

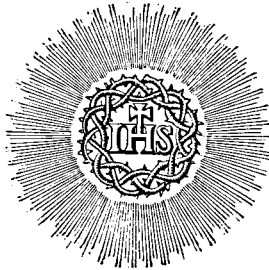
A. M. D. G.

WOODSTOCK LETTERS

A RECORD

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

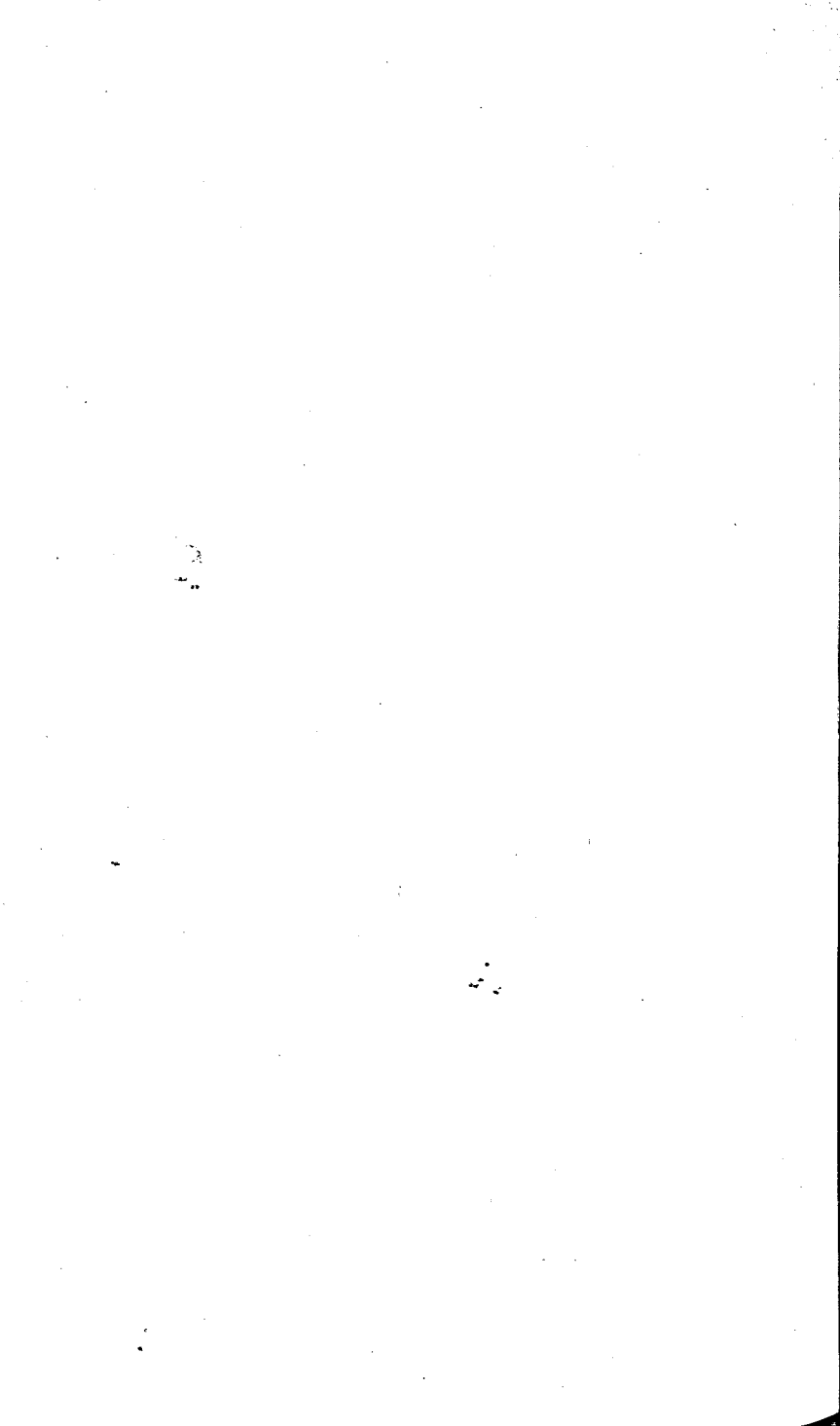
VOL. X.



WOODSTOCK COLLEGE

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FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.



WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. X, No. I.

PAPERS RELATING TO THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE MARYLAND MISSION.

III.—THE PENAL LAWS.

1. *Governor Seymour reprimands Fathers William Hunter and Robert Brooke.*
2. *Papers on the subject by Father George Hunter.*
3. *Indictment of Father James Beadnall.*

Although the penal legislation of the Mother Country was not extended to the colonies, nor enforced in all its rigor against recusants beyond the seas, yet the provisions of the law for the establishment of the Church of England in the Province of Maryland were such as to press heavily upon those who adhered to the ancient faith, and made the saying true, that "the Catholic inhabitant was the only victim of intolerance" in the land where religious liberty had been granted by his ancestors. Disfranchisement was followed by a persistent and tyrannical system of persecution, and by acts whose recital—to borrow the words of Colonel Scharf, the latest historian of the State, and a Protestant (vol. 1, p. 370),—"may well make the Marylander of the present day blush with indignant shame at the deeds of his predecessors."

This unjust and ungenerous policy of the Protestant

dominant party, and the grievous oppression under which Catholics suffered from the constant introduction and enactment of stringent measures against their religion, together with the apprehension of more intolerable burdens that were to be imposed upon them, at length caused the Catholic inhabitants to appeal to the Home Government for protection against further injustice on the part of the Provincial authorities.

This appeal for redress of grievances was drawn up by Father George Hunter, for many years Superior of the Mission. The three papers here presented are in his marked handwriting, and appear to have been written in 1757. One paper was evidently prepared as a memorial, and the other two furnish the notes explanatory and confirmatory of its assertions. It may be that these papers were never presented; at least, it is not known from the records at hand that any action was taken in regard to them, or in consequence of them, by the authorities to whom it was intended that the appeal should be forwarded. But even if they offer merely the rough draught of a contemplated memorial, they show clearly how many and how well founded were the causes for complaint on the part of Maryland Catholics, at a period only twenty years prior to the Revolution, which happily did away with all further necessity for appeals of such a nature; and the authority of Father Hunter, who was for more than twenty years Superior of the Mission, and thoroughly conversant with the matter of which he treats, lends value and interest to a document which helps to illustrate the history of the past, and is one of the few records which have come down to us.

Before presenting the papers of Father George Hunter, it may not be without interest, as connected with the subject of penal laws, to give an incident in the life of Father William Hunter. The account is taken from the council proceedings of 1704, and may be found in Scharf's History (vol. 1, p. 368). John Seymour had been appointed Governor by royal authority, on the 12th of February, 1702, O.

S. (1703), and shortly afterwards, when he had entered upon the duties of his office, complaints were made to him by the Protestant inhabitants against Robert Brooke and William Hunter, two Catholic priests of St. Mary's County. They were immediately summoned to answer the charges before the Council, and signified their obedience, requesting at the same time to be accompanied by their counsel, Charles Carroll, which request the board unanimously refused to grant. They appeared at the appointed day, Sept. 11, 1704, and the minutes of the council proceedings give an account of the affair, in which the Governor's language in some places sounds like the echo of a charge delivered by an Elizabethan judge in similar cases.

I.—GOVERNOR SEYMOUR'S REPRIMAND OF FATHERS HUNTER
AND BROOKE.

"The said Mr. William Hunter⁽¹⁾ and Mr. Robert Brooke⁽²⁾ appeared and are told on what occasion they were called before his Excellency. Mr. William Hunter gives his Excellency many thanks for the opportunity of appearing before his Excellency, and says he is very sorry for any annoyance in his conduct. As to his consecrating the chapel, he did not consecrate it, for that is an Episcopal function, and that nobody was present but himself in his common priest's vestments, and that neither under his Excellency's eye nor in his presence, but if any such thing was done, it was above fourteen months ago, and long before his Excellency's arrival. Mr. Brooke says he did say Mass in the

⁽¹⁾ Oliver merely mentions that he died in Maryland, August 15th, 1723. Father McSherry's catalogue places Father Hunter's arrival on the Mission in 1692. He is marked *Sup. Miss.* for the years 1696, 1697, 1700, 1703, 1705, 1708. Under the date of 1705 a note against his name says: *Prof. 4 Vol., 23 Aug. 1702.* In 1721, P. Hunter was at St. Thomas', where he died on the day mentioned by Oliver, or one day later, according to P. Geo. Hunter.

⁽²⁾ In the catalogue of missionaries drawn up by Father McSherry, he is described as *Americanus ex Marylandia*, and a note is added, *Prof. 4 Vol., 15 Aug. 1702.* The same authority names Father Brooke (or *Brooks*, as the name is constantly written in this and other records,) as Superior in 1711, with a note appended that in another catalogue of 1711 (perhaps 1712), F. Thomas Mansell is named Superior. Oliver says: "This worthy Father died in the Maryland Mission, 18th July, 1714; aet. 51, soc. 30." A record of the Mission says that he died at Newtown.

Court time at the chapel of St. Mary's, but found that others had formerly done so.

"Advised that this being the first complaint, the said Mr. Hunter and Mr. Brooke be severely reprimanded, and told that they must not expect any favor, but the utmost severity of the law upon any misdemeanor by them committed; and being called in, his Excellency was pleased to give them the following reprimand:

"It is the unhappy temper of you and all your tribe to grow insolent upon civility and never know how to use it, and yet of all people you have the least reason for considering that if the necessary laws that are made were let loose they are sufficient to crush you, and which (if your arrogant principles have not blinded you) you must need to dread.

"You might, methinks, be content to live quietly as you may, and let the exercise of your superstitious vanities be confined to yourselves, without proclaiming them at public times and in public places, unless you expect, by your gaudy shows and serpentine policy, to amuse the multitude and beguile the unthinking, weakest part of them, an act of deceit well known to be amongst you.

"But, gentlemen, be not deceived, for though the clemency of her Majesty's government and of her gracious inclinations, leads her to make all her subjects easy, that know how to be so, yet her Majesty is not without means to curb insolence, but more especially in your fraternity, who are more eminently than others abounding with it; and I assure you the next occasion you give me you shall find the truth of what I say, which you should now do, but that I am willing, upon the earnest solicitations of some gentlemen, to make one trial (and it shall be but this one) of your temper.

"In plain and few words, gentlemen, if you intend to live here, let me hear no more of these things; for if I do, and they are made good against you, be assured I'll chastise you; and least you should flatter yourselves that the severities of the laws will be a means to move the pity of your Judges, I assure you I do not intend to deal with you so. I'll remove the evil by sending you where you may be dealt with as you deserve.

"Therefore, as I told you, I'll make but this one trial, and advise you to be civil and modest, for there is no other way for you to live quietly here.

“‘You are the first that have given any disturbance to my government, and if it were not for the hopes of your better demeanor, you should now be the first to feel the effects of so doing. Pray take notice that I am an English Protestant gentleman, and can never equivocate.’

“After which they were discharged. The members of this board, taking under their consideration that such use of the Popish chapel of the City of St. Mary's, in St. Mary's County, where there is a Protestant Church, and the said County Court is kept, is both scandalous and offensive to the government, do advise and desire his Excellency the Governor, to give immediate orders for the shutting up the said Popish chapel, and that no person presume to make use thereof under any pretence whatsoever.

“Whereupon it was ordered by his Excellency, the Governor, that present the Sheriff of St. Mary's County lock up the said chapel and keep the key thereof.”

The House of Delegates, on the 19th of September, 1704, took into consideration the remarks of the Governor to the two priests, and sent him the following address :

“By a paper read in the House, we perceive what your Excellency was pleased to say to two Popish Priests, on the occasion there mentioned, and, as all your actions, so this in particular, gives us great satisfaction, to find you generously bent to protect her Majesty's Protestant subjects here against insolence and growth of Popery, and we feel cheerfully thankful to you for it.”

2.—FATHER GEORGE HUNTER'S MANUSCRIPTS.

A short account of the state and condition of the Roman Catholics in the Province of Maryland, collected from authentic copies of the provincial records and other undoubted testimonies.

The Province of Maryland was granted by Charter (20th of June, 1632) to Cecilius Calvert, Baron of Baltimore, Roman Catholic. His laudable and pious zeal for the propagation of the Christian faith was one of the motives specified for granting him the said Charter. In pursuance of the Charter, Cecilius, Lord Baltimore, caused declarations to be

set forth, inviting all persons believing in Jesus Christ to transport themselves into Maryland, then a wilderness inhabited by cruel and savage people, promising an equality of freedom and favor and liberty of conscience to all so transporting themselves and to their descendants, and further engaged to ratify his said declarations and promises by a perpetual law.

In consequence of the said declaration and promises, in the first session of Assembly held in the Province in 1640, a perpetual Act passed, entitled *An Act Concerning Religion*, which confirmed the said declarations and promises concerning liberty of conscience. The same Act was again reënacted in 1650, and confirmed in 1656. And the Council Records of 1657 have the following lines: "*Lastly, Lord Baltimore,*" etc. In conformity to this passage, the Council Records of 1648 testify that the oath of lieutenant or chief governor of the Province of Maryland was to be in the following words: "*And I do further swear,*" etc. By the said Records of the said year, it appears that the oath of a counsellor of state was as follows: "*I do further swear,*" etc. All which sufficiently evince the encouragement to Roman Catholics to settle in the Province, and that the "Act concerning religion" was to be deemed an unalterable and fundamental law.

In this posture affairs continued until the year 1689-90, when, in consequence of disturbances in that Province, their Majesties, King William and Queen Mary, for reasons of state, thought fit to take the government thereof into their own hands. From that period of time, at greater or less intervals, many severe laws were made against the Roman Catholics residing in the Province; in particular, an Act passed Oct. 3, 1704, for the banishment of every priest exercising any of his functions in the province, and on the 9th of December. in the same year, another Act passed for the suspension of the former Act for eighteen months in regard of such priests as exercised their functions in a private family only of the Roman Catholic communion; which Act,

in consequence of a report from the Lords Commissioners of Trades and Plantations to the Council Board, was ordered to be continued for a longer period, until repealed by her Majesty Queen Anne, in Council, when (Jan. 3, 1705-6) she expressly ordered that Governor John Seymour, Her Majesty's Governor in Maryland, should forthwith represent to the Assembly there that the above Act for suspending the prosecution of priests exercising their functions in a private family, be continued by a new act *without limitation of time*.

Notwithstanding this, on the 17th of July, 1716, an Act passed declaring all incapable of holding or executing any office without swearing unto and signing the Test Oath. And the 28th of May, 1717, an Act passed to oblige all persons to the above oath, in order to be qualified as voters in the Elections of Delegates. However contrary these were to the above fundamental law, they patiently acquiesced and submitted thereunto, whilst allowed the exercise of their religion, though in a private manner, and not affected in their property any other way than by subjecting them to the payment of forty pounds of tobacco per poll (about equivalent to three shillings sterling) to the Established Clergy. In testimony of their peaceable behavior, when about the year 1740 a hint was given by the Upper House some way reflecting on that body of people, the Lower House sent for answer, "that they were well assured that the few of those people here amongst us had it neither in their power nor inclination to disturb the peace or safety of the Province."

In the year 1750 new troubles broke out, when pretended grievances ran so high that in 1751 a bill passed the Lower House for immediately putting in execution the Act of Parliament of the 11 and 12 K. William III., ch. 4, by which every priest convicted of exercising his functions is to suffer perpetual imprisonment. Secondly, all persons educated in or professing the Popish Religion, who shall not within six

months after they attain the age of eighteen, take the Oath of Supremacy, and make the declaration in the 30th Car. II., are disabled to inherit, etc. Bills more or less to the same purpose were brought in each of the ensuing years, and as often rejected by the Upper House. In order to justify the conduct of the Upper House, the Governor, on the 15th of August, 1755, ordered circular letters to the Magistrates of the several Counties to inquire of any foundation for the complaints of the misbehavior of persons of the Roman Catholic persuasion. In consequence of the answers to these letters, the Governor, in his speech of April 23th, 1756, to the Lower House, when again disposed to bring in fresh bills against the Roman Catholics, has the following words: "The Magistrates assure me, that, after a careful inquiry and scrutiny into the conduct of the people of the Romish faith, who reside among us, they have not found that any of them have misbehaved, or given just cause of offence."

But, notwithstanding all the above grounds to hope for toleration, by an Act of Assembly passed in May, 1756, they were burthened with a tax the double of that of their fellow-subjects, a thing never before practised in the Province, and, consequently, contrary to the Royal Orders to all Governors of other Colonies, by which they are ordered not to suffer to pass into execution any *new law affecting the property of the subject*.

As the above mentioned proceedings tend to depopulating that Colony, and give the reason for Queen Anne's ordering a prolongation of the above Act of Suspension, they also show the strong grounds the Roman Catholics have to apprehend for themselves, or posterity, that they shall be meantime violently expelled the country; some are already beginning to wind up their affairs, and many others, it is feared, will follow their example if no speedy remedy be applied.

It is, therefore, humbly prayed the double tax be not assented to, and that an order be given that no new law hence-

forward touching the religion or property of the Roman Catholic, uncommon to his fellow-subject, shall be passed into execution without the previous express consent of the Crown and Proprietor.

A short account of the proceedings of the Assembly of Maryland in regard to the Roman Catholics settled there, together with a justification of their conduct ; the whole proved from authentic copies of the Provincial Records and other undoubted testimonies.

I.—The fundamental Law of the Country as to Religious worship allows free exercise of Religion to all professing to believe in Jesus Christ, and even imposes penalties on such as shall molest any one on account of his religion, believing as above. This law was enacted Anno 1640, *Vide, L. 1, pag. 51*. The same was reënacted Anno 1650, and confirmed Anno 1656, *Vide, L. 2, pag. 17*. Item, the Council Records of 1648 testify that the Governor, by his oath, was to insure to the Roman Catholics the full enjoyment of all privileges common to their fellow-subjects, *Vide, L. 3, pag. 5*. The Counsellor's oath contains the same in substance, *Vide, L. 3, pag. 6*. The oath of fidelity, appointed by an Act of 1650, to be taken by the inhabitants of the Province, asserts the above liberty of conscience, *Ibid., pag. 7*. Add to all these the Lord Proprietor's solemn promise never to give his assent to the repeal of the above fundamental law, establishing the free exercise of Religion to all believing in Jesus Christ, as witness the Council Records of 1657. *Vide, L. 3, pag. 3*.

II.—The great objections at this time against the validity of the above fundamental Law are the Penal Laws of England and the misbehavior of the Roman Catholics of Maryland. As to the first, the very House of Assembly implicitly, if not expressly, acknowledges the Penal laws do not extend to their Province, as manifestly appears from their voting in that House to have them passed by Bills brought

in for this purpose at each session for these six years past, and in particular from the Preamble to the Bill sent to the Upper House, Anno 1751, *Vide, L. 2, pag. 1.*

III.—As to the second objection, of all the many grievances laid to the charge of the Roman Catholics, and alleged in the several Memorials and Bills of the Lower House, in order to induce the two Houses to assent to the introducing of the Penal Laws, no one hitherto upon examination ever proved to be well-grounded or conformable to truth; on the contrary, their conduct has been clearly justified as quite peaceable and irreproachable by the letters of the several Magistrates from their respective Counties to the Governor, anno 1755. *Vide, the authentic copies, L. 2, pag. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13.*

IV.—The Roman Catholics are not only proved innocent and inoffensive, but also zealous in the defence of their country against the common enemy. Witness their subscribing more largely than others in proportion to their estates, when the Governor, not able to obtain any fund of his Lower House of Assembly, for the defence of the country at a time the danger was very imminent and pressing, was obliged to apply to the Gentlemen of the Council to hand about subscription papers, in order to raise something for that purpose by that means, *Vide, the authentic copy of the Address of the Roman Catholics to the Upper House of Assembly, L. 3, pag. 21.*

V.—The original maker or cause of all the repeated bills against the Roman Catholics, and of the whole present disturbance in that Province as to religious matters begun Anno 1751 and still continued at this time, was a Roman Catholic Legatee's demanding his legacy of a Protestant executor, who, alleging he was incapable of refunding the whole sum without distressing his family, proposed compounding the matter, offering for that end towards one half of the sum due; but the Roman Catholic legatee insisting upon the whole sum, the executor then threatened going upon the Penal Laws, *Vide, Mr. Dulany's letter to the*

Speaker of the House, L. 1, pag. 2, 3. In pursuance to the above threat, the said executor prevailed shortly after to have a Bill for the Penal Laws brought in and passed in the Lower House of Assembly, *Vide, the authentic copy of the Bill, L. 2, pag. 1, 2.* This Act succeeding, other Bills have been brought in to the same purpose every year since that time, as the printed proceedings of the House publicly testify.

VI.—The only grievance or complaint not yet justified by public authority and authentic testimony is the late indictment of September last against James Beadnall, consisting of two articles: the first, his saying Mass in a private house; the second, his endeavoring to make a convert. The answer to the first is that he was authorized so to do, namely, to say Mass in a private house, by an express order of her Royal Majesty, Queen Anne, in 1706-7 sent to Mr. Seymour, then Governor of Maryland; witness the original in hand. As to the second, the fact is denied, namely, that the above named James Beadnall ever treated with the person specified in the indictment on the subject of religion.

VII.—The consequences of these troubles are that they create so great uneasiness and disgust in the Roman Catholics as to have already compelled some to leave the country to the great prejudice of that Province; to have set others on winding up their affairs, in order to quit it; and determined many more to retire, and look for peace and quiet elsewhere, unless by the application of a speedy remedy they be allowed a peaceable possession of their lands and goods where they are. It is, therefore, humbly prayed immediate redress be granted, such as may securely prevent the Assembly passing and executing some severe Law on the body of Roman Catholics, and thus crushing and expelling them the country before they can have recourse either unto the Crown or Proprietor; particularly, as the order or nature of that Government is such as to put every law immediately in execution when once passed in the

Country before either Crown or Proprietor can be apprized of what has been done.

Many Penal Acts of Assembly passed against the people of that persuasion.

In particular, on the 26th of April, 1715, there passed an Act entitled, An Act for repealing a clause of an Act of Assembly entitled, An Act for Establishment of Religious Worship in this Province. By this Act, the oaths of abjuration and allegiance are ordered to be administered to all persons before being admitted to any Office or place of Trust. At the same time was passed an Act for laying an Imposition on all Irish Papist servants imported into the Province.

On the 17th of July, 1716, passed an Act entitled, An Act for the better security of the Peace and Safety of his Lordship's Government and the Protestant Interest in the Province, by which Act all persons were declared incapable of holding or executing any Office without swearing unto and signing the Test Oath.

On the 28th of May, 1717, passed an Act entitled, An Act for laying an additional duty of twenty shillings in money on all Irish Servants being Papists. Item, at the same time passed an Act entitled, A Supplementary Act to the Act directing the manner of electing and summoning Delegates and Representatives to serve in succeeding Assemblies, etc. This Act obliges all persons, in order to be voters in the elections of Delegates, to take the Test Oath, and subscribe the declarations specified in the above Act, entitled, An Act for the better security, etc., enacted in 1716. At the same time, May 10, 1718, was passed a third Act entitled, An Act to repeal a certain Act of Assembly entitled, An Act to prevent the growth of Popery⁽¹⁾ within the Province, enacted the 5th of September, 1704. This

⁽¹⁾The number of Catholics in the Province in 1708 was 2,974, as appears by the subjoined list, sent out by Governor Seymour:

Act says the Act of 1704⁽¹⁾ is unnecessary, as by the Act of Parliament made in the 11th and 12th of William the Third, there is good provision made to prevent the growth of Popery, as well in this Province, as throughout all others his Majesty's dominions. However, the Act of the 11th and 12th is not thus put in force, but only erroneously supposed so to be actually everywhere, both in Europe and America, which error they seem expressly to acknowledge in the preamble to the bill from the Lower House in 1751, saying: "*Whereas, some doubts may arise whether the Act entitled, An Act to repeal a certain Act of Assembly entitled, An Act to prevent the growth of Popery, the Act of Parliament made in the 11th and 12th of King William is in force, etc.* Notwithstanding all the hardships and restraints the Roman Catholics were laid under by these several Penal Laws, contrary to the solemn promises made to their ancestors, which induced them to quit their native soil in order to settle that new Colony, and secure to their posterity

A list of the number of Papists inhabiting in the several Counties of this Province, as taken by the respective sheriffs, Anno Domini 1708, viz: In Anne Arundel County, 161; in Baltimore County, 53; in Calvert County, 48; in Prince George's County, 248; in Charles County, 709; in St. Mary's County, 1,238; in Cecil County, 49; in Kent County, 40; in Queen Anne's County, 179; in Talbot County, 89; in Dorchester County, 79; in Somerset County, 81; in all, 2,974." (London Public Record Office, Maryland, B. T., Red, No. 4., H., p. 79). The whole population of the Province at this time was over 40,000.

(1) "By its provisions, Section 1 provides a reward of £100 to any one who shall 'apprehend and take' a Popish Bishop, Priest or Jesuit, and prosecute him 'until convicted of saying Mass, or of exercising any other part of the office or function of a Popish Bishop or Priest.' Section 3 inflicts perpetual imprisonment on any Popish Bishop, Priest or Jesuit that shall say Mass or exercise any function proper to such Bishop, Priest or Jesuit; or on any person professing the Catholic Religion who shall keep school, or educate, or govern, or board any youth. Section 4: That if any Popish youth shall not, within six months after he attains his majority, take certain oaths prescribed (oaths inconsistent with the faith of Catholics), he shall be incapable of taking lands by descent, and his next of kin, being a Protestant, shall succeed to them; that any person professing the Catholic faith shall be incompetent to purchase lands. Section 6: Any person sending his child abroad to be educated in the Catholic faith should forfeit £100." *Letter of William M. Adison upon Religious Toleration in America, p. 9.*

a peaceable, quiet habitation, in the free exercise of their religion at the expense of their lives and fortunes; they patiently submitted to all whilst allowed the exercise of their religion and their properties not immediately touched, though deprived of many means of advancing their fortunes common to their fellow-subjects.

In testimony of this, their patient submission, peaceable and quiet behavior, they sent to England to his present Majesty, on his accession to the throne, a congratulatory address, in testimony of their fidelity and duty, enclosed in an address to the late Proprietor of this Province. The same they confirmed again a few years after in an address to the late Proprietor on his arrival from England in his own Province, to which he gave them the following answer: "I thank you for the kind address, and cannot but be in a particular manner pleased with the dutiful regard which you express for his Majesty and the Royal Family, the continuance of which will always secure to you my favor and protection." This seems a sufficient conviction of their satisfactory behavior, both in regard to the Crown, Governments and Country. In consequence hereunto, when about the year 1740, a hint was given by the Upper House some way reflecting on that body of people, the Lower House sent back for answer: "They were well assured that the few of those people here amongst us had it neither in their Power nor Inclination to disturb the peace or safety of the Province."

Therefore, as was natural from this assurance of their peaceable dispositions, a calm of several years ensued; persons, though of different persuasions, universally agreeing among themselves, all mutually concurred in aiming at the daily improvement of their country, the increase of trade, the accumulating of riches, and embellishment of their now thriving Province; insomuch that it may with truth be said never did the income to the Crown or Proprietor so sensibly increase at any time in so short a space from the first settlement as during this happy period. This happiness, by a

general concord and union, might have attended the country many years longer, had not a quarrel happened between two private gentlemen, which, to the general surprise of all, set the whole country in a flame, not yet extinguished.

This, in the year 1750, took its rise and origin from a trustee's demanding of his cotrustee an account of some hundreds of pounds sterling, in favor of two legatees who were then come of age. The cotrustee, conscious that the principal had been lodged in his hands from the decease of the testator, and that consequently both principal and interest must be refunded by him, after taking the advice of a Counsellor, proposed by way of composition two or three hundred pounds until he rise gradually to £420, to which the trustee, answering that he insisted upon coming to a fair account, and would take nothing less than the balance due, the cotrustee replied he might stretch the string until it broke, alluding, as his counsellor testified in his letter of May 28, 1751, to the Speaker of the Lower House of Assembly then sitting, to the Penal Laws, the two legatees being reputed Papists and priests. Accordingly, in May, 1751, a Bill was brought into the Lower House of Assembly (of which the cotrustee was then a member) for putting immediately in execution the Act of Parliament made in 11th and 12th of King William the Third, chap. 4, entitled, An Act for the further preventing of the growth of Popery, which, after some debates, passed in the Lower House of Assembly. Fresh bills containing Penal Laws were brought in and passed every session in the Lower House of Assembly for the four ensuing years; all which tended to deprive the Roman Catholics of their Religious and Civil Rights.⁽¹⁾

⁽¹⁾ In November, 1754, the citizens of Prince George's instructed their delegates to urge a law "to dispossess the Jesuits of those landed estates which, under them, became formidable to his Majesty's good Protestant subjects of this Province; to exclude Papists from places of trust and profit, and to prevent them from sending their children to foreign Popish seminaries for education, whereby the minds of youth are corrupted and alienated from his Majesty's person and government." The Lower House of Assembly, on the 1st of July, 1755, urged the Governor "to issue his proclamation command-

During these threatening turbulent times, the Roman Catholics preferred addresses to the different branches of the Legislature; and the Upper House, convinced of their innocence, and actuated by principles of justice, universally rejected all Bills of that kind. In order, at the same time, to give full satisfaction and justification for this procedure, the Governor, with the advice of his Council, ordered (Aug. 15, 1755.) circular letters to the Magistrates of the several Counties, to inquire of any foundation for the complaints of the misbehavior of persons of the Roman Catholic persuasion, and to punish the authors of such reports if found groundless. In answer to these, the Magistrates of St. Mary's County, where the Roman Catholics were more numerous than in any other, say as follows: "We are not yet informed who have been the authors of those reports mentioned in your Excellency's letter, which have been in some places industriously spread; if we should discover them, we should take proper measures for their being brought to justice as enemies to their country's peace and friends to a faction, who labor to foment animosity among us to the endangering our common security." The Magistrates of the other counties universally agreed that they did not find any

ing all magistrates and other officers duly to execute the penal statutes against Roman Catholics within this province." The church-wardens of various parishes adopted an order commanding "all persons not having lawful excuse to resort to their parish chapel on every Sunday and other days, and then and there to abide in decent manner during the time of Common Prayer, Preaching, or other service of God." Scharf's Hist. Maryland, I, 475. A number of the poor Acadians, ruthlessly torn from their homes and scattered along the coast, arrived in five vessels at Annapolis, on the 1st of December, 1755, in great destitution—in fact, they were dying of hunger. No provision had been made for their support by the King, and the Provincial authorities showed little inclination to relieve their pressing wants. But so intense was the bigotry against their faith that the Council passed an order to the justices to prohibit the Roman Catholic inhabitants of the Province to lodge them. Those of them who remained in Baltimore fared better than the others, and their spiritual wants were attended to by Father Ashtou, who celebrated Mass for them once a month, bringing with him from Doughoregan Manor the vestments and vessels used in the service. Their little chapel, the first Catholic Church in Baltimore, was an unfinished dwelling of Mr. Edward Fottrell, "the first brick house in Baltimore with free-stone corners, and the first which was two stories high without a hip-roof," which stood on or near what is now the northwest corner of Fayette and Calvert streets.

sufficient grounds for the complaints made, insomuch that the Governor, in his speech to the Lower House of Assembly, April 24, 1756, expressly says: "The Magistrates assure me, that, after a careful inquiry and scrutiny into the conduct of the people of the Romish faith, who reside among us, they have not found that any of them have misbehaved, or given just cause of offence." As, thus, their innocence is evidently proved by irrefragable evidences, so their zeal also for the welfare of their country has its proper and sufficient vouchers. Witness, in particular, their behavior when, after the unhappy defeat of General Braddock, the inhabitants of the frontiers of the country lay utterly open to the enemy, and no provision was made for their protection by the Legislature, a subscription was set on foot to enable the Governor to erect block-houses and keep garrisons in those parts. In their address to the Upper House of Assembly in 1756, whilst the fact was yet fresh and recent, and consequently well known to many particulars, they express themselves on this head in the following terms: "The Roman Catholics were not the men who opposed this subscription; on the contrary, they countenanced it, they promoted it, they subscribed generously, and paid their subscriptions honorably, and if our numbers are compared with the number of our Protestant fellow-subjects, and the sum paid on this occasion by the Roman Catholics be compared with the sum total collected, it may be said the Roman Catholics contributed prodigiously beyond their proportion to an aid so seasonable and necessary."

However well the Roman Catholics are thus proved to have been established by a fundamental law, frequently confirmed with repeated assurances it should never be broke through, however innocent and inoffensive subjects they are attested to have been from their very first settlement, however zealous for the welfare, and industrious for the improvement of their country, they are, notwithstanding, pointed out as enemies by an imposition of double taxes and yearly threatened with the passing of such Penal Laws

as would necessarily compel them to retire out of the country.

The lively and too well-grounded dread and apprehension of being compelled one day suddenly to retire out of the country, arising from repeated attempts of the above kinds; from Acts for double taxes, of which sort a second Act, as we are informed, was in debate in November last; from the yearly voting Penal Bills in the Assembly, and from the nature of the Government, which is such that every Act, so soon as signed by the Governor, passes immediately into execution without time being allowed to apply home for redress either to the Crown or Proprietor, has already determined some by way of precaution to look out immediately for settlements in other Provinces,⁽¹⁾ and caused others to come to a resolution of following their example, if no immediate redress be granted, lest by some Penal Act of Assembly they be obliged to retire on a sudden with great loss in their effects to themselves and families.

