowers. The farmers feel encouraged, and losing no time, they go to work re-planting their corn and vegetables. God blesses their labor in a way that no one ever expected; and after all the fear that we should have a dreadful famine, we on the contrary gathered an abundance, not only unexpected, but I might say unprecedented, of all kinds of cereals.

In consequence of this, our people are cheered up, they appear very contented, and acknowledge that God indeed heard their prayers. We could not get a better opportunity to call on them to come and comply with the conditions necessary for gaining the great indulgence of the Jubilee. We therefore invited them to come during eight days to assist at some spiritual exercises. They came most willingly, and the attendance was always large. Every day we marched in procession, reciting the beads, to an oratory of the Immaculate Virgin, which some years since we erected in our garden. Our Protestant neighbors who have noticed the result of our last processions, seem now to have more respect for this exhibition of christian faith. The Jubilee here was a real success, and brought to their religious duties persons, who for many years had neglected to comply with them.

About the middle of July, our Superior, Father John Schoenmakers left with Br. Thomas O'Donnell for the Indian Territory, to visit the Osages and give them an opportunity of making their Jubilee. But unforeseen circumstances did not allow him to carry his plan into execution. Just about that time a committee of United States officers having been sent from Washington to investigate the conduct of J. T. Gibson, U. S. Agent for the Osages, a great excitement was created among these Indians, who well knew that this committee would do them no justice.

While this was going on Fr. Schoenmakers fell sick at the Osage Agency on Bird river, which at that place is called

Deep Ford. In a few days his sickness became almost fatal, and might have proved such but for the great care with which he was attended by the half-breeds, and especially by the Doctor of the Agency, who though neither a Catholic nor a friend of Ours, yet did the best he could. All this kept our Superior absent from this Mission for two months; at last on the 25th of September he returned to us.

During these last seven years the Osages repeatedly sent petitions to the President of the United States, asking him to restore to them our Mission, but to no purpose; for the only answer they received from the Indian Department was, that they had a very good school at the Agency (a Quaker school) and that was sufficient. But as this answer could not satisfy them, at last the Indian Department allowed them to send some of their children to our Institution. On the 29th of October, forty-three Osage boys and eleven half-breed girls came here to be educated. The boys remained with us, and the girls were sent to the Sisters of Loretto, not far distant from our house.

About the end of November I visited the Osages on their Reservation, and they as usual received me most kindly. But their Agent treated me rather roughly. He would not allow the very few Catholic Osage children, who are yet at the Agency's school, to come to hear Mass on the Sunday I was there. I remonstrated that they had a right to come to Mass, and to receive instruction in their religion, and that moreover such was the wish of their parents; but all to no purpose:

From the Agency on Deep Ford I came to visit the half-breeds and invited them to make their Jubilee. They came in good number at the appointed places to hear Mass and to approach the Sacraments. I was really edified at their devotion. These Osage half-breeds are not very many, but are quite industrious, and this year they have good crops, spite of the opposition carried on against them by their Agent, who far from assisting them, as it is his duty, tries

rather to break them down, because they are Catholics, and stick to their faith most firmly. They submit with christian fortitude and resignation to this persecution, and seldom would you hear them complaining about it. Their principal settlement is along the river Cana, and the lands they cultivate are most fertile. They apply themselves exclusively to agriculture; God has blessed them so far, and they are prospering.

PAUL MARY PONZIGLIONE, S. J.

INDIAN MISSIONS—LAKE HURON.

Letter from Fr. Choné to the Councillors of the Propagation of the Faith.

WIKWEMIKONG, MANITOULINE ISLAND,

November 22d, 1875.

GENTLEMEN :

The Manitouline Mission numbers about 2532 Catholic Indians and 555 whites, also Catholics. There are besides, some 790 Indian Methodists and 342 heathens. This population is scattered through thirty-two stations, of which the principal on Manitouline Island are Wikwemikong or Holy Cross, the residence of the missionaries, Mitchikiwatinong, Wikwemikonsing, Atchitawniganing and Chichigwaning. The village of Wikwemikong alone contains more than seven hundred souls, and goes on increasing, not by immigration, but by its own natural growth. Last year's returns (1874) are a good example of their material civilization. They harvested between fifteen and sixteen hun-

dred bushels of wheat, besides Indian corn and other cereals, and potatoes in abundance. Formerly the village lots were scarcely ever tilled, but now every house has its garden and the fences may, in general, be called elegant. From year to year the houses are becoming more numerous and are improving in appearance, both within and without. The live stock census of 1874 gives 104 horses, 219 head of horned cattle, 226 sheep, besides pigs and poultry; but, by the way, the number of dogs—the inseparable friends and servants of the Indian—has diminished by one-half, and we do not regret it. As to farming implements, the supply is in proportion with the foregoing figures. The other villages are imitating Wikwemikong.

The girls' school, under the direction of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Mary (*Filles du S. C. de Marie*), has no small share in civilizing our Indians. It is a real school of arts and manufactures for the young squaws. The establishment is provided with weaving looms, cards and spinning wheels: moreover, there are already a great many of these in the Indian dwellings, as each family is anxious to increase the number of sheep and thus produce more wool.

The same year (1874), his Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, on his way to Sault Ste. Marie with our Vicar Apostolic, Mgr. Jamot, wished to visit Wikwemikong. His astonishment at what he saw reminded one of the Queen of Saba at the court of Solomon. Three times a year, on the two festivals of the Holy Cross (the Invention and the Exaltation), and on All Souls' Day we have a grand procession to the cemetery, where the graves are adorned with the Indians' most precious treasures, shawls, pieces of calico, etc.; on witnessing this ceremony, the Archbishop was visibly sensitive of the atmosphere of faith in which we were moving. He requested that everybody should go and kneel, on the graves of their relatives. Immediately the procession broke up and the cemetery was straightway covered with the Indian faithful praying with their Pastor

for the repose of the suffering souls. "See," he exclaimed, "how well these good Indians know the last resting place of their dead, and how earnestly they are praying!"

At a meeting of the leading men of the village, his Grace congratulated them on their faith, seeing that they had not received the word of God in vain, and on their progress in the path of civilization. He went on to promise that he would see about setting up an industrial school in their village for the benefit of the whole mission. Our good Indians were not slow to appreciate this promise, and they are looking forward to its fulfilment.

Mgr. Jamot left the Archbishop at Holy Cross and started off in true missionary style, in a small skiff, with a tent for the night, a piece of salt pork and some bread in his wallet, to visit, in another part of the island, the village which ranks next in importance after Holy Cross. When he got there, he was delighted with this little Indian Reduction: a neat, pretty church, houses in good trim, fields well tilled and covered with plentiful crops. He was especially struck with the respect which these new Christians, commonly spoken of as savages, show their priests.

As he had taken only a hurried look at Wikwemikong, he resolved to return the following year and then see some of the other villages. He had sent us word that he wished to be here for All-Hallow-tide; but the unusually severe storms which made many wrecks on our lakes, stopped the steamboats that would have brought him to Killarney, a port and little half-breed village about five leagues by water from Holy Cross.

It was the 3d of November, and half-past seven in the evening, before he came to us, shivering with cold and very hungry. The ringing of the bell warned the Indians that their long looked for Bishop was in their midst. Next morning, at six o'clock, the first bell, rung in three full peals, made the faithful crowd into the church. His Lordship, after his Mass, said a few words of affectionate and

joyful greeting, and announced that he would give Confirmation on the following day, the first Friday of the month, a day on which we always have exposition of the Blessed Sacrament morning and evening, in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

On the morning of Saturday, the chiefs sent their messenger to ask if Mgr. Jamot would receive a deputation. His Lordship was well pleased with their request; so they came at the appointed time. The Bishop spoke to them with genuine fatherly kindness, and renewed the Archbishop's promise, adding that, though he could do nothing as yet during the ensuing year, he would certainly attend to the matter the year after next. One of his Grace's intentions in founding this establishment is the forming of good catechists and schoolmasters—a great want at present, owing to those vultures, especially of the Methodist kind, who come with what is called civilization and swoop down upon our little colonies so long peaceful, not to carry captive heathen souls, but to rend asunder the Catholic flock.

When his Lordship had done speaking, the first chief rose, and after reviewing in a remarkably apt and happy manner the many advantages for which he and his fellows felt themselves beholden to the Bishops who sent them missionaries—the knowledge of God and of their duties, the blessing of instruction for their children, the girls' industrial school, the fruits of this institution which are constantly increasing under the watchful care of the *Anamié-ikwénak* (nuns), their own progress in farming, etc.—he thanked his Lordship, saying (with that unceremonious *theeing* and *thouing*—*tutoiement*—for which there is no English equivalent): "I who speak to thee, do not speak alone. All those whom thou seest here with me, as well as all our brethren whom we represent, speak to thee down in their hearts in the same way. We see in thy words and in thy presence here at this season, the love which thou bearest to us and the interest which thou dost take in thy childrens'

welfare. Enjoy in thy heart the blessings which thou makest us enjoy, and speak to God that we may use them well, in order that we may be happy in the abode of light."

His Lordship then gave each of the chiefs a little cross, and medals to the others. Not being able to visit, as he at first intended, at least one of the neighboring villages, he took his leave of us on the Saturday afternoon, escorted by two boats manned by twenty men. From the boat in which he was, he solemnly gave his episcopal blessing to the kneeling crowd, which had followed him to the shore in grand procession, with the cross at their head, with altar-boys and a long line of little girls dressed in white.

This year, his Lordship having obtained from the Department of Indian Affairs subsidies (which have not yet come), we have opened schools in the four other villages on the Island. Many other places stand in great need of schoolmasters, thanks to the above-mentioned vultures, who allure our neophytes with the prospect of an English education, a bait which easily turns the head of our poor Indians.

We have also added to the residence of the Sisters (*Filles du S. C. de Marie*) two stories at a cost of two thousand dollars which we had asked the Indian Department for this purpose; but the Bishop could get only one thousand. More than fifteen hundred are needed to make the first story at least habitable; thus the deficit is all on our shoulders. We even deem ourselves fortunate in having been able to make room, little though it be, for the twelve orphan girls in the house and for those whom Providence will enable us to receive. Throughout the whole mission there are very many of these motherless girls, Catholic, Protestant and heathen, who might all be admitted into this house; but funds are wanting, and so we are obliged to keep within bounds.

I have the honor to be with respect and gratitude, gentlemen, your most humble and obedient servant,

P. CHONÉ, S. J.

Letter of Fr. Nadeau to Very Rev. Fr. T. Charaux.

WIKWEMIKONG, November, 29, 1875.

REV. FATHER,

P. C. :

There has been a long gap since my last letter, but I was so overwhelmed with work that it was unavoidable. Even breviary has to lie over till night time, when, too, the most pressing letters have to be answered. Very often have I tried to write to you ; but just as often had to give it up, when fairly under way. Duties take up every minute of my time, and even my good old father and mother are fortunate if they hear from me once or twice a year. However, I hope that by next spring, when Fr. Hébert is stronger in health and on the score of Indian phraseology, my burden will be somewhat lighter. Meantime I am on the run from morning till night, and from one year's end to the other. Not that I complain, for, while God gives me strength, it shall be spent in His service and for His greater glory ; but you will understand how I can hardly be much of a letter writer.

Since your Reverence was here last, I have been continually on the march. Just as I got back to Killarney, from my missions in the dioceses of Toronto and Hamilton, news came that the bishop was to arrive by the next boat. I accordingly remained over, and brought him with me up to Wikwemikong. His Lordship spent two whole days there, and was never weary of telling me how delighted he was with his visit, with the faith of the Indians, and the profound respect they showed him. After confirming about thirty children, he set out on his return. When his departure was announced, all the Indians of the village came trooping in ; and when the bishop finally bade them good-

bye, they formed in procession and escorted him down to the shore. His Lordship once more gave them his blessing and we started for Killarney.

We now had another chance to admire the earnest faith of the Indians. There were many of them encamped all along the shore and on the islands of the lake, and as soon as they saw our boat in the distance, men, women and children would invariably hurry down to the water's edge and throw themselves on their knees for the bishop's blessing. His Lordship did not stint them, but scattered benedictions right and left incessantly. He was continually exclaiming: "What faith in these poor Indians! What faith!" We reached Killarney Saturday night; next morning he administered Confirmation to some children, and in the afternoon the steamboat arrived which was to take him to Toronto. Next spring he will return to Wikwemikong for the feast of Corpus Christi, and will then visit Manitoulin and the neighboring missions.

I did not go back straight to Wikwemikong, but went to look after some Indians scattered here and there through the country. I had time only for my annual retreat which I begin to-night; and I am sorely in need of it to gain strength for the battles of every description I have to fight here, especially against a pack of Methodist preachers who keep pestering us in every conceivable way. True, I have only to show myself to put them to flight; but as soon as I am gone they appear again and succeed only too often in corrupting the hearts of our poor Indians. The very devil seems to keep them supplied with agents and money! and the Indians not being sufficiently instructed to detect their artifices are actually being bought over body and soul by these wretches. A tribe of teachers generally follow in the track of the ministers, and by means of a good salary with promise of more and a prospect of becoming preachers themselves, as soon as they get a few unfortunate people together, are kept continually on the alert. It is easy to

understand how our missions are exposed, unless we can contrive to have catechists here and there, to support the weak and instruct and convert those who are not yet baptized. The easy Methodist doctrine which insists on nothing but baptism and the addition of a name to its lists, while it leaves the convert in his former ignorance and superstition, with his vanity excited and his gross passions very often ministered to, are but too likely to be attractive to the lazy nature of the Indian.

How then can I rest? When so many foes are to be faced, every instant is precious. It is useless to say, "Take care; do not kill yourself before the time." It would be like advising a general to spare himself when his troops are imperilled, or a shepherd when wolves are devouring his sheep, or a father whose children are in danger of perishing. Inaction then would be treason.

Such, reverend father, has been my situation these three years past. How can I rest when there is question of immortal souls whom God has redeemed and given me to take care of! I am still able to fight and, if need be, to die on the battle field, and if my body is some of these days found under the snow or floating down the river, will it not be all the better? I have already looked death in the face pretty closely, many times, but God Who saved me then, almost miraculously, can do it again, if He wants me to work any longer for His service and glory. Besides, even if I did wish to rest, I could scarcely well do it, as the bishop keeps finding new missions which are hard to get at or much exposed to these Methodist attacks, and hands them over to me; and as he has been so kind to us all along, I don't feel it in my heart to refuse, especially, as many of them lie on my route.

Do not think, reverend father, I write all this to complain. Far from it; but it is to let you know the critical condition of our missions and the extreme need we have of another father among us, who can prepare himself for this

sort of life before dear old Fr. Choné goes to the grave, and that may happen at any moment. True, Fr. Hébert will soon be ready, but suppose Fr. Choné or your humble servant were to die, what would become of our work here? What is Fr. B. doing? Has he given up all idea of his Indian missions, in spite of his knowledge of the language which he acquired so soon? Is it true that Fr. C. is only waiting for a word from you to come and share our labors? Send us, I beg you, reverend father, another recruit soon, before the burden grows too heavy for me, or some of the missions have to be given up.

When my retreat is over, with the help of God, I shall strap on my snow shoes for the winter's tramp. By the time my letter reaches you, I shall already be a good distance off. Give my respects to Fr. Mc Donell, and do not forget, in your Holy Sacrifices and other prayers, the poor Indian missionary, who is your Reverence's

Most obedient servant in Christ,

P. NADEAU, S. J.

J. ALFRED GOUGH, NOVICE, S. J.

Novices are always of especial interest to the whole Society. Whether the hard working missionary snatch a few moments from his busy day to read this account, or the weary professor soothe his tired mind with happy recollections which this may suggest, or the patient student look back to the happiness he but a short while ago left, all will see a picture of a good novice, which must recall happy remembrances:

Br. Alfred Gough is a name that now shines with peculiar brightness in the annals of our Novitiate. Around it cluster those delicate virtues, so charming to the hearts of religious; early blossoms, which diffuse sweet perfume in the paradise of God. A youth of such genuine sweetness,—in whose heart was the innocence of childhood, on whose brow the modesty of religion, in whose whole bearing a model son of St. Ignatius—is an example sent for the comfort and edification of all. Such was Br. Alfred Gough, the angel of our Novitiate, whose happy career was so short that we can hope to draw but an imperfect outline of his beautiful character.