It is, therefore, humbly prayed that the law which imposes a penalty or punishment of double taxes may be repealed and discontinued, and that such an order be given

⁽¹⁾Some thirty years before this time, and for similar reasons, a number of Catholic gentlemen had conceived the plan of emigrating to the territory belonging to France. Charles Carroll and his brother James were at the head of the movement, and among those who intended to join it we find the names of Henry Darnall, Henry Darnall, Jr., William Diggs, John Diggs, Benjamin Hall, Clement Hall, William Fitz Redmond, Henry Wharton, Charles Diggs, Peter Attwood (S. J.), Major Nicholas Sewell and Richard Bennett. Charles Carroll had been Lord Baltimore's chief agent to collect all his dues and revenues in the Province, and when Lord Baltimore was deprived of his government, on account of religion, upon the accession of William and Mary, Carroll and all others who held prominent positions under the Proprietary, were, at the same time, displaced. The fifth Lord Baltimore recovered his rights by conforming to the Established Church, and reinstated those who had been deprived of their offices on account of religion. John Hart, Governor from 1713 to 1720, under whose administration the severest proscriptive measures against Catholics had been passed, protested most vigorously against the "restoration of the Papists to their former pretended privileges." Charles Carroll, during a visit to his son in France, applied to the French Government for a grant of land on the Arkansas River, but the extent of the tract demanded startled the minister as Mr. Carroll pointed it out on the map. He considered it too vast to be given to a subject, and Mr. Carroll was obliged to return without having gained the concession. *Scharf's History of Maryland*, I, 390, 391.

as that they may be assured they shall not at any time be molested or affected by any law touching their Religion or Property uncommon to their fellow-subjects, without the previous and express consent (as is usually ordered to new Governors of other Colonies) of the Crown and Proprietor, to whose justice and clemency they humbly recommend themselves and their posterity.

This is the humble petition of the Roman Catholic gentlemen, merchants, planters and others, Inhabitants of the Province of Maryland, as a necessary encouragement to the people of that persuasion to continue to cultivate and improve that Province. They, on assurances of this sort, contributed chiefly to the first settling of it, and to the bringing of it to that flourishing condition in which we now behold it under your Lordship's wise government and administration.

3.—INDICTMENT OF FATHER JAMES BEADNALL. ⁽¹⁾

After the breaking up of the above Sessions, on the 22d of May, 1756, in which the double tax was passed and a Bill for many Penal Laws was brought into the Assembly House, though not passed, a new expedient was tried against the Roman Catholics, whereby what could not be brought to pass in the Assembly, might have a chance to be effected in a Provincial or County Court, and thus by their decision have that in some sense declared to be a just and standing law, which the Assembly could not be prevailed on to declare, or any ways to look upon as such.

Two writs were issued out for the arresting of a reputed priest, who, by virtue thereof, was taken by the Sheriff of Queen Anne County, on the 22d of September, 1756, and obliged to give bail for his appearance at the Provincial Court, to be held at Annapolis on the 19th of October following, under the penalty of £1,500 forfeiture. He ap-

⁽¹⁾ "*James Beadnall* (or *Breadnall*), born 8th April, 1718; admitted at the age of 21; enrolled among the Professed Fathers eighteen years later; died in the Maryland Mission, 9th April, 1772."—OLIVER.

peared accordingly on the day prefixed, when two indictments were exhibited against him; the first of which was for celebrating Mass in private houses; the second, for endeavoring to bring over a non-juror person to the Romish persuasion. But his trial was put off till the assizes in Talbot County, where, on the 16th of April, 1757, he was tried and acquitted; from the first, as allowed ⁽¹⁾ so to do by an order issued by her Majesty, Queen Anne. dated at Whitehall, Jan. 3, 1705-6; from the other,⁽²⁾ as no sufficient evi-

⁽¹⁾Out of this privilege grew the custom of establishing private chapels, under the same roof, and connected with the dwelling of some Catholic family, as in the old residence of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, at Annapolis, and Doughoregan Manor, Howard County. A set of old manuscript sermons in our possession, extending as far back as 1726, shows the prevalence of this custom, as many of the sermons, besides bearing the date, give also the place of their delivery, which in the greater number of cases was some private residence. It was probably for the same reason that such retired positions as Newtown, St. Thomas' and Whitmarsh, were selected as sites for churches instead of the County seats; chapels thus situated, built on the land and adjoining the dwelling of the missionary, were regarded by the law as private property, which he allowed to be used for religious services.

⁽²⁾The amount of bail demanded shows how serious a crime and misdemeanor it was either to celebrate Mass, or to make a convert. Father William Hunter, who was reprimanded by Governor Seymour for the first of these offences, seems to have been conspicuously guilty of the other also as shown by the following account taken from Scharf's History of Maryland, I, 364:

In 1696-7 a terrible pestilence made its appearance among the people of the lower Counties. Whatever faults may have been alleged against the Catholic clergy, they have never been charged with shrinking from their duties in times of peril; and while the disease was raging they went from house to house, helping the sick and administering the consolations and last offices of their faith to the dying. This conduct was not unnoticed by the Lower House, who made it the subject of the following message to the Governor:

"Upon reading a certain letter from a reverend minister of the Church of England, which your Excellency was pleased to communicate to us, complaining to your Excellency that the Popish Priests in Charles County do, of their own accord, in this raging and violent mortality in that county, make it their business to go up and down the county, to persons' houses when dying and frantic, and endeavor to seduce and make proselytes of them, and in such condition boldly presume to administer the Sacrament to them; we have put it to the vote in the House if a law should be made to restrain such their presumption or not; and have concluded to make no such law at present, but humbly intreat your Excellency that you would be pleased to issue your proclamation to restrain and prohibit such their extravagance and presumptuous behavior."

dence was brought against him, the jury bringing in as their verdict to each,—*Ignoramus*.

About the latter end of the year 1756, a deposition was given in against another reputed priest, by one from the French army, taken up at Fort Cumberland, as supposed to be a spy from the enemy, who, though a native of one of these kingdoms, having been picked up by a party of French or their allies, the Indians, had engaged in the French service at Fort Du Quesne. This prisoner had sworn that the above priest had kept a correspondence by letters with the French, that he had been up the country amongst them, and that some certain laymen Roman Catholics, whom he named, had in concert with the priest signified to the French, they would second them in all their attempts against the country. In consequence hereunto, the priest was taken into the Sheriff's custody, in order to be tried at the ensuing assizes, to be held at Annapolis in February, 1757. On the day appointed for the trial, the prisoner being sworn, one of the above laymen was called upon, and the deponent questioned concerning him. First, did he know that person; to which he replied that he did, and that it was the priest. Secondly, where had he seen him; to which he answered, he had seen him in Baltimore County, had been present when he celebrated Mass, and had carried letters for him up to the French. As the priest was well known to the Governor and Council before whom the prisoner was examined, an end was soon put to all further inquiry concerning this person; and one, two or more of the laymen accused were ordered into Court, in regard to whom the prisoner swore much to the same effect as he had done in

A short time later the Upper House think it necessary to bring a specific offender to the Governor's notice, in these terms:

"It being represented to this board that William Hunter, a Popish priest in Charles county, committed divers enormities in dissuading several persons, especially poor, ignorant people of the Church of England, from their faith, and endeavoring to draw them to the Popish faith, consulted and debated whether it may not be advisable that the said Hunter be wholly silenced and not suffered to preach or say Mass in any part of this Province, and thereupon it is thought advisable that the whole be left to his Excellency's judgment, to silence him or not, as his demerits require."

his deposition, but appeared equally defective in his knowledge of their persons against whom he had sworn in his deposition as personally known to him, whereas upon trial he erred in most of their persons. In the last place, the priest was called upon, concerning whom the deponent was asked if he knew him; to which question he answered that he knew him not, and that he had never seen him in his life. Upon which the priest, together with the others, was acquitted, and the prisoner, after being confined some time, was then sent to Lord Loudon, as falling under his discretion in quality of a deserter.

The preceding paper is also from the pen of Fr. George Hunter. The name of the priest is not given against whom the charge was made of corresponding with the French, and whose accuser was brought to grief after the manner of the Arian woman in the case of St. Athanasius. This unfounded suspicion of Catholic loyalty was not confined to Maryland. It appears in the legislation of all the colonies; intolerance was so proscriptive in New England, New York and the four southernmost of the thirteen original States, that practically catholicity did not exist within their borders at the time of the events just narrated. Over and over again the charge had been made against the Catholics of Maryland by the Virginia officials of an intention to bring down the enemy upon the back settlements of that Province. And in Pennsylvania, the only other colony besides Maryland in which Catholics were found in any number at the period of the French and Indian War, the same groundless suspicion existed. We subjoin a communication from a writer in the *Catholic Mirror* of Baltimore, in regard to the treatment of Catholics in Pennsylvania at the period when Father Hunter's papers were written:

HOW CATHOLICS WERE TREATED IN PENNSYLVANIA IN OLDEN
TIMES.

No doubt in theory at least, and, it is not to be denied, partially, if no more, in practice, Catholics were allowed the performance of their religious worship. It was well to keep it out of sight, however; and at no time in early provincial days was there a hearty acquiescence in the *allowance*. In a letter from Governor Morris to Governor Hardy, of New York, under date of the 5th of July, 1756, the former writes that "the Roman Catholics in this and the neighboring province of Maryland are allowed the free exercise of their religion." Hardy, replying, on the 9th of July, commenting upon the French war, thinks that certain facts regarding the colonists had transpired "through the treasonable correspondence of Roman Catholics with the French," and quite naively observes, "I have heard you have an ingenious Jesuit in Philadelphia," probably referring to poor Father Harding. In those days the few Catholics in Philadelphia were worshipping in Willing's alley, in old St. Joseph's Church, now so enclosed in the growth of the city that few strangers can find it. No doubt divine service was fairly allowed in 1756.

There seems to have been a strange fear that Catholics were, of necessity, traitors to the country. One result of this fear was the taking of a census of the faithful, which can be found in the Pennsylvania Archives, vol. III., and, as it is of curious interest, I give it here in full:

A list of all the Roman Catholics in Pennsylvania, 1757.

(That is of all such as receive the Sacraments, beginning from 12 years of age, or thereabouts).

	Men.	Women.
Under the care of Robert Harding—In and about Philadelphia, being all Irish (or English)	72	78
In Chester County	18	22
Under the care of Theodore Schneider—In and about Philadel- phia (all Germans)	107	121
Philadelphia Co., but up country	15	10
Berks County	62	55
Northampton County	68	62
“ “ Irish	17	12
Bucks County	14	12
Chester County	13	9
“ “ Irish	9	6
Under the care of Ferdinand Farmer—In Lancaster County, Germans	108	94
In Lancaster County, Irish	22	27
Berks County, Germans	41	39
“ “ Irish	5	3
Chester County, Irish	23	17
“ “ Germans	3	0
Cumberland County, Irish	6	6
Under the care of Matthias Manners—In York County, Ger- mans	54	62
In York County, Irish	35	38
	692	673

A most formidable showing, and well calculated to inspire a salutary dread of unknown and terrible deeds! Perhaps some may fancy that this census does not necessarily indicate a fear of what Roman Catholics might do, but simply gathered as historical data, as it were. To such I recommend a study of the following provisions of “An Act for regulating the Militia,” passed by the Provincial Assembly 29th of March, 1757, the same year. I give only those sections referring to “Papists,” and omitting much of the involved phraseology of the past century, but not so omitting as to make a case against the Province:

“And be it enacted by the authority aforesaid, that all arms, military accoutrements, gunpowder and ammunition, of what kind soever, any Papist, or reputed Papist, within this Province, hath or shall have in his house or houses, or elsewhere, one month after the publication of this Act, shall be taken from such Papist, or reputed Papist, by warrant,

etc., etc.; and if such Papist . . . shall attempt to conceal such arms, etc., etc., . . . any such person so offending shall be imprisoned by a warrant from said justices for the space of three months, without bail or mainprize."

"And, whereas all Papists and reputed Papists, are hereby exempted from attending and performing the military duties enjoined by this Act; . . . and, nevertheless, will partake of and enjoy the benefit . . . thereof. . . . Be it enacted . . . that every male Papist . . . between the age of seventeen and fifty-five years . . . pay the sum of twenty shillings."

From 1757 to 1776 was how many years? My arithmetic makes it just nineteen. Almost time sufficient for the baby in arms, who was not old enough to go to the Sacraments, being not "twelve or thereabouts," to have but a dim remembrance, if any, as he took "arms and accoutrements," for his country, that his father or grandfather was not allowed a squirrel-gun to go a-shooting!

But there were Catholics in those days who did remember this law, and the consequent numbering of their people to enable it to be carried out. Not with bitterness, perhaps.

Certainly, George Meade, the grandfather, and Garrett Meade, the great-uncle of General Meade (who bore "arms and accoutrements" on a certain day at Gettysburg, in the whilom Province of Pennsylvania)—certainly *they* did not remember it with bitterness when they gave royally of their substance to help defeat the enemy and secure the independence of their country.

Nor did Thomas Fitzsimmons, when the people who had helped to frame this law sent him to the Continental Congress, remember it with bitterness, as he signed the Constitution of the United States as a member from the whilom Province of Pennsylvania.

Penn may have had liberal sentiments in regard to the free exercise of Religion, but, if so, he was a coward when he wrote those letters, the quotation of which has inspired this communication. Pennsylvania may have been liberally disposed towards Roman Catholics, but her acts belied her

disposition. She has more than 1,365 Catholics within her borders to-day, and her people perform military duty creditably, whether Protestant or Catholic, and it is well—but apologies for the past and explanations are useless. Let the dead past bury its dead. Pennsylvania is a grand old commonwealth now, and ready enough to acknowledge what she owes in the past to her Catholics, and ready to trust them in the future.

THE FIRST CHURCH BUILT IN CALIFORNIA.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND LABORS OF FATHER SALVATIERRA,
THE APOSTLE OF CALIFORNIA.

Giovanni Maria Salvatierra was born in Milan in the year 1644. After finishing his studies in the Seminary of Parma, he entered the Society of Jesus. From the first, it would seem, he had intended to give himself to foreign missions. "God had inspired him," the historian tells us, "with a burning desire to spend his life in the conversion of the heathen; and this desire was of so long standing, so constant and so strong, as in the end to make him leave forever his native country." After much earnest petitioning, he at length obtained, in 1675, the leave of his superiors to go to Mexico. Here he spent four years study in theology, after which he was ordained priest, and took his last vows in 1680.

He was now thirty-six years old, robust in body, used to hard work, an accomplished scholar, and withal zealous, prudent and humble. His superiors recognized in the young priest all the marks of a great apostle, and entrusted to his care two newly-converted nations of the Sierra Madre Missions, the Guazaparis and the Ismoris. It was universally felt to be a very trying post, but Father Salvatierra succeeded beyond all expectation and quickly won and long kept the love and confidence of that fickle and suspicious

people. Nor did he stop here. His zeal extended beyond his immediate charge. Before a year had passed, he had converted and baptized the greater part of two neighboring tribes, and established the new mission of Terocavi. In 1684, the Provincial, Louis de Castro, appointed him Rector of one of the colleges in Mexico, but the grief of his neophytes at the thought of losing him was so great, and their pleadings to have him remain with them so urgent, that de Castro was obliged to yield to them. It was about this time that, in order to reach some heathen tribes in the mountains, he accomplished the famous passage of the Hurich, a deep and thickly-wooded ravine, which up to that time had been considered impenetrable. The adventures and fruits of this journey are related by himself in a letter to the Provincial.

In 1685, one of the northern tribes revolted, and the disaffection spreading rapidly, the whole country was soon in a state of rebellion. Several missionaries were murdered, and their missions plundered. But during the whole time this disturbance lasted, the tribes under Father Salvatierra's charge, though by nature the most disposed to give trouble, remained faithful to him, and took no part in the revolt. At last, in 1690, it was felt that the Father's word was of more avail with the Indians than the efforts of whole Spanish armies, and he was appointed Visitor-General of the Missions. Persuaded that many of the tribes continued in rebellion, rather through fear than malice, he went alone, armed only with his crucifix, into the most disturbed parts of the country, preaching peace and pardon. The event was just what he had anticipated. He was everywhere received with love and welcome, and before long most of the tribes had laid down their arms. After thus allaying with a few gentle words a rising which threatened to shake the very foundations of Spanish rule in Mexico, Father Salvatierra in discharge of his office as Visitor, arrived at the Mission of Pimeria in 1691. Here he met Father Francis Kino, well known over New Spain as an experienced mis-

sionary and a great and good man. This meeting was the turning point in Salvatierra's life. From that date forth he was the Apostle of California.

Father Kino was one of the three missionaries who had accompanied Admiral Otondo in his expedition to California in 1683. He had spent two years in California, and in that time had learned so much of the character of the natives as to feel convinced that, in spite of their many shortcomings, there was in them the stuff of which good Christians might be made. He had desired to remain among them, but was not permitted by Otondo, who was persuaded that the colonization of that part of America was impracticable. The expedition returned to Mexico in 1685, and on the strength of Otondo's representations, the Government declared that all attempts at the conquest of California must prove vain, and forbade any further efforts in that direction.

Six years had elapsed since that time, but the desire to help the poor Californians was still strong in Father Kino's heart. He was himself old and feeble, and felt that he was unfit for so great an enterprise; but this only served to make him the more earnest in striving to enkindle in the breasts of younger and stronger men the fire that consumed his own. But his zeal had so far proved ineffectual. He could nowhere find a spirit kindred to his own, so generous, so self-sacrificing, so brave; or, to speak clearer, he had not yet found the man destined and prepared by God for this great apostolate.

Noble natures are not slow to recognize one another. The two missionaries had not spoken together for an hour when Father Kino felt he had at last met the man of whom he had been so long in search. Next day he invited Father Salvatierra to walk with him up to the highest of the range of hills near the Mission, from the top of which might be seen across the Gulf of California—or, as it was then called, Cortez's Red Sea—the blue coast line of the Peninsula of California. Here he set forth to the future apostle, with all

the eloquence of burning zeal, his long cherished desires and plans, and on his knees besought him, in God's name, to undertake the conversion of these poor, abandoned heathens. Nothing could have better suited the great soul of Father Salvatierra. The very difficulties which had proved too much for the courage of Cortez and the wealth of Spain, only made him the more eager to confront them. Besides, he heard within his breast the whisperings of the still small voice, telling him that this was the vocation of his life, the end and glorious crown of all his labors. He pledged himself to Father Kino to work for California from that moment forth, and to leave nothing untried to obtain the permission and means necessary for carrying out his design. Then the Fathers parted. Father Kino retired to his everyday missionary life. Salvatierra went forth to meet an opposition before which a spirit less truly apostolic than his must soon have yielded.

He wrote at once to the Provincial, telling him of the desires God had inspired him with of undertaking the evangelization of California, and of the confidence he felt of his ultimate success, and begging to be allowed to start immediately. The Provincial answered that it was impossible to grant the leave he asked, seeing the Government had decreed that no new attempt should be made to enter California, but that he was free to apply to higher authorities, ecclesiastical and civil, and get what concessions he could from them.

For the following two years, the moments of leisure he could snatch from his duties as Visitor of the College of Guadalajara, to which post he was at this time appointed, were spent in writing to different influential public men, his personal friends, entreating them to use their power with the Viceroy to permit him to undertake a new expedition to California. But all was in vain. The previous attempts at the conquest of California had cost the Government a great deal of money, and people were not disposed to risk any further expense in an enterprise which their worldly wisdom considered to be hopeless.

Father Salvatierra naturally enough was disappointed, but yet he was not discouraged. In 1693, he wrote to his countryman, Father Zappa: "This fire is still strong within me; it contrives one way or another to burst forth at times. Mexico does not heed it, but it will make itself felt at Madrid and Rome. Would that I could speak to your Reverence for half an hour of what I hold to be the injustice done to California."

His zeal did make itself felt at Madrid and Rome soon afterwards, but to little purpose. The General of the Society and the King of Spain showed as little inclination to yield to his request as the Viceroy and the Provincial.

All this time, it is said of him, that he appeared to be able to think and speak of nothing but California; his whole soul was engrossed with one great idea. It is a trial which only choice spirits are called upon to undergo, to feel themselves urged on by the voice of God, speaking within their conscience to undertake some great enterprise for His glory; and on the other hand, to see themselves held back by the word of obedience, which, for them, is equally the word of God. Salvatierra's was such a choice soul, and through all the long-continued trial, we know not which to admire most in his character—the obedient religious or the zealous apostle.

Notwithstanding the universal opposition of inferior and superior powers, Father Salvatierra still labored on in the dark, vainly, as it seemed, hoping against hope, till 1696, when the prospect began to brighten a little. In the beginning of the year D. Jose Sarmiento was made Viceroy, and Father Juan De Palacids, provincial. Both were personal friends of Salvatierra, and both had many times expressed their admiration of his zeal, and their sympathy with his project. The good Father, encouraged by the hopeful turn of affairs, lost no time in setting his scheme before the new authorities, and begging them to remove the obstacles in the way of its fulfilment. But as very often happens, these two worthy men, now that they were raised to the high

chair of responsible authority, began to see everything in a new light. It would not look well, they said, to set aside hastily, the well-weighed decrees of those who had gone before them; and, in fact, now that they considered the matter in all its bearings, an expedition to California was for the present imprudent and rash; in a word, impossible. Thus, for the hundredth time, success frowned on his exertions. Instead of being sent to California he was made Master of Novices and Rector of the College of Tpotzotlan. Here he turned himself to God with renewed fervor, and with sighs and tears prayed the sovereign Lord and disposer of all things, in whose hands are the hearts of kings and all rulers, that His holy will might be done on earth as it is in heaven. "For," said he, "it is God's will, and God, I am persuaded, will sooner or later give the means of accomplishing it."

God was not deaf to the prayers of his servant. A few months after, a simple incident occurred that turned the tide in his favor, and opened the long-closed gate to his apostolic zeal. Father Placids had come to visit the College of Tpotzotlan, and while there fell suddenly very sick. Medical skill failed to help him, and in his last extremity, he begged Father Salvatierra and his novices to pray for him. The Father, with childlike faith and frankness, said he would pray for him and obtain his cure, if he promised to favor the expedition to California. The promise was made. Father Salvatierra and his novices began their prayers, and in a short time the provincial was quite restored. He immediately returned to Mexico, determined to do all in his power in fulfilment of his promise. After much begging, and beseeching, and explaining, he obtained leave for the expedition, but only with the understanding that Father Salvatierra should himself provide all that was necessary, and that no help should be expected from the Royal treasury. Father Salvatierra's joy at hearing the good news was great. He at once set about to collect among his friends the means necessary for fitting out the expedition.

In a few days he had gathered \$14,000. Of those who contributed we can mention here only D. Alonzo Davalos and D. Fernandez de la Cruz. These noblemen were among the first to come forward to assist Father Salvatierra, each giving \$1,000. D. Pedro de la Sierpe lent for the voyage a small merchant vessel, and D. Juan Ocio promised to pay all bills to which Father Salvatierra's signature should be affixed. Thus in a little time all was ready. Then the Viceroy's official permission came couched in a long, carefully-worded document, in which it was set forth that Salvatierra was empowered to take possession of California in the name of the King, to establish the new government and make all needful laws, and finally that he might take some of the King's soldiers with him, provided he was ready to pay them. The vessel that was to convey the new expedition was to start from Acapulco. Salvatierra thought it better to go by land to the port of Yaqui, in order that he might have an opportunity of visiting and blessing for the last time his dear Indians of the Sierra Madre. At last, on the 10th of October, the Father and his little band of followers embarked. They were nine in all, Father Salvatierra, five Spanish soldiers, and three native Californians, converts of Father Kino, whom he had brought to Mexico twelve years before.

On the 19th of October, 1697, the vessel cast anchor in the Bay of San Dionigio. It was the season of the year still called the "Indian Summer." All the country round was bright and beautiful, covered with large green-leaved trees and flowering herbage; and a little silver stream that sported over the grassy plain hard by the invaders' feet, tossed its sparkling waves noisily into the Bay. It seemed as if nature had made California a very Land of Promise; and now the new Joshua was come, who should establish the empire of grace and win over and lift up the hearts of its inhabitants to the love and worship of nature's God. They had hardly landed when several Indians, about fifty, the chronicler says, came running up, and with many signs

of joy and welcome threw themselves on their knees before the Father, reverently kissing his crucifix and the image of our Lady which he carried in his hand. Fr. Salvatierra, who had learned some phrases of their language from the books of Father Copart (one of those who had accompanied Otondo's expedition), spoke kindly to them and blessed them, and gathered from their answers that they had learned many of the truths of Christianity from Father Kino. After giving them some food, and making them promise to return next day with others of their nation, he dismissed them. He and his companions then set about to choose a fitting site for their dwelling. They pitched upon an open grassy space on the right bank of the stream, which they fenced in with a strong wooden paling. Hither they transported their cargo, consisting mainly of some sacks of maize, a few sheep and goats and one horse; it was harmless and insignificant enough, but a little later on, as we shall see presently, it came near to bringing about the ruin of the whole colony. In the centre of the enclosure was erected a great cross crowned with flowers, and near by a chapel of our Lady of Loretto, whom Father Salvatierra had taken for patron of California, and after whom he named this his first Mission. Then as the evening drew on, the little band on their knees around the cross sang a Te Deum of thanks, and took formal possession of the Peninsula. And this, the Conquest of California, so often during the preceding two hundred years in vain attempted by ambitious and daring adventurers, from Cortez to Otondo, was effected by one man to whom all resources were wanting, and who was strong only through the strength of God, his Master, whose wont it is to make use of the weak things of the world to confound the mighty.

Father Salvatierra, with the little knowledge of the California language he possessed, was soon able to make himself understood by the natives who came every day to hear his instructions. They were drawn at first, perhaps, as much by the comfortable meal of pozzoli or maize-porridge that

was regularly served out to them after the instruction, as by the instruction itself. Indeed many days had not passed before they showed in a rather unpleasant fashion their decided preference for the maize-porridge. They had already carried off the horse and most of the sheep and goats, but the Father shut his eyes to the theft, hoping by patiently putting up with a small loss to be able to reap a greater advantage. But the Indians began to think that one meal of porridge a day was too little, and that as they had been able to make away with the sheep and goat, they might as well do the same with the sacks of maize. Accordingly, they made a plan that four whole tribes should attack the Mission at different points, kill the Spaniards and thus get possession of the maize. The 13th of November was the day appointed for the attack. On that day about noon five hundred Indians surrounded the Spanish camp. Father Salvatierra tried to parley with them, but they answered with a shower of arrows. The case was desperate. The Father begged the soldiers to do what they could to frighten the Indians, but if possible to avoid the necessity to kill any of them. There was one piece of cannon in the camp. This was loaded and discharged into the air over the Indians. But instead of frightening them, it only made them more bold. For, said they, if the large gun is not able to hurt us, we have nothing to fear from the small ones. They advanced, therefore, nearer to the camp, and almost overwhelmed the soldiers with stones and arrows. Two or three of the Spaniards being wounded, and seeing no other means of saving themselves, fired upon the Indians. The effect was instantaneous. After the first volley the Indians fled; and the infant colony was saved.

What we might call the heroic period of Father Salvatierra's life may now be said to have ended. We meet no more violent opposition to his great work, no more extraordinary trials and sufferings, to place his great virtues in a stronger light. To one unenlightened by faith, his after life would seem to be made up of petty failures and suc-

cesses, whose mere recital could not possibly be of interest to any one. The constancy and endurance of his brethren on the Missions of Canada have won glowing eulogies even from the cold and unwilling lips of New England Puritans.

The names of Marquette, Lallemand, Brebœuf, and Jogues are household words. And no wonder. There is something almost angelic in the patience of "the gentle Lallemand" as he is slowly tortured to death by yelling savages. The fortitude of Brebœuf is seen to greatest advantage as he chants the praises of God whilst his limbs are torn off one by one.

In the life of Father Salvatierra we have no such sublime picture to offer. All is singularly tame and prosaic, if indeed anything done purely for God and the salvation of souls can be prosaic.

After the facts told above, Father Salvatierra went on with his usual missionary work, and he soon had the happiness of receiving a chief and his family into the Church. Before long his friend and fellow-laborer, Father Francis Piccolo arrived. Strengthened by the presence of this good priest, Father Salvatierra, in order to give a permanency to his work, as well as to guard against any other attack on the part of the natives, began some buildings of a more substantial kind than those hitherto erected. They formed a trench and palisade round the camp, and built little huts to serve as dwellings for themselves. The tent, which up to this had served as a chapel, they replaced by a small building of clay and stone with a thatched roof. The Fathers spared no pains to beautify their little chapel, and on Christmas Day had the happiness of dedicating it to God in honor of the Blessed Virgin.

Thus on Christmas Day, 1697, was the first temple of the true God consecrated on Californian soil. Poor and unpretending as was that little hut, we may be sure the angels of God hovered about it with a joy akin to that with which they hovered around another poor hut more than 1600 years before.

About this time a change came over the natives. At first they thought the Spaniards had come only for the pearl fishing and for purposes of trade. As soon, however, as they discovered that the Fathers had come to establish religion and to spend their lives amongst them (of which the new buildings convinced them), they conceived a bitter antipathy to the new religion and its teachers. The sorcerers, or native priests, whose interests, of course, would suffer from the introduction of a new religion, were most energetic in exasperating the people against the foreigners. Some of the Indians were favorably disposed towards the Fathers, but most of them sided with their priests. For some time they did not proceed to open hostilities, but at length, urged on by the sorcerers, they seized and destroyed a boat belonging to the Mission and made an open attack on the Spaniards. A mere handful of the soldiers defeated a large body of them, and this defeat seemed to make the Indians of that tribe see clearly that they had no chance of getting the better of the strangers by fighting. The captain of the soldiers was for putting some of the ringleaders to death, but Father Salvatierra, true to his character as preacher of the gospel, absolutely forbade it, and gave a full pardon to all. This forgiving spirit of Father Salvatierra did much towards winning the simple childlike Indians to him.

Holy Week was at hand, and the Fathers did their best to make the ceremonies of that solemn time as impressive as their slender resources would allow. To those accustomed to see the splendor with which Holy Week was celebrated in the churches of Europe and of New Spain, the little chapel of the California Mission would have seemed poor indeed. But what was wanting in richness of decoration and pomp of ceremonial was more than made up for by the earnest faith and fervent piety of the new Christians; and the poor Indians beheld with wonder and delight the Church's beautiful ritual carried out in that humble thatched chapel.

During these first months of their stay in California, the

missionaries' greatest consolation were the little children. These daily grew in piety, and the word of God took firm root in their young minds.

The trials of Father Salvatierra were not yet over, and if the children gladdened his heart by their docility, there were not wanting to him causes of sadness and uneasiness.

One day the native catechumens and many other Indians took French leave and left the poor Fathers completely in the dark as to the why and the wherefore of their departure.

Afterwards, however, the Fathers learned that they had gone into the interior to gather pithahayas, an indigenous fruit, which was their principal food. The gathering of this fruit was always made the occasion of great feasting and rejoicing; in fact, it was for the poor Indians what the Carnival is for the people of southern Europe.

Misfortunes, it is said, never come alone. A still more severe trial than the desertion of their disciples awaited the missionaries. Their provisions were nearly run out, and as a ship from Mexico with supplies had failed to arrive, starvation seemed to stare them in the face. As in all their difficulties, they turned to God and the powerful intercession of the Blessed Virgin, their glorious patroness. They at once began a novena to her, and before the nine days were up, a vessel plentifully stocked with provisions arrived. The greatness of the danger from which the missionaries thus escaped, may be better appreciated from the fact, that placed as they were on a barren shore, they depended altogether for provisions on the supplies received from Mexico.

During these first months of their stay, the Fathers had been carefully studying the Indian language, and as they had now some facility in it, Father Salvatierra resolved to try and get acquainted with the different tribes scattered through the country. With some companions he set out for the interior. On his approach the Indians hid in the woods, and so this first attempt failed. The following spring, however, on trying his fortune with the same tribe, he was

more successful. The Indians received him kindly and listened to him attentively whilst he spoke of religion.

For some time previous, his benevolence had been spoken of in all the tribes, and during his stay at this place a deputation from a tribe living at a distant place called Vize Biabundo, came to invite him to visit them. Several Indians from other parts also visited him, and he had the consolation of baptizing many children and instructing some adults. Just then, Father Salvatierra was unable to go himself to the Indians of Vize Biabundo, but on his return to Loretto, as the first settlement had been named, he sent Father Piccolo to them.

Father Piccolo, after much toil succeeded in founding a mission amongst these Indians, which he named after St. Francis Xavier.

In these labors the first three years of the missionaries in California were spent.

The rest of Father Salvatierra's life is so interwoven with the history of the whole Mission of California, that to give a correct idea of it, would require more space than is now at our disposal. Suffice it to say that his after life was one of severe trial and hard labor, undertaken and persevered in for the glory of God.

The Mexican Government treated the Missions with shameful neglect. The aid ordered to them by the Royal Government at Madrid was either withheld altogether or largely curtailed by the Mexican officials.

The fickle nations about Vize Biabundo made many attacks on the Mission, and on one occasion, roused by the sorcerers, they fell upon and destroyed the Mission buildings lately erected. No punishment was inflicted for this outrage. The Mission was again quietly established, and again a body of pagan Indians attacked it and massacred all who came in their way. This time the soldiers did not allow the Indians to go unpunished; they attacked them in their camp, routed them, and against the earnest entreaty of the Fathers put the leaders to death.

On another occasion, the supplies from Mexico being kept back by severe weather, the whole settlement at Loretto was reduced to the last extremity. At this crisis the Fathers resolved to live and die with their neophytes, and gave the soldiers the option of returning to Mexico, and thus providing for their own safety. The soldiers nobly refused to desert the Missionaries, and declared they would, if need be, die at their post. Making a last effort to preserve their lives, the Fathers, converts and soldiers, separated into little groups and went to search the country for berries, roots, or some kind of food. During their wanderings Father Salvatierra came upon a tribe most anxious to be instructed in the faith, and living in a place possessing great natural advantages for founding a Mission. But in the present critical state of affairs, Father Salvatierra had to content himself with baptizing a number of children, which their parents gladly brought to him. Meantime God did not forget his faithful servants. The long-delayed supplies at last arrived. The groups of wanderers returned to Loretto, and were once more gathered together under the protection of Mary, in whose honor they had the happiness of dedicating a new church which they had begun some time before.

At this time, 1705, Father Salvatierra was appointed Visitor of the Missions of Sinaloa and Sonora, and had to leave for Mexico. On his arrival there he found he had been appointed Provincial.

His new office did not make Father Salvatierra forget his beloved Mission of California; on the contrary, in this exalted position he had greater opportunities of promoting its well-being, none of which he neglected. Thus, soon after his being appointed Provincial, we find him waiting on the Viceroy, urging him to carry out the Royal orders regarding the Missions; at another, laying a memorial on the same subject before the Governor. These efforts, however, seem to have produced little effect; for though the King renewed his grants to the Missions, the Mexican officials still continued to evade the Royal commands. Again we

meet Father Salvatierra at Loretto, arranging about establishing new Missions, and causing a lay brother to be promoted to the priesthood, to help on the good work. At that time there were only three priests in California.

But Father Salvatierra's zeal for the California Mission was too great to allow of his remaining long away from it. In 1707, at his own earnest request, he was relieved from the office of Provincial and permitted to return once more to his beloved Mission. Here he labored indefatigably for ten years more. In 1717 he was called to Mexico to assist at a general meeting of the Province to consider the state of the California Mission. Though Father Salvatierra was well-nigh worn out by fatigues and by the attacks of a lingering and painful malady, he set out at once for Mexico. On his way his malady again attacked him, and after two months of exquisite suffering, he died from its effects, June 18th, 1717. His eulogium is thus briefly and beautifully pronounced by an old historian of Mexico: "He was one of the most celebrated missionaries of New Spain, a true servant of the blessed Mother of God, and the Apostle of California." ⁽¹⁾

BRAZIL.

THE RELIGIOUS QUESTION IN THE EMPIRE.

PARA, May 16, 1880.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

I purpose, in the present letter, to give a brief historical compendium of the *Religious Question* in Brazil. It is a history of persecution directed against religion; and although it may be known to you already in its broad and general outlines, yet it may prove interesting and useful to become acquainted with some particular details concerning it.

⁽¹⁾ Reprint from the San Francisco *Monitor*.

From my last letter you could gather that Freemasonry has become very powerful here, and is the bane of the Empire. It had invaded everything: the sanctuary itself, the priesthood, even the religious orders were not free from the contagion. The evil consequences of this state of affairs are now manifest, although for a time they did not fully appear. Masonry, in fact, adopted peculiar tactics, that it might work its way more easily every where; it put on the garb of devotion, in order to delude the people, and to prove that it was not in Brazil, as in Europe, a bad organization, an excommunicated society, but on the contrary, beneficent, pious and Catholic.

The time for battle came at last, and, it is said, that it was the result of the Emperor's visit to Europe. Be that as it may, the facts are these: in 1871, the Grand Orient (such is his cabalistic title) of the Freemasons in Brazil became Prime Minister of the Empire, and on the occasion of a great congratulatory demonstration made in his honor the next year on account of the abolition of slavery, a certain priest published a scandalous discourse which he had delivered in the Lodge, and took credit to himself for being the ordinary orator at the meetings (March, 1873). The Bishop of Rio Janeiro having summoned the priest before him, after all means had proved useless to bring him to a sense of duty, suspended him from the exercise of all clerical functions. This was the beginning of the struggle.

The Masons called an extraordinary convention to determine upon their line of conduct under the circumstances; and shortly afterwards, several newspapers were started, which dealt with every thing sacred, as if the demon inspired the sentiments and language of the writers. All this was done openly and professedly in the name of the masonic body, whilst at the same time leading Masons were taking part in the celebration of religious festivals, joining in processions, assisting in full regalia at Masses said for the eternal repose of departed craftsmen, etc.

The organs of the party brought forward the most power-

ful arguments to prove that the Bishops were obliged in conscience to put a stop to these scandalous proceedings, and in the very same issue dared them to interfere on their peril, and insultingly mocked at their want of courage. As it was their evident intention to precipitate a conflict, the Bishop of Rio judged it advisable not to notice their attacks, and to let matters rest as they were, for the time being : the controversy, so far as he was concerned, was ended, but they continued to insult him in the most flagrant manner.

Whilst matters were in this condition, the Rev. Vital de Oliveira, a Brazilian Capuchin, was appointed Bishop of Olinda and Pernambuco (May, 1872). It was immediately announced in some of the newspapers, that he was selected precisely because the government wanted to force the conflict, and he was judged to be one with whom they could pick a quarrel without delay. As soon as he had taken possession of his Episcopal See, the newspapers of Pernambuco began in chorus to deny the mystery of the Blessed Trinity, the Divinity of our Lord, the Virginity of our Lady, and to utter the coarsest blasphemies against every dogma of our holy religion. The Bishop, therefore, judged it to be his duty to invite all good Catholics to take part in some prescribed acts of reparation ; these public demonstrations were made every where with marked devotion by a great concourse of the people, and they tended to inflame the wild hatred of the foes of religion. They boasted of their power and numbers, and loudly threatened vengeance. They published the list of priests belonging to the Order, and of those gentlemen who were Freemasons, and at the same time, active members of the religious Confraternities, so numerous in Brazil. No church is without one of these Confraternities, and some have two or three of them ; they are very wealthy, own many of the churches, and, as they are filled with Masons, they constitute one of the greatest plagues of this unhappy country.

The occasion was critical, and full of danger ; if the Bishops had called a Synod to adopt energetic measures with

concerted action, they would have gained the victory over Freemasonry, the confraternities would have been purged of unworthy members, and the government would have been forced to respect the Church; for Catholics here, even the most lukewarm, love their religion, and have great affection for their Bishops and Priests. But, unfortunately, the Bishops were not all of one mind; and some of them insisted upon what is called the course of *prudence*. Nevertheless, the Bishop of Olinda, after having tried in vain all charitable admonitions, suspended those of his clergy who were not ashamed to profess in public that they were Freemasons. Only two priests showed themselves contumacious; and only two Confraternities paid any attention to the Bishop's orders. The Bishop of Pará adopted a similar course, and with the same results.

It was after these occurrences, almost at the very opening of the question, that the Bishop of Pernambuco wrote a full account of the affair to the Holy Father, Pius IX (January, 1873). His Holiness answered (May, 1873) by a Brief, in which after praising the Bishop's zeal, he conceded to him and to his colleagues extensive faculties in regard to the Confraternities and for the removal of censures incurred by Freemasons. As soon as the Government was informed that such a Brief had been expedited, it threatened all who should dare to publish it with imprisonment and other penalties; but as it was published almost simultaneously by all the Bishops, these threats were never executed. Affairs were in this state when the Bishop of Pernambuco, for grave reasons, suspended a certain priest. This suspension gave fresh impetus to the controversy, for the man was an influential Freemason and a popular demagogue. On the fourteenth of May, 1873, a disorderly mob, led on by prominent Masons marched to his residence and offered their congratulations for the honor he enjoyed of having fallen under the ban of his Bishop. They next made a sudden and furious attack upon our College of Pernambuco, at the hour when our Fathers were engaged

in the May devotions in honor of our Blessed Lady, and made a complete wreck of the chapel, and of the whole lower story, destroying everything in the class rooms, study hall, kitchen, cellar, etc. The Blessed Sacrament was saved from profanation by the resolute conduct of the ladies present, who gathered around the altar, and held their ground amid all the turmoil and confusion.

The assault was so unexpected that no precautions had been taken, and all were at a loss as to what should be done. Father Rector, seeing that the lives of those under his charge were in great danger, told the Fathers to save themselves as best they could; but only two or three succeeded in passing with the boys to a neighboring garden. Several of the Fathers were severely injured, amongst them the Rector, who had remained at his post directing, animating and consoling his subjects, and the Procurator, whose room was near the entrance, and who happened to be sick abed. These barbarians fell upon him in his weak condition, beating him cruelly; and having inflicted a deep cut upon his hand, drove him from the room, which they plundered of all the money it contained, and left him fainting in the corridor. There were troops stationed in the neighborhood of the College, but they did not appear to quell the disorder until the work of destruction had been carried on for a full hour, and the chapel together with the whole lower floor had been damaged to the extent of twelve thousand dollars. The rioters did not force their way upstairs, but a brother coadjutor who was sick at the time with the yellow fever, was so terrified, that he died that very night.

The Bishop, as soon as he was informed of what had taken place, wrote a note to Father Rector, which though brief, was full of sympathy and encouragement. Soldiers had been sent to guard the Episcopal palace against the violence of the mob, but he dismissed them, and throwing all the doors wide open, declared that he was ready to die for religion then and there. The danger was not trifling; for the rioters, after leaving our College, attacked the office of

the only Catholic newspaper in Pernambuco. This journal was under the patronage of the Bishop; they gutted the office completely, and flung the type and other materials into the river. They took the portrait of Pius IX, and with mock solemnities and much real profanity, burnt it in the public square. They did nothing directly against the Bishop, for such was the *mot d'ordre*, and tried the old trick of separating us from him.

The rascals who had attacked and plundered the College were well known, but the government made no effort to bring them to justice. They did not, however, escape the avenging hand of God; for, within a few weeks, many of them either died or fell dangerously ill. The connivance of the Government in these proceedings was also made apparent from this, that the civil authorities about this time advised the Confraternities to appeal to the Emperor; and this course gave a new and complicated turn to the question. Although such an appeal was against the laws of the Church in its substance, and even against those of the country in its particular circumstances, yet it was promptly entertained by the Emperor, who deputed three Freemasons to investigate the question, and upon the receipt of their report, a peremptory order was despatched to the Bishop (June, 1873), to remove the interdict from the Confraternities within thirty days, "because the state protects Freemasonry and does not acknowledge the excommunications of the Catholic Church against it." The Bishop, in his noble reply to the mandate, refused to obey, and the Government commissioned (July, 1873) an official to release the Confraternities from the Episcopal interdict in the name of his Majesty: this was done during a great and noisy celebration, but it was a mistake on the part of the civil authorities. In spite of every effort and precaution, the people still admitted the existence and binding force of the interdict; and the priests, consequently, refused to say Mass, and the faithful to hear it, in the places forbidden by the Bishop. At the same time, many members of the Secret Socie-

ties were returning to the Church (the Bishop of Pernambuco received more than three hundred abjurations), several Catholic journals were being published, and an association for the promotion of religion with its headquarters at the Capital was spreading throughout the whole Empire. This infuriated the Government, and it acted in a manner worthy of the cause it was supporting, worthy of the evil one who inspired the resolution. An ambassador was despatched to Rome, and simultaneously the Bishops of Pernambuco and of Pará were cast into prison.

Let us speak of these two facts separately. The Bishop of Pernambuco was arrested on the 2nd of January, 1874. Such was the public excitement that the provincial governor was apprehensive of a revolution; and, contrary to instructions, he got rid of his prisoner without delay, by sending him off in a wretched war vessel. The Bishop of Pará was arrested somewhat later on, and sent to Rio by the American Steamer.

Meantime the ambassador at Rome, concealing the fact of the Bishops' imprisonment, succeeded by misrepresentations, in obtaining from Cardinal Antonelli an order for the Bishop of Pernambuco to relieve the Confraternities from censure. The news of this order was welcomed by the Government with a grand celebration; but the Bishop remained firm, and rejecting the offers made by the Government if he should yield, appealed to the Holy Father. He sent his secretary to Pernambuco, asking our Fathers to send some one to Rome, who could explain the true state of affairs, and obtain a reversal of the sentence procured by the *ex parte* representations of the Government envoy. A messenger was accordingly sent, and in spite of many and great obstacles thrown in the way, he succeeded in obtaining a revocation of the obnoxious order; and the Holy Father, when informed of the true state of affairs, lauded the Bishops, gave public approval of their course, and censured their opponents (April, 1874).

The share which one of our Fathers had in this mission

to Rome, and the success which crowned the effort to undo what the crooked and cunning policy of the Government had accomplished, was an unpardonable crime in the eyes of the Masonic Body, and from that hour the utter ruin of our college at Pernambuco was decreed. After several fruitless attempts to close it, a civil commotion which broke out in Pernambuco (Nov., 1874) furnished them with a pretext for carrying out their plan. The disturbance was easily suppressed, and was probably fomented by those who, afterwards, without a scintilla of evidence, charged it upon the Jesuits. With no other ground for action than these ridiculous reports, without indictment or trial, the government huddled our Fathers on board of a man-of-war, and hurried them off by the first steamer to Europe! In this way our Mission lost a College, and more than twenty valuable subjects.

While the Holy Father at Rome was subjecting the conflicting statements of the Government and of the Bishop to a close scrutiny, and weighing their respective merits in order to give a final decision, the Bishop of Pernambuco in Brazil was condemned to four years imprisonment with hard labor, and the same sentence was about to be passed upon the Bishop of Pará. The trial was most unjust, in form, in circumstances, and in the judgment which was passed. Popular enthusiasm was enkindled in behalf of these noble victims of persecution, and both before and after sentence they were the objects of sympathetic ovations. The Bishops refused to plead before the tribunal, and declined to name their counsel; two of the ablest lawyers of the country volunteered their services, and made a gallant, but useless defence. The Emperor commuted the harsh sentence into four years of simple imprisonment, and the whole question was treated diplomatically with the Vatican, and its solution will appear further on.

The Government used all its influence to have the interdict removed, and the Holy Father exerted himself for the release of the Bishops; and by compromise, the Bishops

were set free, and the confraternities relieved from censure (Sept., 1875). Thereupon, the Bishop of Pernambuco went directly to Rome, to give a report of all that he had done, and, as it seems, his course was approved in every particular.

But a bitter disappointment was in store for him; because, when he returned to his diocese, he found that some gentlemen who had constituted themselves into what they called the *Catholic Party*, intended to dominate and manage the diocese according to their own notions. They would regulate the priests and parishes, and even the Bishop himself. Of course such interference was intolerable; and, as the Bishop refused to accede to their plans, these nominal Catholics began a new course of opposition to him, obliged him to close his seminary, and alienated from him nearly the whole population. This second contest was far more bitter than the former one, for it was waged by Catholics, and it ended in a complete defeat for the sorely tried prelate, who went again to Rome, with the intention this time of resigning his bishopric. The Holy Father, after deliberate examination, consented to relieve him, but a great difficulty arose as to the manner of granting the request. Whilst the matter was still under consideration at Rome, God, in his mercy, solved the problem by calling His persecuted servant to his reward. He died in Paris, July 4, 1878. Unhappily, since his decease a reaction has set in against his salutary reforms, and much of his work has already been undone; and the priests who were faithful to him, principally those formed by Ours at Rome, are exposed to many annoyances. The Holy See is desirous of appointing a worthy chief pastor to the Church of Pernambuco, but the Government will nominate only such as cannot be accepted. Surely, this is religious persecution.

Let us now say a word about the Bishop of Pará, whose history with regard to these troubles down to the end of the imprisonment, is almost identical with that of the Bishop of Pernambuco. He is an able writer and speaker, and his efforts against Freemasonry were crowned with better suc-

cess. On returning to his diocese, after being released from prison, the people received him in triumph. He then applied himself to heal the evils which had been caused, to found a seminary, and to visit his diocese. Although he removed the censure from the Confraternities, yet he told his priests that he should not be pleased if they said Mass for them or took part in their celebrations. This sufficed to prevent any of the clergy from identifying themselves in any manner with these Confraternities, and practically they are still interdicted. They tried to celebrate some festival without a priest, but the attempt was a bad failure, for even the worst-disposed men saw that a religious celebration without a priest was only a farce.

Unfortunately, the conduct of some abandoned and irreligious wretches disturbs the peace of the community. There is at the outskirts of this city a miraculous image of our Lady of Nazareth, which was formerly in Portugal, and at its shrine, as is reported, many miracles were wrought during the Middle Ages. The image was brought hither some time during the last century, and began to be venerated in this town with great devotion of the people, with whom its festival is most popular. But Freemasonry invaded this sanctuary, and changed the religious character of the celebration into a scandalous exhibition of public festivity. The most attractive feature in their programme consisted of late years in the theatrical representations, the stage being purposely erected close by the Church, and devoted to forbidden plays and immodest dancing. The rejoicings lasted for about twenty days, and everything was done by night. The original design was to honor Our Lady, and there continued to be some prayers recited in the Church and a sermon was delivered, but of late years the religious exercises have been reduced to a mere formality. The celebration used to be inaugurated by a large and clamorous procession, in which all classes of society took part, and the image of Our Lady was borne along accompanied by the clergy, the civil magistrates, by many

gentlemen on horseback, and by a long line of open carriages. Some of these carriages were occupied by women of bad repute, whose place was regularly assigned, as if they were an acknowledged class of society. The Bishop had tried for a long time to prevent this horrible insult to Our Lady, but could not succeed. Of course, the Masonic newspapers undertook the patronage and defence of the feast, for the very reasons which made it objectionable to the ecclesiastical authorities. They said that these women, *qua tales*, have (horresco referens) a religion, and the right of showing it in public. The matter went so far in 1877 that the Bishop was obliged to forbid the feast entirely. You must observe that the priests were accustomed to take part only in the proceedings within the Church, and even there they were by no means free, for a lay committee, whose members were generally Masons, had the chief direction and control of the whole affair. In the above mentioned year these men carried their unblushing effrontery so far as to set up in a pavilion adjoining the Church, which every honest family was expected to visit, three wax statues of nude females, whose attitude, as is reported, was immodest in the extreme. The Bishop, on being informed of this, gave orders to suspend the celebration and to close the Church. The devout Masons then broke open the doors, ejected the priest, and carried on according to their own sweet will. The Bishop was firm in his prohibition, and they made ready for a grand display in 1878 without the services of priests. To draw the mob to their side, they spread the report that the Bishop was wanting in devotion to the Blessed Virgin. On the other hand, they had the government support, and the procession was more demonstrative and scandalous than before. There were forty carriages in line filled with women of the town! Arrived at the Church, they had prayers (but no priest was present) and all the other ceremonies excepting those which used to be performed at the altar. The Bishop, thereupon, to prevent the repetition of such a scandal, applied to the Em-

peror, and obtained fair words, but nothing more; for last year (1879) the feast was again held, and with the support of the government. What is the outlook for the present year? I fear that it will be worse than before. The Church is under persecution, and the misery is that many will not believe it, and through *prudence* they let things take their course. But Our Lord will awake and make quiet the sea.

In my next letter I will give you a short history of our Brazilian Mission. I beg you to have this intention inserted in the MESSENGER: Our Fathers of Brazil ask prayers for the duration and prosperity of their Mission, chiefly for their College of Ita in St. Paul, where there are two hundred and four boarders. RAPHAEL MARIA G., S, J.

LETTERS OF FATHER JAS. O. VAN DE VELDE.
CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF A TRIP FROM GEORGETOWN, D. C.,
TO ST. LOUIS, MO., IN OCTOBER, 1831.

ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY,
November 25th, 1880.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER DEVITT,

The following letters, in which Father Van de Velde gives an account of his trip from Georgetown College to St. Louis, Mo., made in October, 1831, were to have been published in the WOODSTOCK LETTERS as an appendix to a sketch of Father Van de Velde's life, which I contributed the LETTERS, and which appeared therein last year. But the copy of them, forwarded for the purpose, was mislaid, and I herewith send you a recopy of them. These letters were written in the French language, from which they are faithfully translated by good Father Kernion, who long knew Father Van de Velde, having been an inmate of the St. Louis University nearly all the time since the year 1834. Neither their language nor their order, as in the original, is

perfect; but yet a reproduction of them will doubtless interest many, and from the fact that they describe persons, places and things, as seen by Father Van de Velde a half century ago, they possess even some historical value, which will increase as time goes on, and records of the past become scarce.

Yours very truly in X^t.

WALTER H. HILL, S. J.

LETTER I.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, Oct. 4, 1831.

My Very Dear Friend:

The day of our departure has come. We will start for Baltimore this afternoon at three o'clock, in the stage. You know already that Rev. Father Kenney, our Superior, and Father McSherry will be my traveling companions. It gives me much satisfaction to be able to travel in the company of those whom I know and esteem. It had been decided that I should start in the beginning of last month, but this was rendered impossible by my being seized with an attack of fever. Father Van Lommel and Mr. Van Sweevelt, who were to accompany me, left Georgetown for Baltimore on the 15th of last month, after having waited for some days, hoping that my health would soon be restored. Father Superior has received a letter from Father Van Lommel, written from Cumberland (whch. he reached on the 17th ultimo), and dated the 19th of the same month, in which he informed us that Mr. Van Sweevelt, his companion, had been taken sick with the fever, and, on that account, they had been obliged to interrupt their journey. Dr. Smith, a cousin of the President of the Georgetown Bank, treated Mr. Van Sweevelt during his illness. Another letter from Father Van Lommel informs us that his companion is well enough to continue the journey, and that they will leave Cumberland on the 27th of September. As I told you already, we are about to leave Georgetown on our trip west.

Although my health is again pretty good, I still feel very weak. I hope, however, that traveling will help to make me regain my strength. I attribute my sickness to the visit which I made to St. Mary's and Charles Counties. I had never before been in those marshy districts without paying for it by some illness. This year a great part of St. Mary's County looked like an hospital. You could have found some sick people in every house on the shores of the Patuxent. Father Carbery, who resides at St. Inigoes, has had a relapse there. He has fled from that unhealthy locality, and he came here to the college to spend some days with us. The day before yesterday he left for Fredericktown, thence he will go to Baltimore, and from that place return to St. Inigoes. I am afraid that he will fall sick on the way. He appeared, at least, to be in a very precarious state of health. I will write to you every day, for I intend my letters to form a kind of diary or journal of our trip. Forget me not in your holy prayers; it is now especially that I stand in need of them.

Believe me to be yours, etc.

LETTER II.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 5, 1831.

My Very Dear Friend:

We are now on the way, and in good company. We have taken our lodging at Barnum's, who has the best hotel in the city. Last evening I went to visit the family of Mr. Edward Jenkins, accompanied by Father McSherry. It was very late, but as we had resolved to go and see the good Mr. Carroll, and I had besides several other visits to make to-day, I was afraid that if I delayed this visit I would have to leave Baltimore without seeing that estimable family. This morning I went to say Mass in the seminary of the Sulpicians, which is at a great distance from our hotel; but as I had resolved not to leave Baltimore without bidding farewell to my friends at the seminary, I thought that

my best chance to do that was to go and say Mass there. After Mass I was very much urged to remain for breakfast, but fearing to miss my companions, who had determined to start for Mr. Carroll's Manor at about half-past eight o'clock A. M., I hastened to join them. By the bye, I forgot to mention that Father McSherry has engaged the stage for Wheeling, by way of Fredericktown. I had told you that I would do all I could to take the stage which passes through Chambersburg, on account of several advantages, but particularly because by taking this last mentioned route we would have the opportunity of getting some sleep during a few hours every night of the journey, which, of course, is a very desirable thing to a person who still feels the effects of sickness, and is in danger of relapsing. Besides, we were sure to find a Catholic Church in all the places where we had to stop on the way, namely: at Chambersburg, at Bedford, at Pittsburg. Father McSherry had misunderstood Father Kenney, believing that he wanted to be in Wheeling absolutely for Sunday. Father Van Lommel had also written that there was no stage from Baltimore to Wheeling by way of Chambersburg; as if we could not go from Bedford to Brownsville, or, at all events, from Pittsburg to Wheeling. To-morrow, when I write to you, I will give you an account of our visit to Mr. Carroll.

Believe me, now and forever, your

devoted friend and humble servant.

LETTER III.

FREDERICKTOWN, Oct. 6, 1831.

My Very Dear Friend:

We have just arrived in this town, and as they tell us that we shall not leave it before half an hour, I am going to employ that time in writing to you. It was ten o'clock A. M. yesterday when we took our seats in the car to go by railroad to Mr. Carroll's. We reached Ellicott's Mill at about half-past eleven. We found there the Count of

Menon, who was just from Mr. Carroll's residence on his way to Baltimore. He had come in the carriage of the good old gentleman. Nothing could have suited us better. The carriage was at our disposal. We reached Mr. Carroll's farm at one o'clock P. M. He received us with the greatest demonstrations of joy. He still remembered very well Father Kenney, whom he had seen formerly, and he appeared transported with joy in seeing him again. He clearly evinced by all his actions, as well as his words, how great was the pleasure he experienced at our visit. I can say as much for his daughter, Mrs. Caton, who showed the greatest respect for us. We found there also Mrs. Decatur of Georgetown, and Mrs. McTavish, daughter of Mr. Caton, and sister of the Marchioness of Wellesley former relict of Mr. Patterson, and of Lady Carmarthen, once Lady Harvey. Good Mrs. McTavish presented to us two of her children, who were very interesting. The elder one, aged about thirteen years, is one of the students of our College at Stonyhurst, in England; his name is Charles Carroll. Thus the good Patriarch sees himself, as it were, living over his life again in the sons of his granddaughter. He is the only one now living of all those who signed the Declaration of Independence in 1776. His health is excellent, though his sight is weak and he is somewhat deaf. He is now in his 95th year.⁽¹⁾ They celebrated his birth-day with great magnificence on the 20th of last month. The President of the United States was present, as well as several other persons of distinction. Mrs. Caton told us that on that occasion, according to his custom, he rose early and commenced the day, as he does every year, by going to the Chapel and receiving the Holy Sacraments. He heard three Masses, which were celebrated in succession, and remained on his knees during the whole time, his heart overflowing with thanks for all the favors which he had received from Heaven. I had long desired to see him, and I can as-

⁽¹⁾ Charles Carroll died November 14th, 1832, or about one year after this visit to him.

sure you that since my arrival in this country, I have not paid a visit which has had so many charms for me. You must understand that I speak only of visits to seculars. Mr. Carroll insisted upon our dining with him and family. The dinner time was advanced half an hour. At 2 o'clock we sat down to table. Mrs. McTavish did the honors. Time passed on very agreeably and very quickly. Our conversation ran on religion, on politics, etc. Mrs. Caton, who was at my right, spoke to me at great length of the actual state of Belgium, and of the projected marriage of Leopold I with the princess Louise of France. She is acquainted with the reigning family of Orleans, and she assures me that Louis Philippe himself is indifferent in matters of religion, his royal consort, Marie Amélie, is very religious, and that she has instilled religious sentiments into the hearts of all her children, but especially Louise, and Marie, who are as pious as they are amiable. When I perceived that it was after three o'clock, and that my companions were not aware of the time thus passing away, I spoke to Mrs. Caton, who gave her orders for the carriage (for the train was to leave at four o'clock). We left at last, accompanied by the good wishes of the whole family; and we arrived in Baltimore at about half past six o'clock, after many delays on the way. Fr. Kenney and myself went to pay our respects to the most Rev. Archbishop. It was late when we left him: and I could not find time to go and bid adieu to my friends. The remainder to-morrow.

I am, yours etc.

LETTER IV.

FROSTBURG, Oct. 7, 1831.

We will dine here. I know that we are still in the State of Maryland, but that is all. We must be about a hundred miles from Fredericktown. We have been traveling all night. We stopped only to change horses and to take our dinner at Middletown, eight miles from Fredericktown, and our supper at Clearspring. Although I am sure that you

will believe me when I tell you that I am very tired, nevertheless I am going to resume my diary of the 6th instant. When we returned from the Archbishop's we found Father Dzierozynski at Barnum's. I expected him there. After he had presented his respects to Father Superior, I took him to the dining room, where he and I supped together. Father Kenney did not want any supper, and Father McSherry took supper at Mr. Edward Jenkins', where he met several of his acquaintances. Before retiring to bed I went to Father Dzierozynski to bid him adieu. We went to bed at about 11 o'clock, and at half-past twelve we were awakened to continue our journey. We were, altogether, only five—that is, besides us, there were two gentlemen from the neighborhood of Martinsburg, Virginia, whose deportment was very commendable. We breakfasted at Mr. Roberts' Hotel, and we arrived at Fredericktown towards half-past ten in the forenoon. We remained there about half an hour, and in the meantime Father Superior went to the house of Father McElroy, where he found no one. It is probable that Father McElroy had gone out, and that Father Barber and the other inmates were engaged at the time in the college. We were overtaken at Fredericktown by the stage from Washington City, which contained seven passengers on their way to Wheeling. As that stage had room for nine persons only, our two traveling companions went to Middletown in a buggy, where we dined yesterday; and one of us was obliged to sit on the box with the driver. We took supper at Clearspring, a small town situated a few miles beyond Hagerstown. To-morrow I will speak to you of my traveling companions.

Farewell.

LETTER V.

WASHINGTON, PENN., Oct. 8, 1831.

We are traveling in the state of Pennsylvania since yesterday, having left Cumberland, the last town of Maryland, yesterday before noon. We took supper at Endsley's yes-

terday, or rather this morning, for it was more than an hour after midnight. This morning we passed through Union, and through Brownsville, where we breakfasted. We are now entirely over the Alleghany Mountains. We will dine here; it is about 5 o'clock P. M. It is rumored that we will arrive in Wheeling about midnight. Last night was spent like the preceding one, without going to bed. We have met with two accidents on the road. On the 6th, towards evening, one of the pieces of iron which support the stage broke. They fixed it again as well as they could by fastening it with an iron chain. Yesterday one of the horses took fright whilst coming down a pretty high hill, and the stage was nearly upset. This morning we met Mr. Eaton, one of the ex-Secretaries, with his wife, at Brownsville. I must now say a word about our traveling companions. They were seven in number and came from Washington City, where they had gone in order to obtain contracts for carrying the United States mail from one place to another. Among them there were two or three who had obtained what they desired by bargaining with the Postmaster General, whilst the others had not quite the same success. The consequence was that the first were very jubilant, and the others were in bad humor. Several of those travelers had been coach drivers, and some of the others were still such. It was not, therefore, a very great wonder if their conduct was revolting, and their conversations mixed with blasphemies and shocking indecencies. Never, since my arrival in America, have I traveled with such impolite and disgusting persons. There was one, however, who formed an exception; he was from New York, and behaved like a civilized man. Farewell.

Yours, etc.

LETTER VI.

WHEELING, Oct. 9, 1831.

We arrived at this place this morning at 2 o'clock. We were so tired that we went to bed almost immediately after our arrival. There was a boat which was to leave for Cincinnati at 5 o'clock A. M. Being assured, however, that there would be other boats in the afternoon, we rested until seven o'clock. We then took a walk in the city to find out whether there was any chance either to celebrate or hear Mass. We found the Catholic Church there all in disorder: no altar, no vestments, the panes of glass in the sashes broken, etc. Mrs. Kennedy, at whose house we went for information, told us that it was impossible to celebrate the Holy Mysteries, as they were going to repair the interior of the Church, and everything was in confusion. The Catholics of the place had not had an opportunity to hear Mass or approach the Sacraments since the second Sunday in May, when Mr. Miles,⁽¹⁾ of Zanesville, came here through charity. Father Roloff resided there for some months, but as he is not a very eloquent preacher, they did not treat him well, and he was forced to leave them. This is one of the reasons for which the Archbishop refuses them a resident priest. Here we are, then, in Wheeling, after having traveled from Baltimore night and day without resting, in order to be here in time to say or hear Mass. Fine hopes indeed! To-day is Sunday and to-morrow will be the feast of St. Francis de Borgia, and no Mass! We are through with our dinner, and now we are going to take a walk together.

Farewell.

Your most devoted.

⁽¹⁾This was Father Miles, O. P., who afterwards became Bishop of Nashville, Tennessee. Dominicans from St. Rose, Washington county, Kentucky, established a convent of their order at Somerset, Ohio, in 1819, and at a later date they also took charge of a church in Zanesville.

LETTER VII.

WHEELING, Oct. 10, 1831.

Yesterday, in the course of the afternoon, we went to see the town. It had rained a great deal, and the streets were almost impassable. Most of the streets are not paved, and are full of dirt and filth of all kinds. It is a real hole. However, everything seems to prosper. We have taken our lodging at the Wheeling House, kept by a certain Mr. William King, of Martinsburg, Virginia, who is an acquaintance of Father McSherry. His hotel is in very good condition. It is not inferior to Barnum's, and the price is the same, one dollar and a half a day. The ex-Secretary, Eaton, arrived here this morning, and we took dinner and supper with him, his wife and his sister-in-law. Yesterday we found no opportunity to start for Cincinnati. This morning we went to examine the manufactories. They well deserve the inspection, particularly the glass works, etc. There are two coal mines in the mountain back of Wheeling. I went some distance into one of them, and would have gone deeper, but the place was very dark, and one of the workmen told me that it was very dangerous, because sometimes pieces of coal and stone get loose from the ceiling, and, owing to this, several accidents have taken place. There was no danger where I was then standing, for the ceiling was supported by planks. I found one of my acquaintances in Wheeling. I was much surprised when, knocking at the door of Mrs. Magruder, a Catholic widow who has care of the Church, to see it opened by George King of Georgetown, who had studied philosophy with me at College. After his leaving the noviciate he took to the study of law. He is now married, and he teaches school. I baptized one of his children, George Alexander.

LETTER VIII.

MARIETTA, OCT. 11, 1831.