Alfred was born 15 July, 1859, of an old Catholic family of Maryland, which we can trace back to the landing of Fr. White, and the first settlement of St. Mary's, which was the birth place of our Brother. The happy days of childhood were passed amid the pleasant scenes of his native place. He attended one of the little day-schools of the district and left home for the first time to study at Conewago, before entering the Novitiate. We know little more of his early life, than what is said in the Gospel of the childhood of Jesus. In a letter from his mother, at the news of her son's death, we have a beautiful testimony to his innocence: "His whole life, from childhood, has been one of innocence and goodness for which, I hope, he is now reaping his reward in Heaven." During two years study at Conewago, he was the same innocent, openhearted lad, that so beautified those natural virtues, by a short career of religious life. Next, we see him as a novice; and surely, there could not have shone from the countenance of the saints, a more beautiful innocence and candor of soul.

In the beginning, his ardent nature felt it somewhat hard, to bear the continual restraint of religious training; but no sooner did he comprehend the spirit of the novitiate, than he embraced it with all his soul. In his holy simplicity, he looked upon the minutest customs of the novices, as inva-

riably sacred, and with a manly spirit, he did not flinch from observing them under any circumstances.

It was his duty, as sacristan, to supply the rooms of the house with holy water. When any of the inmates thought to commend him for his carefulness in this office, or exchange a few words with him, his only answer was a smile or a modest bow of the head. This exactness, which was noticed by all, he extended to all the minutæ of novice life.

Novices, who so easily perceive the least fault, looked upon him as an example of fidelity in all things; which is certainly no slight praise. From his gait, gesture, words, looks and his whole bearing, beamed the beautiful virtue of modesty. In him was verified the saying, "Mens sana in corpore sano;" for, we might here add, his appearance was most pleasing. He was slenderly built, but well proportioned, light in his carriage and sprightly, but modest withal. His actions were unaffected, still, something seemed to enhance all he did, whether it was exactness, modesty, charity or innocence, certainly, there was virtue revealed that pervaded his whole being.

It is especially in unguarded conversation, that the hidden sentiments of hearts are revealed. From his language, it was evident what thoughts were uppermost in his mind. There was one that was most congenial to his nature, and that shows forth better than anything else the tendency of his innocent affections. It was devotion to the Infant Jesus. This was his favorite topic of conversation, this was his favorite subject of meditation, and as we know from himself, it was as an Infant he loved to look upon our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament and wait upon Him in his office of sacristan.

So lived Br. Gough amongst us, the general favorite of the house, on account of his goodness. Great were the hopes of Superiors and bright the expectations of all for his future career. Shall we say they were all blasted by conquering death, or all soon crowned by a happy death?

On the Epiphany, the novices began the long retreat. Some time before this, Br. Gough asked them all to pray for him, as he did not expect to live long. He remarked the same to Fr. Minister; his excellent health and happy spirits, only gained for him incredulous smiles. But he told some not to be surprised, if they heard the "De Profundis" bell ring for him before the end of their retreat. His earnestness was noticed by all the novices, but little did any of them think that this good-bye was to be his last. He made his general confession at the beginning of this retreat, and if we could judge of his feelings, from the tone and manner in which he said the "culpa," for his past disedification, they must have been akin to the repentance of the innocent Aloysius. About the last week of the long retreat (Jan. 28), he was confined to his bed by a serious attack of erysipelas. His illness grew rapidly more dangerous, so that in a few days, the last Sacraments were administered. There was sadness in the house, for he gradually grew fainter and fainter, until, to all appearances, he was dying; still, he recovered from his agony. Immediately arose the spirits of the whole Community, prayers were redoubled, hopes entertained by all.

It was the eve of the last day of the retreat. All had assembled for the points of the morrow's meditation. Hardly had the patrons been announced, when the first peal of the Community bell sent a thrill of fear into every heart. There was a momentary silence;—again the shrill sound is heard—a sound of mourning for us, of exultation for him, whose pure soul had taken its flight. (Feb. 3, 9.20 P. M.) It was with difficulty the exercise could be continued, on account of the emotions of grief expressed by all. Such was the impression made by the death of Br. Gough.

The many little touching scenes of piety, that surround the dying hours of holy souls, were not wanting here. In taking his medicine and nourishment, in speaking, praying and the many other circumstances of illness, his obedience

was a picture of the spirit of the Society: "perinde ac cadaver." So long as he retained the use of his senses, he was always fearful, lest he should miss the time of meditation or examen. He spoke much of the Infant Jesus. Once, taking the crucifix in his hands, he told those in the room to kneel down, while he prayed for them to the Holy Infant. He then broke forth into tender aspirations, asked for patience in his trial and pardon for any impatience he might have shown in his illness; all in such an humble and fervent tone, that those present were much moved. And it was truly wonderful, that one so young and of such an ardent temperament, should have had so much power over himself, during so painful a trial as his must have been.

Beautiful and edifying as was his life, so, calm and holy was his death. We subjoin the sentiments of his fellow novices:—We miss him very much, but we feel sure he now looks down upon us from his heavenly home. He took such interest in our joys and sorrows, when amongst us, now, certainly, in Heaven, his love for us must be greater. He was our example in the Novitiate, now we have him for a patron.—These, too, are the sentiments of all that knew him, for we all loved him, we all miss the innocent novice.

L. D. S.

WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. V., No. 3.

EXPULSION OF THE JESUITS FROM LOUISIANA IN 1763.

(Continued.)

Hitherto we have confined ourselves to the occupations of the Jesuits in the different parts of Louisiana, it is but right to say what they did at New Orleans. A royal hospital had been erected in this town, the title of chaplain had been given to Fr. d'Outreleau in 1737 and since then had been always reserved to the Jesuits. It was an employment requiring the whole attention of a missionary. In the same town there was also an Ursuline convent, the religious of which were according to the terms of their foundation devoted to the education of thirty orphan girls cared for at the expense of the king. They always had many besides these under their charge, for their institute required them to instruct day scholars and their house served as a boarding school for quite a number of young ladies. For thirty years the Superior of the Jesuits had the direction of this house, and so much had to be done that the services of one of his brethren was indispensable.

Finally the Jesuits kept on their land a hundred and twenty or a hundred and thirty slaves, whose instruction and management might justly claim the care of some of the missionaries, since fourteen families sufficed for the establishment of a parish.

If it be asked what fruit the Jesuits of Louisiana have reaped from their missions, the reply is that the missionary's duty is only to labor, but it belongs to God to give the fruit when He pleases; that the most laborious missions have often appeared the most ungrateful, as for instance Canada, where the missionaries engaged in the instruction of the Outouas, the Pontouatamis, the Sauteurs, the Outagamis or Foxes and the Miamis have produced hardly any sensible fruit and have nevertheless been revered as truly apostolic laborers. Such was the opinion the brilliant Mgr. de Ponbriand, Bishop of Quebec, entertained of one of the missionaries, Fr. Chardon, during the many years which he spent in the forests with the Outagamis and other savages. This Father had apparently no success in his labors; yet on his return to Quebec at an advanced age, the Prelate deigned to honor him with a visit when on the point of death and asked his blessing. The humble missionary threw himself at the feet of his bishop to ask his, and having obtained it he was obliged to accede to the wishes of Mgr. de Ponbriand.

Still the missionaries of Louisiana have not labored absolutely without fruit; for the most precious fruits are the virtues practised on the missions, especially charity when it reaches heroism, when it moves a minister of Jesus Christ to sacrifice his life for his brother as happened to many a Jesuit in Louisiana, who expired in the actual exercise of his ministry. Thus in 1729, Fr. du Poisson, living with the Arkansas, happening to be at the fort of the Natchez on the very day fixed for the slaughter of the French, fell in the general massacre. This conspiracy can well bear comparison with the Sicilian Vespers. The French in charge

of this post treated with the utmost insolence the Natchez nation, a people most useful to the colony and most devoted. They determined to have revenge. Fr. du Poisson being requested to remain a day to perform some ministerial duty in the absence of the curé, consented, thus becoming a victim to his devotedness and charity. A month later the Yasous another savage nation entered into a similar conspiracy and killed all the French in the neighborhood, not even sparing their missionary Fr. Souël. He was so much beloved by his negro slave that the latter met death in attempting to defend his master. About the same time Fr. d'Outreleau, coming down from the Illinois country on business connected with the mission, stopped on the banks of the Mississippi to say Mass. A band of the same Yasous who had killed Fr. Souël arriving at the place with some savage allies, watched the movements of the French, and especially of the Father who was engaged in the Holy Sacrifice, and then fired, killing some of the French and wounding others. Fr. d'Outreleau was wounded in the arm and received some large shot in the mouth, his escape with such slight injuries being regarded as a mark of Divine protection. Far from being disconcerted by this attack, he reassured his companions by his firmness and courage, thereby enabling them to escape from the savages and return to New Orleans. Shortly after, when an expedition was organized for the punishment of the Indians engaged in these butcheries, especially the Natchez, Fr. d'Outreleau was made chaplain and ever continued to display the same resolution.

In 1736 Fr. Senat, then a missionary with the Illinois, was appointed to accompany M. d'Artaguiette in an attack upon the Chicachas. The enterprise failed; the French were on the point of being hemmed in by the savages when the missionary was told that there was still time for escape and a horse was offered to him. Mindful of his divine mission and of the need the French prisoners would soon

have for his assistance, he refused to fly, was captured with the rest and like them led to execution. One of the squaws entirely ignorant of the christian religion, having witnessed their death, sometime afterwards narrated how the French taken by the Chicachas were thrown on a funeral pile erected in a large cabin and there burnt, *after having sung that they might go to God*; for she understood from their appearance and gestures that the prayers at that solemn moment were intended to open the way to heaven.

Four years previously, that is to say in 1732, Fr. Auneau had accompanied M. de la Vérenderie, the younger, who commanded an expedition in search of the Western Sea. This young officer had joined a party of Christineaux, who were on the war path against the Sioux, a very barbarous people. These latter savages recognized the French mingled with their enemies, and resolving to have their revenge upon them, they shortly afterwards planned an ambuscade against some other French *voyageurs*, and killed twenty-two of them. Among the slain was Fr. Auneau.

The fort at Niagara was vigorously besieged by the English army in July, 1759, and twelve hundred French troops were sent to the relief of that post, so necessary for the preservation of Canada. Fr. Virot was appointed chaplain of the French army, but as it was completely routed, the missionary fell into the hands of the Iroquois, and was cut to pieces.

Finally, in the month of July, 1763, when the savages of Canada revolted against the English, the Indians (*Sauteurs*) of Michilimackinac fell upon the English garrison of that post. They had already destroyed a great portion of it, when Fr. du Jaunay threw open his house as an asylum for the surviving soldiers and English traders, thus endangering his own life in order to save theirs. The young braves, enraged at seeing half of their prey snatched from their grasp, were fully bent on indemnifying themselves at the

expense of Fr. du Jaunay, and the chiefs of the tribe had great difficulty in restraining them.

Such are the trials to which the Jesuit missionaries of Canada and Louisiana have been constantly exposed, and we have here some of the precious fruits of their labors; this is what must be expected by all those who take up their abode in the midst of savages, above all when they are obliged to travel on the Mississippi. After the revolt of the Natchez in 1729, there was no longer any safety in ascending that stream; almost every year chronicled the death of some Frenchmen; and all the precautions that could be employed during the three months voyage required to reach the Illinois, were never able to ward off all danger. Now, at least twenty-six or twenty-seven voyages were made by the Jesuits on the Mississippi after the sad affair of 1729. We have joined the missions of Louisiana and Canada in one account, partly because they were formerly united, and partly because, even at the present day, the manner of living in both is the same, and the same risks are to be incurred.

But should anyone persist in demanding of the Jesuits in Louisiana those practical results which are expected from missions, the following statement will show that they were not wanting. In the three French parishes of the Illinois territory, a pretty fair number of true christians could be reckoned; some there were who resisted the evil example and the false maxims which had commenced to spread through Louisiana from the neighboring colonies; and amongst the Illinois at least the missionaries had checked the progress of the evil, for there were many persons there who were models of sobriety despite the numerous drunkards who led the savages astray by the firewater which they supplied to them. Many others preferred to be in want of the most necessary provisions, rather than engage in this destructive traffic. It is true that there were some men who neglected the care of their children and slaves, but

there were many others, who either personally taught them, or procured the necessary instruction for them, and managed to hold them to their duty. There were some christians who seemed to have forgotten the precepts of abstinence and fasting, of confession and communion, and even of hearing Mass, but others were very faithful to these obligations, and were zealous frequenters of the sacraments. How many pastors are there in France, whose labors are considered satisfactory, if they can produce fruits equal to these?

As regards the mission to the Illinois savages, the Word of God has not been announced to them in vain. Despite the fickleness of this people, the religion established among them a long time ago holds its ground even to the present day; the superstitions of the medicine-men were almost entirely rooted out; even the infidels were eager to have their children baptized; many neophytes judged worthy of communion did not by their subsequent behavior belie the opinion that had been formed of them; many triumphed over the passion for strong drink, which is so violent among these people, and kept themselves within the bounds of temperance, even when they could gratify this appetite without any expense to themselves. What grand results might have been produced in this mission if a serious effort had been made to check the sale of whiskey, which in this country is the bane of religion. It is true this trade was prohibited by the regulations of the Church and by royal statute, but many of those whose duty it was to publish these prohibitions and to attend to their execution were among the foremost in spreading the forbidden poison.

The first charge against the Jesuits, in the decree of the Council of Louisiana which condemns them, is:—Because they have taken no care of their missions. From all that has just been said, it can be seen whether this imputation is groundless or not.

The second cause of complaint is thus worded: Because

the Jesuits of this colony have cared for nothing else except to extend their possessions. But does not the answer to the first charge meet this second one also? For if the Jesuits, as has been shown, did take care of their missions, they have by that very fact cared for other things besides their own possessions. But perhaps the intention was to assert that it is not fitting for missionaries to hold extensive establishments, because it distracts them from their spiritual ministry; granting all that, in order to avoid this embarrassment, it would have been required to provide by other means for their support, for traveling expenses, for the construction and current expenditures of their houses and chapels. Now, by the terms of their foundation, each Jesuit received a pension of eight hundred livres (though the writer is not quite sure of that), and to build and support six houses and chapels they had received fifteen thousand livres, which amount was paid down once for all; and although the engagement was not without risk, still they were not free to give it up. Where then could they have found the means for these outlays, or even for their food and clothing, when under the pressing difficulties of the government, the treasurers of the colony could not have met the obligations of the most privileged debts? When a yard of cloth or of very common linen cost fifty crowns at New Orleans, an ordinary handkerchief one hundred francs, when a keg of wine sold for two thousand five hundred francs, and could not be forwarded to the Illinois under a cost of five or six hundred livres; when such was the scale of prices, was it not of paramount necessity to be careful in regard to the means of subsistence? How then could the Council of New Orleans make this a crime and a cause of condemnation in their decree?

A third charge remains to be disposed of:—it is the usurpation of the Vicar-Generalship of Quebec. So far as New Orleans is concerned, the judges of that city cast this imputation upon the Jesuits, but they can scarcely persuade

themselves that every body has forgotten the fact that they themselves a few years before had given a contrary decision.

The case stands as follows: About eighteen or twenty years ago, Mgr. de Ponbriand, Bishop of Quebec, wrote to Fr. Vitry, Superior of the Jesuits in New Orleans, constituting him his Vicar-General. These letters were placed on file by the Superior Council; on the death of Fr. Vitry in 1750, Fr. Baudoin received the same appointment, and he exercised the duties of this office for some time without let or hindrance. But troubles arose afterwards; for the Capuchin Fathers believed that the appointment of a Jesuit was an infringement upon their rights. As the name and office of Vicar-General had been given to their Superior by the Bishop of Quebec, at the same time as the Indian Company had appointed him pastor of New Orleans, they were of the opinion that these two positions should henceforth be inseparable, and should consequently belong to their body. Mgr. de Ponbriand was fully aware of these pretensions; and the Jesuits themselves (many persons will scarcely credit it, but the fact is not thereby less certain) used every effort to get rid of an employment, which was only a source of annoyance and opposition to them; but the prelate firmly insisted that they should retain the office. Notwithstanding his expressed wish the Capuchins refused to acknowledge Fr. Baudoin. The matter was finally brought before the Council, and after many examinations that body formally decided that the Jesuits were in legitimate possession of the office: the records of the Council prove this, the Jesuits continued to exercise the functions of the office, New Orleans and the entire colony testify to the fact. Fr. Baudoin, despite the past reclamations and some occasional opposition, had the name of Vicar General and exercised the jurisdiction belonging to the office, until the day on which the decree of destruction was passed. Will it be believed that a Council established to dispense justice dared to contradict itself by a solemn decree,—by a decree

which expressly belies another decision given a short time before on the same matter, and that matter of too much importance to be easily forgotten, since for several years it had occupied the attention of New Orleans? Will it be believed that those who had been declared the rightful possessors, should, a short time afterwards, without the slightest change in the case, be condemned as usurpers? Reflecting upon this decree, passed without examination, without legal formality, without a hearing given to those interested, is it not very natural to conclude that the Council of New Orleans looked upon the Jesuits as men against whom any charges could be made, any outrages perpetrated, with impunity?