We have now reached one of the towns of Ohio. I went on shore to be able to say that I have been in that State. This small town, situated on the river bank, is pretty enough and well peopled. We left Marietta at 7 o'clock A. M. We left Wheeling last evening at about 5 o'clock, on board the steamer "Emigrant," Captain Ireland, and already we are eighty miles from Wheeling. Nothing worth noticing has happened.

I am, etc.

LETTER IX.

GUYANDOTTE, OCT. 12, 1831.

Yesterday, after leaving Marietta, we passed the Island and the town of Parkersburg, situated at the mouth of the Little Kenhawa. Shortly after, we coasted the Island of Blennerhassett, rendered famous by the conspiracy of the Vice-President, Aaron Burr, against the government of the United States. It was about 9 o'clock in the forenoon. At about 1 o'clock in the afternoon we passed the Island of Buffington; and at 3 o'clock, the Island and the Falls of Letart. The water was so high that we passed over the rocks of the Falls. In the evening we reached Gallipolis, the capital of Gallia County. That small town was settled by a colony of French, and most of the inhabitants speak French.⁽¹⁾ Towards 12 o'clock in the night we anchored, on account of a very thick fog, which had risen. We were then only five or six miles from Guyandotte, which is at the mouth of the Big Kenhawa, where we arrived this morning at half past 6 o'clock. Here, several of our traveling com-

⁽¹⁾ Gallipolis was settled by a colony of French in the year 1791. The title to their land proved defective, and most of the colonists, originally several thousand in number, returned to France. Father Badin, who was sent by Bishop Carroll to the Catholic settlers of Kentucky in 1793, spent several days at Gallipolis, when on his way down the Ohio.

panions left the boat. Here, too, is the terminus of the new route from Washington to Ohio, *via* Fredericksburg, in Virginia. We hope to arrive in Cincinnati to-morrow.

Believe me, etc.

LETTER X.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 13, 1831.

My Very Dear Friend:

We arrived in Cincinnati at 11 o'clock this forenoon. After leaving Guyandotte in Virginia, and Burlington on the Ohio shore, we touched at Catletsburg, which is but a small hamlet at the mouth of the Big Sandy River, which separates Virginia from Kentucky. It is here that I, for the first time, touched the land of Kentucky. Further on we passed Greenupsburg on the Kentucky shore; and finally Portsmouth, at the mouth of the Scioto River. It is here that the canal, which is to form a communication between Lake Erie and the Ohio River, enters that River. This canal commences at Cleveland, on Lake Erie, about two hundred miles from Buffalo, which is thirty-one miles from Lockport, where terminates the great canal from Albany to the Lakes. The first of these canals is more than eleven hundred miles long, the other is three hundred and sixty-three miles. The first is now nearly completed, they are working at it with great ardor. We lodge at the Cincinnati Hotel. After passing Portsmouth we touched at Maysville and Augusta, and shortly after we had to anchor on account of another fog. After taking dinner and attending to our trunks, we went to pay a visit to Bishop Fenwick, who received us very kindly. We found there also Mr. Rezé and Mr. Mullen, with another young priest, named Van Drom, a Belgian of the diocese of Ghent, who arrived here from Belgium in the beginning of the week. From the Bishop's residence we went back to our hotel; and after supper I went to see the Museum, which, though small, is worth seeing. Among other curiosities, there is a room

which the proprietor calls "the infernal regions;" but, singular enough, you have to ascend several flights of stairs to come to it. That room is lighted up, and we see there devils, beasts and reprobates of all kinds. Of eleven ladies who went up with us, only three dared to remain. All the others ran away. After being there for some time, we saw that two or three of the figures began to move, and we heard such a howling as frightened several of those present. On a sudden all the lamps were extinguished at the same instant, and there ensued around us such a racket as might well be called infernal. Again light appeared and all was over. It is late.

Farewell.

DISPERSION OF THE COLLEGE OF LAVAL.

Letter of Father S. Schiffini to his Brother.

ST. HELIER, Sept. 15, 1880.

DEAR BROTHER,

Here I am at last in the new domicile to which Divine Providence has consigned me. St. Helier is, as you know, the principal city of the Isle of Jersey, and is situated on the sea shore opposite the Norman coast. The house in which I am is on a hill overhanging the town. It is a magnificent hotel, which, through the admirable disposition of Divine Providence, fell into the hands of the Province of France at the very time the sad Decrees of the 29th of March appeared. I will speak more on this head in another letter. For the present it is enough to know that this hotel will be a Scholasticate to take the place of Laval. It wont take long to tell how I came here. You know already, through the papers, what was the action of the French Chamber with regard to the well-known "Clause 7" of the Ferry Laws, and hence the origin of the lamentable March Decrees. At their appearance, all the Superiors of Relig-

ious Congregations of men, threatened by the said Decrees, with great though unexpected unanimity, met at Paris to see what they ought to do in such a juncture. It was resolved to offer every resistance sanctioned by French law. There was, at the same time, a consultation with the most celebrated lawyers and jurists of the nation, and especially with M. Rousse, one of the foremost lawyers of Paris. He is the author of the famous defence which you have seen, in which some two thousand lawyers concurred. In the meantime we kept up our usual scholastic exercises at Laval, without the slightest change in the order of duties. Towards the end of June, for fear the government would assume control of the house, all the more necessary articles were sent to a safe place in the town, and it was settled where each one could best go in case the house was broken up. A generous and cordial hospitality was extended us from every side. On the 28th and 29th of June many of our friends and of the highest nobility came to stay with us night and day, so as to help us if necessary, or (and this was the chief object) to serve as witnesses to the brutality soon to take place on the part of the vandals who now govern poor France. The 30th arrived, and there is no need of describing what occurred. In Laval, as elsewhere, the performance consisted of three acts, viz: a notice to quit, served by the Chief of Police; a refusal to do so on the Rector's part, in the presence of witnesses, accompanied by a protest against the illegal measures of the government; and, lastly, after seals had been affixed to the Church, our ejection, *manu militari*, regardless of the laws which, in France, so strictly protect the dwellings of citizens. It must be confessed that the gens-d'armes conducted themselves with a good deal of courtesy, and carried out their orders with tears in their eyes. Also be it said that the Prefect of Laval was among the least hostile, and, as a consequence, suffered the Brothers, and even five Fathers, to still remain in the house, in quality of legal proprietors. It is a hard necessity that presses one, when, for the sake of a

few dollars that he needs, he follows, with bad grace, the Republican car driven by Gambetta. After we were turned into the street, with the exception of a few Fathers who remained in the town, we all, to the number of about a hundred, betook ourselves to four houses thrown open to us in the neighborhood of the city, and on the very next day resumed our wonted scholastic and religious exercises. The Theologians of the long course, with their respective professors, found themselves in an elegant residence about four leagues from Laval, offered them by an old boarder at one of our colleges, Louis de la Sayette. Although everything was perfectly well known, and the Prefect had expressly forbidden any reunion on our part as a community, the gens-d'armes did not trouble us. We profited by this tranquillity to bring our scholastic course to its close, and to prepare ourselves for a speedy departure for Jersey. In the beginning of August the examinations took place as usual, followed by the long vacation, and at length, at the end of the month, we started for our new Scholasticate. The fifth of this month (September) more than seventy were here, and we made our annual retreat. We are now awaiting the arrival of the others who are to come. The "Status" is not yet out. Possibly I may have a class of philosophy in addition to my theological lectures. So, then, here I am, at last, an Englishman, after having been a Spaniard and a Frenchman. It can hardly be that the government will drive us out of this place. The English are the most practical men in the world.

My address is "College of St. Aloysius, St. Helier, Jersey, England."⁽¹⁾ Remember me most kindly to my acquaintances, and those of our province, especially, who may be near you. Write to me soon, and remember me in your Holy Sacrifices and prayers.

Your affectionate brother,

SANTO SCHIFFINI, S. J.

⁽¹⁾ Since this letter was written, Father Schiffini has been appointed Professor of Philosophy at the German College in Rome.

LOYOLA COLLEGE.

The College was handsomely decorated during the time of the Sesqui-Centennial Celebration in Baltimore; one of the features being the subjoined inscription which was placed between the pillars of the balcony :—

COLLEGIVM · HOC · LOYOLÆVM
VBI · MAIORVM · EXPERIENTIA · SVCESSV · QVE · EDOCTI
SODALES · SOCIETATIS · IESV
TRES · ILLOS · CVLTVS
DEI · PATRIÆ · BONARVM · QVE · ARTIVM
BALTIMORENSI · IVVENTVTI · VNA · SIMVL · INSTILLANT
HOC · REDEVNTE · ANNO · CL · AB · EIVS · CONDITIO
BALTIMORÆ · PLAVDIT
CVIVS · HISTORIAM · TRES · MAGNI · AVSVS · IMPLENT
DEI · CVLTV · VEXATOS · PERFVGIO · TVTARI
PATRIAM · LIBERAM · PROSPERAM · QVE · CIVIBVS · CONFERRE
BONAS · ARTES · INSTITVTIS · MONVMENTIS · QVE · FOVERE

THE NEW CHURCH AT HARRISONVILLE.

On Sunday, the 21st of November, Mass was celebrated for the first time in the new Church which has been erected on the Liberty turnpike, near Harrisonville, Baltimore County, about five miles from Woodstock College. The *Church of the Holy Family* is a neat frame building, 28 by 48 feet, costing a little over \$1,500. Quite a number of people came from the surrounding country, Protestants as well as Catholics, to witness the unusual ceremony, which was conducted with as much solemnity as circumstances would permit. Father Salvator Brandi, of Woodstock, to whose zeal the congregation is indebted for their beautiful little Church, said the Mass. The sermon was preached by Father Devitt, and the choir from the College also assisted on the occasion.

The new church at Harrisonville is the latest fruit of the zeal of the Scholastics and Fathers of Woodstock College. Little did any one dream six years ago, when a Sunday-school was begun in Mr. Harker's house, that in so short a time it would develop so wonderfully. Before the College was opened there was no priest or chapel nearer than Pikesville, some six or seven miles away; and, as the people were scattered all over the country, it is easy to conceive how Catholics became indifferent in the practice of their religion, while the younger generation was growing up without any faith at all. There were many, too, who had never belonged to any Church, who only needed some knowledge of the truth to embrace it. Consequently, much good was effected by the zeal and instructions of the scholastics who conducted the Sunday-school. The children were instructed in their catechism, and many lukewarm Catholics, who had for years neglected their Christian duties, were reclaimed. Thus it was that the little congregation in the neighbor-

hood of Harrisonville responded to the interest that was taken in them. Mr. Harker kindly gave part of his dwelling, in which catechism was taught every Sunday, and the Holy Sacrifice was celebrated once a month. The sight of a Catholic priest was quite a marvel in the beginning, and some opposition was manifested, which has now almost entirely disappeared. Marriages were blessed, and many who had grown up without receiving the waters of regeneration were baptized. A circulating library was established, and the spread of good instructive books contributed much towards the present success of the mission.

In September, 1879, Father Brandi took charge of the mission of Harrisonville, and in a short time the congregation had become too numerous to be accommodated in the private chapel where they were compelled to hear Mass. It became absolutely necessary, therefore, to build a more convenient place of worship without delay. The congregation entered with heart and soul into the plans of the pastor, and promised all necessary assistance. Thomas H. Worthington, Esq., one of the wealthy farmers in the vicinity, made a gift of an acre of land on which to build the church, whilst his father, R. Worthington, Esq., contributed generously towards the same end.

On the 16th of May last the corner-stone was laid with much solemnity in the presence of nearly five hundred persons. It is unnecessary to add that more than two-thirds of those who witnessed the ceremony were non-Catholics. Several of the Fathers and fourteen Scholastics from the College choir assisted, taking part in the procession. Father Moeller preached a very fine sermon on the propagation of the Catholic Church.

Thus the little mission at Harrisonville has entered upon a new era, and God grant that its progress in the future may correspond to what it has been in the past, and that through the instrumentality of its pastors and instructors many more stray sheep may be brought back into the one fold of Christ.

SKETCH OF THE NEZ PERCÉS INDIANS.

(Continued)

When the missionaries among the Nez Percés were reaping for the Church an abundant harvest of their past labors and sufferings, and whilst their hopes of seeing the whole tribe converted in a few years were justified by the many annual conversions; Satan, whose artifices had been so far defeated, devised another plan, which gave him the victory over many of those souls, whom the missionaries were patiently preparing for the fold: this plan was the Nez Percé war of 1877 against the United States army.

The Wallawa Valley, which both Indians and whites claimed as their own, gave rise to many contests, and these resulted in the war. The Valley is on the frontier of Oregon, near Idaho; it is very well adapted for farming and grazing purposes, and was also much valued by the Indians, as well as the surrounding country for root-digging and hunting. It was first included in the Indian Reservation, made by mutual agreement between the United States Government and the Nez Percé tribe, in the treaty of June 11th, 1855, which treaty was signed by Old Joseph, the chief of that band of Nez Percés that owned the Valley, a Presbyterian and father of Joseph, who afterwards became famous as the leader of the war.

But, when on the discovery of gold mines in the Nez Percé Reservation in 1862, that Reservation was found to be too large, and should be by all means curtailed, another treaty, that put Wallawa out of the Reservation, was signed by some chiefs in 1863; but Old Joseph would not sign it, and protested that the Valley was his own: he died a few years after, telling his two sons, Joseph and Young Joseph, alias Allocat, never to give up Wallawa to the whites.

In the latter part of May, 1873, a kind of Indian council

was held at Lapwai, in behalf of Joseph and his people. Whether it was on account of trouble in Wallawa between whites and Indians, or, because the Presbyterians wanted another Agency in that Valley, it is difficult to say. In that council, Joseph exposed his claims to the Valley, and asked protection from the Government against the whites, who had already begun to settle there; the Indian Department endorsed the petition, and the President of the United States put the whole of the Valley out of market.

After some time the Indians of Wallawa were told that probably Congress would make an appropriation to buy out all the settlers of Wallawa; and they would have a Reservation of their own. This, in the Indian mind, was equivalent to an acknowledgment of their right by Government; but Congress did not make the appropriation, and after some time, the Valley was again open to settlers. This made the Indians mad with rage, and they charged the Government with injustice and deceit, and began to show so hostile a spirit towards the settlers as to cause much uneasiness. Therefore in the fall of 1876, there was another council at Lapwai. A commission of some gentlemen was appointed by the Indian Department, to come to an agreement with Joseph, either to remain in Wallawa, if he asked for it, as in a Reservation; or to give it up altogether, be paid for it, and go to live in the Nez Percé Reservation. Joseph and his people were called; but as soon as they heard of the intentions of the Government, Joseph answered for all his people that they had nothing to ask for. He would not even speak to the Commissioners; because, he said, he did not believe they were truly sent from Washington: and even were they truly sent, those who had already spoken in the name of the Government had lied too many times to the Indians, especially in regard to that question of Wallawa: "In the treaty made in 1855, Gov. Stevens said Wallawa was ours; and my father said it was and should be ours. When the preachers came in 1873, Government said it should be ours again; and I said it was

and should be ours. After a year or less, Government said it should not be ours any more; and I said it was and it should be ours. You may say now it should be ours, and next year again say it should not; I say now, as I said before, as my father said, as all my people will always say; Wallawa was, is and shall be ours, and that I do not need to ask it from your Government."

Government officials went to see him several times, to persuade him to come and expose his views, telling him that he would obtain all that he wanted; but this made him worse. He became so proud that he thought Government was afraid of him. When the Commissioners saw that Joseph could not be induced to ask for any favor, they recommended to have him and all his band removed to the Nez Percé Reservation, since Wallawa had been put out of the Reservation by the treaty; but it seems they forgot to say that the treaty had never been signed by the owners of the country.

Orders were given to remove Joseph to Lapwai, by gentle means if possible; if not, by force. Towards the end of 1876, and the beginning of 1877, messengers were going to and fro, the United States Agent sending word to Joseph to remove to Lapwai, or the soldiers would go and take him there.

In the mean time an Indian, whose family were all Catholics, fell dangerously ill, and immediately he sent to the Mission (St. Joseph's), wishing to be baptized. On the 15th of January, one of the Fathers started with some Indians, very late in the evening, to Captain John's Creek; they found the sick man there (Joseph's was eight miles further on Grand-Rond River). As soon as the sick man saw the priest, he said: "Oh! how glad I am to see you, black-gown; I was afraid that I should die unbaptized, in punishment of the hardness of my heart. Do you remember how I would not look at you four years ago? You baptized my dying girl, and she got well in a few days, and my heart was not moved; afterwards you baptized my baby

and its mother; afterwards you baptized my big son, and you could never get me. Oh! now I am very sorry for my sins, and I want to confess them all before receiving Baptism." As he was well disposed, and well instructed, he was baptized without delay; and then he exhorted his relations to have all their children baptized. Some were baptized that very night; others promised to have their children baptized later.

The next day, the missionary and his Indians proceeded to Joseph's camp, to pay him a friendly visit, which he had promised long before. Though Old Joseph, now dead, had been a Presbyterian, yet he died an infidel, and left his two sons, Joseph and Young Joseph, infidels. Both of them, however, were very friendly to the Catholic missionary, and they received him with great courtesy. They would listen to his exhortations, but they were not disposed to become Catholics; said they would see about it when the land question would be settled. The old *Drummer* (an Indian preacher of superstition), protested that none would become Catholics, neither young nor old; they had their own religion and that was good enough. We may remark that the most bitter of these men is now a good Catholic, and always very sorry for having spoken so roughly to the missionary.

When the religious topic was over, the Indians asked the missionary what was his opinion about the injustice of the Government on the subject of Wallawa. The Father answered that he was not prepared to speak on that matter, having come exclusively on a spiritual mission, and had nothing to do with Government and land questions. The meal that was served, first to the Father and then to his companions, was one of the most sumptuous of Indian dinners, consisting of different kinds of dry meat, and many different kinds of dry roots; the beverage was Indian tea with sugar. The missionary returned to St. Joseph's with many hopes of future conversions. After a few days, he went again to visit the new convert, who had got better;

there he found an army of Presbyterian preachers, trying to scare the few Catholics, and prevent the others from joining us: yet, some more children were baptized.

Next month, February, the missionary, accepting an invitation extended to him some time previous, went to the Umatilla Reservation, about a hundred and eighty miles from Lapwai, in order to give a mission to the Catholic Indians, and gain over some infidels to our holy religion. The mission was a great success; the Catholics, with very few exceptions, approached the Sacraments, and about twenty infidels were received into the Church.

It seems that Young Joseph of Wallawa was there, trying to know the opinion of the Umatilla Indians, who also claimed the Wallawa, as to whether it should be abandoned or not. This coincidence, with some other circumstances of less importance, and especially the success of the Catholic missionary, excited the zeal or rage of the Presbyterians; and the Lapwai Indian Agent wrote to the Indian Department in Washington, that the Catholic priest was doing his best to prevent Joseph from coming into the Lapwai Reservation, and therefore he would inquire how to proceed against said priest. No sooner was this calumny known among the citizens of Lewiston, than all were indignant against the calumniator; so the Agent could not easily expel the priest from the Reservation (St. Joseph's Mission), as he had already told the Indians he would do.

Some time in April, Young Joseph paid a visit to the missionary, and asked his advice, what to do about their land. The answer was: "Do what you think is best, provided every thing is done peaceably; for my part, I should like to see all of you near our Mission." He promised to be peaceful, and try to have all others peaceful, and that when settled, he and many others would become Catholics.

In the mean time neither Joseph nor his people were doing any thing to move towards the Reservation. So Gen. Howard came to Lapwai and called a meeting of all the Indians of Joseph and White Bird, to hold a council and try

for the last time, to have them all come to the Reservation. The council was held in May, and lasted several days. From the very beginning, Tahulkuzut, one of the old drummers of White Bird, said very clearly and positively that neither he, nor any of his people would ever go to the Reservation; that they would not give up their land, which was to them as a mother. Some few others expressed themselves in the same way, but not so clearly, and when the General would tell them that they were not free to stay or to come, but that they had to come, either of their own accord or by force, old Tahulkuzut would repeat again that they would not abandon their mother, the land where they were born. At the third session, when Tahulkuzut was haranguing to the same tune, the General told the Commander of Fort Lapwai, who was present, to take charge of old Tahulkuzut, so that he might hold the council with the others. And, indeed, after he was taken prisoner, the others seemed disposed to come to terms. After a few sessions, Joseph, White Bird and Haschus Keiut, the three chiefs of the largest bands of Nez Percés, agreed to come to the Reservation in thirty days; then Tahulkuzut was let free.

Whether it was treachery on the part of these chiefs, or that, exasperated by Tahulkuzut, who reproached them with cowardice, they changed their mind and went to war, it is very difficult to ascertain. The fact is, that just one day before the expiration of the time agreed upon (June 14, 1877), some of White-Bird's young men killed two white men on Salmon River, and thence going to Camas Prairie, murdered several very good and inoffensive settlers.

On the evening of the 15th, about a hundred soldiers started from Lapwai for Salmon River and Camas Prairie; when, on the morning of the 17th, the soldiers were ready to attack the Indians, Joseph sent two of his men to the Commander of the troops, to tell him that the murders were committed without his knowledge, and that if he would wait, he would give satisfaction. But White Bird's

young men, excited by Tahulkuzut, went ahead of the messengers, began the attack, killed thirty soldiers and a Lieutenant, put the balance to flight, and went back to the camp, saying that the war was begun, and there was now no backing out. It seems that the fight was between nine Indians and ninety soldiers, and only one Indian was killed. Then followed the battles of Cotton Wood and Clear Water, and the escape of Joseph with his forces across the Bitter Root Mountain. It is said that Joseph was never seen fighting, until his forces were attacked at night by the United States troops in Montana. From this it would seem true that White Bird, or some of his men, as Tahulkuzut, was the organizer and prosecutor of the war, and that Joseph was dragged into it by his friends.

Whether he had said in Lewiston, some time before the war, that his people could easily beat all the soldiers of Forts Lapwai and Wallawalla, or not, is not certain; if he said so, the first battle proved that it was not a vain boast. He had been repeatedly told that soldiers would take him and his people to the Reservation; and there were no soldiers in the country, but eight small companies in those two Forts.

ST. FRANCIS REGIS, COLVILLE MISSION,
November 28, 1880.

MISSIONARY LABORS OF FATHER MAGUIRE AND COMPANIONS,

FROM SEPTEMBER 19 TO DECEMBER 19, 1880.

The first two weeks in September were set apart in the missionary calendar for St. Joachim's Frankford; but, owing to unforeseen difficulties concerning the dedication of the church just finished, the Fathers could not begin their labors until the end of October. There was little reason to regret this mishap, as the weather in the early part of

the month of September was too warm for a mission in a crowded church. Of course, this delay lessens perceptibly the results of the autumn work.

CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION, EAST BOSTON.—At the invitation of the zealous pastor, Rev. Father Cassin, Fathers Maguire and Morgan gave a week's mission, beginning September 19, to the men of this congregation.

Two services a day in the Church, with a short instruction in the afternoon for the children, were given. The men, occupied with their labors as stevedores or 'long-shoremen, could come only early in the morning or late in the evening to the Church. As a consequence, their confessions had to be heard, for the most part, in the evening. This left a large portion of the day at the disposal of the devout female sex. It would seem, judging from what took place afterwards, that a council of war was held by the women, always so anxious to do some good for their souls, and, in the present case, actuated, no doubt, by a combined motive of piety, jealousy and curiosity. The truth is, a few old women presented themselves, coming as pioneers probably. Their confessions were heard, and then, as if by magic, the crowds began to move, and the Fathers had enough to do. The news spread quickly, and to the end of the week the communicants were eighteen hundred, one half of whom were women.

On the last Sunday of the exercises special efforts were made, and with very flattering results, to increase the number of members in the various societies connected with the Church. A few adults were prepared for First Communion.

GESÙ, PHILADELPHIA.—From the 4th to the 18th of October, Fathers Maguire, McAtee, Strong and Morgan, with the very important help of their brethren in the community, were engaged in giving the exercises to the people—I was going to say of this Church, but that would not be true—that came from all sides to this Church to make the

Mission. It was necessary from the beginning to divide the congregation, giving the first week to the women, but this division was not sufficient, since an overflow meeting had to be held every evening in the hall attached to the schoolhouse. There several hundreds of persons were enabled to hear the sermons upon the exercises, a blessing they would otherwise have been deprived of.

Philadelphia and Baltimore are always prolific of converts during a mission; other cities in the North have them, but these two are ahead nearly always. Eighteen adults were received into the Church at the Gesù during the exercises. Several persons were left under instruction, having presented themselves too late. A prejudice prevails against converts of a mission. Poorly instructed and excited by the sermons, they rush into the Church to rush out again when the excitement is over. If, indeed, it were true that they are poorly instructed and brought in by excitement, and finally leave the Church *en masse*, the prejudice might be tolerated. If proper instruction be given them, and if, as is most frequently the case, the mission is only the occasion of doing what has been thought on for years, through the good example of a wife, or a husband, or some kind friend, I see no reason for delay. As a truth, the Fathers have often heard the best accounts of their converts. Some will fall away, no doubt; so do they fall away under the most favorable circumstances. This argument, then, of falling away proves too much. In fact, it might lead to the oyster policy of an old priest in these parts, who shut out all heretics from admission into the true fold, by doubting of the possibility of their sincerity.

The children received instruction every afternoon; they paid great attention, and, no doubt, profited by it.

Communions, ten thousand; First Communion of adults, thirty-seven; Confirmation of adults, one hundred and twenty; Baptisms of grown persons, eighteen; of children hitherto neglected, three.

The Archbishop, who kindly consented to confirm the

candidates, supposed to be not more than two hundred and fifty children, was greatly surprised when he found that the number, increased by the adults gathered in during the mission, was over five hundred.

ST. JOACHIM'S, FRANKFORD (PHILADELPHIA). — Fathers Maguire, McAtee and Morgan were engaged in this mission from October 24th to Nov. 7. In the meanwhile, Father Strong was deputed for other labors, an account of which will be given further on.

The good people of Frankford responded very well to the endeavors of the Fathers in their behalf, though the weather was bad during the first, and the election for President was in the way the second week. The day of election was, indeed, a considerable hindrance to the work of the mission. When this was ended, the men, a great many of whom had been disappointed, came faithfully and in large numbers. The soldiers of the United States Arsenal, a mile away, were allowed every privilege to attend the exercises by the Colonel in command, whose wife is a Catholic. It must be said to the credit of these soldiers that they were not backward to avail themselves of this kindness. The men engaged in the Arsenal are mostly veterans; they have their families, and, altogether, seem to be satisfied with their lot.

By the efforts specially directed to that end, the number of members in the Sodality of the Sacred Heart and in that of our Blessed Lady was considerably enlarged.

Results: Communions, two thousand four hundred and fifty; First Communion of adults, fifteen; Baptisms, three; for Confirmation, adults, twenty-eight.

The letter in favor of cheap Chinese labor, attributed by many to one of the candidates for the Presidency, caused no little excitement even in this quiet suburb. Parties were divided in their opinions concerning its authenticity. The boys, however, settled the difficulty as far as they could, by starting the cry after the election was passed: "Now we'll have it; six rats a week for the workingman!"

ST. JOSEPH'S, PROVIDENCE, R. I. (Nov. 14-28.)—Three times in less than five years Father Maguire's band has given missions in this Church. The interest of the congregation in the exercises was as marked this time as ever before. The weather was cold and disagreeable the first week, and yet the women did not stay away on account of it. The total number of Communion was greater than at the last mission, though the parish has been divided. The men, during the second week, did their part equally well; so that the results, counting both weeks, were:

Communion, over five thousand; adults, First Communion, twenty-two; adults Confirmed, seventy-five; Baptisms, five.

In general, one mission is like another. The same return of hardened sinners, the crowding of the confessionals, the settling of marriage cases and the like. Hence, the difficulty in giving an account pleasing to the reader, who is very apt to accuse the writer of being monotonous. There is a great deal of monotony about missions. Sometimes, however, the unusual happens. At St. Joseph's the leader of the band spoke in general terms about the immorality of the country, how all the sects were drifting into infidelity, in consequence of having no fixed religion, etc. "In fine," he said, "it comes to this: practically, there is no morality outside the Catholic Church." A newspaper correspondent took exception to these remarks, and cried out against the arrogance of this Jesuit, who had come to insult the good people of Providence—this Jesuit, a mischief-maker, whose brethren were recently driven out of France. "Look at our prisons; look at Spain and Italy, etc." No notice was taken of him until the last Sunday evening of the mission, when in a crowded lecture for the benefit of the parish schools, a reply was made, and the obnoxious phrase explained. The lecturer's answer was based principally upon a "Thanksgiving" sermon delivered in Fall River by a Methodist preacher. This reverend gentleman,

departing from the usual blarney of "Plymouth Rock" and the "Pilgrim Fathers" and their descendants, attacked the present generation for its vices. He put, as the most damning sin of all, the destruction of the family by divorce and other abominations. New England and those parts of the West settled by New Englanders stand foremost, according to statistics quoted by this speaker, in the practices that tend to break up the family.

The reply was published in the papers. Next day the following letter was received:

FALL RIVER, MASS., Nov. 29, 1880.

B. A. MAGUIRE, S. J.

Rev. and Dear Sir—Not knowing how to reach you, you will receive this (if at all) by the courtesy of the pastor of St. Joseph's Church. Seeing in Providence morning papers the reference in your lecture last evening to my "Thanksgiving" sermon, I thought that you might, perhaps, be interested to see the sermon as reported in the *Sun* of this city. I therefore mail to you a copy of the Fall River *Sun*, containing what is, on the whole, a very excellent report of what I said on that occasion.⁽¹⁾

Yours very truly,

JAS. H. NUTTING.

St. Joseph's parish was founded about thirty years ago. The church is Gothic, and is large enough for the congregation. Four years ago next May the Bishop of the diocese put our Fathers in charge, and even in that short time they have gained the confidence of the people, and are able to do much good by means of the sodalities established since their coming.

ST. ALOYSIUS' CHURCH, WASHINGTON (Dec. 4-20.)—This parish was founded October 16th, 1859, when the church

⁽¹⁾ This remarkable discourse has appeared in many of the daily and weekly papers, and has given rise to much comment and criticism; its statements rest upon a basis of hard facts, which cannot be explained away.

was dedicated. The little congregation that used to worship in the old Seminary chapel was transplanted to the new edifice, and has now become eight thousand souls. The crowds that assembled on the day of dedication to hear the eloquence of Archbishop Hughes and Father Ryder thought the church was too far out of the city. Now the city has come up to it, and gone far beyond it.

The mission was most successful. The faithful came in large numbers to all the services, especially in the evening to hear their former pastor. I have seen more crowded audiences at the evening service in other places, but I think the general attendance at the morning instructions was far superior to what is seen elsewhere. The attendance of the men was better than that of the women; nor was there any difference at the confessional. Even the boys were more numerous at the instructions than the girls. At night the younger folks were excluded. The boys, always ready for mischief, were determined to hear the sermons. Men were stationed at dangerous points to keep them out. The boys slipped in by a back door. This was locked; the lock was broken. The door was nailed up; the boys got a crazy giant to break it open. A strange thing in truth! Boys are opposed to sermons; but, no doubt, it was not piety pure and simple that actuated them in the present case. The giant mentioned came for Confirmation towards the end of the second week. He knew little, and, to all appearance, would have to rest content with that little. When asked about the persons of the Blessed Trinity, his answers were misty and unsettled. After some instruction, everything being considered, he was allowed to be confirmed.

The Fathers were much pleased to see so many colored people attend the mission. A tenth of the communicants was of this class. It was remarked by all how well these people had been instructed in former times. Seven colored persons were received into the Church. Many Germans also attended the exercises. Of course, there was the usual

harvest of old sinners, and marriage cases had to be settled. Hundreds of young men who had gone astray were gathered in. These will fall away again unless some measures are adopted to attract them, as has been done in other cities. Before giving the results of the work, thanks must be given to the Fathers of the Church and College for their help during the mission. The showing would not be so fair but for their assistance :

Communions, six thousand ; adults, First Communion, forty ; adults Confirmed, one hundred and eighty-two ; adults Baptized, twenty-five ; children Baptized, five ; persons left under instruction for Baptism, six.

Of the hundred and eighty-two persons Confirmed, a third part was made up of converts to the faith. This remarkable fact the Archbishop was so much pleased with, that he requested a special mention to be made of it in the *Mirror*.

Father Maguire gave a lecture on "Popular objections to the Catholic Church" after the mission was finished. The audience was large, and a large sum was raised for the parish schools, for whose aid the lecture was given.

General results for the Autumn :—Communions, 25,250 ; First Communion, adults, 118 ; Confirmation, 405 ; Baptism, 51 ; Baptism, children (neglected), 12 ; left under instruction for Baptism, 10.

J. A. M.

V A R I A .

CONEJOS, COL.—The *Revista Catolica* of Dec. 25th contains a communication from Conejos descriptive of the celebration during which FF. Haugh and Capilupi pronounced their last vows. We translate: "The festival of Our Lady of Guadalupe was celebrated in this town on the 12th. The mild weather, the concourse of spectators, the music and sacred ceremonies, in a word, all the attending circumstances, contributed to render this occasion one of the pleasantest days in my life. A splendid effect was produced by the banner of our Lady, as it waved above the church with its overshadowing folds. Above the entrance of the sanctuary was placed a large tablet, with MARIA painted in the most artistic manner by Fr. Ravel. Br. Ansalone surpassed even himself in the illumination of the sacred edifice. The music of the vespers was under the charge of the Sisters of Loretto, whose singing was admirable, whilst Fr. Personé, our revered and much beloved pastor of five years ago, officiated at the altar. On the following morning the American band arrived from Alamosa, and it fully justified the expectations of all, playing piece after piece with perfect execution. At the Solemn High Mass, Fr. Personé being celebrant, Fathers Haugh and Capilupi consecrated themselves to God by the last vows. Fr. Haugh preached a very eloquent sermon in English to the many Americans, Protestants as well as Catholics, who had flocked to the church. After he had finished, Fr. Personé came forward to deliver the panegyric of Our Lady of Guadalupe. It was a long time since we had last heard his sympathetic voice, and this caused it to appear more enchanting than ever before. His sermon occupied three quarters of an hour—but it seemed to pass almost in a minute. The choir of the

Sisters performed wonders. At the end of the Mass, the customary procession took place, with the image of Our Lady carried in triumph to the public square. A hundred cavaliers mounted on mettlesome horses escorted the image, followed modestly by the rest of the population on foot. Conspicuous amongst all who bore a part in the procession were the Christian Mothers with their beautiful cinctures and the medal of the Congregation. The behavior of the American bystanders during this grand religious manifestation was very respectful. We thank these gentlemen for the happy thought of raising the glorious flag of the United States in the middle of the Plaza."

CHINA, *Mission of Nankin*.—We extract the following details from the Catalogue of this Mission: For the year (July 1, 1879—July 1, 1880) there were 97,306 Christians, and 2026 Catechumens. The College had 153 students; in the schools for boys there were 4350 Christians and 3025 Pagans, and in those for girls the Christians numbered 3823, the Pagans 225. The Baptisms were: of adults, 1078; children of Christian parents, 3501; children of infidels, 17,643. During the year, 244 boys and 423 girls were cared for in the two orphan asylums; whilst in the minor asylums or by private nurses, 5022 children were supported. Confirmed, 5597; annual Confessions, 63,705; Communion, 56,481; Confessions of devotion, 296,555, Communion, 295,387. The Mission is served by 58 European and 28 native Priests. There are 22 European Scholastics and 17 Brothers, 35 Nuns of the Presentation Order together with other Religious women.

"In every work of the ministry, gains have been made over last year. The most gratifying progress is that which is shown by the schools, because every hope for the future rests upon them. The increase in the number of pagan infants baptized *in articulo mortis* is very consoling. Numbers of apostates and of old backsliders have been reconciled.

There could have easily been more catechumens, but they would have been actuated by motives exclusively human, and such rarely persevere. Some new posts have been established.

I have not heard of any troubles in the Provinces, except a disturbance at Canton, which, for a time, threatened the Cathedral and the lives of the missionaries; but quiet has been restored. The schools of Shanghai are prosperous, and the observatory is a great success. P. Zottoli will finish this year the fourth volume of his work, *Cursus Litter. Sin.*"

FRANCE.—The city of Laval has bound itself by vow to enlarge the Church of Avesnières, at a cost of 100,000 francs, if the Society be restored to St. Michel within the year.

Father Prendergast firmly protested against his expulsion: "Messieurs, je vous prends à témoin de ma protestation. Je suis citoyen des Etats-Unis d'Amérique. Mon pays a toujours donné l'hospitalité à vos nationaux, même aux communards; et votre république m'expulse parce que je suis un religieux."

There are now six French houses in England. The novices of the Province of Lyons were at Roehampton, near London, until a recent period. They are now in a newly-acquired novitiate of their own at Sidmouth. The novices and juniors from Angers are at Aberdovey, Merionethshire, Wales. The hotel which they occupy, formerly a bathing establishment called *The Corbett Arms*, and only a few steps from the sea, is a regular two-story building with two wings.

SPAIN.—The community of Les Alleux, driven from France, is at Ara Coeli, formerly a house of Carthusians, near Valencia. The palace of Ocha, near Burgos, has been purchased for 121,000 francs. It is to be converted into a college.

ALGIERS.—The College of Algiers has been closed, and our Fathers have sold Ben Aknoun to the municipality, in order to support the College of Oran, which passes into the control of the Bishop, as a little seminary, under the direction of his vicar-general. Our Fathers remain only in Kabylia, and in the stations where they are charged with parochial duties.

ZAMBESI.—The mission is no longer attached to the Province of England. It publishes this year its own separate catalogue, though by P. General's direction each member is to be assigned to his own Province. St. Aidan's and Graaff Reinnet have been ceded to the mission by England.

A REQUEST.

The assistance of Indian Missionaries is requested in favor of an undertaking projected by P. Pfister of Shanghai. His purpose is to gather the materials for an artistic volume to illustrate the text: *Beatam me dicent omnes generationes*. It will present the Ave Maria in all the languages and dialects of the world, so far as it is possible to obtain them. Any of our readers who would be kind enough to aid in this work, can send by postal card a copy of the Hail Mary in any Indian language addressed to Woodstock College.

NOTICE.

The expenses incurred in printing the LETTERS are supposed to be defrayed by the voluntary contributions of those to whom they are sent: our accounts register only three such contributions received during the past twelve months, nor is there any better record for two or three years preceding. If all who find a bill in the current number—and only those who do find this bill are expected to make a contribution—would transmit \$2 (or more) our expenses would be covered.

WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. X, No. 2.

PAPERS RELATING TO THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE MARYLAND MISSION.

IV.—THE SUPPRESSION AND RESTORATION OF THE SOCIETY.

Bishop Richard Challoner, Vicar Apostolic of the London District, notifies⁽¹⁾ the Missionaries in Maryland and Pennsylvania of the Dissolution of the Society.—Oct. 6, 1773.

To Mess^{rs} the Missioners in Maryland and Pensilvania.
Mess^{rs}

To obey the orders I have received from above, I notify to you by this, the Breve, of the total dissolution of the Society of Jesus; and send withal a form of declaration of your obedience and submission; to which you are all desired to subscribe, as your brethren have done here; and send me back the formula with the subscriptions of you all, as I am to send them up to Rome.

Ever yours,

Oct. 6, 1773.

RICHARD DEBOREN. V. Ap.

⁽¹⁾The Brief of Suppression was ordered into execution in such a way that it was to take effect only when it had been communicated by the Bishop to the local Superiors within his jurisdiction. As the Mission of Maryland formed a part of the London District, it devolved upon Bishop Challoner to notify Father John Lewis, Superior in 1773, of the Suppression. After the

Appointment⁽¹⁾ of Father Robert Molyneux as Superior in America—27th of June, 1805.

Ego infrascriptus Episcopus Baltimorensis ex facultate mihi concessa ab Admodum R^{do} Patre Gabriele Gruber, Præposito Gen^{li} Soc^{tis} Jesu nomino et constituo R^m Dom: Robertum Molyneux, Sacerdotem, ejusdem renascentis Societatis Superiorem per fœderatæ Americæ regiones, ita ut prædictus D. Robertus Molyneux, post renovata pristina pia religionis vota coram testibus juxta modum ab admodum R. P. Generali præscriptum, jure possideat et exercere valeat omnem illam auctoritatem, quæ necessaria sit tum respectu Novitiorum, quam pro regendâ memoratâ Societate.

In quorum fidem has litteras consueto meo sigillo munivi et manu signavi hâc die 27^a Junii, an. 1805.

JOANNES, EP^{US} BALT^{sis}.

dissolution of the Society, Father Lewis was appointed Vicar-General, and continued to govern the Mission in America for the English Bishop, during the seven years of the Revolutionary struggle; as Bishop Carroll mentions in a narrative which has already appeared in these pages, the Bishop, during the whole of this period, held no kind of intercourse with priest or layman in this part of his charge. After the termination of the war, Father Lewis was unanimously chosen Superior at a meeting of the clergy of the Southern District of Maryland, held at Newtown, Sept. 23, 1783. At this meeting were present Benedict Neale, Ignatius Matthews, James Walton, Peter Morris, John Bolton, John Boarman and Augustin Jenkins; Mr. Matthews collected also the votes of Benjamin Roels and Leonard Neale, who were absent. The changed political status of the country, the enlarged religious freedom guaranteed by the constitutions of the several States, and the long-continued indifference of the Bishop, were sufficient reasons to inspire the assembled clergy to urge the appointment of an ecclesiastical Superior, who should reside in the country. A petition to this effect was addressed to the Holy See, and Fr. Carroll was appointed Superior in November, 1784; in 1790 he was consecrated first Bishop of Baltimore at Lulworth Castle, and in 1808 became first Archbishop of Baltimore.

⁽¹⁾ Bishops Carroll and Neale, in a letter dated May 25, 1803, begged Father Gruber to readmit into the Society the ex-Jesuits of Maryland. They stated that the property of the Society had been preserved intact, and that it was sufficient for the support of thirty religious. Their letter contains this remarkable passage of modesty and self-denial:

"We have been so much employed in ministries foreign to our institute; we are so inexperienced in government; the want of books, even of the con-

In the year of the Suppression, the Catalogue of England gives the number of Fathers in the Maryland Mission at twenty. The following list is made up from the Records preserved at Stonyhurst College:

NOMEN	ORTUS	INGRESSUS	GRADUS
John Ashton.....	1742	1759	
James Chamberlain.....	1739	1758	
Thomas Digges.....	1711	1729	1747
James Frambach.....	1723	1744	1760
Ferdinand Farmer.	1705	1725	1743
Lucas Geisler.....	1735		1772
Robert Harding.....	1701	1722	
George Hunter.....	1713	1730	1748
John Lewis.....	1721	1740	1758
John Lucas.....	1740	1763	
Matthias Manners.....			
Ignatius Matthews.....	1730	1763	
Peter Morris.....	1743	1760	
Joseph Moseley.....	1731	1748	1765
Benedict Neale.....	1709	1728	1746
James Pellentz.....	1727	1744	1760
Lewis Roels.....	1732	1753	
Bernard Rich (Diderick).	1726	1745	
J. B. Ritter (de).....			
James Walton.....	1736	1757	

stitutions and decrees of the congregations, is so flagrant, that you cannot find one Jesuit among us sufficiently qualified by health and strength, as well as other requisites, to fulfil the duties of Superior. It would seem, then, most expedient to send here some Father from those around you. He must know your intentions thoroughly, and be prudent enough to undertake nothing pre-

There are some inaccuracies in this list. Although the catalogue assigns Father Chamberlain to Maryland for this year, there is no record of his ever having come to the Mission. Oliver says of him: "Devoting himself to the painful mission of Demerara, he died there 1st March, 1779." Fr. Harding died at Philadelphia, 1st Sept., 1772. If we add the names of FF. Robert Molyneux and John Bolton, who arrived from Europe, March 20, 1771, the number (20) given in the catalogue as attached to the Mission will be made out. Directly after the Suppression, and before the breaking out of hostilities, the following Marylanders returned home from Europe:—

Anthony Carroll,
John Carroll,
John Boarman,
Sylvester Boarman,
Charles Sewall,
Augustin Jenkins.

After the war, in 1783, Fr. Leonard Neale arrived from Demerara, where he had been laboring on the Mission; in 1784, FF. Henry Pile and John Boone; in 1788, Father Francis Neale; in 1790, Father Charles Neale.

Nearly all of these had passed away before any attempt was made to resuscitate the Society in America. The following particulars are transcribed from a record which was kept by successive Superiors, under this heading: *A list of Missionaries who have died in Maryland since the First Settlement.*

1779. June 16. *Mr. George Hunter* died, in the sixty-seventh year of his age; a most pious and worthy Mis-

cipitately before he has studied the government, laws and spirit of this republic, and the manners of the people."

There were then in Maryland only thirteen Jesuits, nearly all broken with age and missionary toils. Father Gruber at once authorized a renewal of their vows, and Fathers Robert Molyneux, Charles Neale, Charles Sewall and Sylvester Boarman availed themselves of the permission. Father Gruber had confidence enough in the American Jesuits to name Father Molyneux Superior. No visitor was sent from Europe, but there soon arrived in the United States Fathers Adam Britt, John Henry, F. Malevé, Anthony Kohlmann, Peter Epinette, Maximilian de Rañtzau, Peter Malou and John Grassi. SHEA.—*The Catholic Church in the United States*, p. 73.

- sioner. His remains lie interred at Porttobacco, by the side of Mr. John Kingdon and Mr. Leonards.
1783. Nov. 19. *Mr. Peter Morris* died at Newtown of an apoplexy.
1785. Feb. 3. Departed this life *Jo. Baptide Ritter*, at Cutchenhopen.
1786. *Mr. Luke Geisler* died at Conewago, Aug. 10.
Mr. Ferdinand Farmer died at Philadelphia, Aug. 17; universally regretted, and leaving behind him a most lively persuasion of his eminent sanctity.
1787. *Mr. Benediċt Neale* died at Newtown, March 20.
Mr. Jos. Moseley died at St. Joseph's (which he first settled, and where he built house and chapel), June 3rd.
1788. *Rev. J. Lewis* (worthy Sup^r of this Mission when the dissolution of the Society happened) died at Bohemia, March 24.
1790. *The Rev. Mr. Ignatius Matthews* died at Newtown. May 10.
1793. *Rev. Bernard Diderick* died at Notley Hall, July 5.
1794. *Rev. Mr. Lewis Roels* died at St. Thomas' on the 27th of February.
1795. *The Rev. Mr. James Frambach*, aged 73 years, died at St. Inigoes, of a bilious fever, on the 26th day of August.
Rev. Mr. John Boone died at St. Inigoes.
1797. *Rev. Mr. John Boarman* died at Newtown.
1800. *Rev. Augustin Jenkins* died at Newtown, Feb. 2, aged 53.
Rev. James Pellentz, a most amiable and venerable patriarch, died at Conewago, Feb. 18, aged about 77.
1803. *Rev. James Walton*, a very zealous and respectable Missioner, died at St. Inigoes, in St Mary's County, 19th Feb., 1803, aged about 65.
1805. *Rev. Thomas Digges*, aged 94, and the oldest surviving Jesuit of the English Province, died at Mellwood, Feb. 5.

*Application of the Missionaries in Maryland in regard to the
Institute of the Faith of Jesus.*

ST. THOMAS' MANOR,

NEAR PORT TOBACCO,

November 23d, 1800.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

Knowing your desire of the reëstablishment of the Society of Jesus, and of our one day being reünited as Brethren under the Institute of our Holy Founder, St. Ignatius, we address you on this important subject.

The time seems now to be at hand for the accomplishment of our wishes, since our Society is, as we are informed, reëstablished in Europe. We have seen a copy of a letter written to our R^t Rev^d Bishop by the Rev^d Fathers De Broglie and Rozaven. They inform him that Pope Pius the 6th and his Successor have approved *vivâ voce* the *Society of the Faith of Jesus*; that they and their associates have entirely adopted the Constitution of our Holy Father, and that some of their members, with the consent of our Bishop, would be sent to America. We have also seen a paper entitled "An Account of the Establishment of the Institute of the Faith of Jesus," by Father Halnat, one of the first companions of Father Paccanari. From this and other documents before us, it appears to us that the Society of Jesus, founded by St. Ignatius, is most wonderfully reëstablished by the Divine Providence. But, as we must suppose that you are better acquainted with this important affair than we in America, we beg you will give us your opinion of it, and let us know whether any steps have been, or probably will be taken by our Brethren in England towards an union with the members of the resuscitated Society, now governed by the Holy Superior, Father Paccanari, whom it seems Providence has raised up for His future glorious and merciful designs.

We, the undersigned, are met here to consider on this important subject. Our other Brethren have not been able

to attend, yet we have little doubt of their sincere concurrence.

Being further informed that our R^t Rev^d Bishop has written for three or four members of the Society, and his Coadjutor two more, to come to America, on their arrival we have no doubt but that they will meet with a hearty welcome among us, and everything fully adjusted to our mutual satisfaction.

AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM.

We wish you to communicate the above to the RR. Fathers De Broglie and Rozaven, SS. S^r F. J.

With much respect we are, Rev^d Sir,

Your affectionate Brethren in X^{to},
Robert Molyneux—Joseph Doÿne—John Bolton—Henry Pile—Charles Sewall—Sylvester Boarman—Chas. Neale.

LETTERS OF BISHOP CARROLL.

To Mr. Charles Plowden, at Stonyhurst, near Blackburne, Lancashire.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 15, 1800.

DEAR SIR,

Since the receipt of your last, as I probably mentioned to you in mine, I received and answered a letter from London, sent to me by Mess^{rs} De Broglie and Rozaven. They gave the outlines of their Institute, and its acceptance by the late and present Pope. I can entertain no doubt of the zeal and sound principles of this new body of recruits to the Church, of which I have heard much from other quarters; and therefore have requested them to send two of their Society to this country, where they will learn, in the space of a few months, much more concerning the probability and means of forming establishments here than can be learned by twenty letters. Their plan is, I hope, the work of God, *tho they have in one point departed from St. Ignatius*, viz: that of engrafting on their institution a new order of nuns, to be under the government of the Superiors

of their own Society. I should be glad to hear of the manner of their reception in England, and success there.

Mr. Stone; to whom I send my best respects, will receive a letter signed by some of our Brethren, amongst whom is D^{ns} Doyne, concerning this application to me from these two Delegates of the Society of the Faith of Jesus. They (our Brethren) met together without a general consent of the rest of us, and full of zeal for the reestablishment of the Society, have written as if that happy event were already effected; and I have since seen a letter from one of those who attended that meeting, in which to the signature of his name, he adds the words Soc. J. This is going too fast for one who subscribed his submission to the operation of the destructive Brief. In mine to MM. Broglie and Rozaven, at the request of the Presdt. of G. Town College, I solicited them to send, if they could, a capable professor of philosophy, logic and naturals, and who should know English, referring them to Mr. Stone, thro Mr. Strickland.

* * * * *

† J., B^p of Balt^e

P. S. * * * * *

In the former part of this letter, I mentioned slightly my having heard tidings relative to a revival of the Society. I beg you to send me, as early as possible, all the authentic information on this subject of which you are in possession.

* * * * *

To Mr. Charles Plowden, at Stonyhurst, near Clithero, Lancashire.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 12, 1803.

* * * * *

Some members of the Society of the F. of J. have been long expected, not in consequence of any late letter to me from MM. Rozaven and Broglie (for they have not answered my last, written twelve months ago), but of advices sent to me by l'Abbé Gouppy, once your correspondent, from the Abbey of Holthausen, in Westphalia. He prom-

ised that four would be here before the winter; and never were good priests more wanted. One of their body is now here, *Romano di nascita*, his name, Zocchi. He went from England to Canada, but the rigor of government there allows not of any Catholic clergymen settling in it; he therefore came hither; but, being of a narrow understanding, he does nothing but pine for the arrival of his brethren, and in the meantime will undertake no service. From this sample of the new Order, I am induced to believe that they are very little instructed in the maxims or institute of our venerable mother, the Society. Tho they profess to have no other rules than ours, he seems to me to know nothing of the structure of our Society, nor even to have read the *Regulæ Communes*, which our very novices know almost by heart. * * * * *

† J., B. of B.

To Mr. William Strickland, at Thos. Wright's, Esq., & Co.,
Bankers, London.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 4, 1804.

HOND. AND REV. SIR,

I have before me your favor of May 7th. After condoling with you on the loss of your amiable companion and friend, Mr. Meynell, whom you do not indeed mention, but of whose death I have been otherwise advised, I request you in the first place to return for answer to Fr. Gruber that I have not yet received my letter from him, and that one is expected impatiently by many of our Brethren. But even when his answer arrives, unless it presents the re-establishment of the Society in a view different from any that I have yet seen, it will, in my opinion, be very unsafe to enter into any engagement in it; at least, so as to divest one's self of the means of living independent, if after abdicating one's property, another Pope should declare the re-establishment, in virtue of mere verbal grants, void and contrary to Ecclesiastical institutions; and especially so in

countries where it had been abolished in virtue of a Brief, accepted and intimated by the first pastors, and submitted to expressly, though most unwillingly, by the members of the Society then living. But if the members of the Society, before their profession, do not abdicate their property, they will not be truly religious, nor most assuredly Jesuits, according to the standard of St. Ignatius. I cannot even conceive how there can be any *professio quatuor votorum*, in the present state of things, for reasons which it is unnecessary to mention to any one, who, like you, remember the principles of our Theology concerning the difference between the indissolubility of solemn and simple vows. However, I hope sincerely that the Pope will soon be so unfettered as to be able to issue in full and authentic form a Bull or Brief for the reëstablishment. In this hope I am encouraged by a letter from Rome, received since I wrote the first lines of this, and the more so, as it does not come from one of our former Brethren, who are easily led to hope what they ardently wish, but from a Dominican of note and character there, Fr. Concanen. You mention Fr. Angiolini's mission to Naples only as a rumor, of which you expected a confirmation; but Fr. Concanen says positively that he was lately come from Rome to that city to settle the four houses granted by the King to the Jesuits; that an edict had been issued there in 1787, withdrawing all Regulars from any subjection to Generals or Superiors living out of the Kingdom; that Angiolini insisted on the necessity of preserving the Institute inviolate, and consequently of the Jesuits recognizing Fr. Gruber for their Superior, and that it was believed he would succeed in obtaining a revocation of the decree, which would be of the greatest benefit, not only to his own, but all other Religious Orders.

I am come during the heats to spend a month with my friends at and near Washington City, and in my way called to see the venerable dean of our English Province, Father Thomas Digges, aged 94. His health is good, tho he is almost blind, and his memory far gone, yet tolerably accurate with respect to past transactions. His delight is to

converse on the men of other times, the FF. Carteret, Roels, Walmesley, Scarisbrick, Beeston, Browne, Lawson, Mr. Thomas Lawson's uncle, &c., &c.

Several young men here are ready to enter into the Novitiate, as soon as the Society and houses are organized for the purpose; but we are wretchedly provided with experienced and fit members to train and form them.

I am, with great esteem, Rev. and Hon'd. Sir,

Your most obed^t S^t,

† J., Bis^{hp} of Balt^{re}.

To Mr. Charles Plowden, Stonylhurst.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 7, 1804.

MY DEAR SIR,

Our correspondence, formerly so regular, has almost entirely ceased, but without any diminution of mutual friendship and regard; of this I am conscious on my side, and am sure of the same on yours. I have too much to do, and no assistance to carry me through my work—my correspondence is increased beyond bounds, and rests entirely for writing and copying on myself. You, I presume, are enjoying your solitude with your fervent N—s, to whom you must often recommend to remember the necessities of this Diocese in their prayers. But you ought not to bury yourself so entirely in retirement, as to withhold from me the information of your reëngagement in the Soc'y, and of your opinion of its stability. You know what has been done here for a similar reëngagement. I enclosed to Mr. Stone a letter for Fr. Gruber, carrying with it an expression of the wishes of many of our Brethren here; to which I have had no answer from either of them, tho Bishop Neale received a very unsatisfactory account of the situation of matters from Mr. Stone. I say unsatisfactory, because it gives no assurance of the issuing of any Decree or Apostolic Constitution for the reëstablishment, but only of private allowance, *vivâ voce*. I shall blame none for relying enough on this to renew their engagements; but I would

neither trust to it myself, nor advise others to do so; in which opinion I am confirmed the more by knowing that His Holiness either will not or dares not to exert authority enough to prevent Card^l Borgia from writing such a letter to your V. V. A. A., as is mentioned by Mr. Stone. It is rather surprising that no answer is received from Fr. Gruber. Mr. Strickland informed me by oite of July last that the answer had been sent to Mr. Stone to be forwarded to me, and Mr. Stone says to Mr. Neale that it was sent to Mr. Strickland. Besides the former members, several young men now in Divinity, and others ready to commence it, would engage in the Society, if it had a solid foundation. But so much mystery has been made of all proceedings concerning it, that every one is full of distrust, to which the general state of religion, and the influence enjoyed by its greatest foes, contributes in great measure.

* * * * *

Your brother Robert does me the favor of writing now and then. His account of your Br. Francis's History of Ireland gives me a desire of reading it, and we expect to receive it soon for our library. Dr. Troy sent to me his postliminious preface. There is much anecdote in it, but from the circumstances related by him, and others, which have come to my knowledge, there is no great hope of a restoration to the Irish Catholics of their political rights. Robert is not pleased with the secrecy which prevails with your principal people in the transactions relative to the Society. In general, I do not approve of the system of conducting, without any communication, the affairs concerning so small a body as the remnant of the Society in England; but at the same time, it is reasonable to suppose that there is good cause for it, and it would be very rash for any one, at my distance, to blame a conduct of which he cannot know the motives. Your brother's sound sense, great virtue, and steady attachment to the Society, are a sure warrant of his acting on principle, and I have no doubt of others acting equally so, tho they agree not on the means. My greatest objection to a dependance on a vivæ vocis

oraculum (a phrase unknown for many centuries) is that it gives no stability to a Religious Order; that it cannot abrogate a public and acknowledged instrument, such as the Brief of destruction; and that without a public Bull of approbation of the Institute, the distinction of simple and solemn vows, so essential to the Society, does not exist, according to the doctrine of our Divines, after Suarez.

I am, D^r Sir, Y^{rs}, &c.,

† J., B. of B.

To the same.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 10, 1808.

MY MUCH HON'D. AND DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * *

It is no excuse for me to cast the blame on your good old friend Robert,⁽¹⁾ for not acknowledging, as Superior of the Society, his receiving the lucubrations of old Fr. Lawson, through your goodness. They arrived safe, and probably supply in some degree that want of information under which Mr. Francis Neale must labor, with respect to the institution of young men in the spirit of the Society. Luckily, another supplement to his deficiency is furnished by the arrival of Father Kohlmann from Russia, who was sent to be Professor of Philosophy at George Town, but is chiefly employed as Master of Novices.⁽²⁾ Why our good friend Molyneux leaves Mr. Fr. Neale in possession of the title can only be accounted for by the reluctance of Fr.

(1) Father Robert Molyneux, first Superior in America, after the Restoration of the Society.

(2) Fr. Kohlmann writes to Fr. Strickland from Georgetown, Feb. 23, 1807. "God has sent us a number of young men to be, as it were, the corner-stones of the Society in this new world. They are twelve in number, viz: eight Scholastics (four of whom are in theology and four in philosophy) and four Coadj. Temp. The Novitiate is in a house separated from the College, but not far from it. Fr. Francis Neale is Master of Novices, and I am his *Socius*. Fr. Charles Neale resides with his holy Carmelites. Fr. Britt is in a German congregation at Philadelphia. FF. Henry and Malevé are engaged on the missions, and are busy learning English. P. Epinette is at the College, and teaches Latin to several candidates for the Society. Our worthy Father Pro-

Superior to undertake the *arduous labor* of making any alteration. There are, at least, ten Novitii Scholastici, and three or four lay brothers, and amongst the former some youths of distinguished talents. There would be no doubt of the Society acquiring stability in the U. States, and of becoming eminently useful to them, if its support from the head of the Church had more authenticity. A verbal authorization only is so easily denied, or repealed by his successor, that it affords no security to those who renounce all their worldly means of support under the hope of finding repose and necessaries in the bosom of a religious state. I am sure that I never wrote anything stronger to D^r. Be- tagh than this; and to this he must have alluded, by speaking, as you informed me, of my correspondence with him. Tho I shall always fear while the reëstablishment rests upon its present foundation, yet others here feel more confidence, and proceed with a publicity scarcely reconcilable with the wise and earnest recommendations of the General, who establishes as a principle, that out of Russia, individuals may be associated to the Jesuits there, but cannot coalesce into a body in other countries without an authentic instrument from the Pope. So, at least, I understand his letter, and it perplexes me to account precisely for your situation in England. It is now some time (more than sixteen months) since I applied to Rome for a Brief of His Holiness to authorize the reëstablishment in this country; but no answer is yet received.

The College of G. Town is not flourishing by the number of its students, but very much so by the discipline and piety there prevailing. The novitiate for the present is contiguous to it, but will probably be removed elsewhere, if it please God to grant a more solid foundation to the permanence of the Society.

vincial, Rev. Fr. Molyneux, resides at the Novitiate, and has the confidence and affection of all by his kindness of heart and good humor. Our Novices give catechism twice a week in the parish, and I do the same on Sundays and Festivals, and our good Lord is pleased to bless these labors, because whereas, formerly seven or eight children at most used to attend the instructions, now there are more than eighty, and amongst them some Protestants and grown persons."

To Rev. Mr. William Strickland, No. 11 Poland Street,
London.

BALT^{re}, April 2nd, 1808.

RESPECTED AND DEAR SIR,

I am the more particular in answering your last favor of Dec. 11, 1807, as you expressed a solicitude to that effect; perhaps principally on account of the letter from Petersburg, which was enclosed in yours. Probably Mr. Kohlmann will likewise acknowledge its receipt, but it would be better if this were done by an opportunity different from the present; as it would double the chance of your hearing from America, from whence it will be difficult to obtain any conveyance of letters, as long as our trade and navigation are fettered by an embargo. Your picture of the state of the Society is not flattering to purely human observers. The catastrophe at Naples and Augsburg, and the alliance between France and Russia, excite serious fears. The anguish which I felt at the dissolution in 1773 is yet fresh in my remembrance; and so many young men were deranged and disappointed in the plans for their whole lives, that I earnestly beg of heaven not to suffer a renewal of those bitter days.⁽¹⁾ Having these impressions on my mind, I hardly

⁽¹⁾ Upon the subject of the final suppression of the Society of Jesus, Mr. Carroll thus writes, under date of Bruges, September 11, 1773:

"I this day received a few lines from Daniel, of July 15, in which he complains with much reason of my long silence. My mind is at present too full of other things to make any apology. After spending part of the autumn of 1772 at Naples and its environs, we returned to pass the winter at Rome, where I stayed till the end of March, from thence came to Florence, Genoa, Turin, Lyons, Paris, and so to Liege and Bruges. I was willing to accept of the vacant post of prefect of the sodality here, after consigning Mr. Stourton into his father's hands about two months ago, that I might enjoy some retirement, and consider well in the presence of God the disposition I found myself in of going to join my relatives in Maryland, and in case that disposition continued, to get out next spring. But now all room for deliberation seems to be over. The enemies of the Society, and above all the unrelenting perseverance of the Spanish and Portuguese Ministries, with the passiveness of the Court of Vienna, has at length obtained their ends: and our so long persecuted, and I must add, holy Society is no more. God's holy will be done, and may

dare encourage any, who consult me, to enter into the awful

His name be blessed for ever and ever! This fatal stroke was struck on the 21st of July, but was kept secret at Rome till the 16th of August, and was only made known to us on the 5th of September. I am not, and perhaps never shall be, recovered from the shock of this dreadful intelligence. The greatest blessing which in my estimation I could receive from God, would be immediate death: but if He deny me this, may His holy and adorable designs on me be wholly fulfilled. Is it possible that Divine Providence should permit to such an end, a body wholly devoted, and I will still aver, with the most disinterested charity, in procuring every comfort and advantage to their neighbors, whether by preaching, teaching, catechizing, missions, visiting hospitals, prisons, and every other function of spiritual and corporal mercy? Such I have beheld it in every part of my travels, the first of all ecclesiastical bodies in the esteem and confidence of the faithful, and certainly the most laborious. What will become of our flourishing congregations with you, and those cultivated by the German Fathers? These reflections crowd so fast upon me that I almost lose my senses. But I will endeavor to suppress them for a few moments. You see that I am now my own master, and left to my own direction. In returning to Maryland I shall not only have the comfort of being with you, but of being farther out of the reach of scandal and defamation, and removed from the scenes of distress of many of my dearest friends, whom God knows, I shall not be able to relieve. I shall, therefore, most certainly sail for Maryland early next spring, if I possibly can."

Speaking of his apprehensions of a fatal combination against the society of which he was so zealous and attached a member, he makes the following remarks in an earlier letter from Bruges to his brother:

"Before you receive this letter you will have heard of the Pope's death; in human appearance, nothing could have happened more unfortunate to us, especially in the critical moment when an answer was to have been given to the memorials of three united courts of the family compact, France, Spain and Naples, requiring the immediate dissolution of the Society. His Holiness had minuted the heads of the answer he intended to make in a few days, and had delivered it to his ministers to be put into the due form. The substance of it was, that no worldly consideration, no loss of temporalities, should ever force him into any measure which he could not justify to his own conscience: that the more he saw and knew of the Jesuits, the more he was convinced of their eminent services to religion, and of the falsehood of the imputations charged upon them: that he could not therefore acquiesce in the proposal made him by the allied courts. The answer entered into a much larger detail than I here mention, and would have been a glorious testimony of His Holiness' esteem and affection for the Society. How matters will go on in the conclave, and after the election of the new Pope, Heaven knows. Humanly speaking, we have everything to dread from the combination formed against us; yet, when I reflect on the atrocious falsehoods, injustices, cruelties and mean artifices employed against us, I greatly confide that God's providence will not permit our dissolution to be effected by such wicked means. I know His kingdom is not of this world, and that they who seek to do His divine will, and promote His glory, are not to expect a visible interposition in their favor on every occasion, or to receive in this life an apparent testimony of innocence and divine approbation." BRENT — *Biography of Archbishop Carroll*, pp. 25-29.

engagements of a religious life, especially whilst in this country, its existence has no other canonical sanction (if it ever be canonical) than a verbal one. But, tho I dare not encourage any, yet it is highly gratifying to observe the magnanimous reliance of many young men on the protection of heaven. The threatening dangers of the Society are not concealed from the postulants for, or novices in it. Honest and plain dealing requires, that particularly the latter, before their vows, should know the real state of the body with which they intend to be united, but there is no instance of any one having recoiled of that account. There are at present at G. Town, eleven, I think, of Nov. Scholastici, and three Coadj. temporales, the last very valuable men, and amongst the former some young men of brilliant talents.

Since the receipt of your letter of Dec. 11, of last year, I was informed of two boxes directed to me, having been for a long time in the Custom House. Enquiry being made, they were found, opened and examined. One has three copies of the *Constitutiones Soc. Jesu*, and a letter from you dated July 11, 1806. * * * * Besides Messrs. Britt, Henry, Epinette, Kohlmann and Malevé, we have received from Flanders (now novices) two most excellent priests, Messrs. Beschter and Wouters; but it is to be feared that the troubles in Europe, especially between England and Russia, will delay the arrival of further supplies promised by the General.