We have thus disposed, one by one, of the motives assigned for the condemnation of the Jesuits; we must now speak of the manner in which the decree was carried into execution. It had to be done without delay at New Orleans, and afterwards in the Illinois territory, which is four or five hundred leagues away. There was in that country, as we have already mentioned, a mission of the Jesuits, which comprised four different stations. These were not overlooked; and a messenger was despatched to them with the decree of condemnation. Meantime the provisions of the decree were promptly carried out at New Orleans. Their establishment was quite near the city, and was calculated to support twelve missionaries; it had a number of slaves for plantation work and for various handicrafts, as is the custom in the colonies; all these, together with the different buildings, the live stock, the workshops, in a word, everything they possessed, was seized, an inventory made out, and the goods exposed at auction sale. It required a long time to bring the business to a close, and those who had charge of it took their meals in the house. They were the best qualified officers of justice together with their subordinates; the former behaved with propriety but the others did not think themselves obliged to disguise their real

character: they saw that they were in clover, and being sure of good pay, they did not try to conceal their feelings. The Superior of the Jesuits was forced to be present at the grand feasts which were given in his house whilst the plundering went on, and he was witness of the hilarity which reigned at them.

After the sale of the real estate and personal property, there remained only the chapel with its ornaments and sacred vessels; it was set forth in the decree that these effects should be handed over to the Capuchins. This was accordingly done; and it was the *least bad* use that could be made of them. The chapel was then demolished, and the last resting place of those who had lain buried here and in the neighboring graveyard for the past thirty years, was exposed to profanation. The Jesuits who returned from Louisiana have frequently been asked the reasons for such proceedings; people have testified to them the astonishment and horror that they felt over such an occurrence; they have been told that such treatment could have been expected only from the declared enemies of the Catholic faith:—the Jesuits could answer only by their silence.

Nothing was now wanting to the full execution of the decree except to send back to France those who had been condemned; such Fathers as happened to be at New Orleans did not wait for a formal order to depart. Fr. Carette took ship for San Domingo; Fr. Roy withdrew to Pensacola, at the very time that the English were entering that port to take possession of it, and the Spaniards were evacuating the place, according to treaty stipulations; he embarked on the vessel which was to transport the Governor of the town to Vera Cruz. He was most charitably welcomed by the Spanish Fathers of the College there, and shortly afterwards he was admitted into the Mexican Province by Fr. Francis Zeballos, the Superior. His letter written on this subject expressed the most generous and christian sentiments, and all the Jesuits banished from the

French dominions were cordially invited to the same place of refuge. Fr. Le Prédour was among the Alabamas, at a distance of about two hundred leagues; considerable time was required to serve a copy of the decree upon him, and after he had received it he was obliged to wait his opportunity to reach the fort at Mobile, and afterwards to come to New Orleans. We have lately learned that he has gone back to France. Fr. Baudoin, Superior of all the Missions, now alone remained; but he was seventy-two years of age and very feeble, as can be easily believed of a man who had spent thirty-five years in Louisiana; and of these years some twenty had been spent in the forests among the Choctaws. As he had neither relatives nor acquaintance in France, being a Canadian by birth, they allowed him to remain. They gave him a pension of nine hundred livres, which would be worth about four hundred francs in France. M. Boré, an old settler of the country, offered him an asylum on his plantation, and thus gave proof of the sincerity of the friendship which he had always shown towards the Society.

The courier, who had been sent to carry the decree to the Illinois country, arrived on Sept. 23 at fort Chartres, which is six miles distant from the residence of the Jesuits. He presented to the royal commissioner the order charging him with the execution of the decree, and on the following day that official came to the Jesuits at eight or nine o'clock in the morning; he was accompanied by the notary and the constable of the district. Some days subsequently this functionary took credit to himself for the moderation he had displayed in not coming during the night time as, he said, his orders warranted; to this extent no fault can be found with his exact observance of orders. He read the decree to Fr. Watrin, the Superior, and made him immediately withdraw from his room, to which he affixed the seals; the same was done to the other missionaries who happened to be at home. One large chamber remained in

which they could have roomed together, though with great inconvenience, but this favor was refused them, because the keepers in charge of the property were opposed to it; they were not willing that the Jesuits should be able from so close a neighborhood to throw light upon their behavior. The royal officer was afraid of giving offence to these guards, and he was unwilling even to allow the Jesuits to take up their abode with one of their brethren, curé of the place, who had a private residence close to the parochial church; this house had been left untouched, because there was nothing of any value in it. The missionaries thus driven from their dwelling place, lodged as best they could. The Superior, who was sixty-seven years of age, set out on foot for the residence of a fellow-missionary, who lived at a good league's distance, among the savages, and the French who met him on the way were filled with grief at seeing that he was the first victim of the persecution.

As soon as the savages were apprised of his arrival among them, they came to show to him and to Fr. Meurin, that they shared in the affliction of their Fathers; the news of their condemnation had already caused many tears to flow in the village. They inquired why such treatment had been meted out to them, especially in a country where so many disorders had for a long time been tolerated. The aged missionary, after oft-repeated interrogations, at length replied:—"because we find too much fault with folly." They understood the meaning of this answer, knowing, as they did, that in whatsoever place the Jesuits have a foothold, they deem themselves obliged by their profession to make war upon vice, and that by their opposition to iniquity, they raise up enemies against themselves.

The Christian Indians then proposed to depute their Chiefs, in order to petition the local authorities to allow, at least Fr. Meurin, their missionary, to be retained at his post; but the Jesuits told them to do nothing of the kind, because such a proceeding would be open to the suspicion of hav-

ing been suggested to them, and would consequently be of no avail, and would be rejected with contempt. They wished then to ask for the preservation of the chapel and residence, so that those among them who were best instructed might be able to call the children together to repeat their prayers, and that on Sundays and festivals, the *praying*, i. e. the Christian Indians, might assemble at the sound of the bell to fulfil the duties of religion as far as was in their power; they made this petition, and their prayer was granted.

Meantime the royal officer relaxed a little from his severity; about the same time he received four letters in a single day from M. Bobé, the Commissioner, who begged him to temper his zeal, and he finally consented to allow the Jesuits to join their brethren who had been in charge of the French settlements. They were here very much crowded, as the house was intended to accommodate but one person; their former rooms had been thrown open to allow each one to get his mattress and bed-clothes, which they spread upon the floor in the house of the curé. This style of sleeping, which lasted well nigh a month, was a good preparation for the voyage which they were shortly to take on the Mississippi; for this is the only way of camping out on the banks of that river. They were allowed to take away their clothing and books, which were exempted from seizure. Finally, provision was made for the support of the Fathers, till such time as they should be obliged to go down to New Orleans. The greater portion of the provisions in their house was made over to them, and this sufficed for the rest of their stay among the Illinois.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH AND RESIDENCE, FREDERICK, MD.

(*Concluded.*)

Our history has reached the year 1837. During the time that the new church was building an important event in the affairs of the Province took place. This was the transferring of the Novitiate from White Marsh to the residence in Frederick. The change was proposed almost jokingly by Fr. McElroy to Very Rev. Fr. Kenny in 1832; the latter took it in earnest and was determined to carry out the idea, and would have done so but for his recall to Ireland. Very Rev. Fr. McSherry, the successor of Fr. Kenny, had the same views and, in 1833, a large addition was made to the residence. Fr. McElroy, with the others engaged in the college and church, moved into the new residence on Church Street.*

From time to time the establishment of the Sisters had been enlarged to meet the wants of the orphans and the school. A large addition was made about the year 1827 and this last effort of Fr. McElroy for the education of the young was extremely beneficial.†

Many remarkable conversions were the fruit of the long

* The addition consisted of a story to the old building and the extension of the west end from what is now Father Rector's sitting-room to the passage leading to the refectory. The wing now used by the novices, together with the chapel, was added by Fr. Samuel Barber. The east extension, from the pastor's room to the alley, was made by the Very Rev. Fr. Brocard. The infirmary wing, as was said already, was the improvement made by Fr. Paresce in 1859.

† The school building was burnt down in 1845; but was soon replaced by another.

labors of Fr. McElroy in Frederick. He regrets in his diary that he did not keep a record of them. The following account which is given in his diary for Sept. 2, 1839, is, no doubt, worth preserving :

“Sent for, to perform the funeral service of Cynthia Summers, who was born blind. Her parents were members of the Church of England, and she was instructed in the principles of that sect. When at mature age, the Methodists made a great noise by their preaching and frequent meetings, she together with a blind sister and brother, resolved to join them, and did so, contrary to the wish of their father. The deceased was among the most zealous of her sect, and was sent for, from time to time, to make exhortations, prayers etc., in the neighborhood. Her sister died in the same belief, and her brother was licensed as a Methodist preacher and continued to act as such. He was not present at his sister's decease or interment.

“In the year 1827, a schism took place in the Methodist sect, and the conflicting parties carried on a fierce war of words, in writing and otherwise. This staggered our Cynthia, and gave her serious doubts as to the divinity of her faith. She saw the house divided against itself, a want of that unity by which the true Church was to be known, and she concluded to withdraw from them. As Providence would have it, about this time her sister, who had always read for her, took up a Catholic prayer book which happened to be in the house, and read from the beginning of the book the Creed of Pius the Fourth. This she did not relish at first. The prayers for Mass, Confession, Communion, etc., were read, and they pleased her very much and she found comfort in them. Another Catholic book was in the house, “Temporal and Eternal.” This she read also, and it pleased her very much. A Catholic family of her acquaintance procured from me, at her request, a Catechism. She learned the whole of it. She committed to memory the prayers for morning and night, the Mass, prayers before and after

Confession and Communion, a little office for every day in the week, the Penitential Psalms, Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, with all the prayers and meditations.

“After two years spent in this manner, she accompanied a member of the Catholic family to our church, unknown to her father, for the first time. She came on Sunday morning a distance of fifteen miles, fasting, although of delicate health. The young lady, her companion, told me that such a person wished to confess; that she was fasting and expected to receive Holy Communion. I replied that she could not without more instruction. She presented herself, however, and made her confession as one who had always been a Catholic. I interrogated her on the whole of the small catechism: she answered perfectly well. I could not, therefore, withhold for a moment imparting to her the blessings that awaited her. In fine she was baptized and received Holy Communion before leaving the church. She requested the loan of books, which I gave her from time to time: Lives of the Saints, Rodriguez, etc. She profited so much by them, that she retained nearly all she had heard read, and, still more, reduced it to practice. Her attachment to our holy religion was manifested in every way. She defended its tenets with success against all who opposed them: so much so, that sectarians were afraid to treat with her on these matters; even her own brother avoided disputation of this kind.

“To show her delicacy, if I may say so, in her adherence to her faith, the following circumstance may be adduced. Her good sister, to whom, under God, she was indebted for all she knew, had to read also for her brother, the preacher. This gave her pain and doubts, inasmuch as she had to listen to the reading of a Protestant Bible and heretical books. She solicited advice in this particular and followed it. Her mortification and self-denial were great. She never ate meat after her conversion, and in Lent she observed a rigid fast throughout the penitential time. A slight meal of

bread and milk, without butter, eggs or anything else, was her food during this time. She continually suffered from pains in the stomach. She was afflicted also with a pulmonary affection, but she never complained. She bore with patience for many years the opposition made by her family to her religion. In silence and peace she offered all to our Lord.

"Her piety was of the most edifying kind, and that peculiar character which placed it beyond suspicion was attached to it, viz. uniform perseverance. All hours of the day were regulated: prayers, manual work, the necessary refreshment of the body, etc. She rose early, made her morning oblation, her hour's meditation, her spiritual Mass; at noon the Angelus, "particular examen;" through the day, the "Little Office" proper for each day, the third part of the Rosary, and some other practices of devotion. In all these she was scrupulously exact, and by means of them she advanced daily in the ways of interior life and union with God.

"One of her greatest privations was the impossibility of frequent communion. The great distance from the Church, and the great difficulty of coming, prevented her receiving more than four or five times a year; but she supplied for this by spiritual communions, which she learned to make from Rodriguez and other books. These virtues, practised by her in perfection, were well calculated to merit the respect and admiration of all. And such, indeed, was the case. All the neighbors looked upon her as a saint. The negroes were prompt in their obedience to her, though not so to other members of the family, as her father informed me: so irresistible is the example of solid virtue. Her edification in her last sickness was such as might be expected from such a life. Although in a continual state of suffering, no complaint escaped her, no murmur, no impatience. Her own words were: "I am always cheerful, always happy. What I suffer is little compared to the sufferings of my Saviour." Her ejaculations were almost continual. When she requested to

see me for the last time, I went promptly, as she desired to receive from my hands the Holy Communion, having received from the same hands her First Communion. I spent the night there and was much consoled. The family were very kind and attentive to me. I left her with the promise that I would attend her funeral, and was sent for last night for that purpose. I left home this morning at nine o'clock and went to her father's residence, a distance of fifteen miles. The neighbors had assembled there in large numbers. I addressed them for an hour on the doctrine of Purgatory, as supported by the authority of the Catholic Church. On this I dwelt chiefly as the unerring authority, capable of settling all disputes on religious matters. I spoke of the want of this authority in all the sects, which I reviewed in their present divided state in this country. I said that it was owing to this that the deceased discovered she was in error and sought for the centre of unity, etc. All were attentive and respectful. I then performed the funeral service, walked to the burial ground, a private one, in my cassock, surplice and stole. There I blessed the grave and concluded the service. The old gentleman seemed much pleased and expressed his gratitude for my kindness. Her sister told me that the last moments of the deceased were the same as throughout her illness. Cynthia begged her sister to inform her when she was near her end. Teresa did so, and Cynthia, although she could not speak, continued to pray interiorly, and was observed striking her breast sometimes as if reciting the *Confiteor*. She requested that her beads, scapular and miraculous medal might remain around her neck where she always wore them, and be buried with her. She begged her sister also to recite daily a pair of beads for the repose of her soul.

"By reading for her sister, Teresa* could not fail to become instructed in the principles of the faith. For some

* She became a Catholic and died a few years ago. She was looked upon as a very holy person by all who were acquainted with her.

years she observed the fasts, abstinences, etc., of the Church, reciting the beads every day, besides the usual prayers; and finding no difficulty now from her parents or others, she promised me that she would come to Frederick and make her first communion.

"This brief memoir I have drawn up hastily for the edification of those who may read it hereafter. I regret not having taken more notes in detail of many other interesting particulars of this favored servant of God."

In 1839, we find Fr. James Ryder acting as the assistant of Fr. McElroy in the church and in the school, where he was prefect and teacher of French and writing. As a worker in the church, he used to lecture every Sunday at vespers, and it may be easily imagined that the efforts of the Father, then in the first glow of his career as an orator, caused a *sensation*. He delivered several eloquent discourses on the "Marks of the Church." The Protestants came in great numbers to hear him. But it was not until he had finished his course of lectures on "The Real Presence" that the ministers took the alarm. The effect of the eloquence of Fr. Ryder was so decided that each minister felt himself bound to attempt a refutation of the arguments. Their labors were in vain. Failing in this, they invited the Rev. Mr. Breckenridge to come from Baltimore to Frederick to rescue them in their sore distress. This firebrand, who had not long before become notorious by his tirades against the Carmelite nuns in Baltimore, where he had called on his congregation to rush *en masse* to liberate a crazy sister, who in the eyes of the bigots was a victim of cruel persecution, was ready to buckle on his armor again. The deeds of violence he had well nigh brought about in Baltimore might be realized in Frederick. On August 11, he preached three times against the arguments of Fr. Ryder, or, at least, made the attempt, and continued his invectives on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. On one occasion he began in this wise: "Here, beloved brethren, is a thing the Catholics

adore," holding up a rosary; "here is one of the Romish idols." "That's a lie!" cried out a young girl in the audience. "Put him out! put him out!" was the exclamation of many, not knowing who the offending person was. The interruption was so annoying to the preacher, that he was unable to continue his discourse. The combined efforts of the ministers, backed by those of the great champion who had been brought from another city, to arouse the flagging energies of the parsons and to worry the papists, did produce a little excitement. The abusive and rambling character of all the sermons, together with the vulgar and indelicate language used by some of the ministers, disgusted the conservative portion of the Protestants who regretted the course pursued by their pastors. Fr. Ryder never deigned to notice the affair.