Be assured, my Dr. Sir, of the esteem

and respect of Yr. m. h. S^t.,

† J., Bis^p of B^r.

In another letter to Fr. Wm. Strickland, under the date of Dec. 3, 1808, after speaking of the Bishops appointed to the new Sees of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Bardstown, he goes on to mention that he had requested the Dominican Father Concanen, Bishop elect of Philadelphia, who was then at Rome, "to feel the pulse there, and see if a Brief might not be obtained, granting to this country

authenticity and solidity to that establishment, for which you have labored so long, without obtaining the desired sanction. His letters from Leghorn say, that besides the authentic documents above mentioned, he has special communications to make to me, which assurance excites some hopes of success. As there is not this year any course of Philosophy at G. Town, I have sent Mr. Kohlmann to N. York, where a zealous pastor was much wanted, and he is accompanied with a countryman of my own, lately ordained and out of his novitiate, of great promise,⁽¹⁾ and with four Scholastici, who have begun a school,⁽²⁾ from which much good is expected. It is to be feared that we shall not keep Mr. Molyneux long: my last advices are that he is menaced with a dropsy; if so, considering his age and drooping health, he will probably fall a victim to that unsparing ailment."

To Mr. Charles Plowden, Stonylhurst, near Clitheroe.

BALT^{re}, Feb. 21st, 1809.

MY DEAR SIR,

About the beginning of last December I advised you of the apprehension I was then under, of daily hearing of the death of our old, good, and much respected friend, Mr. Robert Molyneux, which event took place at George Town on the 9th of that month, after his being prepared by a life

⁽¹⁾ Benedict J. Fenwick, ordained March 12, 1808, by Bishop Neale. FF. Spink, Enoch Fenwick and Leonard Edelin were ordained at the same time. They were the first members of the Society elevated to the priesthood in the United States.

⁽²⁾ Father Kohlmann writes to Father Strickland from New York, 14 September, 1810: "The College is on the following footing: Rev. Father Bened. Fenwick, an excellent scholar, has resided in it these two months, but I find by experience that to attend to about fourteen thousand souls is too heavy a work for one man, and so he will probably live again in the city, and visit the College once a week. I generally come out on Saturday to hear confessions, &c., &c. There lives also in the College a Spanish priest, who speaks also Italian, but little English, a man of good morals, and much beloved by the pupils. Brother Wallace, a Scholastic of the Society, is our Master of Mathematics, one of the ablest in the United States. Br. White, Scholastic also of the Society, is Professor of the English, Latin and Greek tongues, with which he is well acquainted."

of candor, virtue and innocence, and by all those helps which are mercifully ordained for the comfort and advantage of departing Christians. Not only your charity, but your friendship for him, with whom you passed so many cheerful and happy days of your life, will induce you to recommend very often his soul to the Father of mercies. He was my oldest friend, after my relation and companion to St. Omers in my childhood, Mr. Chas. Carroll of Carrollton, remaining amongst us, as he often and feelingly reminded me the last time I saw him, in the month of September, with very slender hopes of meeting more in this world.⁽¹⁾ R. I. P. No successor in the presidency of the College is yet appointed. Previous to his death, in consequence of powers vested in him by the proper authority, he had appointed Mr. Chas. Neale to be the Superior of the body lately revived amongst us. * * * *

† J., Bis^p of B^r.

NEW YORK, NOV. 21, 1813.

REV. AND HON'D SIR,⁽²⁾

The enclosed letters are for the Very Rev. Fr. Grüber, Gen'l of the Society. One of them is the duplicate of

⁽¹⁾ In a letter of September 19, 1809, Bishop Carroll speaks of the death of Father Bolton: "I am sorry to inform you that another of my, and indeed your, contemporaries, tho some years older, has dropped off. Our honest and worthy Brother, the Rev. Mr. John Bolton, departed this life on the 9th of this month, in a most religious and placid manner. With moderate abilities, but an excellent will to fulfil the duties of his calling, he consecrated his days to them, always with punctuality and cheerfulness, winning the affection of his congregation wherever he lived, and never making an enemy. His sickness did not last more than a week; it was contracted in the service of his neighbor, whom he visited and watched over till near midnight; and, in order to be in time at his chapel the next day (Sunday), left him with a profuse perspiration to expose himself to a noxious dew, which brought on the fever that terminated his existence, after receiving most calmly and piously all the rites of the Church. Let our Brethren know of his death. It happened at one of our houses, called Newtown, in St. Mary's County."

He adds in the same letter: "I had placed at New York two priests of the Society, Messrs. Kohlmann and Benedict Fenwick, with four Scholastics, who have already produced most happy fruits, by introducing exercises of piety, sodalities, establishing an extensive academy, &c."

⁽²⁾ This letter is without superscription. It was probably addressed to Fr. John Weld, Rector of Stonyhurst, who entered on office in January, 1813.

another written in May last, to which no answer is yet received; and, fearful of miscarriage by the way of Hamburg, to which the first copy was to have been sent, I take the liberty of enclosing these to you, and requesting the General to send his answer through you. This I was induced to do, after hearing of the station in which you are placed, and chosen by Providence, as it may reasonably be hoped, to revive the spirit and renew the usefulness of the Society. The letters inclosed express the wishes of some of our former Brethren, and of several others, priests and non-priests, to be readmitted and first admitted into it. Being here on a visitation, I have only time to add, that the vessel is sailing, that I hope you will charge the postage on this and similar occasions to my account with Thos. Wright & Co., and assure MM. Plowden, Semmes, Spencer and all my other acquaintances, of my continued respect and attachment. To Mr. Plowden I shall write soon, and shall always remain,

Rev'd and Hon'd Sir,

Your most obedient Serv't and B^r in X^{to},

✠ JOHN, Bis^p of Balt^e.

P. S.—Rev. Mr. Joseph Doyne died October 28th, of this year.

To Rev. Mr. Charles Plowden, Stonyhurst.

Dec. 12, 1813.

MOST DEAR AND EVER RESPECTED FRIEND,

* * * * * Mr. Grassi has revived the College of G. Town, which has received great improvements in the number of students and course of studies. His predecessor, with the same good intentions, had no ability for his station, and was nominated by a strange combination. There are, I think, some nine or ten novices, under a Fr. Beschter of Flanders, a very holy man, but one in whom the want of a regular education in the Society is very discernible. Fr. Kohlmann, with his companions at New York, has done much for Religion, and their little

College would do well, too, if it could be supplied with proper teachers. Mr. Kohlmann is unwilling to receive any but the members of his body; and there are too few to supply that place and G. Town; so that if he persists in his resolution, his institution must be dissolved. The Seminary here of St. Sulpice feels now the effects of departing from their original destination and the spirit of their Society, which is the education of young ecclesiastics only. They would go on the plan of forming a college for promiscuous and ornamental education. A priest of great talents, but delighting more in brilliancy than solidity, carried it on with much apparent success and splendor for a few years; but the consequence was an enormous debt, which has almost ruined both college and Seminary; a most deplorable event—for truly a more exemplary and worthy company of ecclesiastics nowhere exists.

We can gain no access to, or receive any communication from our H. F.; tho it is extremely necessary at this time. The Society is here, as with you, without that establishment which would serve to tranquillize my conscience; you will know more of this from mine to Mr. Stone.

Mr. Kohlmann will inform you of a decision in a Court at N. Y., by which it was decreed that a Catholic priest cannot be required to testify to anything which he could know only by Confession.⁽¹⁾ This is contrary to the determination in Ireland, in the case of Father Gahan about Lord Dunboyne's will.

† J., A^{bp}. B^{re}.

⁽¹⁾ Fr. Kohlmann was summoned as a witness in regard to property stolen from a party named Keating, who had given information of his loss to the police; meantime, by means of the confessional, P. Kohlmann had restored the goods to the owner, and when called to testify, demurred because of the seal of Confession, respectfully stating his reasons. The District Attorney was about to enter a *Nol. Pros.*, but the trustees of St. Peter's Church (of which Father Kohlmann was Pastor) requested him to argue the case, so that it might be settled legally once for all. This was done. Riker and Sampson made powerful pleas for the exemption. De Witt Clinton, who was then (1813) Mayor of New York, made a good summing up, and, although all connected with the decision of the question seem to have been Protestants, it was unanimously declared that a priest should not be compelled to testify in such a case.

To the Rev. Marmaduke Stone, Stonyhurst.

Jan. 31, 1814.

REV. AND RESPECTED SIR,

At the time of receiving the last letter from my venerable friend, Mr. Strickland, begun by him, and, in consequence of his illness, finished by you, hostilities broke out between our two countries, and rendered the conveyance of letters so uncertain, that I did not presume to answer you on the interesting subject, on which you did me the honor to ask my opinion. On the subject, about which you were pleased to advise with me, I presume that our friends in England are precisely in the same state as we are here; that is, that nothing has been done for annulling and repealing the destroying Brief of Clement XIV., with equal authority, publicity and authenticity, as was given to that Pontiff's act, which had its full execution in all countries where it was published. Even the members of the Society, and namely those at Liege, in Flanders, in England, and here, entered their free, tho certainly reluctant submission to it. Reviewing the severe injunctions contained in the Brief, the censures on the Ordinaries who allow, and the individuals who attempt its violation, it seems to me, that without a derogation from it by an act of equal authority, and quite as authentic, those who, with you and us, bind themselves by vow to live under the obedience of the General in Russia, and to conform to the rules of the Society, will not, nor can be a religious body, or enjoy the privileges of such. Their sacrifice is highly meritorious before God, but in the face of the Church, those who enter into orders, and those who are already in them, must be subject to the general discipline as to their title for ordination; and be, as secular priests, under the authority of the Bishop. This has been declared by Fr. Czerniewicz, in his letter to Mr. J. Howard at Liege, and by Fr. Grüber and the present General in their communications to me, copies of which would now be forwarded if I were not confident that you have received

such already. Tho these restraints diminish much the usefulness of our dear Brethren, and may discourage some from making the sacrifice mentioned above, yet it is a misfortune to which submission is due, as long as it pleases God to keep us under it, which I trust will not be long. This matter has often engaged my very serious attention, and caused me to refer to the authorities of the ablest Divines, from whom many extracts were occasionally made to aid my judgment. I have sometimes hoped that these researches would lead to a different conclusion; but I am sorry to say that they all ended in confirming the opinion already expressed. Wherever the Brief was executed, the Society was extinguished; and to revive it, the same authority was requisite as for the creation and approbation of a new Order. In Russian Poland, the Brief was not executed; for the Kingdom of the two Sicilies, it has been annulled by the competent authority. But where such authority has not been authentically exercised, I cannot reconcile with the doctrine of our Divines, how the difference between simple and solemn vows can be established; how any who embrace the Society here or in England can be *Professi 4 Votorum*; and, consequently, how the Society can exist unless there be Professed Fathers. What must then be the meaning of that part of the first vows, *promitto eandem Societatem me ingressurum*, etc.? With these impressions on my mind, and the recollection of the solemn orders of His Holiness, contained in the brief for my consecration, the erection of this and other Episcopal Sees in the United States, my obligation to be subject to the commands of the Cong. de Propapanda Fide, etc., I never could persuade myself that our young men, who associate themselves to the Society, can be admitted to Orders, *Titulo Religionis*: they are ordained *Titulo Missionis*, under the authority of the Ordinary.⁽¹⁾ As long as I and my Coadjutor,

⁽¹⁾ In a letter to Fr. Plowden, Feb. 3, 1814, he says on this matter: "I have written a long letter to the Rev. Mr. Stone, on a subject of much moment to the persons principally concerned, that is, to those who have associated themselves to the Society in England. He will probably communicate to you my observations; and it will give me much satisfaction to have my opinions dis-

Bishop Neale, continue alive, there will be little or no inconvenience, for we shall always act in harmony with the Superiors of the Society; but in England, I am sensible that this must be a disagreeable situation. * * * *

I am, most respected Sir,

Y^r most obed^t S^t,

BALT., Jan. 31, 1814.

† J., A^{bp} of B^{re}

To the same (on hearing the news of the restoration).

Jan. 5, 1815.

MY DEAR AND RESPECTED SIR,

Your most precious and grateful favor of Oct. 8th, accompanied by a Bull of restoration, was received early in December, and diffused the greatest sensation of joy and thanksgiving, not only amongst the surviving and new members of the Society, but also all good Christians who have any remembrance of their services, or heard of their unjust and cruel treatment, and have witnessed the consequences of their Suppression; but your letter of Sept. 27, to which you refer, has not been received, nor any other copy of the Bull, nor a scrip of paper from Rome since the Pope's delivery, tho I have written by various ways, and the last time enclosed my letters to the Nuncio at Paris.

You, who know Rome, may conceive my sensations when I read the account transmitted in your most pleasing letter, of the celebration of Mass by His Holiness himself at the superb altar of St. Ignatius at the Gesù; the assemblage of the surviving Jesuits in the Chapel to hear the proclamation of their resurrection; the decree for the restitution of their residence in life and scene of the death of their Patriarch, of the novitiate of St. Andrew, its most enchanting Church, and the lovely monument and chapel of St. Stanislaus, which I fondly hope have escaped the fangs of

proved; for if my view of the subject be a correct one, those excellent persons may form an edifying, an useful and meritorious association, united in heart and affection, with the legal and regularly existing members of the Society, but they will not be themselves true members of it, nor truly of any *Religious Order.*"

rapine and devastation. Is there no hope that these acts of justice and religion will be followed by the restoration likewise of the Roman College, the magnificent Church of St. Ignatius, and the wonderful monument of St. Aloysius? If, as I believe, these were appropriated, not to private uses, but became the public University of the city and diocese of Rome, they will be restored to their former owners with less difficulty. But how many years must pass before these houses will be re-peopled by such men as we have known, whose sanctity of manner, zeal for the divine glory, science, eloquence and talents of every kind, rendered them worthy of being the instruments of Divine Providence, to illustrate His Church, maintain its faith, and instruct all ranks of human society in all the duties of their respective stations. When I consider the length of preparation required to renew this race of men, my apprehension is that the friends of the Society will be too precipitate, too hasty in expecting benefits from it before its pupils will be mature enough to produce them. I was sorry to notice that you apprehended opposition in England to its existence there, and of course in Ireland, notwithstanding the favorable disposition of the Irish Bishops. Here, I do not yet discover any sensation of hostility in our general, or any of the State governments; little is said in the public papers of the event of the re-establishment. In consequence of the law which was obtained above twenty years ago, and had become necessary for securing our old estates to the purposes of religion, it will be our duty to observe the forms of the law, to subsist, and quietly let the property pass into the hands of Trustees, who will all be members of the Society. Their vows and principles will direct them, how and by whom the estates must be administered for the services of the country and religion. You express a wish that all the old members should now return to the embrace of their beloved Mother. Of those mentioned by you, the good Mr. Pile has been dead nearly two years ago. I much doubt whether Mr. Ashton, whom I have not seen for several years, will be disposed to do so, or whether Mr. Grassi wishes it.

Concerning Bishop Neale and myself, it seems to us that till more is known of the mind of our rulers, it might not be for the interest of our Brethren, even if His Holiness would allow us to vacate our Sees, to expose their concerns to Successors, unfriendly, perhaps, or liable to be imposed on by malicious misrepresentations. This matter, however, has not yet received my full consideration.

* * * * *

Our College at Georgetown is much improved, and comes more and more into vogue. It now contains, if not entirely, nearly one hundred pupils; which number cannot be much exceeded without additional building.

The novitiate has been removed from St. Inigo (so much exposed to invasion and depredation) to the White Marsh, where there now are, or will be immediately, eight or nine *Novitii Scholastici*. The excellent Bishops of Boston and Bardstown, and Fr. Kohlmann, Administrator of New York, are doing wonders in their respective dioceses. I am the only sluggard, and do no good.—The visit of your countrymen last summer to Washington has nearly ruined some of my nearest connexions. They next came to this city in their shining; it was an awful spectacle to behold before us at least forty vessels, great and small, and for about twenty-five hours five bomb ketches, discharging shells on the forts of upward of two hundred pounds weight each. You may suppose that we did not sleep much. Heaven preserve us from another such visitation. * * * *

I am truly y^r, etc.

To the same.

BALTIMORE, March 20, 1815.

* * * * *

Your letter excited a rapture of joy, as containing a copy of the Bull of restoration, and the first certain and detailed account of that most blessed event. On the same evening of its being received, and before I could give myself to read

it leisurely through, it was transmitted to Mr. Grassi,⁽¹⁾ who informed me that he instantly gathered together his coöperators and Brethren in the College, to communicate to them, and to offer their joint thanksgiving to Providence for the happy tidings. I do not foresee any serious obstacle to the reëstablishment being fully completed here, as far as can be in a country which never can sanction, consistently with its political principles, indissoluble vows of religion, or that they induce an incapacity in individuals for certain acts of civil life, to which, without such vows, those individuals would be competent. In these respects, the future members of the Society can be restrained only by the ties of conscience, as all other Religious and Priests themselves now are in all Protestant States. * * * * *

† J., A^{bp}. B^{re}.

⁽¹⁾ *Letter of Father Benedict J. Fenwick to Father John A. Grassi.*

NEW YORK, Dec. 23, 1814.

REVD. AND DEAR FATHER,

Te Deum laudamus, Te Dominum confitemur. The Society of Jesus is then completely reëstablished! That long-injured, long-insulted Society! That Society which has been denounced as the corrupter of youth, the inculcator of unsound, unchristian and lax morality! That Society which has been degraded by the Church herself, rejected by her ministers, outlawed by her kings, and insulted by her laity! Restored throughout the whole world, and restored by a public Bull of the Sovereign Pontiff!! Hitherto cooped up in a small corner of the uncivilized world, and not allowed to extend herself, lest the nations of the earth, the favorites of Heaven, should inhale the poison of her pestiferous breath, she is now called forth as the only plank left for the salvation of a shipwrecked, philosophized world, the only restorator of ecclesiastical discipline and sound morality, the only dependence of Christianity for the renewal of correct principles and the diffusion of piety! It is then so. What a triumph! How glorious to the Society! how confounding to her enemies! *Gaudeamus in Domino, diem festum celebrantes*, etc. If any man will say after this that God is not the friend of the Society, I shall pronounce him, without hesitation, a liar.

I embrace, dear sir, the first leisure moments after the receipt of your letters to forward you my congratulations on the great and glorious tidings you have recently received from Europe—tidings which should exhilarate the heart of every true friend of Christianity and the propagation of the Gospel; tidings peculiarly grateful to this country, and especially to the College of which you are Rector, which will hereafter be able to proceed *secundum regulam et Institutum*. What a revolution must soon take place in your quarter of the United States! * * * *

In the letters of Archbishop Carroll frequent allusion is made to candidates for the Society, to the number of novices in such and such a year, etc. Perhaps it is not impossible, but certainly it would be difficult, with the partial data at hand, to determine with precision the status of the Mission during the first years of the century. A fair idea of the state of affairs, even in preceding years, may be formed from the subjoined Catalogue for 1820; it is the earliest of the series which our archives furnish, and is in manuscript—the printed catalogues date only from 1836.

A. M. D. G.

CATALOGUS SOCIORUM ET OFFICIORUM MISSIONIS
 AMERICÆ FÆDERATÆ SOCIETATIS JESU
 INEUNTE ANNO MDCCLXX.

R. P.

ANTONIUS KOHLMANN

SUPERIOR MISSION. AMERICÆ FÆDERATÆ

A DIE 10 SEPT. 1817.

P. MAXIMILIAN. RANTZAU—Soc. et Adm. R. P. Superior.

GULIELMUS MULLEN—Soc. Coadjutor.

CONSULTORES MISSIONIS.

P. CAROLUS NEALE,

P. LEONARDUS EDELEN,

P. FRANCISCUS NEALE,

P. SOC. R. P. SUPERIOR.

COLLEGIUM GEORGIOPOLITANUM

ET CONVICTUS.

- P. Antonius Kohlmann—Sup. Miss., Reçt. Coll., Prof. theol. dogm., Conf. conv.
P. Joannes Baptista Cary—Min., Cons. coll. et conf. conv.
P. Maximilianus Rantzau—Soc. et Adm. R. P. S., Præf. spir., Prof. theol. mor., Præs. coll. cas. consc., Conf. schol., Catech. in coll.
P. Joannes McElroy—Proc. coll., Præs. sod. B. V., et conf. ad SS. Trin.
P. Rogerius Baxter—Præf. studior., Prof. phil., Conf. conv.
P. Adamus Marshall—Cons. coll., Prof. math., Conf. conv.
P. Joannes Theod. Detheux—Reçt. eccl. SS. Trin.

MAGISTRI SCHOLARUM INFERIORUM.

- Thomas Finigan—Prof. hum. et rhet., Primæ græcæ, Catech. coll.
Hieronymus Mudd—Prof. 1 gram. et 2 græcæ.
Gulielmus McSherry—Prof. 2 gram., 3 græcæ, Præf. conv.
Joannes Smith—Prof. 3 gramm.
Eduardus McCarthy—Prof. ling. angl., Geogr., Cat. coll.

AUDITORES THEOLOGIÆ.

Anno secundo.

- Stephanus L. Dubuisson—Præf. bibl., Cat. pr. gall.
Germanus Sannen.
Joannes Murphy—Catech. coll.
Virgilius Hor. Barber.
Henricus Verheyen.
Petrus Jos. Timmermans.

Anno primo.

- Petrus Walsh—Prof. arithm.
Josephus Schneller—Prof. calligr.

AUDITORES PHILOSOPHIÆ.

Anno secundo.

- Thomas Downing—Prof. 2 math.
Thomas Mulledy,
Gulielmus Grace—Præf. conv.

Anno primo.

Samuel Newton.

Jacobus Vandewelde—Prof. ling. gall., Præf. bibl.

Ignatius Combs.

Joannes Smith.

Carolus Const. Pise.

Georgius Fenwick—Organista.

Jacobus Ryder.

VACANT A SCHOLIS.

Alexander Divoff.

Jacobus Neill.

COADJUTORES.

Patritius McLaughlin,

Petrus Kiernan—Sartor.

Christophorus O'Hare—Fab. lign.

Gulielmus Mullen—Soc. R. P. Sup. et Proc. dom.

Bartholomæus Redmond—Colonus.

Philippus Sweeny—Cust. vest., Sutor., Vis. or. et ex.

Henricus Reiselman—Infirm., Excit.

Joannes Drain—Cur. triclin.

Edmundus McFadden—Sartor.

Thomas Mead—Fab. lign.

Christianus De Smet—Sacrist.

Petrus de Meyer—Coq.

Josephus West—Proc. præd.

Richardus Jordan—Pistor, Novitius.

Elias Newton—Organ. fabric., Novitius.

PP. 5 — Schol. 25 — Coadj. 14 — Universi 44.

RESIDENTIA ET DOMUS PROBATIONIS

WHITE MARSH.

P. Carolus Van Quickenborne—Sup., Mag. nov., Operarius.

COADJUTORES.

Laurentius Lynch—Hortul.

Robertus Fenwick—Proc. præd.

Michael Geoghegan—Coq.

Gulielmus Taylor—Fab. lign.

NOVITII SCHOLASTICI.

Jeremias Keily,	14 Jun. 1818
Aloysius Mudd,	13 Aug. "
Thomas Martin,	12 Nov. 1819
Jacobus Lynch,	12 Nov. "
Dionysius Donlevy,	12 Nov. "
Jacobus Callaghan,	12 Nov. "
Michael Dougherty,	12 Nov. "

NOVITII COADJUTORES.

Jacobus Fenwick—Cultiv.	20 Aug. 1818
Carolus Strahan—Cælator.	12 Nov. 1819
Georgius Smith—Fab. lign.	12 Nov. "
Martinus Connolly—Sartor.	12 Nov. "
Patritius Burke—Cultiv.	30 Nov. "
Joannes Crease, Typogr.	8 Apr. 1820

P. 1—Schol. 7—Coadj. 10—Univ. 18.

RESIDENTIA S. THOMÆ.

- P. Franc. Xav. Neale—Sup., Cons. R. P. Sup. M.
 P. Joannes Gulielm. Beschter—Oper.
 P. Carolus Neale—Cons. R. P. Sup. M., In conv. Mon.
 S. Ther. Portobacci quarum est conf.

COADJUTORES.

- Joannes O'Connor—Proc. præd.
 Gualterus Baron—Fab. lign.

PP. 3—Coadj. 2—Univ. 5.

RESIDENTIA NEOPOLITANA.

(NEWTOWN.)

- P. Leonardus Edelen—Cons. R. P. Sup. M., Oper.
 Josephus Marshall—Proc. præd.

P. 1—Coadj. 1.—Univ. 2.

RESIDENTIA S. IGNATII.

(ST. INIGOES.)

- P. Josephus Carbery—Sup. Nov. a 29 Maii, 1818.
 Josephus Mobberly—Proc. præd.

P. 1—Coadj. 1—Univ. 2.

RESIDENTIA CONEWAGO.

P. Adamus Britt—Sup.

P. Matthæus Lekeu—Proc., Oper.

PP. 2.

RESIDENTIA FRÆDERICOPOLITANA.

P. Franciscus Malevé—Sup., Oper.

P. Joannes Henry—Oper.

PP. 2.

RESIDENTIA S. FR. XAVERII.

(BOHEMIA.)

P. Petrus Epinette—Sup., Oper.

Joseph Bened. Heard—Proc. præd.

" " *P. 1—Coadj. 1—Univ. 2.*

RESIDENTIA GOSHENHOPPEN.

P. Paulus Kohlmann—Sup. Oper.

BALTIMORI.

P. Enoch Fenwick—Reçt. eccl. S. Petri.

NEO EBORACI.

P. Petrus Malou—Reçt. S. Petri.

CARLOPOLI.

P. Benedictus Fenwick—Reçt. eccl. cath.

P. Jacobus Wallace—Oper.

PHILADELPHIÆ.

P. Ludovicus Du Barth—Vic. Gen. Sede Vac. Philad., Proc.
præd. Soc. in Penn'a.

EXTRA PROVINCIAM.

Franciscus Vespre, Schol., Romæ.

Aloysius Young, " "

VITA FUNCTUS.

P. Michael Jos. Cousinne, 31 Jul. 1819, Bohemia.

LETTERS OF FATHER JAS. O. VAN DE VELDE.

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF A TRIP FROM GEORGETOWN, D. C.,
TO ST. LOUIS, MO., IN OCTOBER, 1831. .

LETTER XI.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 14, 1831.

My Very Dear Friend :

The good Bishop came to our hotel this morning, to invite us to dine with him. It happens well, for this is a day of abstinence. We went there accordingly at about one o'clock P. M. After dinner we visited the Church and the College. The Church, the only Catholic one at present in the city,⁽¹⁾ and called the Cathedral, is an edifice fine enough for this country. It is built of brick, and is of Gothic style. The interior is well ornamented. There is a fine painting above the altar, and two others, one on each side of the first mentioned, besides six more between the windows, presented to the Bishop by Cardinal Fesch. There is also another painting, which had formerly served as altar piece at the College of Bornheim. In front of the communion railing there is a stone which can be raised, under which is a vault destined for the sepulture of Bishops and priests. Two priests have been laid there: Mr. De Cliteur, a Belgian, and the first priest ordained by Bishop Fenwick, and Mr. Muños, a Spaniard, his vicar general, a man of the greatest talent, and formerly confessor to the King of Spain. The College called Athenæum⁽²⁾ is a building somewhat sim-

⁽¹⁾ The first church in Cincinnati was of logs; it stood on Sycamore Hill, and it was built in 1819 by the late Dominic Young, O. P. After Bishop Fenwick was installed Bishop of Cincinnati, in 1822, this log Church was placed on trucks or rollers, and drawn by oxen to the site of the Cathedral here described by Father Van de Velde, and this Cathedral in its turn was replaced in 1858-59 by the present St. Xavier Church.

⁽²⁾ The Athenæum was made over to our Society in the year 1840, when its name was changed to St. Xavier College. Father John A. Elet was its first President under its new regime.

ilar to the Church, but of modern style. It has, like the Church, a small turret or steeple, which looks very pretty. The Bishop's house, which is rather small, joins the two other buildings. The whole, taken together, presents an imposing sight. The College is ample enough to receive a large number of students. The rooms are large, but the dormitory, though spacious, does not admit enough fresh air. The boys will suffer from this cause in summer. There is a printing establishment attached to the College. Next week will be published the first religious paper, under the name of *Catholic Telegraph*.

Adieu.

LETTER XII.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 15, 1831.

My Very Dear Friend:

Having given you a description of the Church and College of Cincinnati, I must now speak to you of the city in general. Before beginning, I must state that the College is 130 feet long and 50 feet wide, and that the Church has about the same dimensions. Only ten years ago there was here neither Church nor any resident priest. At present there are priests in divers parts of the State of Ohio, and the Bishop has fifteen or sixteen young men who are preparing for the priesthood in his seminary. Of the number, three are Belgians. As they were not introduced to me, although I wished to see them, I did not become acquainted with any of them. Perhaps they suspected that I might want to make Jesuits of them; if such was the case, the suspicions were not well founded. Now a word about the city. It is scarcely credible how much it has increased. Buildings, as well public as private, churches, banks, hotels, stores, are being erected on all sides. The streets cut each other at right angles, as in most of the cities of the U. S., and the houses and stores are built on the Philadelphia plan. In 1790, the first building, a frame, was here erected. In 1800, there were 750 inhabitants. In 1810, there were 2,320. In 1820, 10,500. In 1830, 26,500; and the present number

of inhabitants is reckoned at more than 28,000, without including strangers, whose number is about 1,500. There are now in process of erection more than 500 buildings, of which a Presbyterian Church and the City Hotel are the principal.

Adieu, etc.

LETTER XIII.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 16, 1831.

My Very Dear Friend:

We left Cincinnati for Louisville yesterday at 11 o'clock A. M. Before saying anything else, I must mention the hydraulic works of Cincinnati, of which I forgot to speak to you. The water is pumped out of the Ohio river by a steam machine, the force of which is equal to a forty-horse power. That machine forces the water up to the height of 158 feet above the river, at low water mark. That water is received in two reservoirs, which are on the top of a hill, at the foot of which is the building which contains the machine. The large reservoir is 100 feet long and 50 broad. The other is only 95 feet long and 45 feet wide. The water is conveyed to the city through cast-iron pipes, and passes under the bed of a small river called Deer Creek, as far as the intersection of Broadway and Third streets, where it is distributed through all the parts of the city in wooden pipes. The inhabitants may have the water brought to their houses from the street, where the large pipe is, for a certain sum of money, payable annually. The pipes through which the water is conveyed to the houses of private families are made and repaired at their expense, as also the hydrant, which acts as a fountain. The lowest price for the use of the water is eight dollars a year. We came here on board the packet steamer Robert Fulton, Captain Greene. Before starting from Cincinnati Fr. McSherry lost his Italian boots. It is probable that they were stolen from him, for they say that there are many thieves in Cincinnati, and especially in the hotel in which we lodged. He had pre-

viously lost his cane on the way, and so had Fr. Kenney, who besides had lost his gloves. We reached Louisville this morning at about four o'clock.

Adieu, yours, etc.

LETTER XIV.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 17, 1831.

My Very Dear Friend:

After our landing here we had a great deal of trouble to find a hotel where we could be lodged, on account of the large number of strangers that were in the city. Some had come for amusement, others for religious motives, others again for motives of interest. Those of the first class were pouring in from all sides to see the horse races which are to take place to-day at noon. Those of the second class were Methodist ministers, who were to open their conference on yesterday. These conferences are to last four days. It is rumored that there are about 150 of these ministers in this city. Some of them had traveled with us in the packet boat, having their families with them. One of these gentlemen blessed the table after his own fashion, and after supper, in the evening, asked permission to declaim on Religious matters, which was not granted to him. To console himself, he assembled his fellow preachers with their families, and they all began to sing in the rear of the cabin. Some of our passengers, who happened to be musicians, began also to play profane airs on their instruments, which served to put them out. Those of the third class were composed of merchants and travelers. We succeeded at last in finding two beds in one room, which was already occupied by other persons. Father Kenney fared even worse. There were only three beds in our room, and we got two of them, but there were four or five beds in the room which was offered to him. After making these arrangements, Fr. McSherry and I went to take a walk to look for the Catholic Church, which we found, and to which we returned after some time in order to offer the holy sacrifice of the

Mass. It was the first time since our departure that I had that happiness. Father Kenney preached on the Gospel of the day, and after the last Mass we went with Rev. Mr. Abell to dine at Mr. O'Brien's.

LETTER XV.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 18, 1831.

My Very Dear Friend:

You must have noticed that the dates of my letters do not correspond with the observations which I make during my trip. To day is Tuesday, and I have not yet narrated what took place last Sunday. The last you heard was that we went last Sunday to take dinner at Mr. O'Brien's, an Irishman, who treated us very well. After dinner we went to see the interior of the Church, for we had said Mass in a room under the Church, which room is destined for a school when the Church shall have been completed. The Church itself, which was commenced about a year ago, is a tolerably fine building, in Gothic style, with a square tower in the same style. It is 95 feet long and 55 feet wide, exclusive of the Sanctuary, which is 16 feet long and 20 feet broad. They were working at the altar and at the pews, of which there will be six rows, each row will have twenty-two pews, and each pew will be able to admit five persons. There is also a large gallery for the organ, etc.; so that the Church will contain about one thousand persons or thereabouts. The city of Louisville increases almost as rapidly as that of Cincinnati. A kind of epidemic, which broke out here in 1822, served very much to stop the progress of this rising city. There existed then several marshes and ponds of stagnant water, which have since been filled. Now the atmosphere of the city is considered healthy. Buildings are springing up in every direction, and the population is already over 11,000. Last Sunday we took supper at Mr. John Carrell's, brother of my friend George,⁽¹⁾ who is now

⁽¹⁾Father George Carrell joined the Society at St. Stanislaus' Novitiate, Missouri, in 1835; he died Bishop of Covington, Ky., in 1868. His brother John

pastor at Wilmington, Delaware. Mrs. Carrell is a very amiable lady, and showed the greatest kindness to us.