The length of the history of St. John's bids us hurry on to the end of the work. The rest of the stay of Fr. McElroy was attended by the usual events of a church and college.

Fr. Thomas Lilly succeeded Fr. McElroy in September, 1845. The assistants were Frs. George Villiger, Stonestreet, Meredith Jenkins, Finotti and Bague. During the three years that followed, the church and college continued to flourish. Quite a number of colored adults were received into the Church by Fr. Lilly.

In 1846, the Sisters of Charity withdrew and were replaced by the Nuns of the Visitation from Georgetown. The Convent of the Visitation is now the finest establishment of education in the city. The school enjoys a fine reputation here and elsewhere. The Catholics of Frederick will always be grateful to the good Sisters of the Visitation; the poorer classes have especial reason for gratitude, on account of the free school which the Nuns have always kept up for the needs of the parish.

In 1848, Fr. Charles H. Stonestreet became the successor of Fr. Lilly. The assistants at different times during the two years were Frs. Bague, Finotti and Ciampi. The col-

lege still went on with its usual success; indeed, many things might be said concerning the earnest endeavors of the new president to advance the academic standing of St. John's; we are forced, however, to omit them. The church in the meantime was well attended to.

A remarkable event, the sudden restoration to health of a person in the last stage of consumption, deserves to be recorded. This favor was obtained through the prayers of Prince Hohenlohe. The Father who attended the invalid brought her the Holy Communion at 4 o'clock on the morning of the day fixed upon by the Prince. As soon as the sick person had communicated, health was restored. About a year afterwards, the malady returned through imprudence. Again the invalid said she would like to ask for her recovery, and asserted that she thought she had faith enough to obtain it; but the Father, knowing the dangers she was exposed to when in good health, advised her not to ask for the favor.

During the presidency of Fr. Stonestreet, the Very Rev. Francis Dzierozynski, who was looked upon by all as a saintly man, died at the residence. The following extract from the *Catholic Almanac* of 1851 will show how highly he was esteemed by those who knew him :

"Died, September 22d, 1850, at St. John's College, of the Society of Jesus, in Frederick city, Md., the Very Rev. Fr. Dzierozynski, S. J., in the 73d year of his age.

"Fr. Dzierozynski was a native of Orsani in Poland, and was born on the 3d of June, 1777. After the usual preparatory studies, in the pursuit of which he exhibited talents of a rare order, he, in obedience to the Divine call, entered the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus, August 13th, 1794, at the early age of fifteen. Bringing with him as he did, to that school of heavenly wisdom, an unsullied innocence and purity of soul, it is not to be wondered that the foundation of a sanctity, conspicuous through the whole course of his after life, should have been laid deep in his heart. Associa-

ted, during his novitiate and scholasticatē, with many of the surviving Fathers of the old Society, who were cherished in Russia, though outraged and condemned by all the the world beside, he may be regarded as forming one of the few remaining links that connected that noble race of spiritual giants with the successors of the renovated Society. As such his loss is severely felt by his younger brethren, who have been accustomed to hang upon his lips, to catch the soul-stirring traditions of their Fathers, and animate themselves to a generous rivalry in carrying out the spirit of their lofty vocation.

“After the completion of his probation, and consequent dedication of himself to the Spouse of souls, by the simple vows of the Society, he was applied by his superiors to the prosecution of the regular studies of the Order. Under the guidance of able professors, he spent one year in the study of Rhetoric; three years were given to the study of Mental Philosophy and the Physical Sciences, and four years (the ordinary course of the Society) were devoted to Theology.

“Of the advantages he derived from the facilities so abundantly supplied by the Society, those can best judge, who, in their familiar intercourse with him, have so often had occasion to admire the depth and variety of his attainments in every branch of sacred and profane learning.

“After his ordination he was made professor of Theology in the University of Polosk, from the faculty of which he received the insignia of the Doctorate.

“On the 2nd of February, 1812, he was admitted to the highest grade in the Society, and completed by his solemn profession the perfect sacrifice of himself to the service of God and His Vicar upon earth.

“In the year 1820, the Russian Government, which had sheltered and cherished the Society of Jesus, during the storms that had so long raged against her in other portions of the world, turned fiercely upon her, and in the blindness of bigotry, drove forth the civilizer of its barbarous hordes, to wander as exiles on the face of the earth.

"Among these exiles were Fr. Dzierzynski and his faithful companion, the lamented Sacchi. Italy afforded them an asylum for awhile. On the 30th of June, 1821, the good Father and his friend embarked from Leghorn for the United States, and arrived in Georgetown on the 12th of November of the same year. Fr. Dzierzynski on his arrival was appointed professor of Mental Philosophy in Georgetown College. Whilst engaged in this office, he gained the friendship of John C. Calhoun, who would frequently visit the good father, for the purpose of gleaning from his conversation some of that philosophic lore for which the great southerner had so keen a relish.

"At the time of the arrival of Fr. Dzierzynski, the Society in this country had not assumed the regular form which it now possesses. All the Jesuits, both of the east and west, under the title of the "Mission of Maryland," were subject to the jurisdiction of a Superior, or Visitor, mostly resident at Georgetown.

"Fr. Dzierzynski was appointed to this high trust on the 13th of August, 1823, and in it he gave renewed evidence of his untiring zeal and love for the Society. When we consider that in addition to this extensive charge, the burden of forming the novices of the Order also fell on his shoulders, and that both were faithfully borne, we may judge of the indefatigable spirit of the man.

"During this time, too, although but imperfectly acquainted with the English tongue, his ardent zeal for souls found occupation in missionary duty. Many an old christian in Montgomery county and elsewhere still speaks in tender terms of his labors among them, and recalls, in thanksgiving to God, the memory of solace and assistance afforded through his holy ministrations.

"During his Superiorship, the present flourishing college of St. John's, Frederick city, was founded, and an impetus given to education in that town, which calls for the gratitude of its citizens.

"On the 12th of November, 1830, he was succeeded in the Superiorship of the Mission by the celebrated Fr. Peter Kenny. Fr. Dzierzynski from that date until 1834 occupied the chair of Theology in Georgetown College, performing at the same time, the duties of Spiritual Father of the house and Chaplain and Confessor of the Sisters of the Visitation of Georgetown.

"The "Mission of Maryland" by this time acquired the form of a regular province of the Society, and the late Fr. William McSherry was appointed its first Provincial.

"In December, 1834, Fr. Dzierzynski was sent to take charge of the Novitiate in Frederick. To this responsible trust he brought with him the matured fruits of long experience in religious life and a sanctity so conspicuous in all his actions, though perfectly unobtrusive, as to gain him more than an ordinary degree of love and veneration on the part of his spiritual children.

"On the death of Fr. McSherry in 1840, Fr. Dzierzynski was appointed to the Provincialship. During his term of office, the College of Holy Cross of Worcester, Mass., was founded. Fr. Dzierzynski was succeeded in the Provincialship by the Very Rev. Fr. James Ryder, in 1843. He was again made Master of Novices in 1844, which office he held until 1846, when he retired to the residence of St. John's of Frederick. Almost worn out, but not satiated with labors, he continued to perform the duties of Spiritual Director of the community and Confessor of the Nuns of the Visitation from 1846, nearly up to the time of his death. The good Sisters of the Visitation mourn his loss as that of a father, for in his extraordinary charity and never failing cheerfulness they saw the semblance of their own amiable founder, the sainted De Sales. The young aspirant to the holy Institute of Ignatius, weeps for his privation, for in Father Francis* he had lost a guide and a model in the following of Jesus."

* Though he had been in the Society fifty-eight years, he used to ask the novices to pray for his perseverance.

Fr. Thomas Mulledy was appointed the successor of Fr. Stonestreet at the end of 1850. Under his administration it became necessary to expel so large a number of students from the college that it began to decline and has since been used merely as a school for the city. The president of the college was now known as the pastor of the church.

The Superiors after Fr. Mulledy were Frs. Villiger, Samuel Barber, Hippolyte De Neckere, Blenkinsop and McAtee. The assistants during this period from 1853 to 1860, were at different times, Frs. Bague, Duddy and Tuffer.

In 1860, the residence on Church Street was rented out and the Fathers and Brothers connected with the Church and college took up their abode in the Novitiate, where they have since remained.

The events of the decade from 1860 to 1870 were the ordinary ones of a parish. There was, however, an episode, caused by the war. One of the greatest battles of the struggle was fought at Antietam, only seventeen miles from Frederick, and many of the wounded soldiers were brought to the city. A part of the Novitiate was used as a hospital; and the Fathers and Scholastics gave great assistance to the suffering. During the three months that the Novitiate was used as a hospital, besides a good number of Catholics prepared for death, about one hundred and forty Protestants were received into the Church. Again in 1864, after the battle of the Monocacy, when the barracks were turned into a hospital, thirty-five Protestants were baptized and some Catholics received the last Sacraments.

The pastors who followed Fr. Sourin who had charge of the church from 1860 to 1870, were Frs. O'Kane, Smith, Jenkins, Ciampi, Fulmer and lastly Fr. Stonestreet, who, after an absence of twenty-five years, has returned to the congregation as its parish priest.

The outlying missions during all these years have not been neglected. New churches have been built and the old ones enlarged. Five years ago the present pastor of the

missions* concluded to build a small church in Middletown, a place seven miles from Frederick. It was needed; as many poor persons were hindered from attending Mass on account of the distance to any church. But Middletown was considered a bitter Protestant place. In fact, several well-intentioned people advised the Father not to attempt the work, as the church might be burned down by the ill-disposed inhabitants of the town. He thought otherwise, and engaged at first a room in a private house, where he said Mass now and then. Later on, the church was erected, and, to this day, if we except a few shouts from the boys, when they saw the priest for the first time, not a disagreeable word has been noticed. When the church was dedicated, the Protestants offered the benches from one of their churches for the accommodation of the audience.

A remarkable incident occurred about this time, which must have served to lessen any prejudice that might have existed. In a Dunkard family, far up on the mountain, seven or eight miles from the town, there was a young lady who had been confined to bed for many years by an incurable malady. Medical science had failed, and she had been told to make up her mind to eke out the few remaining years of her life in pain and sorrow. By some good fortune she heard of the new church, which was being built in the town, and, having previously received some crude notions about the faith and especially in regard to the Real Presence, conceived the idea that if she became a Catholic and partook of Holy Communion, a miracle might be performed by our Lord in her favor. This idea she clung to the more steadfastly, as, by some means, she had heard of the great wonders which were being wrought so frequently by the water of Lourdes. Accordingly, she one day asked her father to send for the priest to cure her. He laughed at her. She asked her brother, and he at first was unwilling, but when he saw her always insisting on the same thing, he made up

* Fr. John Gaffney. He succeeded Fr. Tuffer about ten years ago.

his mind to do what was asked of him. The priest was called; he instructed the young woman and received her into the Church. On the day of her Communion, though previously she had been confined to her bed for years and was weak to such a degree that she was perfectly helpless, yet as soon as she received the Blessed Sacrament new life was infused into her withered limbs and soon she was able to arise from her bed and walk across the room. In a few days the invalid was quite well. Last October she was confirmed. The Most Rev. Archbishop having heard of the cure, sent for the young lady, in order to see the person who had received such favors from the Almighty.

Recently a small church was built near the town of Urbana. It was dedicated during the last summer. It is intended in a great measure for a colony of colored people that have settled in the neighborhood. The village inhabited by them is quite a Catholic place. The bell is rung twice a day for prayers, and on Sundays, when there is no Mass, one of the men who is better instructed, assembles all the people and reads the prayers for Mass and instructs the children in the catechism. Whenever the priest makes his appearance in the village, all, old and young, hasten to do him reverence and ask his blessing.

Some have indulged in gloomy forebodings in regard to Catholicity in Frederick city and county. This view they have taken, no doubt, from the fact that many have been lost to the Church by mixed marriages and other causes. We should not despond so readily. In 1800, the Catholics in Frederick county had a small room for a chapel; and now they have nine churches, some of them quite large. And this is more consoling from the fact that there has been very little emigration to Frederick county, whilst we know that a large number of Catholics have moved away to other parts of the country.*

* During the last ten years many Catholics have been reclaimed and a number of Protestants converted to the faith by the pastors of St. John's, and the Fathers on the missions.

And this ends our history of St. John's Church and Residence, Frederick, Md. It is an imperfect one, but imperfect as it is, no little labor has been spent on it—labor that was the harder as the data were few and difficult to obtain, and as the time for the work had to be snatched from the well-filled up day of a Father of the third probation.

THE JESUITS IN CINCINNATI.

(Continued.)

In the year 1852 there is mention made in the history of the house of a temporal coadjutor, William Hayes, who possessed the virtue of meekness, silence and modesty in an eminent degree, and fell a victim to cholera.

The names of only one hundred and ninety-two students adorn the records of the college this year. The free school was never without four hundred or five hundred. Of the latter more than three hundred made their first communion at this time, and fourteen persons were converted to the faith by Ours.

Whilst speaking of the schools, it may as well be remarked here that of late years the smaller boys have been taught by lady teachers, who are found more devoted as well as better able to form the little fellows of the parish to docility and piety.

How they are to be pitied, those poor children, whose home is an abode of wretchedness and want—by whom made such it is not for me to say—whose minds flash forth

at times the spark of mother-wit and whose hearts are filled with deep-seated love of goodness second only to that which they bear to the Catholic faith and the priest. Diamonds in the rough! their lack of cultivation is their greatest sin, for their home education has almost made them believe boorishness a virtue. Have I not seen them take by the hand and press around a poor, forsaken, dirt-begrimed "lost child" in the streets, thrusting their pennies, their bread and molasses into his hand to make him forget that he had lost his mother and cause him to dry his swelling tears! How they patted his innocent little cheeks, with fatherly affection offering him their services, when other boys brimful of social politeness passed on unheeding.

But here is a sample of the adventurous disposition and romantic taste which the parish school had to deal with. After the terrible battle of Shiloh, one of the parochial school boys misled by older chums was enticed from home and induced to take passage with them on a steamboat to go down the river and see for himself the scene of hostilities at Pittsburg Landing. Alarmed at his unexpected disappearance, his father makes inquiries only to find that his charming boy has left home in search of adventure, and was by this far from the reach of the paternal rod. The telegraph is brought into requisition and the police in a river town, where the boat was likely to stop, were instructed to put a quietus on the young knight-errant's aspirations. On arriving at the designated place, the little fellow, in stepping off the steamer in the darkness of night, falls into the river. Twice he rises to the surface and is on the point of sinking for the last time, when he providentially grasps the wheel of the boat and clings to it with the tenacity of death. He is carried round two or three times with the revolving wheel, crying out all the time as best he could, "Stop the wheel!" His cries are at length heard, the wheel stopped and he rescued from a watery grave. Thus alive and safe the prodigal returns home even more joyfully than he had

departed, consoling his parents no less by his improved behavior than by his safe return, causing every one who had heard of the incident to say that it was miraculous. It is easy to understand after this how far the independent spirit of "Young America" had invaded the breasts, even of the youngest, in those perilous war times, when watchfulness was relaxed at home, virtue imperiled abroad and rascality reduced to a systematic science by youthful thieves and desperadoes who took Jack Shepherd and the Forty Thieves for their accomplished models.

We come now to what must be called the second period of our labors in Cincinnati, when a notable change took place in the management of the college. In 1853, Fr. Baudreaux succeeded in the Rectorship Fr. Carrell, who was appointed Bishop of Covington. Heretofore the students had mostly been boarders, but the number constantly decreasing, so as not to justify the continuance of a boarding college, it was determined to receive henceforth none but day scholars. This was beginning a new era, or rather it was equivalent to beginning anew. What had hitherto been done counted for little or nothing. Then came the darkest hour (and may we not say at the same time the most glorious days?) of St. Xavier's existence. But with renewed energy they labored on to make the college prosper in its new sphere, sparing for the purpose neither efforts nor toil. Had he known the circumstances and the sacrifices made by the faculty to keep alive the sacred flame of knowledge, at a time when none but God smiled upon their efforts, common charity might have suggested to Mr. Foote to spare himself the trouble and others the pain of this sentence in his work on the Schools of Cincinnati:

"The College of St Xavier has not been an exception to the remark respecting the colleges generally of America and Europe, that they have exhibited extraordinary powers of standing still, while everything else is in rapid progress."

But St. Xavier's was not so badly off after all: "the col-

leges generally of America and Europe" kept it company, according to our patronizing friend. And yet only a few lines above he strenuously opposed the giving of any aid to our schools. If beings of flesh and blood could live on air, or zeal, instead of the "nickels," defray incidental expenses, I dare say western Catholic colleges could cope on pretty equal terms with any institution here. Even as it is, ours is not behind hand. But air is very unsubstantial diet for the ordinary run of men, and money cannot conveniently be dispensed with when there is question of paying taxes.

Next came Fr. Oakly as Rector. Pardon an allusion which flows so naturally: what a rendezvous of former Rectors young Chicago has become! At the present writing (Jan. '76.) there are in that city no less than three Fathers who were once Superiors here; for the honored names of Frs. De Blicke, Oakly and Shultz adorn its *status*. In addition the Superior of the Missions makes Chicago his headquarters. For good measure St. Louis University has contributed Fr. Verdin, and the whole Province, not to be behind hand, has given her a former Provincial to look to her spiritual interests.

But to return to the thread of our story. The new Rector seemed to feel that not only the condition of the college should be improved, but the whole position of Ours in this city should be made more influential and commanding. Accordingly the college building underwent a renovation and it was determined to begin at once the erection of a new church. Old St. Xavier's Church had long since ceased to be the Cathedral, for St. Peter's, on Plum and Eighth streets, had been consecrated in 1844, Cardinal McClosky, then Bishop of Albany, preaching the dedication sermon. It is now valued at over \$200,000, exclusive of the ground, seats over twelve hundred persons, and is quite rich in pictures. One of the latter, representing St. Peter's delivery from prison, possesses historic as well as artistic value. It was one of the four Murillos taken from the Cathedral of Se-

ville, during the Peninsular war, by Marshal Soult, and given on his return to Paris to Cardinal Fesch, Napoleon's uncle. When in 1824 Bishop Fenwick was in Paris, this picture was presented to him by the Cardinal, and is now one of the chief glories of art in America. Another painting, which has also quite a history, is an Italian work dating from the Sixteenth century and a copy of the original now in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris. It would take us too far from our course to mention other facts of interest connected with St. Peter's.

St. Xavier's, in 1860, with its mournfully interesting history, is more than we can do justice to. Some evil genius must have presided over the destruction of the old church, for truly it was a work of destruction. The old edifice could not give way to the new without a holocaust of lives. I was a boy at the time the accident happened, and I remember how, a few moments after the north wall had fallen, I rushed in with all the recklessness of a child, without a thought of other walls towering above me, which, for aught I knew, might have been as insecure as the one which had just crushed out the lives of thirteen fellow beings, sending them to an untimely account. Little did I think that some unfortunate laborer might at that very moment be breathing out in agony his last act of contrition beneath the very bricks on which I stood in gaping wonder. Oh! it was an awful scene and a crushing blow to our good Fathers whose hopes were blasted and spirits crushed.

The papers of the day stated that no contract was given out for the demolition of the building, in order that employment might be given to members of the congregation. Yet their best intentions were perverted. The plan adopted for taking down the church was that of undermining a portion of the wall and letting it fall into the interior. No precaution was taken against accident by "shoving" the wall, as its insecurity seems to have been the last thing thought of by Ours, much less by the contractors and work-

men who had taken down buildings in that way hundreds of times. The usual number of *post factum* prophets, however, had foreseen the result, though they kept the knowledge locked up in their bosoms.

The work of undermining commenced on Tuesday and at nightfall was nearly completed. Would to God that it had been *finished!* for had it not been left to settle and sway from the perpendicular during the heavy rains of Wednesday and strong winds of Wednesday night, the catastrophe would not have happened. A few strokes of the pick and the removal of a few bricks on Thursday morning sealed the fate of the laborers.

Whilst the bodies were being rapidly disinterred, the sound of the pick and spade in the hands of more than a hundred eager toilers was drowned in the cries of weeping wives and children, who waited in terrible suspense, hoping against hope that their dear ones might have escaped. Who does not know what it is to see the mangled mass of bleeding members which can scarcely be recognized as human after they have been drawn from the cruel mass of brick and mortar? One woman was said to have become insane before night, owing to the loss of her husband. A little boy going to school heard of the accident, not knowing that his father was at work there; he came over to gratify his curiosity. Whilst standing near looking on, he saw the body of his father taken from the ruins, and instantly recognizing it, cast away his books with a shriek and threw himself on the mangled remains. The scene caused a cessation in the labor of recovery, for there were few who witnessed it that did not have to wipe away the tear of sympathy for that agonized heart. A young woman with an infant in her arms and a child apparently about two years old tugging at the skirt of her dress, with hair dishevelled and horror-stricken countenance, burst through the surrounding crowd, which instinctively opened to afford a passage to one whose appearance too surely proclaimed her right to explore

the scene of misery. In one glance she had drunk in the full extent of her loss—she was a widow and her little ones were fatherless. “O John,” said she, and those who heard her despairing accents did not soon forget them, “I parted from you this morning with an unkind word upon my tongue!”

The *Cincinnati Gazette* must have been then a different paper from what it is now. In an editorial we find the following:

“Terrible as is the accident, and lamentable as it is that precaution had not been taken against it, we must not be too hasty in condemning those to whose charge the work was committed. Their distress is doubtless poignant enough without being made more so by an uncharitable judgment. Men of greater experience, not dreaming of danger, are often overwhelmed with equally sudden and unlooked for calamities, and made the innocent subjects of no less fearful responsibility, and until we are more wise and prudent than we are, we may always expect the occasional recurrence of like mournful scenes. Those who are in the most haste to judge and condemn, would probably in the same circumstances have committed the same unfortunate oversight.”

Some of the Fathers had a narrow escape, one of them having just left the interior of the church when the crash came. The man who had charge of the work, appeared before the coroner's jury and asked the privilege of making some further statements, in which he corroborated the testimony given by the pastor, and freely acknowledged that none other save he was at fault or to blame. Was not this a heroic act of charity at a trying moment? During these troubles, the minds of men were so much affected that it was deemed necessary to have our house guarded by the police. But all danger happily passed away.

This calamity was scarce forgotten when the civil war broke out. Its effect upon us was indirect and mainly fi-

nancial. Considerable debts had been contracted in putting up the church, in the hope that the contributions of the people would in course of time prove adequate to its liquidation. This hope proved fallacious; for, with the greatest good will possible, the parishioners were unable to afford any very substantial assistance. Things looked dark enough for awhile, but the clouds cleared away at last, to such a degree, that twenty or thirty thousand dollars more would now finish the magnificent steeple in contemplation and partially completed.

It is of Beuna Vista free stone, of which the church front is constructed, and will be 320 feet in height from the ground. For several years its outward appearance was marred by an unsightly weather-board cover over the buttress weathering just where the steeple ought to begin, while the steps approaching the church doors were of wood.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of Fr. Driscoll's pastorship, about two years ago, was the occasion of resuming the work, the parishioners having presented him on that occasion quite a neat little purse for the purpose. As it stands to-day, the top of the church is 207 feet from the ground. When completed, St. Xavier's spire will be 325 feet high, far overtopping, not only the highest steeples in the city, but even in the whole country. By way of comparison let us remark that the height of the Cathedral of Cologne is 501 feet; dome of St. Peter's, 457 feet; St. Paul's, London, 365 feet; and passing to the new world the Capitol of Washington is 287 feet; Trinity Church, N. Y., 286 feet; Bunker Hill Monument, 221 feet. Of course the comparison is merely in point of height, for in massiveness, grandeur and costliness St. Xavier's can bear no competition with many inferior architectural works which have not been mentioned.

The church proper, to the point where the steeple begins, is 105 feet from the ground, measuring from its base to the floor of the church nearly seven feet. In the centre, above the base courses of the front, are two elaborately cut panels

under two Louvre windows. Above this the buttresses reach back with weatherings, and then continue unbroken, finishing with four large dragons, four by six feet, so arranged, the curious tell us, as to catch all the rain which passes through their mouths. In the centre of each front is a large clock dial, nine feet in diameter, and within, the bell and clock room with space enough for a chime of twenty-four bells. The base at the floor of the bell room is twenty-six feet square, with buttresses projecting seven feet at an angle of forty-five degrees. The small size of the base in comparison with the immense height will give an idea how light and graceful the steeple will be.

Even in its unfinished state the church, as seen from Mt. Lookout or Eden Park, compares very favorably with the other churches of the city. The famous hand-steeple of the First Presbyterian Church on Fourth street, the highest in the city, measures from the ground to its extreme top only 285 feet, and it is not of stone either. The next highest is the cathedral, an object of pride to our citizens and satisfaction to the cultured stranger. In its perfect Corinthian proportions, long an architectural monument and harmonious offering to taste and beauty and grace, it rises 245 feet. A temporary metallic cupola, costing somewhat less than \$1,000, surmounts the portion of the steeple already finished. During the summer of 1875 it was struck by lightning, but beyond the derangement of a few iron bolts and demolition of some water spouts, but little damage resulted. What still remains to be done will consist of open stone work embellished with gothic tracery of the most elegant and elaborate kind. It will be strengthened by an interior framework of wrought iron rings, anchors, etc. As very little work of this character has been done this side of the Atlantic, great difficulty was experienced in obtaining estimates from builders, who knew that rare skill was required, but had no criterion by which to judge the cost. To prevent injury to the completed work, all the

hoisting has been done from within by means of steam power and a double-boom derrick. A stairway leads to the present cupola and will be continued up to 234 feet, whence, through little gothic windows can be had the finest imaginable view of the city, the hills that gird it, the prospect of the neighboring cities and the Kentucky highlands. When will the work be completed, is a problem that may be reduced to a question in proportion: If it takes fifteen years to build three-fourths of a church, what time will be required to complete it?

Whilst the steeple contractors were engaged in their operations, a strange attempt was made to do injury. On a Saturday night, when the usual number of penitents were going to confession, two men who were leaving the church noticed smoke issuing from some material in the vestibule. On removing some sacks of cement, they found a wicker basket on fire. They had scarcely thrown it into the street when a loud explosion followed. An examination of the debris showed that five one-pound cans of powder and a can of coal oil had been wrapped in cotton batting and ignited. The mystery was never unravelled. If it was some miscreant who wished to injure the church he must have been wonderfully ignorant, for the quantity of explosive substance was laughably small. If he was a religious fanatic, who desired to injure the parishioners, he nearly succeeded with the two men who discovered the basket. The most probable explanation is that it was an attempt to do harm to the contractors, for the ropes leading to their scaffolding were found saturated with oil, but even had they caught fire little damage could have accrued to the stone work.

During the administration of Fr. Schultz, beginning in 1861, owing to the circumstances of the time no less than the unsettled state of everything which ought to be stable, Ours were more than usually exposed to dangers and difficulties from without; but at the same time they labored more than ever to acquire from within the virtues they

needed and to breathe into their efforts the spirit of union. Happily, Very Rev. Fr. Sopranis came as Visitor at the time, and whilst edifying all with his virtues confirmed them in their good undertakings and left many a memorial of his experience and prudence.

After the breaking out of the war, and even before it, the number of students for several years never reached higher than a hundred. The cause of this falling off may in great measure be attributed to the position as well as location of the college. The building had grown old and dilapidated, quite behind the time; in fact, so that even under the most favorable circumstances it was inadequate to the purposes for which it was intended and applied. But now especially that the church had risen up close beside it, one-half of the house was left in almost Egyptian darkness. It was no unusual occurrence to carry on school by lamplight even in the middle of the day. It will surprise all except those who have lived in Cincinnati (sometimes a few days residence is sufficient to learn the lesson), to know that gas must often be used even in the best lighted apartments till eight o'clock in the morning, and in the afternoon as early as four. If the weather happens to be rainy, independent of the clouds of smoke in which the factories continually shroud us, one can scarcely read with ease in his room at midday. Visitors sometimes pass several days without being able to catch a glimpse of the extent of the city from any of the steeples or hills, owing to the smoke. One of the blessings of this manufacturing city is that you can see it decently as a whole only on Sundays or national holidays. As to keeping clean that is next to impossible. The ground on which the city is built being somewhat in the shape of an amphitheatre, surrounded by hills on all sides except the south, where the river flows majestically along, cannot readily extend beyond the several ranges; so that little or no space is allowed for gardens or vacant lots, whilst the strictest economy in occupying ground by means of large, high

buildings is everywhere visible, especially where property is most valuable. In fact, in the business portion of the city, you will find whole squares of immense stone-front houses, built very compactly together and rather poorly lighted naturally, especially when in narrow streets such as Pearl.

To make matters worse for us, the portion of the city north and east of our college was perfectly deluged with factories, the smoke of which, when the wind blows strong from that direction, can almost be cut with a knife. A gentleman actually held up his umbrella one day to protect his face and eyes from soot. We seem to have been established in a very unfortunate neighborhood, for in the rear of the church is a refinery which uses charcoal so extensively that it goes by the name of the "charcoal factory," and the alley which separates our property from that delectable spot, "charcoal alley." Not far off is a tenement house, which has been denominated by Ours from time immemorial as "Noah's Ark." Comment unnecessary.

Most of our students come from other parts of the city than our own parish, quite a number being from Covington and Newport, across the river in Kentucky. Of the classical course, the five upper classes, containing in the aggregate more than seventy boys, about one-tenth are from our parish. They are nearly all Catholics, and mostly of German parentage. As a class, the students are quick, intelligent and extremely studious, often needing to be restrained rather than urged on. Piety always finds a grateful soil in their bosoms, for they listen with docility and try to practise what they are taught. Sodalities among them have always subsisted and borne rare fruit in the way of good morals and discipline. Obedience and respect to superiors are their characteristic virtues, which make it an easier task for a teacher to be interested and devoted in the discharge of his duties; but rivalry sometimes springs up between the classes and results in an inconvenience much to be regretted and difficult to root out. Truth will not suffer us to lay

claim to all this good; since, though it flows partly from our efforts, it is mainly due to the care of parents and the genuine christian example and training they receive at home. For there are in this city a number of admirable Catholic families, often in but moderate circumstances, from which issue forth youth whose mature virtue might cause a religious to blush. Year by year God blesses the efforts of many such families, granting them prosperity and even wealth.

With more ample means at our disposal, at a time when well conducted and appointed public schools offer a high bid for public patronage; with a better location and extensive buildings, the amount of good possible appears almost incalculable.

After these statements, is it a matter of surprise that St. Xavier College has of late years been a nursery for Jesuit novices? One-third of the Scholastics in the Missouri Province at present (thirty-three out of one hundred and four), were educated wholly or partially at St. Xavier's, or received thereat the influence which determined them to become Jesuits. Nearly all of these were born and brought up in this country, though of German or Irish descent.

Though the sketch of our rise and progress here seems little better than a chapter of accidents and difficulties, it is agreeable to note the abundant fruits which have resulted from our labors. Where the numberless obstacles in our way seemed to doom our efforts to lasting sterility, God has raised up around us a generation that blesses the womb which bore them. No mean share of the young secular clergy of this city and vicinity received their classical training at our college, and still keep up the friendly relations which have always subsisted between them and their *Alma Mater*.

To foster the spirit of piety among the parishioners, numerous sodalities have been established. Their number is not less than ten, to suit the varied conditions of age, sex

and social standing. The prosperous state of the parish is in great measure due to the spirit of fervor and emulation which seems their peculiar heritage. Human respect disappears like morning mist before the sun in the presence of their regular and public frequentation of the Sacraments, nor do even the young blush to give evident and unmistakable public signs of their zeal and liberality, when christian charity and the call of mercy asks a helping hand. Several of the sodalities for women hold their meetings at and under the immediate care of the Sisters of Notre Dame, whose convent is about a square from the church. One of our fathers is the Director, and in matters of moment regulates what is to be done ; for the rest, everything goes on just as well under the guidance of a nun, and the father is left more free to attend to his other duties.