Adieu.

LETTER XVI.

SHIPPINGPORT, Oct. 19, 1831.

My Very Dear Friend:

Last Monday Fr. McSherry and I visited the new canal, which is being dug between Louisville and Shippingport, in order to avoid passing over the Ohio Falls. The soil between these two places is rocky, and although this canal is only two miles in length and is very narrow, it has, nevertheless, cost a great deal of money and a great deal of work. On that same day we dined privately at the hotel where we had taken our lodging (Union Hall, kept by Mr. Langhorne), and we had at table with us the ex-Secretary Eaton with his wife and his sister-in-law, also Judge Rowan and Rev. Mr. Abell, and Dr. De Clery, who said that he knew me, and who had resided at the College in 1817. After dinner Mrs. Eaton introduced us to a certain Mr. Reynoldson, of Philadelphia, who drank a glass of wine with us and amused us very much by his conversation. Towards evening, at the house of Mr. Abell, we met the Rev. Mr. Evremond and the Rev. Mr. Fouché, who had just arrived from Bardstown, a small town about forty miles from Louisville. It is there that Bishop Flaget resides, whom I so much desired to see, but, etc. Those Rev. gentlemen went to take their supper in the city, and we went to Mrs. Bullitt, where resides General Atkinson, who married one of her daughters. The younger one is at the convent of Georgetown. The mother is, since two years, a convert to the Catholic Church. We met there also Miss Anderson, who left the convent of Georgetown some three or four years ago. The day after, Fr. McSherry engaged our passage on a steamboat, whilst Fr. Kenney and I took a walk as far as the Woodland Gardens. Mr. Evremond,⁽¹⁾ left us

went from Philadelphia to Louisville in 1825. He died at his daughter's house in Frankfort, Ky., in 1878, aged nearly ninety years. His house was for many years as a home for priests in Louisville.

⁽¹⁾ Fathers Evremond and Fouché both became Jesuits, Father Fouché re-

to go to the Noviciate at Whitemarsh. We are to start this afternoon.

Adieu.

LETTER XVII.

SHIPPINGPORT, Oct. 20, 1831.

My Very Dear Friend:

I was forgetting to tell you that yesterday we dined at Mr. Rudd's and that we left the Inn at three o'clock to come to this port, where the houses and inhabitants present a scene of the most complete misery. We were to leave this place yesterday at four o'clock P. M. It is now eight o'clock in the morning, and we are still here. The name of the steamboat which is to take us to St. Louis is the Charleston, and that of the Captain is Thornburgh. The price of the passage, including the meals, is twelve dollars each. The cabin contains only sixteen berths, and it is rumored that we shall be about thirty passengers. The last comers sleep on mattresses laid on the floor. There are besides fifteen or sixteen ladies and half a dozen children, who get along the best way they can in the ladies' cabin, which is above ours, and where there are only eight berths. There are, moreover, some eighty other passengers, who are also above us, and who pay only for the trip; as for victuals and bedding, they have to procure them for themselves. All this is very unpleasant. So much had been said to us of the steamers which ply the Ohio and Mississippi rivers; but all those which we have seen so far (and they are many) are much inferior to those of Maryland and Pennsylvania. The principal object of the Captains is to make as much money as they can, regardless of the comfort of the passengers. To give you an idea of the trade on the Ohio and the Mississippi, I may tell you that there are now more than two hundred steamboats afloat on these

maining with our Fathers at St. Mary's College, Marion County, Ky., till the Fathers left that place to take charge of St. John's College, Fordham, in 1846. Father Evremond had gone to France some three or four years before the Fathers had left Kentucky, and died soon after reaching France.

rivers. The first was built twenty years ago (in 1811); the second was built in 1814; in 1824, one hundred and fifteen had been built, and of them all, but two now remain.

Adieu.

LETTER XVIII.

ON BOARD THE BOAT, Oct. 21, 1831.

My Very Dear Friend:

We left Shippingport yesterday morning at ten o'clock, and we are told that we shall not arrive in St. Louis before next Monday, 24th inst. We passed a little village called New Albany, almost opposite Louisville, and after making about one hundred miles we ran on a sand bar. The boat was turned round completely. All possible efforts were made to free the boat. They made use of piles, they took the anchor in the yawl and cast it at a great distance, and they did that several times, but each time it was raised without any progress on the part of the boat. Finally, after about an hour's work, they succeeded in extricating the boat by dint of steam, a thing which is considered dangerous. By noon we had passed the Green River and the Salt River, as also the small towns of Brandenburg in Kentucky, and Fredonia in Indiana. Sand bars and Islands are very numerous in the Ohio River. These sand bars often shift their places, which renders navigation dangerous. Moreover, there are many trees that fall into the river from its banks, when the river is high and the current swift. Those trees remain fastened to the sand bars, in which, where the river is not very deep, the branches get deeply buried in the mud or sand which accumulates around them. The lower part of the tree rises sometimes above and sometimes below the surface of the water, and is either movable or immovable; in the former case, a tree thus situated is called a sawyer; in the latter case, a snag. Several steamboats have sunk to the bottom by running against those kinds of trees. Some forty have perished in that manner in less than two years. This morning when we awoke we found that we had passed the towns of Rome and Troy

without knowing it. They are on the Indiana shore. We passed several towns of that sort, which contain from ten to fifty persons. The rest to-morrow.

Adieu. Yours, etc.

LETTER XIX.

ON BOARD THE BOAT, Oct. 22, 1831.

My Very Dear Friend:

I hasten to give you an account of the things I saw after writing my letter yesterday. We passed the mouth of Green River, which is a large river, although its mouth is very small. It crosses a large portion of the State of Kentucky.—[I forgot to tell you that we entered the Kentucky River (after which the State is named) between Cincinnati and Louisville. We only entered its mouth, and it was to put ashore at Port William, a colored man who had stolen one of the horses of his master, who, suspecting his slave, went to Cincinnati where he found his man in the act of selling the horse. He seized upon both the man and the beast, fastened a halter around the horse's neck, and a chain around the ankle of the negro, and placed them on board our steamer.]—To return: after passing Evansville in Indiana and Hendersonville in Kentucky, we reached, towards evening, the mouth of the Wabash River, which separates Indiana from Illinois. Sometime after that, we arrived at Shawneetown, where we wooded and where we went on shore and touched for the first time the land of Illinois. In the evening we saw the mouth of a cave which extends far into a mountain that appears to form but one large rock. The mouth looks much like a large door. During the night we passed the mouth of the Cumberland River, which is large enough, and that of the Tennessee River, after which one of the States is named. This last crosses Kentucky and Tennessee, then winding through Mississippi and Alabama, it re-enters Tennessee at the line which separates Georgia from Alabama, and forking at Knoxville, one branch, which retains the name, enters South Carolina, and

the other branch, taking the name of Holston, enters Virginia.—Nothing worth noticing until the Mississippi River, that River, the object of so much praise, into which we have just now entered.

Adieu.

LETTER XX.

FROM THE MISSISSIPPI SHORES, Oct. 23, 1831.

My Very Dear Friend:

We entered that River yesterday before noon. One would say that it is the Mississippi that enters the Ohio, and that for two reasons. First, because the Mississippi, below the mouth, seems to be a continuation of the Ohio River. Secondly, because the mouth of the Ohio is much wider than the Mississippi above that mouth. The Mississippi is neither very wide nor very swift. We expected to see a majestic river, much superior to the Potomac or the Susquehanna. It surpasses them, it is true, in length, but that is all. We had scarcely entered that renowned river, when we struck against one of those hidden trees which I have described in my letter of the 21st inst. Happily it only served to frighten us. We passed over the "sawyer" without receiving any damage. In the evening we saw on the Missouri side a small village called Commerce. Last evening we had a storm which forced the Captain to cast anchor. The rain was pouring down in floods, the wind was very violent, and the waves dashed against the lower deck of the vessel. It is Sunday to-day, and we are on the river.—Patience! This morning after having passed Muddy River, a small stream on the Illinois side, we saw a natural tower,⁽¹⁾ round in shape, pretty high, and which, like a fortress, advances into the river on the Missouri side. It is formed of flat stones piled on one another and tapering

(1) This is called "Grand Tower." At this point, the river passes through a sort of gate in the primeval bluffs, and the channel is here narrow and the current rapid. This scene is described somewhat minutely by Father Marquette in his diary; he passed it about the beginning of July, 1673, he and his companions being the first white men that ever saw this portion of the Mississippi River.

gradually to the summit, which is 30 or 40 feet above the level of the water. Towards noon we were once more thrown on a sand bar, but it was for an instant only. All along the shores of the Ohio and Mississippi, are to be seen, from time to time, little huts without any windows, and some without chimney, inhabited by peasants and wood cutters, who provide boats with wood. Whole families live in these miserable huts. It is nearly 6 o'clock. I will write to you to-morrow before arriving in St. Louis.

Adieu.

LETTER XXI.

ON BOARD THE BOAT, Oct. 24, 1831.

My Very Dear Friend:

We passed the mouth of the Kaskaskia River last evening, and during the night the small town of St. Genevieve, where died the Rev. Mr. Nerinckx. The mouth of the Kaskaskia River is so small, that we were nearly on the point of passing it without noticing it. We have just passed the Barracks, around which there are several other buildings. They are ten miles distant from St. Louis. Early this morning we pass the mouth of the Maramec River, and we are now but a short distance from the village of Vide-Poche, which stands on an elevated rock. We will therefore be very soon in St. Louis, the terminus of our journey. And I am greatly rejoiced at it; first, because we are not at all at ease in the cabin, which, moreover, is not kept clean; and secondly, because we are drinking the muddy water of the river, which we have been doing since we left Louisville. As it might happen that you may one day make the same journey, I will end this letter by giving you an account of the expenses for one person, starting from Washington to Fredericktown:

	Miles	
From Washington to Fredericktown	41	\$3 50
Supper and lodging in Rockville, and breakfast		1 37½
From Fredericktown to Hagerstown	27	1 50
Dinner in Middletown, supper in Clearspring		87½
From Hagerstown to Frostburg	80	5 62½
Breakfast at Blackwell's, dinner and supper		1 37½
From Frostburg to Wheeling	112	7 62½
Breakfast in Brownsville, dinner in Washington		87½
Lodgement in Wheeling, 1½ days		2 00
From Wheeling to Cincinnati	358	10 00
Lodgement in Cincinnati for one day		1 00
From Cincinnati to Louisville	132	4 00
Lodgement in Louisville for two days		2 00
For the coach to Shippingport	2	25
From Shippingport to St. Louis, in all	540	12 00
For the transport'n of four trunks, etc.		1 00
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	1292	55 00

You may notice that I have noted down only the bare cost of the trip, without including any extra expenses, or any accidents which may occur.

Yours, etc.

KANSAS.

Letter of Father Ponziglione.

OSAGE MISSION, NEOSHO COUNTY, KANSAS,

Dec. 31st, 1880.

REVEREND FATHER,
P. C.

Broad and extensive as is the world, we cannot any longer hope to keep hidden the things that are daily taking place, so that what may happen to-day in the Far West will to-morrow be known in the East. As this is the case, I would not be at all surprised if you had already heard of my pleasure trip last summer to the Mountains; perhaps, too, some of your good-humored friends have come to the conclusion that the holy missionaries are after all only a set of ramblers, who know how to enjoy themselves. Well, I will grant you, that I took a trip to the Mountains, and it was indeed a real pleasure trip for me; but do not, I beg, impute to me any wrong-doing on that account. Although I am far from blaming a poor missionary for taking a little recreation once in a while, yet for myself I prefer to keep the ball rolling, and be always at hard work as long as I can, looking only for rest where it shall last forever. If then the real object of my trip was not pleasure, what could it have been? Thinking that the answer to this question might prove of interest to you, I send you this little account.

On the fifth day of July I started on a long peregrination westward—or, to tell you the plain truth—on a begging expedition, to collect some funds with which to continue the building of our new church, which was begun in 1872. On my route along the Kansas Pacific, from Junction City to Denver, I visited the neat churches that ornament most of the towns on that road, and I am proud to say the various priests whom I met at these churches, not only re-

ceived me very kindly and encouraged me in my undertaking, but gave me substantial proofs of the interest which they took in my work.

I spent a few days in Denver with our Fathers, who have just finished a nice church in that city. They treated me with great cordiality, and through their influence I got a free pass by the South Park Railway to Leadville. Leadville is a new and wonderful city, and though hardly four years old, has a census of twenty-five thousand people. Looking at it, one would imagine that it had sprung up by magic from the rugged mountains of Colorado. The surroundings are wild in their appearance; no orchards or gardens, no teeming vegetation or well kept farms relieve the monotony of this barren district. For miles and miles the view is cheerless, with here and there a few shabby pine trees or an occasional bunch of wild sage sticking out from clefts in the rocks. Still the markets are crowded with all the fruits and vegetables which the season can afford. The South Park and Rio Grande railroads are daily competing for the supply of this place. The great and striking feature of Leadville, however, is the rich treasure of mineral ore which nature has deposited here in extensive mines.

I was told that there was plenty of money here and entertained myself with the hope of collecting a goodly sum. I was disappointed. A few days previous to my arrival the city was the scene of a terrible riot. The miners, who form the greater part of its population, raised a strike. They appeared in the public thoroughfares well organized and armed and for a short time life and property were threatened with destruction. This excitement naturally brought on a panic in local business, and money was quickly taken in from circulation.

The Catholics of Leadville are quite numerous. They have a resident priest, who has nearly completed a magnificent brick church. There is also another priest residing at the Sisters' Hospital, where I found forty-seven patients. As this clergyman was absent, I was invited to take his

place. I accepted the invitation, and for one week acted as chaplain.

Though disappointed at Leadville in my expectations, I returned to Denver with the determination of continuing my journey West while my money lasted. From Colorado I set out for California. While stopping over at some of the neat little towns along the Union Pacific R. Road, I again had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with some of the clergymen who labor in the Rocky Mountains. I must again bear witness to their respect, kindness and liberality towards me. They not only invited me to officiate in their churches, but allowed me to collect what money I could.

On the 7th of August I arrived in San Francisco. Here I shall not lose time in describing the gigantic works which line the bay from Oakland towards this city, or in praising the beautiful palaces along the streets of this great western metropolis. The stately halls of St. Ignatius' College, with its Byzantine Basilica; the ancient cloisters of Santa Clara College, with its antique sanctuary (one of the few relics of the old California Missions which has escaped the destructive hand of Yankee enterprise); the charming villas that encircle the wealthy city of S. José; all filled one with delight and surprise. But what overwhelmed my heart with joy seldom felt before, was my meeting here with several friends and companions of my youth, whom I had not seen since the revolutionary storm which broke over Italy in 1848, and scattered us to all parts of the world. Oh! how happy I was during the few days which I spent in the company of my old fellow-novices and scholastics! I seemed to find myself once more at home in my dear province of Turin. It all appeared to me a dream, not a reality, and I began to understand and feel what the old poet meant by the sweet words: "Dulce videre suos."

My stay in California was short, and on the 14th of September I returned to this Mission. Here some might be wishing to know what after all was the result of my trip, and whether, from a pecuniary point of view, it was a suc-

cessful one. To this question it is difficult to give a satisfactory answer ; for what would be a success for me, another might think a failure. I can say this, however, that on this trip I was not the loser, and collected more money than I could have received had I remained at home. So you see that, after all, I have no reason to complain.

I came home just in time to attend a fair that had been planned during my absence by the ladies of our congregation. It began about the middle of October, lasted for a week, and, thanks be to God, was a success. So, having a few dollars of ready money at hand, we began work on the Church without delay, and before winter set in, built a considerable portion of the front wall, which now shows the three main entrances that are completed. As soon as spring will open, we calculate to resume the work, and shall continue according to our means. The walls are built entirely of large stones, and we can on this account stop the work at any moment without damage to what is now finished.

As soon as I had a few days at my disposal after my return, I started for the Indian Territory on a visit to the Osages, and found them as usual in a distressed condition. I could not see the full-bloods on this occasion, on account of their absence in pursuit of game. I was, however, more fortunate with the half-breeds. These I called together in the different settlements, and offered them an opportunity of performing their Christian duties. The greater part listened to me with attention, and in one settlement, God be praised, nearly fifty were in attendance at Mass, and about half that number came to the Sacraments.

I had hardly returned from the Osages, when I received a telegram calling me among the Choctaws, some two hundred miles south of this Residence, where a poor miner had been crushed by falling rock, and was in danger of death. I started on this sick call the night of the 13th of November on the first train which I could get. I arrived too late. I reached the place on the following morning, but the unfortunate man had died four hours before my arrival. All I could do was to say Mass for the repose of his soul, and perform the burial services.

On the 16th I returned to the Mission to bury Mr. Thos. Magner, one of our scholastics. He came here on the 12th of last August from Seguin, Texas, to try whether the mildness of our climate could do something for his consumption. In the beginning he appeared to improve, and of his own accord asked to teach a class in our Institution. He was quite a young man, and gifted with all the qualities necessary to make of him a worthy member of the Society. He was not only a virtuous religious, but a thorough scholar and an able teacher. His pupils loved him, and were fast improving under his direction. But all his hopes of recovery were an illusion; for he had hardly been teaching two months, when he was obliged to give up his class and confine himself to his room.

Here he began to sink rapidly. With the consumption, which had reduced him to a skeleton, came palpitation of the heart, in consequence of which it became difficult for him to speak. He saw that his end was fast approaching, but was not alarmed by it. He calmly prepared for the last Sacraments, which he received with great devotion, and on the 21st of November, the feast of the Presentation, went, as we hope, to witness its celebration in Heaven. He was but twenty-three years of age, six of which he had spent in the Society. R. I. P.

PAUL MARY PONZIGLIONE, S. J.

INDIAN MISSIONS.

I.—THE CROW INDIANS.

More than twelve years ago the Crow Indians, a numerous tribe leading a wandering life to the east of the Rocky Mountains, presented a formal petition to the American government for a priest, or Black-gown. General Alfred Sully had written on this subject to the lamented Father

De Smet, and he in turn proposed it to the Superior General of our Mission. Delays were met with in the settlement of the affair, and, finally, the Superior went to see General Sully in regard to it, when he was informed that this mission had just been confided to the Episcopalians and Methodists. The only reason for assigning this tribe to them was that the government had made valuable appropriations in the case.

It is true that we did not lose sight of these poor infidels, but it was impossible to obtain subjects who could take charge of the mission. Finally Fr. Barcelò penetrated to them, and he is the second priest who has ever paid them a visit, the first having been Fr. De Smet, whose stay among them was very brief, but whose memory will forever remain in benediction amongst all these savage nations.

The result of Fr. Barcelò's visit is described by himself in the following letter written to the Superior of the Rocky Mountain Mission.

Letter of Fr. Barcelò to Fr. Cataldo.

HELENA, Oct. 7, 1880.

Having set out, according to instructions, to visit some Catholic families of whites, I arrived for the first time in the camp of the Crow Indians, between Fort Custer and Terry's Landing. I was well received, and by means of a negro, who acted as my interpreter, I explained to them the object of my coming, which was to teach them the way to Heaven. The chief and his principal men showed themselves to be well disposed. After dinner, the chief assembled all his people under the shade of a tree, and I explained the principal mysteries of the Christian religion, and exhorted them to pray for the gift of faith. Towards evening an adult Crow, who was sick, sent for me, and, after some instructions I baptized him and administered Extreme Unction. He was somewhat better next morning, and I gave him a medal. The chief would have me baptize the children, but believing it safer to proceed slowly, I deferred the

matter until I should have obtained permission of the Agent. Having promised at my departure to return as soon as possible, I arrived at Fort Custer, and from that place I proceeded to Terry's Landing, where I met Father Veneman, who was on his way to Bozeman. The judgments of God are inscrutable. Not one of the white Catholics would take the trouble to come to Mass on Sunday, although for years they had not been present at the Holy Sacrifice, and the pagan Crows were asking for instruction in the Catholic faith. Upon my return to the poor Crows, they earnestly besought me to baptize their little children, and with great pleasure I complied with their request. I also baptized three children of my interpreter, who had been brought up a Catholic, but who had had no opportunity of practising his religion since the age of twelve years. I gave him the catechism to translate. I gave the savages to understand that it would be impossible to instruct them and make them good Christians, if they went wandering about in pursuit of the buffalo; that they should settle down in some fixed place; that they have plenty of fertile land. They listened with attention, and showed a readiness to do whatever I suggested. I spoke about it to the Agent, who exhibited some astonishment that the savages should be willing to do for the priest and for the Catholic religion what could not be obtained from them by the American government and by the Protestant ministers. These latter, having found out by experience that none of the natives paid any attention to them, have all returned home. Your Reverence, in conjunction with Rev. Mr. Brouillet, should try to obtain that the American government throw no obstacle in the way of that which has been so well begun.

G. BARCELO, S. J.

II.—THE INDIAN SCHOOL OF ST. IGNATIUS' MISSION.

Extract of a Letter from Fr. Luigi M. Folchi to Fr. Piccirillo.

ST. IGNATIUS' MISSION,

MISSOULA CO., MONTANA,

December 26, 1880.

* * * * * This is the golden opportunity for putting our schools amongst the Indians on such a footing as to compete with, or even to surpass those of the Protestants. The Lord seems to bless our poor endeavors. An inspector of Indian affairs (a man of no religion), who had spent a short time here, wrote lately to the agent of this Reservation, from the Indian College of Forest Grove, in Oregon, an institution liberally supported by the government, that he has visited many Indian schools, but has never seen one to equal that of our Mission in the improvement of the scholars. *Laus Deo semper!* But does it seem as if justice will be done us by the government? Just now the census is being taken under orders from Washington. There is a world of questions which the enumerators have to propose to these poor Indians, even as to the number of guns they have; how many dogs? etc., etc. But there is no inquiry made about their religion; because, as these reservations are allotted to the various denominations, regard should be shown to the majority according to religious persuasion, and they would naturally find more Catholics among the Indians than they would desire. * * * *

III.—LAKE SUPERIOR.

Extract of a Letter from Fr. Specht to Fr. James Perron.

RED ROCK, Jan. 17, 1881.

Since the visitation by Rev. Fr. Charaux, Superior of the Mission, your humble servant has been constituted *Miss. Excurr.*, having charge of the following stations:

Grand Portage, Minn.; Rivière aux Anglais, upon the Canadian Pacific R. R.; Red Rock, distant one hundred miles from Fort William; and Népigon, which is two hundred miles distant from the same place. But in the Spring I shall go even further still. There will be plenty of work at the different stations, for I have to instruct the Christians, and in some places there are pagans to be converted. I have already had a taste of the fatigues inseparable from the missionary's life on the borders of Lake Superior, especially in winter. On the 16th of September Fr. Hébert, Gagnon and myself went from Silver Islet to Red Rock. As the wind was contrary, we were several times obliged to go ashore and camp. On the 19th we all three said Mass in our tent, which was pitched in the midst of the woods. We reached Red Rock on the 20th, and leaving Fr. Gagnon there, Fr. Hébert and I started on the 24th in a bark canoe for Népigon, accompanied by two Indians. The voyage lasted six days, and presented difficulties which can be understood only after they have been experienced. The greatest trouble is caused by the *portages*, seven or eight in number, and some of them two miles long, with a trail which is a path only in name. We had to carry our own packs, but the roughest part of the work, the transportation of the canoe, fell to our two companions. We were delayed for some time on Lake Népigon by head winds, and it was not until the 1st of October that we could steer a straight course for Fort Népigon.

Our Christians were assembled at the landing place to welcome us, for they had been in expectation of our coming, and we had to shake hands all around. After the evening prayers, which are recited in common every day, Fr. Hébert introduced me to my congregation as his successor. Before dismissing our people, we gratified them with the sight of the beautiful chasubles, chalice, ciborium, etc., etc. which their *Bourgeois*, Mr. Henri De la Ronde, had ordered from Montreal for the chapel, at an expense of \$130. Fr. Hébert remained only a short time at Népigon. After his departure I gave a mission, which was very successful, Mr.

De la Ronde assuring me that he did not know even of one who failed to receive the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist.

During these days a ceremony took place which may seem childish to white men, but to which our people attach a great deal of importance. I speak of the conferring an Indian name upon the new missionary. Our Indians are not blessed with the gift of tongues, and can rarely pronounce, much less remember our names, especially, if like mine, they chance to be German, and consequently they give us a name taken from their own language. The choice of this name is a privilege of the chief, and I had to undergo the ceremony like every one else. They dubbed me: *Kapapamincoadjimo!* which being interpreted signifies, "He who brings the good news." Henceforward, I shall be known by them under this name. We have built a little school-house on an island not far from the Fort; I shall open it next Spring if I can find a competent teacher.

On my return to Red Rock, I was busy for a time in directing some improvements which were made upon the church and the surroundings of the priest's house. I set out for Fort William on the 6th of September. I did not go by boat this time; the journey had to be made quite prosaically on foot, and for the greater part of the time on snow-shoes. An Indian sled carried my chapel furniture, vestments, books and some other indispensable articles. This is the winter style of traveling here. It required three days to reach Prince Arthur's Landing, seventy-five or eighty miles from here in a straight line. We made our way sometimes on the lake, sometimes through the woods, and occasionally along the bed of little streams or over ponds, which are very numerous at the carrying places; the cold was so intense that my nose and one cheek were frozen. And besides, making my way on snow shoes through the woods, and by paths which do not deserve the name, I got many a fall. I came back from Fort William on the 10th of December. Ten days later I set out for Grand Portage, taking a bad cold along with me, which I

got rid of on the way. On the 28th I again quitted the soil of the United States, with the thermometer marking thirty-nine degrees below zero. We camped out in the woods that evening, and although we made a fire big enough to roast an ox whole, we suffered terribly from the intense cold. My share in its effects was a frozen heel, and whilst engaged in saying my office close by the fire, I thought that my hands would also be frozen. You may be sure that we were glad when daylight came. We made an early start, traveled on the whole day, and at six P. M. reached Fort William, where all were filled with astonishment that we should have attempted a journey during such intensely cold weather.

My stay at Fort William was short, for on the 31st of December I set out for Red Rock by way of Silver Islet. I thought that I could reach the latter place by ten o'clock at night; but having arrived about nine o'clock at the Portage, we lost the road, for it was a dark night, and we had never gone that way before. We were forced to camp out without tent or covering, for it had been our intention to sleep at Silver Islet that night, and we had nothing to eat except some sardines and soda biscuits. To make matters worse, I began to feel so sick that my companion was frightened. Fortunately, it was only a trifle, and early the next morning, New Year's Day, we were able to proceed, my companion having found the road. At nine A. M. I knocked at the door of Mr. Simmons, one of the good Catholics of Silver Islet. No one expected me, for it was supposed that I was still at Red Rock; but scarcely had the church bell announced the arrival of the priest, when our people flocked to the church to hear Mass. I baptized two children next day (Sunday), heard confessions and gave Communion to the faithful, overjoyed at the opportunity of approaching the Sacraments. A few days afterwards I returned to Red Rock. Towards the end of March I shall start upon my *grand voyage* of about four months, of which I shall by and by send you a detailed account.

JOS. SPECHT, S. J.

IV.—MONTANA TERRITORY.

Letter from Father Prando to Father Cataldo.

ST. PETER'S MISSION, M. T.,
January 13, 1881.

REV. FATHER SUPERIOR,
P. C.

I write to your Reverence some strange things from St. Peter's Mission. The first cause for wonder is that it snows here under a clear sky; for when the snow has fallen, after the ordinary manner of falling snow, and the sky has again become clear, a strong wind springs up, which causes the snow as fine as dust to drift, until mountains arise at the caprice of the storm. A man here had his house buried, and was obliged to tunnel his way out through the snow. Rows of trees are completely covered with it, so that one can walk over their tops. Sometimes the mountains around the Mission are seen so enveloped with snow that they look like smoking volcanoes when the fierce winds sweep the light particles up to and over their summits; again, when the wind changes, it drives the snow before it like white-capped waves, and, pressing it close to the ground, the very mountains appear to be moving towards the plains. The immense prairies, deeply covered with hard packed snow, are sometimes scoured by terrific blasts, which send minute particles whirling in dense clouds over its surface. When the poor missionary is caught in such a storm, he can see nothing to guide him on his way, and runs great risk of being lost. Last November a poor man was lost in the neighborhood of Fort Shaw, and had his feet frozen from exposure. After a few days it was found necessary to amputate them, and he was sent to the hospital at Helena. At Fort Benton it is now forty degrees below zero, centigrade; they have no fire wood, and have to go twenty miles to get it, hauling it over the snow.

In the Mission of St. Peter, although we suffer much

from cold, yet we are consoled by much spiritual fruit obtained. I have been recompensed for all the labors of my journey, by the first success among the Blackfeet. During the novena of Christmas, the Holy Child granted me the gracious favor of baptizing an Indian woman, one hundred and twenty years of age. She was reputed to be a medicine woman, and had cured many whites at Fort Benton. Some months ago, near the Mission, a young man, attacked by a panther, had received four ugly wounds on the head; and this old woman effected a complete cure in the course of a month, using only one herb for the purpose. She would not see the missionary, and to all who spoke to her about religion, she answered that she would not receive Baptism, because after death she wanted to travel the same road as her sons had done. I visited her several times, but took care not to touch upon the subject of religion. On the first day of the Novena for Christmas, a man came and told me, that the old woman was speaking of dying. This morning she was saying that she had expected to die when the cherries ripened; but that now she thought death was near, and she requested not to be buried beneath the ground, but that her body might be placed upon a tree, after the manner of her tribe, because she wished to rejoin her sons. Next day I said Mass to obtain the conversion of this soul, and started on horseback to see her. The poor thing was seated in silence on the ground. I saluted her, and said it was time for her to be baptized, and that if she refused she would go to a fiery chamber, a place of torments, where she would never see her sons; if, on the other hand, she consented, then she would go to Heaven, where she would find all her good children with God. She finally was persuaded, but expressed a wish to retain her medicines. I was not aware that she dealt in this business, and began to suspect something on hearing such a request. I told her that she might keep her medicines if they were good, and that I should like to see them. Thereupon, opening a little bag, she took out a root, and said that when it was boiled and a drink made from it, it would cure a cold. I asked

her if she performed any ceremonies while using this; she said that she did not, and I told her that it was a good medicine, and she could keep it. Then she took a bit of wood and said, when this is reduced to a powder and used as a snuff, it stops bleeding at the nose, without any ceremony being added. I told her to keep this, too, and many other remedies which she showed and explained. I then asked her from whom she had learned the virtue of these medicines; she said that no one had taught her; but that when she stood in need of anything she went to sleep, and a person appeared to her in a dream, who pointed out where she would find a root to cure the disease. I asked her: "Can we obtain a sight of this person?" "No." "Has he horns?" "No; his face is beautiful!" "Has he wings—long wings—and horse's feet?" She replied that he was winged, but that his wings were very short and white, and that he had feet like a chicken, and that nevertheless he walked upon the water, and she liked him very much.

Returning in the afternoon, I caused her to renounce all dealings that she might have had with the evil one; and when she had made all the promises necessary to convince me of her sincerity, I admitted her to Baptism. Just before the pouring of the water, when I was stretching out my hand to place it on her head, she began to tremble from head to foot with great terror.

After Baptism she became tranquil in body, and her face was very calm. She was my first convert from among the Blackfeet, and I called her Mary. On New Year's Day I baptized a Blackfoot boy, and gave him the name of Joseph.

Just now I have four Protestants under instruction, and they are very eager to learn, and will soon receive Baptism. A good American Catholic called upon me, and begged me to try and persuade his wife, who was a Protestant, to embrace the faith; he added that he had not himself urged her in regard to religion, because he did not wish to excite the ill-will of her relations. I visited the family two or three times, and, having learned how matters stood, I said to her one day: "Well, when shall we begin the instruc-

tions?" She understood what I meant, and answered that we could begin that very evening, which was done.

At Fort Shaw I have established a Catholic Society, whose members receive Holy Communion in a body every two months. The Commander, although a Protestant, is very courteous to the Catholic missionary, and on Sundays has the time for Mass announced by drumbeat.

At Sun River they had not yet thought of building a Catholic Church. On the occasion of my first visit to that station, they told me that Mass would be said in the public school, which is used also as a Protestant meeting-house and a dance hall. I felt my blood begin to boil; I felt the full force of the text: "*Zelus domus tuæ comedit me.*" I told the Catholics I was willing this once to say Mass in such a place, but that I should never do so again. A zealous Catholic said to his neighbors: "The Father is right; it isn't proper that where Christ comes upon the altar, in the very same place soon afterwards a Protestant minister should mount up and mock at our sacred mysteries." We have repaired the old school-house, which had been abandoned, and which will do well enough for a church. This is the way I took possession of it: The door was not locked, the principal owner lived sixty miles away, and as many, especially Protestants, had contributed to build it, none of the Catholics dared to enter it first, through fear of the legal consequences. I led the way, fixed my altar, had the broken panes supplied, and the whole place cleaned up. The next Sunday, Mass was celebrated there. Then, with a Catholic guide, I went to all those who had helped to erect the building, and asked them if they were willing to cede whatever right they had in it to the Catholic congregation, and all, Protestants, as well as Catholics, subscribed their names to a paper of renunciation, which I had prepared, so that we came home part owners of the school-house. Then I had a new lock put on, and took charge of the key. Shortly afterwards the principal owner, who was an excellent Catholic, wrote that he would sell his share in the building at a low figure. The legal transfer will be

made as soon as possible, and thus Sun River will begin to have a Catholic Church. The church is all made of wood, but after some years, aided a little by the Propagation of the Faith, one will be constructed of stone or bricks. I wish to introduce the Sisters as soon as possible, for at present the children are obliged to go to a Protestant school. A thousand good wishes to Yr. Rev.