But the labors of Ours were never confined within the limits of our own parish. The hospitals and public institutions always claimed a share of attention. For more than ten years one devoted father wasted his strength and undermined his life in the service of the miserable beings in the pest-house and similar institutions. The results were immense, the conversion of sinners to penance and of heretics to the true faith being almost as wonderful as they were frequent. *Ex uno disce omnes.* There was in one of these establishments an infidel, or better, an upright pagan, whose happy fortune was a bright example of the preventing grace of God. The father, after explaining in brief as best he could (for he knew better the language of zeal than the beauties of our stern Anglo-Saxon), the principal points of the Christian Doctrine, asked the man if he desired to be baptized, but he would not. Shortly after, however, struck by some sudden light from heaven and taught interiorly what Baptism really was, for he never knew before, he begged to be received among the children of God. After his conversion, evil counsellors about him thought to take advantage of his bodily weakness to influence his languishing

mind, so that he might at least profess to be a Protestant. But behold how wonderful God is in his works! Lying in his weary bed, sick unto death, he suddenly saw himself surrounded by a bright light and Jesus Himself showing His Heart from which flamed forth burning fires of grace divine. Touched by the sight, he was so filled with consolation and strengthened in his newly acquired faith that to all his tempters he only answered, "I know now that there is but one road to heaven"—and that path he followed.

(To be continued.)

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE MISSION OF GOSHENHOPPEN, NOW CHURCHVILLE, PA.

Drawn from the Archives of the Mission, and from the Personal Experience of Rev. Aug. Bally, S. J., who has been connected therewith for forty years.

The tract of land belonging to the Mission of Goshenhoppen consisted at first of three hundred and seventy-three acres and one hundred perches, and was bought by the Rev. Joseph Greaton, S. J., *Clerk or Priest of Philadelphia*, from Thomas and Richard Penn, true and lawful proprietaries of the Province of Pennsylvania and Governors of the counties of New Castle, Kent, etc. Its price was fifty-seven pounds, eighteen shillings and three pence. The patent of this tract, with the Proprietaries' seal attached, is kept at Loyola College, Baltimore, Md.; a copy being preserved at the mission, bearing date of August 3, A. D. 1752. A second tract of a hundred and twenty-two acres was bought from

Ulrick Beidler by Rev. Francis Neale, S. J., in 1747, the deed of which is also at Loyola in Baltimore, and a copy thereof is kept at the mission. From time to time, with permission of the proper authorities, portions of this land were sold to increase the funds necessary for the other undertakings throughout the province; nor was this a loss to the Goshenhoppen Mission, but rather an advantage, as the sales being in small lots generally, gave an opportunity to several, who could purchase only on a small scale, of acquiring little freeholds in the immediate vicinity of the mission, and of thus establishing what is now the thriving little village of *Churchville*.

As far back as 1741, and even prior to that date, Fr. Farmer and other priests of St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia, made missionary visits to the Goshenhoppen district, then Hereford Township, Philadelphia county, now Washington Township, Berk's county. As we have seen, it was not long after this that Fr. Greaton purchased the mission property from the Penns.

In 1741, Rev. Theodore Schneider, S. J., a German, fixed his residence at Goshenhoppen, and with the assistance of the few Catholic neighbors, and also of the Mennonites, built the first little church. Fr. Schneider, to reward the poor sectaries for their charitable aid, gave back to them their meeting house and an acre of land that had become his by purchase.

The register of baptisms, marriages and burials begins to date from this year, 1741. The entries are legibly written and the volume is in a good state of preservation. It has frequently appeared as evidence, to prove the validity of marriages, in the courts of Philadelphia, Lancaster and elsewhere, and has more than once evoked the encomiums of judges on the diligence of the Church in recording these sacred contracts.

As seen from these records, Fr. Schneider's mission embraced the provinces of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New

York. His labors were directed to almost every part of this vast field; his visits were as frequent as he could make them, and his invariable conveyance, a horse, which was the best means of passing to distant points available to the missionaries of those days. Owing to the bigotry of the times and the open persecution that was often practised, he found it necessary, eager missionary as he was, to travel under the guise of a physician; and hence it was, that Fr. Schneider was more generally known and received as a medical doctor than as a priest. His extensive mission kept him, during the less severe seasons, almost constantly from home. During the winter he was unable to travel much, but his time at home appears to have been little less occupied than that which he had spent away from it. Among the many labors that he accomplished while at home, he wrote out entire, in a good, legible hand, two copies of the *Roman Missal*. Since we may safely say that one so occupied would not have done this for mere pastime, we may learn from his having labored so much in the copying, the scarcity of even these necessary books at a period so recent. One of these Missals was brought by Fr. Thomas Mulledy, then Provincial, to Georgetown College library, where it may now be seen.

And in these days of ours, when there is so much in-temperate and ill-argued disputation on the question of schools, it is not without interest to note that this old Jesuit missionary, amid the multiplicity of his occupations, found time, and in his one apartment, room to teach a school, which was eagerly attended by the few children of both Catholics and Protestants. Not very long ago, when the public schools were by law established in the vicinity, some were found who were narrow-minded and ungrateful enough to wish to ignore the memories of a century, and the sterling patronage given by the Catholic Church during that time, to education, when it was altogether neglected

even by the ancestors of those who now clamor against the vital interests of that Church. But a sense of justice in the public authorities and their clear-sighted gratitude for benefits conferred when they cost dear, caused them to remember the old school of Fr. Schneider. They made an annual appropriation, by which the Catholic teacher should be paid for the four winter months' tuition out of the township treasury, as the public school teachers are paid.

After a laborious missionary life of twenty-four years, Fr. Schneider fell mortally sick. He was alone; and it was only the charity of a neighbor that procured for him the consolations of religion that during his long apostolate he had brought to the death-bed of so many of the early settlers of the Quaker State. This charitable parishioner rode post-haste to Philadelphia, and informed Fr. Farmer of the extremity of his brother in religion. The brother priest was not slow to answer the call of his brother, and on the 10th of July 1764, Fr. Schneider died, full of years and rich in the merits of a zealous missionary life, having previously received all the consolations of our holy religion. He was buried in our little church by Fr. Farmer, who then returned to St. Joseph's, Philadelphia. The inscription on Fr. Schneider's tomb is as follows: "*Hic jacet Rev. Theodorus Schneider, S. F. Missionis hujus Fundator. Obiit 10^a Julii 1764. Aetatis 62. Missionis 24. R. I. P.*"

The following in connection with this early missionary cannot be without interest, forcing upon us, as it does, the reality of our own not very remote relations with times and people, when and amongst whom principles were held and things done that we look upon, either as almost impossible or as worthy only of the *dark* ages. A certain John Kuhns, whose father lived here in the time of Fr. Schneider, related to me, on the authority of his father, that Fr. Schneider, was one of three priests, on whose heads was set a reward of £50 by the Governor of the province of New York, because, forsooth, he was informed that the missionaries were emis-

saries of foreign powers, sent to alienate the colonists from their allegiance to the British crown. The accused went themselves to the Governor, disavowed any such intention, showed on the contrary that their presence and labors among the people would be the surest means of attracting to the province the great number of emigrants who professed the Catholic faith; and, in a word, fully cleared themselves of the calumnious imputation. The order was, consequently, revoked. No mention of this occurrence is made in Fr. Schneider's writings. I give it on the authority cited.

In the baptismal registry is the following entry: "Ego Joannes Baptista De Ritter, S. J., 14^a Julii. 1765, baptizavi," etc.; from which it appears that the second priest, who attended this mission, Fr. De Ritter, came here about a year after Fr. Schneider's death. The same extent of territory was still to be visited, and Fr. De Ritter was in consequence seldom to be found at home. Many old people who made their first communion in his time and who remember him well, tell of him, that on his almost uninterrupted journeyings, he would never take his much needed repose in a bed; but, with his saddle for a pillow, a little straw and a blanket, he was satisfied with a short rest, that was at once a necessary refreshment after the past, and a preparation for the coming day's labor. All speak of him as an indefatigable laborer in our little vineyard, where he died February 3d, 1787. His remains rest under our church. On his death-bed, it is thought, he received spiritual aid from Philadelphia, though no record of his burial is made in the Register. This, however, may have been forgotten, and the visit from St. Joseph's, Philadelphia, made to the dying pastor, all the same. On his tombstone, which, like Fr. Schneider's, was erected by Rev. Paul Ernsten, is read: "*Hic jacet Rev. Joan. Bapt. De Ritter, S. J. Obiit 3^a Feb. 1787. Ætatis 70. Missionis 20. R. I. P.*" As Fr. Ernsten came to the mission as early as April, 1793, he must have been familiar with the

circumstances attending Fr. De Ritter's death, after which we find no other Jesuit of the old Society stationed at Goshenhoppen.

During the succeeding years, and while the suppression of the Society lasted, our church registers attest the presence at different periods, and but for short intervals at a time, of two German priests. The first of these, Rev. Peter Helbron, being sent by Rev. Dr. Carroll, Superior of the Missions in the United States, came in October, 1787, a few months after the death of Fr. de Ritter, and went away in July, 1791. In August of this year succeeded Rev. Nicholas Delvaux, who also left in February, 1793. It cannot be drawn from any document at our disposal that these two priests, or either of them, belonged to any religious Order. In their papers they are styled *Missionaries*, sent by Dr. Carroll, of Maryland.

Rev. Paul Ernsten succeeded Fr. Delvaux, and for twenty-seven years labored in this mission, where finally he died. He belonged to a religious Order, probably the Franciscan. Although the extent of the mission had at this period been restricted to Pennsylvania, Fr. Ernsten's zeal found plenty of outlets within what now not unreasonably seems to us a very large parish; i. e., all the country around our church, within a radius of from fifty to eighty miles. He came here in 1793, and there are yet those in our parish who remember him well and affectionately, and speak of him as always ready for a sick-call, stout, hearty, zealous missionary as he was. He improved the church much, and rented out the land. But death put an end to his long continued toil and called him to the rest he would not seek on earth. Upon his falling ill, he sent to Philadelphia for Fr. De Barth, that he might receive the last consolations of religion. But the Angel of Death was speedier than the Church's minister, and before Fr. De Barth's arrival, Fr. Ernsten was found dead in his bed; in his hands, the *Imitation of Christ*, his finger marking the chapter that treats of our last end.

He was buried in our church, a great concourse of all classes of people attending his solemn funeral, Protestants vying with Catholics in showing their respect for the memory of the deceased benefactor of their houses. The inscription on his tomb resembles that on those of his predecessors: "*Hic jacet Rev. Paul Ernsten. Obiit 20^a Maii 1818. Ætatis 53. Missionis 27. R. I. P.*"

Fr. De Barth applied to the court at Reading, Pa., for powers of administration of the effects of Paul Ernsten, deceased, and obtained them. All claims being settled, a considerable sum remained which was employed in improving the property by building the large barn which still stands upon it. This was an equitable disposition, as the deceased had drawn revenues from the land for a long term of years.

From 1818 till October, 1819, the mission was attended by two secular priests, Fr. Schöenfelder, of Reading, and Fr. Brennewitz, a missionary who paid it some flying visits.

In October, 1819, Fr. Paul Kohlmann, S. J., brother of the well-known Anthony Kohlmann, S. J., arrived and remained till 1827. Under his auspices began to be held the regular church service in this mission; and the various practices of devotion that hitherto had been in use only from time to time, were now permanently established, the Angelus, the beads before late Mass on Sundays and holidays, and the like. He was a zealous and fervent propagator of the faith of which he was the minister; but while his unremitted labors and salutary teaching gained for him the hearts of his Catholic children, they did not fail to arouse against him the hostility of some of those who were outside the Church. These seemed to back their opposition on the fact that Fr. Kohlmann was candid and bold enough, without any indiscretion, we believe, to tell in true language of the defection and the deceits of Martin Luther, among whose misled followers many of those who now showed their dislike, could be numbered.

Fr. Kohlmann was joined in 1822 by Fr. Boniface Curvin (Krawkoffski), S. J., a Pole, as his name indicates, who had come to the United States with Fr. Dzierozynski. Fr. Curvin being hale and strong, and fond too of riding on horseback, took charge of the outlying missions which, even at this late date, extended over a great part of Berk's, Buck's, Montgomery, Lehigh and Schuylkill counties, a circuit of fifty miles. Fr. Kohlmann took charge of the district immediately surrounding the mission house, till 1829, when he was called elsewhere by Superiors.

The *mission house* of which we speak, it must be noticed, consisted of a single room, which, however, the two shared as brothers. The story goes, that they put up a sort of partition, which could not however remedy the difficulty that arose from the different temperaments of the fathers with regard to heat and cold, as there still remained only one wood stove to be heated according to the liking of both. Now good Fr. Curvin was from the land of the Cossack, while Fr. Kohlmann was more kindly affected to warm quarters. The latter, it is said, got the better of the bargain, as he had the partition so constructed, as to leave the stove door on his side the fence, whence naturally he fell into the office of fireman and could therefore be as generous with the fuel as his taste directed.

In this same room, the present pastor of Churchville lived for sometime alone, afterwards in company with Fr. Varin, a secular priest, who had been sent by Fr. Thomas Muledy to end his days at our mission. At this juncture, however, luxuries had grown apace at Goshenhoppen, and each of us had his own stove to fire as best he could. This Fr. Varin, who died here in 1840, was a great linguist in his day, and had been professor of German to Fr. Curley in Georgetown College, and to others of Ours who may yet remember him.

Shortly after Fr. Kohlmann's departure, Fr. E. McCarthy, S. J., came to assist Fr. Curvin. He did telling work, par-

ticularly among the English speaking population of the home and outside missions. During his short stay he was especially successful in his labors at Pottsville. Here he introduced, for the first time, temperance societies, which soon proved a power for reform among the coal miners. A change for the better was soon evident, and Fr. McCarthy so won the approbation and esteem of the citizens at large, that when his superiors signified their intention of removing him, the mayor himself, backed by all the influential citizens, did their best, by petitioning, to prevent it.

After his departure, which seems not to have been delayed by this intervention, Fr. Curvin was left alone in the labors of the mission for some years, until he was joined by Fr. Nicholas Steinbacher, S. J. The latter soon busily occupied himself in the surrounding stations, leaving his older associate the work at home. He remained working for months together, and with great fruit, now at Reading and again at Lebanon. He laid the foundation of a new mission in Nippeno's Valley, Lycoming county, one hundred and fifty miles north of Goshenhoppen. Here he purchased 1100 acres of land at half a dollar per acre, selling it afterwards by degrees to Catholic settlers for a dollar per acre. With the proceeds he built what is now the sanctuary of quite a large church, which, with its flourishing congregation, was afterwards given by Ours to the Bishop of Philadelphia.

Fr. Steinbacher remained at Goshenhoppen till the death of Fr. Curvin, and for a year after this event in company with Fr. Augustin Bally, S. J., the present incumbent. It was during this year our church was finished, which at Fr. Curvin's death had just been closed in.

Fr. Steinbacher was called by his superiors to other scenes of labor in Maryland, Philadelphia and elsewhere, and finally ended his useful life at St. Mary's Church, Boston, Feb. 14, 1862. He used to tell of himself, that during a missionary excursion of his, fifty miles northwest of Nip-

peno's Valley, he came one evening wet and hungry to the log cabin house of comfort in that quarter. Here he found four young gentlemen, who were on a sporting tour from Philadelphia, and had been attracted to this spot by the abundance of trout in the neighboring waters. They appeared to be struck by rather a comic humor at the good father's not very dignified appearance at the moment, and passed several remarks concerning him among themselves, now in French, and then in Italian and modern Greek: "We will have rare sport with the old fellow; he is a professional temperance man, though perhaps not a practical one. His necktie would be his ticket of admission to any meeting-house in the State;" and so on. After enjoying their jokes quietly for sometime, Fr. Steinbacher took occasion from some faults that slipped them in the foreign languages they were speaking, politely to correct them, remarking that, although they seemed perfectly to understand the foreign modes of cooking—they were engaged in preparing their own supper—they did not seem to be so much at home in the languages. The young men were of course astonished. Mutual explanations followed, and Fr. Steinbacher used to smile as he would tell how no small share of their conveniences fell to him. They had been students at Georgetown College; afterwards *attachés* in foreign legations and thus became familiar with the languages.

Fr. Curvin's mission continued with great success, and in 1836 he built the present church, at least the main portion of it, measuring eighty-five feet in length and forty-four in width, which being added, as it was, to the old church building put up in 1744, gives us a church edifice one hundred and twenty-one feet long, which is ornamented with a tower and steeple of just the same height.

The death of Fr. Curvin occurred suddenly in Philadelphia, October 11, 1837. It was not, however, unprovided. He had left the mission after his Sunday duties, in order to procure materials in Philadelphia for the church. The

morning after his arrival there he went to confession and afterwards, in company with Fr. Ryder, started to see the physician, in order to consult him concerning a pain which he had been feeling in the region of the heart. But his hour had sounded. Before they could reach the doctor's residence he fell, and, upon being carried there, was bled. Heavy breathing was the only sign of life he ever gave. A priest of St. Mary's Church, who was passing on his way from a sick call, was summoned into the doctor's house. He administered Extreme Unction and gave the last absolution, when Fr. Curvin tranquilly passed away. He was laid temporarily in a vault at St. John's Church, and eighteen months later his remains were brought to Goshenhoppen by Frs. Ryder and Barbelin. Before reinterment, his coffin was opened, and the body and even the vestments were found in a state of good preservation. The writer of this remembers it; the finger nails had grown somewhat and some mildew had gathered on the robes; otherwise, everything was as it had been on the day of the funeral. A year later, Fr. Dzierozynski, who was then Provincial, was asked if the coffin might be again opened for examination, as there were not wanting those who held the holiness of the deceased in great estimation and looked for a confirmation of it; but the good Provincial, a very holy man himself, answered that the dead should be left to their rest: perhaps, later on, the Lord would dispose it, that this curiosity should be gratified.

Among the pious memories of Fr. Curvin, it is recollected regarding him, that, rising all the year round at four o'clock, from that time till five, when he always said Mass, he could be found kneeling, absorbed in prayer, on the altar step in front of the tabernacle.

Fr. McSherry, Provincial of Maryland, sent Fr. Augustin Bally, S. J., to Goshenhoppen, immediately after the death of Fr. Curvin. Fr. Bally, ever since that date, has been attending the missions, which by the building of new churches

and the arrival of other priests, have been diminished in extent of territory from an area of over fifty miles to one of about twenty square miles, our present parish.

During Fr. Bally's long career here he has had many co-laborers at various times. They were Frs. Steinbacher, S. J., Varin, who had been chaplain to the King of Bavaria; Dietz, S. J., Polk, S. J., George Villiger, S. J., Tuffer, S. J., Schleuter, S. J., and the present assistant, Fr. Meurer, S. J.

The present condition of this historic old parish shows no signs of decay. Its age seems rather to have gathered within it all of good that during its long life has been added from time to time in other parishes as they sprung up: a good parochial school, the Confraternities of the Holy Rosary, Bona Mors, the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Immaculate Heart of Mary. There is also a large Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, to which is attached a very useful Beneficial Sodality. The church is handsomely frescoed, contains three altars, two hundred pews and a fine organ. A very efficient choir adds solemnity and much devotion to the regular services that are held, and more than one hundred communicants edify the congregation every Sunday and holiday.

May this little, remote family of God's children, that, in this land, where everything is new, seems to have more of a Catholic tradition in the soil than most of its fellow-parishes, go on increasing in good works for God's glory, and in the future, as in the past, God's blessing will rest upon it.



NOTES FROM OUR MISSIONARIES.

REV. DEAR FATHER.

P. C.

Since my last summary of our Missionaries' letters, the work has been going on bravely and briskly, especially during the past Lent, when both our bands were strengthened by the accession of the Tertian Fathers from Frederick.

The first mission of which we have notice was given at the end of January, at Ware, Mass., and lasted four days only, with a result of seven hundred communions and two converts. The next was a ten days' mission at Cambridge, near Boston, which gave three thousand communions. Six thousand were invested with the Scapular, and four presented themselves for admission into the Church.

The Lenten campaign was opened at the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, in South Boston. "Our labors have been abundantly blessed," writes the Superior, "we have had ten thousand communions. One thousand children, who have not made their first communion, came to confession. Six hundred and twenty adults were confirmed, and of these, two hundred and fifty had been prepared by us for their first communion. Two thousand received the scapular and eight converts were baptized. We gave one week to the men and one week to the women, and three days afterwards to the children and to the preparation of adults for communion and confirmation. It was a double mission, as all the exercises were performed simultaneously in the church and in the basement." The mission closed on the 25th March.

From Boston the Fathers went to Providence, R. I., where several missions had been bespoken, which extended

beyond Easter. The work began at St. Patrick's Church, and at the close of the first week there, some of the missionaries opened in St. Mary's whilst the others continued at the former. When the second week was ended at St. Patrick's, all united at St. Mary's. During the first week eighteen hundred women approached the holy table, six converts were baptized and forty persons prepared for first communion and confirmation. When the mission closed thirty-six hundred was the number of communions, though the pastor had not expected over two thousand as a brilliant success. When spoken to about a class for confirmation, he thought there might be a few candidates for the sacrament. The Fathers prepared one hundred and thirty and presented them to the Bishop, all adults of course. Nine persons were baptized. "At St. Mary's we were told," says the Superior of the band, "that three thousand would be the limit of communions. There were forty-five hundred. About one hundred adults were confirmed, and many more would have been prepared had not the Bishop come too soon. Many of those confirmed in each of these churches had lived to an advanced age. We often meet persons in middle life, who have never been to confession, never knew that our Lord gave us seven sacraments, and whose knowledge of God and the Holy Trinity is sadly in need of reconstruction. The confirmation class will be a feature in all future missions."

We now come to the southern band, which has not been less occupied or less successful. On the sixth of February they began at Bristol, on the Delaware, not far from Philadelphia, and continued till the fifteenth. "The success was beyond all expectation. As the Forty Hours' Devotion preceded the Jubilee Exercises, the confessional claimed our presence from the day of our arrival. If you except the time for meals, the balance from early morning till ten or eleven P. M., was passed in the church. There were four sermons a day, all well attended, though the people live

scattered over a radius of nearly twelve miles. The good priest seemed amazed at the crowds that came to make their peace with Heaven. His calculation fell below the real status by about one third of the actual number. Asking for the baptismal register, and counting the number of baptisms from January to January, I gave him the result of my calculation. He was incredulous when informed that his flock consisted of about sixteen hundred souls. At the close of the mission, however, he had become a convert to my arithmetic, and upon request I explained my method of counting. Sixty baptisms are allowed for a thousand souls. Three-fifths of these are communicants: the balance are below the age of twelve. Hence a parish of one thousand consists of two hundred families. The experiment has been tried in various localities, and it is a safe criterion to follow. Whenever I found a pastor with a complete census of his people, the above proportions are the infallible result, scarcely ever leaving a discrepancy of fifty even in a number of three thousand.

“This was the first mission ever given at Bristol, and hence many accounts unsettled for a quarter of a century were to be balanced. Though everything just now is centennial in this latitude, still we had no centennial penitents. Over fifteen hundred approached the Holy Table, certainly an unusually large number for a country parish. The priest acknowledged that he scarcely knew half of the people. There were two special features in this mission that are worthy of notice. The one regards the investing with the scapular. Each day during the Jubilee one hour was to be devoted to it to satisfy all. Nearly one thousand were enrolled. It was a glorious spectacle to see so many gray-headed men coming forward to receive this badge of love and veneration in honor of their Blessed Mother. The other, for consolation, stands foremost in our labors. Dozens of young persons, of both sexes, little instructed in their christian duties and destitute of even the knowledge

of the alphabet, presented themselves for their first confession. They were at the same time to be prepared for Holy Communion: to delay to a future occasion would be to lose them to the Church. No efforts were considered too great to bring these little ones of the flock to the Table of their Lord. During the concluding exercises the baptismal vows were renewed and the entire church was in tears. We left Bristol with every blessing that a good christian people could impart."

The next expedition was to a wilder region: Mauch Chunk, an unseemly name, but not a bad field for missionary zeal. Let the missionary himself tell us the events of that battle. "After every mission we have almost the same report to make, *ipsissimis verbis*, and yet I am sure that the lack of variety in the narrative cannot, in any way, mar the interest your Reverence will feel in reading the account of the mission we gave lately in Mauch Chunk. The Catholic population is composed of about a thousand souls. A mission is attached to it, some five miles off, numbering a little over three hundred. Hence, the maximum number of communicants may be reckoned at eight hundred for both places. The good people nearly all belong to the poorer class. The Lehigh Valley canal, running through the town, gives them employment for well nigh eight months of the year; but, sad to say, during the same period, prayers, Mass on Sundays, Sacraments and all that could be of benefit to the soul, are at a frightful discount. You can surmise from these antecedents, what material we had to work on: miners; boatmen, coal-heavers; rather unpromising subjects, one would imagine, for a missionary to deal with. Add to this, the wild reports published by newspapers during the past year, about the alarming spread of secret societies and dangerous principles among the coal regions of Pennsylvania (more truth than poetry), and you will not wonder that our expectations were not very sanguine. Imagine then, what must have been our consolation to see the Catholics

of Mauch Chunk manifest the greatest fervor during the whole time that we were among them. From the opening of the mission, Feb. 20th, until its close on the 28th, we had a large attendance at each of the exercises. At early morning they hurried in crowds to the Church to hear Mass and instruction. At 9 o'clock the Church was packed for the same purpose. A similar sight presented itself at 3 P. M. But the evening service surpassed all; people flocked together from great distances—many of them as much as twenty and twenty-five miles. Whilst we recited the Rosary, as we always do immediately before the evening sermon, for the good success of the mission, it was evident from the earnestness and fervor of their prayers, that grace was doing its work, and that God's special blessing was upon the mission.

Some thirteen hundred approached the holy table; among them many young persons from fifteen to twenty years of age, who, at the same time, had to make their first confession.

We invested with the holy scapular from ten to twelve hundred; and so great was the demand for St. Ignatius' holy water, that we had to bless over a hundred gallons. This little item serves to show the simple Irish faith of the people among whom we labored. They were ready to make any sacrifice in order to secure the full blessing of the mission.

About twenty men severed their connection with the Ancient Order of Hibernians—an organization condemned in the Archdiocese of Philadelphia.

On the last day of the mission the Church was crowded from morning till night. At the first Mass, I gave the holy Communion to nearly four hundred, mostly men. In the evening, the exercises were concluded with the renewal of the baptismal vows, and the Papal Benediction. It was really a touching sight to see the whole congregation in tears, and to hear them renewing the promises of childhood

with a vigor that betokened a strong determination to keep them. On the next morning we celebrated a Mass of Requiem for the deceased relatives and friends of those who had made the mission."

The whole of Lent was devoted to the several churches in the city of Wilmington, Del., beginning with the Cathedral. The Bishop had told the Missionaries that the greatest number of communions would be fifteen hundred; at the end of the mission twenty-six hundred had been to confession, and twenty-three hundred had received the bread of life, and several Protestants had entered the Church, whilst others were still under instruction. Every member of the congregation was enrolled in the Confraternity of the Scapular. The next mission was at St. Paul's Church, where the number of communions was greater by two hundred, with the same exercises and the same consolation.

St. James' came next in order; a new parish, in which hardly more than six hundred communions could be expected. As this labor was light, one of the Fathers could be spared to help in the annual retreat at St. Joseph's in Philadelphia. This brought the Missionaries to Holy Week, which was spent at home. After Easter a mission was given at St. Joseph's Church, near Wilmington, with the result of fourteen hundred communions.

I may close for this time with the additional remark that, tridiums were also given during Lent and after Easter by some of the Tertian Fathers, to the students of Georgetown College and at Gonzaga College, Washington, as also to the pupils of the Visitation Academies of Georgetown, Washington and Wheeling; and finally, to the students of Loyola College, Baltimore.

We have reason to thank and praise our dear Lord for the abundant blessings which He deigned to pour out from His Sacred Heart on the labors of our Fathers.

P. M.

BALTIMORE, MD., 11 MAY, 1876.

MISSIONS IN PROVIDENCE, R. I.

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE,
WORCESTER, MASS.,
JULY 18th, 1876.

REV. FATHER,
P. C.

On Low Sunday, April 23d, the Fathers of the northern missionary band of the Maryland Province, began a third mission in Providence, R. I.

As the congregation was not very large, the pastor, Rev. Daniel Kelly, thought the separation of the women from the men unadvisable; but the superior of the mission insisted, and the church which was packed during the women's week, was not less so during that of the men. Indeed, the men, in all the missions given so far, have attended quite as well as the women. In the confessional, the great test of success, the men have come in numbers equally as large as the women; sometimes the odds have been on the side of the men. The separation works well, because all could not get into the church, where the congregation is large, and the men would soon become disgusted and stay away; and, what is all important, would make no attempt to go to confession, seeing they would have to fight their way through the crowds of women that always besiege the confessional. The men, in such straits, yield to the devout sex, some of whom would make it a point to go to every one of the *holy commissioners*, though there were ten thousand more waiting for a shrift. Now the women have their week, and after it is over, are not heard; but the whole week is given to the men. The separation works well in

another way : the women act as so many preachers, let the men know what is going on, and give them no rest until they also have in their turn heard the Fathers and made the mission.

There were about four thousand eight hundred communions. Three hundred and twenty-seven adults were confirmed ; amongst whom were numbered ninety Portuguese, who had been previously well instructed, in their own language, by the Rev. James A. Ward, a secular priest, just returned from Portugal. Ten adults were baptized during the mission.

On Sunday, May 7th, another two week's mission was begun at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Rev. Edward Cooney, pastor. Great good was brought about by this mission also. There were over five thousand communions twelve adult baptisms, and a confirmation class of seven hundred and twenty-four persons : of these last, there were about two hundred and fifty grown people.

This ended our labors in Providence, in four of the largest churches of the city.

In the missions given, there were in all, about fifteen hundred persons confirmed : of these a third had never been to communion, and a hundred or so, never even to confession. It was no easy matter to prepare them for the sacraments, as a great many were very ignorant, and, to add to the difficulty, a good number could not read. You may imagine the toil of instructing such persons.

The missions in Providence must have given us at least thirty thousand confessions. We owe our thanks to the secular clergy who helped us so well, sacrificing their time, in order to urge on the good work.

Great good, of course, was effected in regard to those who were in danger of losing the faith, or who were leading lives of sin on account of matrimonial difficulties.

The converts gave us much consolation. A young Protestant girl went to confession to one of the Fathers, and it

was only by accident that he found out who she was. When asked why she had come, she said: "I scarcely know what moves me to come, but I want to save my soul." Another young girl told the Father that she wanted to be a Catholic, because her mother was a Catholic, etc. When asked why she had never been baptized, she replied that her father would not allow it; but that now she was of age and meant to save her soul in spite of him. A young man preparing for his first Communion, said that his mother was an apostate, and that he had never been to a Catholic church before the mission. "How is it," said the Father, "that you now come to me." "My mother had me baptized in the Catholic church, and though she has lost her faith and I have always attended Protestant churches, yet I want to be Catholic in practice." Several converts, when asked why they wished to become Catholics, answered that they wanted their sins to be forgiven, and that no other church could do it but the Catholic. Many other edifying things I might give you, but I have trespassed enough on your kindness.

YOURS TRULY,
J. A. M., S. J.



OSAGE MISSION.

ST. FRANCIS' INSTITUTION, OSAGE MISSION,
NEOSHO CO., KANSAS,
JULY 1st, 1876.

DEAR FATHER,

From year to year our missionary labors in these western countries have been advancing, and leaving here and there permanent marks of the progress of Catholicity. From the very foundation of this mission we have been in the habit of establishing missionary stations at convenient points, as centres, where we could meet for a while, and afterwards, in proportion as the people began to increase, we went on erecting churches, more or less large and elegant, according to the means the new congregation could afford. Following this plan, we began this year, 1876, by opening a new church, or rather a small chapel, of simple structure indeed, but sufficient for the present, and free of debt.

This chapel is in the small town of Thayre, and eighteen miles from this mission. Father John Schoenmakers, our Superior, had the honor of blessing this new house of prayer, on the 9th of January, and placing it under the patronage of St. Agnes.

In this town, as in all others through this region of country, are to be found people professing all kinds of creeds, the Catholics being but few and generally poor. The erection of our chapel occasioned a great many remarks among the Protestants. They have long been talking of building a large church; but as they have not been able to agree together, nothing has yet been done. Our

poor Catholics did not talk much; they knew that they needed a church, they soon came to be of one mind about it, and went to work at once. The result was that St. Agnes' church rose up as if by magic, and has the glory of being the first church built in that town.

Thayre, though small in size, is not without resources, for it lies on the Leavenworth, Lawrence and Galveston Railway, is surrounded by a very rich farming country, and has in its vicinity an abundance of coal mines, yielding the best kind of fossil. Unfortunately, miners are commonly a bibulous set of people, and no wonder; for being the whole day buried in the ground like moles, when they get out they feel rather dry, and will go directly to a grog shop, and in spite of their generally good intention, once in, somehow or other they begin to stagger, and find difficulty in getting out. To remedy this evil, a Temperance Society was started, soon after the blessing of St. Agnes', and nearly all our miners pledged themselves to it. Thanks be to God, this Society has so far been a success.

Now looking around us, we can say that this our mission church though a combination of log and frame buildings—a real monument of North American antiquity—has a right to the title of Metropolitan Church, because it is the happy mother of several other churches. For, to say nothing of those which, a good while since, we transferred to the secular clergy, it is to-day surrounded by eight churches, and by a large number of missionary stations, where no churches have yet been built, though they are regularly attended.

On the 10th of January, twenty-nine new Osage children came here to be educated at our Institution; so that the number of Osage children in attendance at this school during the year has been eighty-three.

The last winter and spring have been very sickly seasons with us. We had a great many sick children. Of these, the whites, as well as the half breeds, passed through the period of their sickness very easily, and soon recovered,

but we had a hard time with the Indians. We lost one half breed and six Indian boys. If we consider that they had the happiness of being baptized, and of receiving all the assistance the Church could give them before death, we have every reason to believe that they are better off now; yet their death was felt very much by us all, and caused a momentary panic amongst our boarders. Indeed we feared that several would run away; however, thanks be to God, the excitement lasted but a short time; better counsels soon prevailed, they again appear to be well satisfied, and apply themselves to their studies as well as before.

These Osage children are, on the whole, very intelligent, and willing to learn, and behave themselves better than many white children are in the habit of doing. To succeed better in educating these Osages, we give them a separate apartment, and special teachers. They were taught every day for as many hours as the white children, and meanwhile they were learning the rudiments of an English education; they were also carefully taught their prayers and catechism. Of these Indian children, twenty-seven were baptized this year, four in *articulo mortis*, and twenty-three on Easter Saturday. The ceremony was an interesting one, and pleased the people who witnessed it. According to the liturgy of that day, first of all, the baptismal font was solemnly blessed; this done, the twenty-three catechumens advanced, and placed themselves in a large semi-circle around the font, near to the main door of the church. Having first recited the christian Acts in their own language, the ceremony began; and it was most touching to hear these poor children of the forest answer to the ordinary questions, and to see them kneel down and bow their heads to receive the regenerating water.

About this time a fresh contingent of Osage children, nearly as many as we already had, was preparing to come to our Institution, when we received orders from the Indian Department not to receive them: nay, we were requested to

send back to their homes those we had. This was a fatal blow to us; and the sadness which spread among the children when they heard the news, evidently proved that they were all pleased and satisfied to be with us.

The Commissioner of Indian affairs, in giving us this order, brought as a reason for it, that the funds appropriated by the Indian Department for this fiscal year were exhausted, that they were greatly in debt, and that to reduce expenses their schools were to be shut up. And as no money was left for the education of their children, the only expedient was to send them back to their homes as soon as practicable. This however was, it seems, only a pretext; for the expressions made use of by the Commissioner in his letters, show that he never expected that we would have such a large number of Osage children in attendance at this school. It seems that the Osage Agent, as well as some of his friends, had repeatedly tried to persuade the Indian Department, that though there had heretofore been a good deal of noise made amongst the Osages about our school, and though several petitions were signed by them calling for it, yet this did not express the will of the Osages at large; and if a fair chance were given them of sending their children elsewhere, they would not send them here. But the fact evidently proved how much they were mistaken, and how great is the esteem the Osages have for us and for our system of education.

In consequence of the orders received, as soon as Easter was over, we hastened to send our Osages back to the Indian Territory, with the exception of some few who were allowed to remain with us till the end of the scholastic year.

Sickness and bad weather did not allow us, this last spring, to attend our missionary stations as regularly as we would have wished. Immediately after Easter I started on one of my western excursions. I was in time to bring the last comforts of our holy Church to a couple of good young men, who were dangerously sick; and it would appear that

the Extreme Unction, which they received with great devotion, was very beneficial to them, for both recovered. But I was too late for two others, who died without any assistance. Of these, the first was a native of Poland, some twenty years old; the other was an Alsatian, thirty-two years old. Both had received a very pious education, and never departed from the good principles they had learned in the old country. Both died a most edifying death.

And here I cannot pass over a circumstance which preceded the death of the Alsatian. After having suffered for many years from epileptic fits, at last, about the beginning of last April, he grew worse, and fears were entertained that he would soon die. Early on Palm Sunday, the 9th of April, he was attacked by such a violent fit, that his parents thought he might die that very day. So they sent quickly for his elder brother, who was living with his family at no great distance. Before the message was delivered, and they were ready to come, it was about noon, and when they came in, they found, to their great surprise, that their sick brother had just come down from his room, and was sitting by the door of the house, seeming to be no worse than usual.

Here the elder brother began to apologize for coming so late, saying: "My dear brother, we would have come sooner, but the messenger you sent having found us reading our Mass prayers, which this day, you well know, are longer than usual, and did not want to disturb us until we had finished, so we have come late." To this the sick man replied that it was all right now; "however," said he, "I am sorry that this morning you were not here with me up stairs; for I too had my Mass prayers, and more yet, for I also received holy communion." "How can that be," said his sister-in-law, "for there was no priest here?" But the sick man answered: "I do assure you that I received holy communion. I do not know who gave it to me, but I am as sure as I am here that I did receive it. I saw the sacred

Host with my eyes, I felt it with my tongue, and its taste is still in my mouth, I never experienced such a happiness as I did at that moment."

On hearing these words, which I learned from the sick man's father, who is very religious, and would by no means tell me one thing for another on this subject, the whole family wondered. A feeling of respect and fear came upon them for a while, and no one dared to speak! Two days after these things happened, the sick man died the death of the just.

During the Eastertide I visited the Osages to give them an opportunity of complying with their christian duties. I passed a few days with them, giving Mass at different places, to accommodate all, as far as possible. And I feel happy to say, that almost all answered willingly to my call; and I at last saw some coming to the sacraments, who had neglected to do so for quite a long time.

Having got through saying Mass, preaching, etc. in one of the settlements, on Big Cana river, the people were sitting out of doors, in the shade of the house, enjoying themselves, when a half breed boy came in, leading a beautiful but very wild horse. He stood looking at the people for a little while, then calling on another half breed boy, asked him to ride that horse. But the boy did not seem much inclined to do so, and gave as a reason, that he feared the horse would kill him. Hearing this, some of his friends said to him: "Do not be afraid to ride that horse, for even supposing you should be killed, it would do you no harm, for just a little while ago you received the blessed Sacrament, and you can have no better time for dying than the present." The good boy needed no more encouragement, he at once sprang on the beautiful steed, and off he went as fast as a deer pursued by the hounds.

This incident may appear of no importance, yet it shows evidently that the education given to these youths at this mission has not been altogether useless; for though they

have had neither priest nor church for several years, still they hold on to our holy religion, and well remember what are the advantages that arise from the worthy reception of the sacraments of Penance and the holy Eucharist.

YOURS,

PAUL MARY PONZIGLIONE, S. J.

INDIAN MISSIONS—LAKE SUPERIOR.

Extract of a letter from Fr. Choné.

WIKWEMIKONG, JULY 6th, 1876.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

* * * * *

The Saturday within the octave of Corpus Christi was a day of unusual joy here, for on that day we were favored with a long-promised visit from his Lordship, our Vicar Apostolic. Preparations had been made to welcome him with a formal reception, but a change in the weather well nigh disconcerted all our plans. As soon, however, as we descried the small craft which was conveying him from Killarney to our shores, the fact was announced by the tolling of bells. As I was just then summoned away to administer baptism, I deputed Fr. Hébert to organize the procession. Almost all our people were present—the choir boys clad in surplice, the little convent girls in white, and the “soldiers” parading their only title to military distinction, viz., the cast-off accoutrements of some English officers. Headed by a cross-bearer, the procession advanced to wel-

come the Bishop. As soon as he landed, he was saluted with a discharge of musketry, after which the multitude, having received his blessing, proceeded to the Church. On the following morning, his Lordship celebrated Pontifical Mass, and delivered an instructive and pathetic discourse to the people. In the afternoon, after the singing of a psalm, a hymn and the Magnificat—which service our honest Indian population dignified with the name of “Vespers”—the procession was formed, and although it filed in double lines on either side of the way, it seemed almost interminable. The route was almost two miles, in which, at suitable intervals, four handsome repositories had been erected. At each of these, the benediction of the blessed Sacrament was given—which was announced to the remoter parts of the procession by a discharge of musketry. The last benediction was given at the Church, after which his Lordship, notwithstanding his fatigue, delivered another highly appropriate discourse.

On Monday, his Lordship granted an audience to the chief and a number of the dignitaries of the village. The speaker, a man of considerable good sense, and of high standing among the people, addressing the Bishop, passed in review the many benefits which our holy religion had brought them;—a priest to teach them their duties—a school for the education of their sons, where they were taught respect for their parents, a love for labor, etc.; an academy for their daughters, where they learned the use of the needle, etc., etc. The Bishop responded in terms befitting the occasion. At last the hour for the grand ceremony arrived. An immense concourse of people had gathered in front of our house; the belfry and the roofs of the neighboring dwellings were alive with eager spectators. Seats were disposed in the form of an amphitheatre, facing a temporary platform reserved for the orators of the occasion. According to custom, several large vessels were filled with sugared water, familiar to the Indians under the name

of *Okimawabo*, "water of the chief," so styled, because Indian etiquette requires that when the chief holds a convention, he should be regaled with this beverage. A quantity of meat, potatoes, flour, tea, tobacco and pipes, amounting in all to the value of \$10, was substituted as an apology for the feast which was to have preceded the ceremony. The programme opened with short addresses, spoken by two little Indian boys; these were followed by a discourse in German, delivered by Br. Koemstedt; another by Br. Devine in English; the French address being reserved for Br. Jennesseaux. In conclusion, Fr. Hébert, who had organized the whole ceremony, briefly resumed in Latin the substance of the other discourses. The speaker of the morning then advanced, and taking the Bishop by the hand, conducted him to the front of the stand; then addressing the assembly, said that he was about to confer upon their first Father, a name hallowed with grateful memories of one of their chiefs in years gone by, who in his day wrought a great deal of good in his tribe—that no one had a better title to this name than their great black-gown, for no one had ever done them greater and more enduring good: he said that this name was Sagakki, and that henceforth they would call their guest, "Our first Father Sagakki—Our great black-gown Sagakki." This proposal was welcomed with unanimous applause. Scarcely had the burst of approbation subsided when a dance was started, in which some of the Indians made the round of the little amphitheatre three or four times, each one singing all the while and holding his *Wiiaweiçian* by the hand, whilst the others kept time, with the guttural sound of *Hen!* Generally the dancers are followed by a band of natives who indulge in a variety of grotesque gesticulations and grimaces, interspersed with their own peculiarly wild airs. On this occasion however, this appendix was dispensed with, probably through respect for their honored guest. The Bishop, addressing the people in English, since many of them understood that language,

graciously thanked all those who had taken part in the ceremony; congratulated himself upon the new title to pater-nity with which he had been invested; spoke of the Society of Jesus under whose banner he had once resolved to enroll himself, etc., etc. On the Monday following, after having visited some of the neighboring villages, under the guidance of FF. Nadeau and Hébert, he took his leave of us, assuring us that he was delighted with his visit.

Rev. Father, I cannot close this letter without recounting to you an incident, which I learned a short time since from the Superioress of the school at Fort William. At the opening of the month of March, thirty of her boarders, French and English, presented a written petition to St. Joseph, laying it at the feet of that Saint's statue. Besides the spiritual favors demanded, some asked for a new dress; others for a new pair of shoes; others for a bonnet; enjoining upon him at the same time, to discharge their commission by the end of the month, which closed with the feast of Easter. Well, the friend of innocence proved faithful to his trust; for, sure enough, with the last day of the month came the different parcels, containing the various objects asked for; in addition to all of which, by way of an earnest of his good pleasure, St. Joseph sent them a quantity of extra fine candy.

A certain Emily Cooper, from P. A. Landing (a neighboring village, situated in the bay), had begun to waver in her confidence, fearing that her request had not been granted, when her father arrived, bringing her a handsome new dress, the object of her eager prayers. On receiving it she exclaimed, "it is just what I asked St. Joseph for." The father desired to see the written petition. I brought it from the altar, and the first words he read were these: "St. Joseph, you know my father is a Lutheran, and consequently that he is in great danger of losing his soul: my mother and I will go to Heaven because we are Catholics. We do not want to go there without him; therefore you must convert

him." Then followed the other requests. On reading these lines, the father's heart was moved. and he wept: turning to his daughter he said: "your desire, my child, shall be granted." We had no previous knowledge of the contents of the letter.

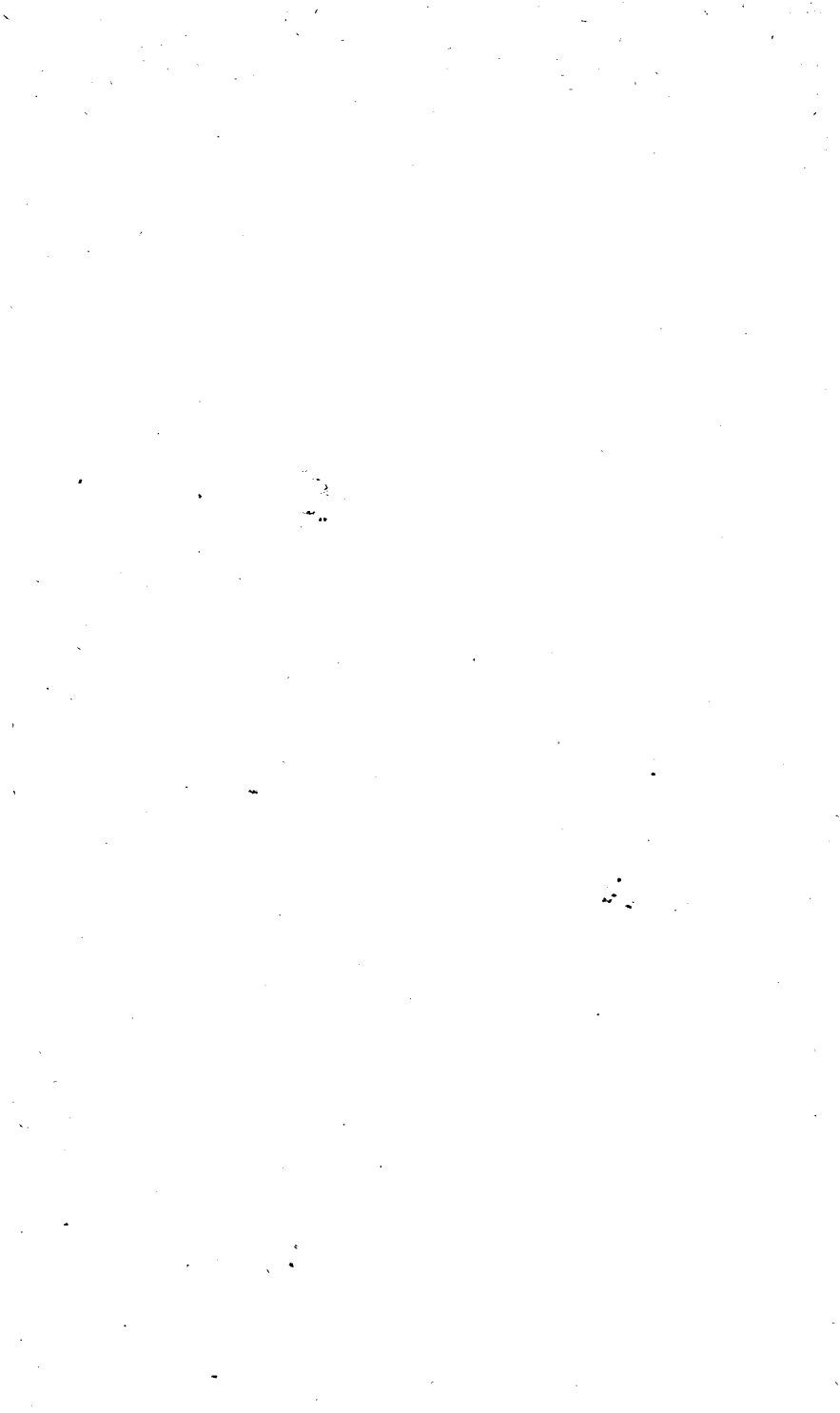
Excuse this hastily written letter, my dear Father—I was anxious to make amends for my long silence.

I am with great respect,

YOUR REVERENCE'S SERVANT IN CHRIST,

P. CHONÉ, S. J.

D. O. M.



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