R^{ae} V^{ae} Hum^{mus} Servus,

P. P. PRANDO, S. J.

V.—LAKE SUPERIOR.

Letter of Father J. Hébert.

RIVIÈRE DU PIC, Dec. 30th, 1880.

REVEREND FATHER,

P. C.

As the account of my missionary travels and adventures seems not altogether uninteresting to you, I am going to jot down whatever happened worth remarking in my journey of last spring.

I left the Mission, March 14th, taking the route of Silver Islet, intending to spend St. Patrick's day with the Irishmen in the vicinity. An Episcopalian minister from Prince Arthur's Landing happened to be my "compagnon de voyage" as far as the mine. He was extremely courteous and sociable, and praised very highly my predecessor in these missions, wondering greatly at the long and painful journeys which he made for many years.

In the course of his remarks he said that whatever be the opinion one may hold regarding the controverted point of the celibacy of ministers of the Gospel, there is no question that the missionaries of Lake Superior should be unmarried men. I perceived he had sent ahead his wife and eight children, that he might hide the sense of discredit and shame which the contrast between him and the Catholic priest, whose praises he was sounding, made him feel. He spoke of his father, also a minister, but a Presbyterian, and

said that he was wrong in not admitting the Episcopacy, as it was clear that the order existed in the Primitive Church.

We were traveling on snow-shoes. I carried a burthen heavy enough on my back. He was unimpeded by any luggage; nevertheless, I was often obliged to halt and let him rest, and in spite of all he was barely able to reach Silver Islet. Imagine what a suitable target for the flying shot of Irish pleasantry!

The morning after St. Patrick's day, I departed for the further end of Thunder Bay, where I should meet two young Indians of the Mission, who were to accompany me as far as Red Rock. I walked all day long alone, by no means a very pleasant occupation. It was about sunset, and though but a short distance from the rendezvous, not a soul could be seen; neither could I discern any smoke, which would indicate the presence of a human being. I felt a little anxious and uneasy, for it was rather cold, and I had neither axe to cut wood, nor blanket for the night. By and by, I saw some one come and draw water from the Bay; things grew brighter, and my fears disappeared.

It took us three days to reach Red Rock. At night, before sleeping, we built a large fire; then we drew in our beds as near as prudence allowed, and sometimes a little nearer. One morning, on awakening, I found my blanket of hare skins half burnt; yet that had not awakened me. Before arriving at our destination I was painfully made aware of what snow-blindness—*mal de neige*—is. I had often heard people talk of it; but then, for the first time, I had personal knowledge of how much it makes one suffer.

After spending a few days at Red Rock to give the Catholics an opportunity to make their Easter duty, I set out for Népigon. It was on Good Friday I started, hoping to reach the Fort for Easter. But we were still sixty miles away when the feast came, for the roads were very bad and our dogs rather lean. Easter Sunday morning the weather was beautiful. The sun shone out magnificently, and scarce a breath of wind was stirring. Everything seemed to bid me say Mass. I did, but scarcely had I begun, when I regret-

ted it. Every breeze, how light soever, that passed, lifted a cloud of ashes and dust that covered my little altar. I no sooner removed to a respectable distance on one side, than I got just as much from the other. Finally, I finished, very thankful for having been able to say Holy Mass, but just as thankful for having finished.

We arrived at the Fort the last day of March. I had been there in January to visit the sick, and had baptized a family of seven persons, all infidels. This time I remained there five days, which were pretty well taken up in the exercise of the holy ministry. I quitted it, April 5th, in the evening, accompanied by a half-breed and a savage, who were to make the complete tour with me. Mr. Henry De la Ronde sent along some of his men to escort us some distance. We walked on snow-shoes, and as fast as we could, day and night, from the 5th to the 10th, stopping only a couple of hours towards midnight to see an Indian family. I had to baptize one child and hear some confessions. Towards noon we had come to Negodinong, about which I have already written you. Thence, we went to Obabikang, where we were left by our escort, who returned to the Fort. I left on the 9th for Onamani-Saging, which I had never visited but once in the spring of 1877, with R. P. Du Ranquet. I found there five families of pagans and one of Christians, in all twenty-five persons. As I was approaching I saw coming towards me a savage, till then very much attached to pagan superstitions. He smiled good-naturedly. This seemed the forerunner of good things. As my stay there was necessarily to be of the shortest, I began right away talking to the pagans of the religion of Jesus Christ. I found them exceedingly well disposed. I set about instructing them without delay, and the catechism was not shut once while I was there. Sunday evening, April 11th, I baptized ten children, and next day ten grown-up persons. I had forgotten to ask them to give up the objects of their superstitious practices, and especially their *Matchimastikiki*—evil medicine—but a Christian reminded me of it. All were ready except one young man, to whom

it seemed a little hard. He gave in, however, without my asking twice. How pleasant it was to burn these little coils of bark, that did the work of the devil! I bade them adieu, my heart filled with gladness, thanking the good God for taking pity on those poor savages.

After this, I left Lake Népigon to go to Lake Long, taking a route I had never before followed; it obliged me to make a long roundabout march before getting there. Here's why I did it: in the spring of 1879, I saw at Lake Long two savages that came from some place they called *Agoki Sagaigan*, and who brought two little boys that they wanted baptized. After finding out pretty well where they lived, I promised to go and see them before long, if possible. From that time I had not ceased thinking of the trip. At last I undertook to make it. We began to go up a river named *Ohabikang*, which is very rapid, and the ice was already giving way. Twice I missed my footing, and barely escaped falling into the river. After three days we came to a Lake called *Gáhionidjegense Sagaigan*. We had a good deal of bad weather, thunder and hail, so we stopped at the hut of a Canadian half-breed, Joseph Lagarde, who took us in kindly, which I was all the more thankful for, as I desired to spend a part of the spring around there, while waiting the breaking-up of the ice and the opening of the rivers. We stayed twenty-three days there, and had a good deal to suffer from the cold and smoke, not being able to make a fire, except outside our cotton tent. However, I was able to say Mass every day, and every evening we had prayers in common. I baptized while there ten infidels and two of the half-breed's children. It was here also I came nigh getting drowned. Going out one day a short distance from the camp, to take a look at the road we were to follow, I struck across a little bay, where it seemed some one had lately walked. I was soon sorry enough for my steps; I sank through the ice to my knees, and then up to my waist. Had I not had my gun along, it would have been all over with me. I held it in front of me, the ends resting on either side on the ice. Getting at length on my feet

again, and walking cautiously, I was able to get on terra firma safe and sound.

On the 8th of May we left. On the 15th we discovered a family encamped on the bank of the Agokisihi. We approach and are heartily welcomed. They happen to be near relations of one of my companions. The family comprises father, mother and two children. I told them that, as it was late, and the next day was the great festival of Pentecost, we would not continue our journey till Monday. They seemed right glad. Encamped near them, I was able to see them often. After asking the help of the Holy Ghost, I propose to them our Holy Faith. They are not averse. I begin instructing, and next evening I baptize the children, and on the following morning the father and the mother. I then take leave of them promising to return next summer. They told me that I would soon come up with two families, relatives of theirs; and so it fell out, for that evening we sighted their cabins. We get the same warm reception here as before. That night we set our net in the river, and next morning hauled in forty large pike. That same day (April 12th) we and the savages with us reached Lake Agoki. On the opposite side were the poor people for whom I had undertaken this long voyage. For five days I instructed the little band with us, and then baptized them all. During this time we were anxiously listening for a signal from the opposite shore. At last, we resolved to cross, but there was no one there. The 23rd (Feast of the Holy Trinity), the weather being very fine, I said Mass. We discharged our guns three times to let them know where we were, but there was no reply. We became somewhat anxious, for we were totally ignorant of the position of Lake Long, and of the route to be taken to get there. During the 24th and 25th, we coasted about the Lake, hoping to meet some one; but no. My men were rather downcast, and went out gloomily to stretch their nets. Soon they came back smiling, and told me that the long-looked-for savages were encamped not far away. Things seem cheerful again. Straightway we went to pitch

our tent near them. As Indian etiquette demands among friends a general shaking of hands all around, I was able to form a pretty close estimate of their number. They form a pretty large band, and are not at all badly off for savages. That evening we had prayers, and quite a number attended. The ground where we tented was rather low, and it rained all night, so that on awakening in the morning I found I was lying in the water. After Mass I had some conversation with a few of the men, and learned that they had nearly all been baptized by the Protestant minister, at least all the men, for the women and children were yet infidels. Having cautiously tried their dispositions, and calculated the length of time I was able to pass among them, I concluded to put off till later all efforts at conversion. However, I asked to baptize the children, and they allowed it. I baptized seven. I should have done the same to six more, but an unfortunate circumstance had kept them at three days' distance from there. I placed in their hands prayers written in Indian, with letters invented by a Protestant Bishop. I was forced to learn this writing, the better to fight the devil on his own ground.

The 26th, a few of the band going out to have a look at their traps, brought back three bears. They gave us a part; that same evening the three bears had disappeared, swallowed in the abyss of their awful stomachs, *in gurgite vasto*. Not to slander them, I should say that two of the brutes were not very large. The 27th, I was informed that one of the women had been attacked by the colic. I wasn't surprised, considering the amount of bear she had eaten. 'Twas then, the panacea which the genius of PERRY DAVIS bequeathed to suffering humanity, brought relief to the woman of the forest.

Passing by Lake Manito, of which I spoke in my last letter, I called upon the Lagarde Band, and baptized two children. They thought that I was in a great hurry to leave them. I promised to see them again in the fall, but it was impossible for me to do so. Father Gagnon and I will make amends to them in a few days. I reached Lake

Long on the 1st of June in the evening. The Indians had been expecting me for some time. I had plenty of work in hearing the confessions of the many Christians there. These confessions are difficult and slow, as the people are poorly instructed.

I remained only six days at this place; and during my stay I baptized ten persons. There are only twenty there who still remain pagan. If I could have prolonged my visit, I think that more would have received Baptism; but I was obliged absolutely to reach Le Pic by the 12th, to meet Mgr. Jamot, in accordance with an agreement made a year ago.

Consequently, leaving Lake Long on the 8th of June, I arrived at Le Pic on the 12th, where I found Monseigneur and Fr. Chambon. They had been there two or three days; they had not been idle, but their limited acquaintance with the Indians prevented them from accomplishing much, and they had been waiting for me to begin the business in earnest.

In spite of all the misery that had gone before, and although I was fagged out, the hardest labor of the trip was now before me; because only a short time could be given to each station, and the work to be done was considerable; and for these reasons they had been waiting so anxiously for my coming.

From three and a half A. M. until ten or eleven at night, I had scarcely time to take my meals. This is the order of the day: P. Chambon and I said a very early Mass, and then were in the confessional until the Bishop's Mass, which took place about seven o'clock. After Mass the Bishop gave instructions and advice to the Indians, which I interpreted. Whenever a sufficient number had been prepared, he administered Confirmation after Mass. From dinner-time, which was at noon, we were employed in explaining the catechism and in hearing confessions. Several times we had to accompany the Bishop, when he went to confirm the sick in their tents. Catechism and confessions filled up the afternoon. The Indians also had some meetings in re-

gard to the establishment of schools, etc., to which they invited Monseigneur, and which necessitated my presence. Then petitions to the government had to be drawn up. Finally, in the evening, the Breviary had to be finished, and little time tables made out for the Indians; so that it was well on to midnight before we could get to bed.

By far the greater part of the Michipicoton Indians remain at the Fort for a very short time, and so we judged it best to go there without delay. Before carrying this plan into execution, some thirty Indians were confirmed, who had come from Lake Long with the furs of the Hudson Bay Company. With regard to these savages, I ought to say that it was wonderful to witness the action of the Holy Spirit upon their simple and sincere hearts; it manifested itself in their looks and words. How glad they were to have come to Le Pic, where they had seen so many things to excite their admiration! Father Chambon remained at Le Pic.

It took only a day and a half for us to reach Michipicoton, one hundred miles from Le Pic. It was on the 10th of June. I told you in a former letter that this is the stronghold of Methodism. We resolved, then, to make a longer stay here than elsewhere. Mr. Bell, the *Bourgeois* of the Hudson Bay Company, received us kindly, and insisted upon the Bishop taking up his quarters at the Fort.

Our days were filled with the occupations that I have described above. There were meetings in regard to a school and petitions were drawn up. On Sunday, the 20th, nearly all the Methodists came to Mass and Vespers. After Vespers, as it was fine weather, they stretched themselves upon the grass near the church. The Bishop entered into familiar conversation with them, and almost all of them seemed to be favorably disposed. Nevertheless, only ten returned to the true fold; let us hope that there will be better success next summer.

Sixty-five were confirmed here. The Bishop expressed his satisfaction at all that he saw, and congratulated them on their handsome little church, their school-house and general progress.

Leaving Michipicoton after dinner on the 23rd, we came back tired out to Le Pic, which we reached at 5 A. M. June 25th. Here we were even more busy than at the place we had left, for the Indians are more numerous. Many approached the Sacraments; one hundred and sixty-eight persons were confirmed; several pagans were baptized, and also some Methodists.

On the 28th we started for Red Rock, and reached it on the 30th, after a journey of one hundred miles. We thought it better to give the Mission at Népigon first, and having set out next day, we camped on the evening of July 1st near the Népigon *Brigade*, composed partly of Christians and partly of pagans. All assisted at the instruction; then came the confessions, rendered troublesome by clouds of mosquitoes; next day, communion, and twelve persons confirmed. Proceeding forward, we were delayed nearly a whole day by contrary winds at Lake Népigon. On the afternoon of the 3rd we sailed twelve miles before reaching the Fort, under circumstances that I shall not be apt to forget. It was a dead calm, but towards the west the sky was covered with black clouds, which began to pile up and hurry towards us. Before undertaking the passage, Alexandre De Sukonde, who has sailed on every sea, turned towards Monseigneur, as if to ask him for directions. He gave a sign to go on, and we started. I must confess that I was not quite at ease, expecting a squall to spring up at any moment. Happily, we were spared, and escaped with a thorough drenching. We could not reach the Fort until next day, and had to camp out at a short distance from it. The warmth of our reception made up for all we had gone through. Our stay here was to be short, for P. Chambon was to remain after our departure. We set to work, as at the other places, and by the 6th a great many had confessed and received Holy Communion, and ninety-six had been confirmed; besides, five pagans received Baptism.

Quitting the Fort on the 7th, we reached Red Rock, after a journey of one hundred miles, on the 8th.

Three days here—crowds for confession—ninety-five con-

firmed. I was worn out completely, and was suffering from a bad cold. We left Red Rock on the 12th; bad weather and foggy; 13th, reached Silver Islet; the few Indians there came to confession, and eight were confirmed on the 14th. We got back to the Mission that evening. This, Reverend Father, is an imperfect description of my tour for 1880. During the four months that it lasted I baptized ninety persons, of whom the greater number were infidels, Monseigneur, P. Chambon and I having a share in the Baptisms after I had joined them. You see that I have good reasons for thanking the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to which I attribute the success of my labors, as well as the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, to whose powerful intercession I am so much indebted. Help me to make suitable returns for these favors. Regards to all acquaintances at Woodstock.

R^{no} V^{no} inf. in X^{to} Servus,

J. HEBERT, S. J.

SAN XAVIER DEL BAC, ARIZONA.

A SKETCH OF THE MISSION, WITH A DESCRIPTION OF ITS CHURCH. ⁽¹⁾

What is the history of this mission? How old is its church? Who built it? These are questions often asked by strangers, who do not fail to go to San Xavier del Bac⁽²⁾ as soon as they have visited the old Presidio, to-day the growing city of Tucson.

The San Xavier Mission, which is situated in the Santa Cruz valley, nine miles south of Tucson, was established by the Jesuit missionaries for the Papago⁽³⁾ Indians towards the end of the seventeenth century.

⁽¹⁾ Condensed from an account written by "A Missionary of Arizona," published last year in pamphlet form at San Francisco, and sold to aid in the completion of St. Mary's Hospital.

⁽²⁾ The word *Bac*, in the language of the Aborigines, means a place where there is water.

⁽³⁾ *Papago*, according to the explanation given to us by one of the Indians of San Xavier, means "hair cut," the sign by which, formerly, those converted to the faith were distinguished.

The Jesuits, who had missions in Sinaloa since 1590, reached Sonora on the 13th of March, 1687, with Father Kino as Superior. In 1690 four missions had already been established in Sonora, and were visited by Fr. Juan Maria Salvatierra, who had been sent from Mexico as Visitor. During this visit Fr. Salvatierra and Kino were invited to go to their rancherias or villages, by some Indians, who had come from a distance of over one hundred and twenty miles—the region where subsequently were established the Missions of Tumacacori and San Xavier—and so earnest were their demands, that the missionaries changed their itinerary, and followed them as far as Guevavi, where they founded the first mission⁽¹⁾ which was established in the country now called Arizona.

As for San Xavier, we have not seen any record of its first start as a Mission. What we know is that, in 1692, the missionaries were visiting the different tribes of the western part of the country, and that in 1694 they established two missions on the Gila River. But from these facts, can we not infer that the San Xavier Mission was already existing, especially when we know that it was the strong wish of the Papago Indians to have missions established in their villages? Moreover, the location which the actually existing church occupies, and the rich and extensive valley by which it is surrounded, must have attracted at once the attention of the missionaries. We can, then, safely suppose that this mission was established soon after that of Guevavi, if not at the same time. Nevertheless, San Xavier had no resident priest for several years after its establishment, but was attended from Guevavi. The first church was a small adobe building, the most easily erected to meet the wants of the new Mission. The fragments of records we have found in the church give us an idea of the population that lived in the vicinity, by the number of Baptisms that were yearly administered from 1720 to 1767. This population must have been considerable. We find in the same books that twenty-two Jesuit missionaries suc-

⁽¹⁾ This Mission, now abandoned, was situated in the southern part of Arizona, near the frontier of Sonora.

cessively administered at San Xavier between the dates mentioned, the last of which was that of their expulsion by the Spanish government. The missions they had established during their stay in the province of Sonora were twenty-nine in number, consisting of seventy-three Indian pueblos, as is stated in the *Rudo Ensayo*, a geographical description of Sonora, written in 1762 by one of the Jesuit Fathers. The Mission of San Xavier was one of the most flourishing in Sonora under the care of the Jesuits, and the loss of these missionaries could not but affect it very seriously, as well as all the others.

In 1767, the Marquis de Croix, Viceroy of Mexico, made an application to the guardian of the Franciscan College of Santa Cruz de Queretaro, Mexico, requesting him on the part of King Charles III, to send fourteen, or at least twelve priests of his Order to take charge of the missions of Sonora. The petition was granted, and on the 27th of March, 1768, after a long and painful voyage, the fourteen missionaries asked for landed at Guaymas. Soon after, they proceeded to San Miguel de Horcacitas, where they fixed the headquarters of their labors. Amongst the missions that were considered important enough to require the presence of a priest was that of San Xavier, to which was assigned one of the new missionaries, the Rev. Francisco Garcez. We must here mention that the missions had passed through many trials from their establishment to the time the Jesuit Fathers were compelled to abandon them. The most severe of all was a revolt of the Pimas and Ceris, which broke out in 1751 and lasted over two years, causing the death of several missionaries, and obliging the others to temporarily leave their missions until better times should come. This revolt subsided in 1754, as is shown by the following note extracted from the records of Tubac:

“On the 21st of November, 1751, all this Pima nation rebelled, and deprived this Mission of its spiritual adviser until now, 1754, in which year the Indians have returned to their pueblo, meaning, as they say, to live peaceably. And for the authenticity of this writing, I sign it.

Francisco Paner.

The priest who wrote this note was then alone in the missions of the northern part of the province, as we see by the different visits he made at that time from Tubac to San Xavier and Tucson. The Baptisms he administered the same year in these missions are: for Tubac, 49; for Tucson, 50; and for San Xavier 43.

The missions which had escaped going to complete ruin during this revolt were hardly started again when the Jesuits were expelled. No wonder that Father Garcez found San Xavier in a pitiable condition. This mission, says A. Velasco, in his *Noticias Estadísticas*, was very poor when the missionary took possession of it. It was lacking the means necessary not only to support a priest, but even to furnish the most essential things for the worthy celebration of the sacred mysteries. But these difficulties could not deter the new Apostle from his undertaking. As he aimed only at the spiritual welfare of the Indians, he thought but very little of his personal comfort. His zeal won the admiration of the Indians, as they saw him accommodate himself to their customs; his bed was the bare ground, and for covering he had nothing but his clothes; his food was that of the Indians; his breakfast consisted of a cup of *atole* (corn mush); instead of bread, *tortillas* (pancakes), and some dish of wild plants, such as sow-thistle, and occasionally roasted corn, made up his whole fare. He never used tobacco in any shape, but carried it always with him in order to gratify the Indians.⁽¹⁾ Such a mortified way of living was evidently imposed upon him originally by circumstances; but Father Garcez did not improve it when things were better regulated, and when a certain amount of provisions was regularly furnished by the government to the missionaries. All he could get in the way of sugar, chocolate and other supplies, was carefully stored and kept for his Indians. These articles were partly issued to them as delicacies, and partly sold to purchase agricultural implements. By this liberality he won the affection

⁽¹⁾ These details about F. Garcez are extracted from the *Corona Serafica del Colegio de Santa Cruz de Queretaro*, Mexico, 1792, which gives the history of the missions of Sonora during the administration of the Franciscan Fathers.

of the Indians. During his stay at San Xavier (1768-1778), he visited several times all the Indian tribes of Arizona, and prepared almost all of them to receive missionaries, had these been sent to them. But owing to a want of material resources, or rather to a lack of energy on the part of the military authorities, two new missions only could be established during his life, and under his leadership. These are the Immaculate Conception, and St. Peter and St. Paul, which were opened in March, 1778, on the Colorado River.

The date, 1797, which is seen on one of the doors of the Church of San Xavier, is, according to the tradition, the date of the monument's completion, the building of which had required fourteen years. This is confirmed by the testimony of a few persons whom we have seen since we have been living in Arizona, and who assert that they assisted at the dedication of the church.

Who are the priests that built it?

No mention has been made of their names in any of the records we have met with, nor did those true sons of the humble St. Francis put on the walls any mark that could manifest their personal merit to future generations. What they did was to place the coat of arms of their Order on the frontispiece of the church, as if to say to us: We, unknown to you, poor religious of St. Francis, have built this for you; pray for us!

Nevertheless, if the tradition be right about the time spent for the building of the church, we can raise the veil of humility by looking at the names of the missionaries of whom mention is made in the church records during the said period. According to this tradition, the present church, which was built near and to replace the old one left by the Jesuits, was commenced in 1783, and, as inferred from the books, under the administration of the Rev. Balthasar Carillo, whose name is mentioned in said books from May 22d, 1780, to 1794. His successor, as Superior of the Mission, was the Rev. Narciso Gutierrez, who remained in charge until 1799. From these considerations, we may safely conclude that it is to the above-named priests that we are in-

debted for the too much dilapidated, but yet elegant and rich church of San Xavier, which attracts the attention of every visitor to Arizona.

It may be asked what were the means the missionaries had at their disposal for the erection of such structures as those, the remains of which are seen at San Xavier, Tumacacori and other places?

According to the writers of the *Rudo Ensayo* and the *Noticias Estadisticas*, the churches were built with the sole product of the land, assigned by the government to each mission, which was cultivated by the Indians under the direction of the priests. To this resource we might add the product of the live stock, and also what the missionaries were able to spare of the scant allowance of provisions issued by the government, amounting yearly to \$300 for each one. This explains why the building of the churches required so long a time, and also why some of them remained unfinished in parts.

We will here say a few words about the dealing of the missionaries with the Indians, and about the way they taught them, little by little, the manners of a civilized life. We will only give some particulars received about San Xavier, from men who saw the Fathers at work and who were employed by them, as foremen, in the different labors carried on in this Mission. The Indians were free to work for themselves or for the church; to cultivate their own fields or the church land, with this difference, that the former had to look for their maintenance, while the latter were supported by the Mission. Those who worked for the Mission depended on it for food and clothing, not only for themselves, but for their families. For that purpose provisions were stored in the mission house, and distributed in due time. Early in the morning the Indians had to go to church for morning prayers and Mass. Breakfast followed. Soon after, a ring of the bell called the workmen to the atrium, a little square place in front of the church, where they were counted by one of the priests and assigned to the different places where work was to be done. When the

priests were in sufficient number, they used to superintend the work, laboring themselves, otherwise they employed some trustworthy Mexicans to represent them. Towards evening, a little before sundown, the workmen were permitted to go home. On their arrival in the houses, which surrounded the plaza, one of the priests, standing in the middle of this plaza, said the evening prayers in a loud voice in the language of the tribe. Every word he pronounced was repeated by some selected Indians who stood between him and the houses, and lastly by all the Indians present in the tribe. Notwithstanding these orderly measures, many of the Indians fled every day from their respective squads before reaching the place where they had to work, and tried only to be present at meals. Nevertheless, these are the men who, by their work, enabled the missionaries to build their churches and houses, learning at the same time how to earn their living in the future. That the Indians must have been happy under such a rule, nobody can doubt, and San Xavier, owing perhaps to the vicinity of the Presidio of Tucson,⁽¹⁾ became afterwards one of the most flourishing missions under the administration of the Franciscan Fathers. It continued progressing until the year 1810. Then was heard, all over the territory of New Spain, the cry of Independence.

Very soon the government commenced to feel embarrassed financially, and the annual help allowed to the missions failed to come in due time, and, in many instances, failed to be paid at all. From this time they had to suffer, more or less, year by year, until the last stroke was aimed at them by the expulsion of their missionaries, which followed the fall of the Colonial government in Mexico, December 2nd, 1827.

Here ends the history of the Indian missions. By the fall of the Spanish domination and the expulsion of the Franciscans, the Indians remained without any protection. They could not but miss at once the support they were

⁽¹⁾This Presidio was established some time after the revolt of the Pimas, either to prevent any subsequent rebellion on the part of these Indians, or to protect them against their cruel enemy, the Apaches.

wont to receive from the church. In a very short time, many of them, finding themselves without any resources, commenced to scatter here and there, and to return gradually to the customs of their former Indian life. Then followed the destruction of the live stock left by the missionaries, and the settlement by the soldiers and Mexican people on the mission lands. Thus the population of the missions commenced to be a mixed one.

The Indians who formed the population of the Mission were the Papagoes, who belong to the large tribe known by the name of Pimas, still scattered over a great portion of Sonora and Arizona. Those living in the southern part of Sonora were called Indians of the Pimeria Baja, while those who had settled on what has since become Arizona, were designated by the name of Indians of the Pimeria Alta. The latter were always more exposed to the attacks of the Apaches, as they were too far from the presidios, or military posts, to receive any protection from them. Owing to this fact, they were all good warriors, and succeeded not only in defending themselves, but many times in preventing the enemy from molesting others.

These Indians, though barbarous in their customs, and inclined to the use of intoxicating liquors, which they made from several kinds of wild fruits,⁽¹⁾ were industrious, thrifty and more sociable than the other Indians living in the missions. Their moral character was excellent. Previous to the establishment of the missions amongst them, they had a knowledge of the sacredness of marriage, as they kept it always in its unity and perpetuity. They were so strict on this point that the woman who committed adultery was punished with death. As far as we know, and have been told by several persons, the same rule is in force yet among the Papagoes. It is also said by many who are acquainted with these Indians, that they are the most virtuous people in the world. As for the other tribes, it is but too well known that they have greatly changed their former feelings about morality since they have been in contact with the

⁽¹⁾The most noxious of these liquors was that made of the elder tree berry.

white people. The Indians are generally chaste in their language, neither do they curse or use any profane words. The number of the Indians living at San Xavier can only be approximately calculated, as many of them do not remain in the pueblo after the harvest of the wheat. Those who are steady in residing are about five hundred in number, forming, as it were, two villages, each one having a special chief. As for the total number of Papagoes living in Arizona, it is estimated to be about five thousand. Amongst the customs which were observed by the Indians there is one worthy of mention which still prevails in the Papago tribe, and this is, the purification practised for forty days by any Indian who has killed any one, whether with just reason or not. During this time he cannot reside in the pueblo, but must remain out in some place where his relatives will carry him the food he needs, and leave him alone. It is only after the purification time is over that the Indian can be received back into the tribe to be treated as a brave, if the man he has killed was an enemy.

As regards the modern history of the Mission of San Xavier, we have but little to say. As a consequence of the expulsion of the Franciscans, the secular priests being very few in the province of Sonora, it was condemned to remain without a resident minister for a long time. It is true, it was never abandoned, as the Bishop of Sonora had it put under the charge of the parish priest of Magdalena; but, owing to the distance and the danger from the Apaches, the visits of the priest were only on rare occasions. This state of things lasted until 1859, when Arizona was aggregated to the diocese of Santa Fé, New Mexico, whose Bishop, the Right Rev. J. B. Lamy, made it his duty to have the new field opened to his labors, provided with some priests at once. The first priest sent thither was Rev. J. P. Machebeuf, at present Vicar-Apostolic of Colorado. He found the Church of San Xavier, the only one which had not gone to complete ruin amongst all the missions of Arizona, still showing many unequivocal proofs of its former beauty. He saw, however, that the vaults of this tem-

ple had been greatly injured by leakage, and his first care was to have a coat of mortar put on the outside surface, in order to prevent any further damage.

The Indians of San Xavier had not entirely forgotten what they had been taught by the old missionaries. As soon as they knew that there was a priest amongst them, they rushed to the church and rang the bells to welcome him. They went to listen to his instructions, and brought their children to be baptized. In a very short time the missionary ascertained that they knew some prayers, and, to his great amazement, even two or three were able to sing at Mass, though not exactly according to the rules and notations of the Gregorian chant. This was more than was expected; but there was another agreeable surprise for the priest, when he saw the Indians bringing to him several church articles, which they had kept for years in their houses lest they should be stolen.

The Very Rev. J. P. Machebeuf spent only a few months in Arizona. It was with sincere regret that he left the country; but the report he made induced the Bishop to send another priest to it soon afterwards.

In March, 1864, the Bishop came to Arizona and made a pastoral visitation to the Mission of San Xavier, and to the new parish of San Augustin, at Tucson. These churches were administered at that time by FF. C. Mesea and L. Bosco, S. J. The next year the Papagoes agent, Col. C. D. Poston, applied to the Bishop for a Catholic teacher for these Indians. The teacher was sent, with three missionaries, also assigned to the missions of Arizona; but when he arrived at Tucson, Feb. 7, 1866, the Indian agent had left the country, and the school could not be started as intended—that is to say, as a school supported by the government. Nevertheless, the priest who then acted as Vicar-General in Arizona, determined to open a school at his own expense for the Indians until things could be regulated. This school was opened in the church, but owing to the negligence of the Indians, and to want of means, it lasted only a few months. No other school was established for

the Papagoes until September, 1873, under the administration of R. A. Wilbur as Indian Agent.

This school, supported at the expense of the government, was directed by three Sisters of St. Joseph. From its beginning it seemed that it would be a real success, and it proved so all the time it was in existence. Unfortunately, this time was too short. By order of the Department, the Papago Agency was consolidated with that of the Pimas on the 1st of April, 1876, and the school suppressed the same day. Though ignorant of the reasons for this order, we cannot but regret that it should have been issued. The Indians were pleased with the way the Sisters treated the children, as they have declared several times to the inspectors sent by the government to visit the Agency. Indeed, the Sisters did all in their power to make themselves useful in the tribe. Besides teaching the children, they visited the sick and took care of them during the leisure time left by the school. It was not long before a good number of the young Indians could make a fair show in spelling and reading. Gradually the teachers and pupils overcame the great difficulty of understanding each other, and it was no little pleasure for visitors to see the Sisters speaking now in English, then in the language of the tribe, and being answered by the pupils in either language. The teaching, besides reading, writing and arithmetic, embraced household work for the young girls. The Indian children were not very regular in attendance, still the classes were numerous enough to be conducted with success. Though the school lasted only a short time, it has not been fruitless. This can be seen by the manner in which some of the pupils have regulated their way of living since. From April, 1876, the Papago Indians have remained without a special agent. What the government gained by that we do not know; but what is obvious to all people acquainted with these Indians is that the loss has been for them. Being far from the agent to whose care they were committed, and left too much to themselves, too many of them have fallen back either materially or morally. In these late years they have indulged

freely in the use of strong liquors, which has been the cause not only of the squandering of the little money they had, but of many quarrels, ending, too often, in the loss of life.

Religious service is held at San Xavier regularly every other Sunday at nine A. M.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CHURCH.

The church, as can be seen by its arches, surpassing the semicircle and the ornamental work in low relief which covers the flat surfaces of some parts of its walls, belongs to the Moorish style.

The first thing to be noticed is the atrium, a little enclosure 66x33 feet, which separates the church from the plaza, and which was used, as we have seen, for the place of meetings relating to matters not directly connected with religion.

On the frontispiece, which shows the width of the church with its two towers, is placed, in low relief, the coat-of-arms of the order of St. Francis of Assisi. It consists of an escutcheon, with a white ground, filled in with a twisted cord and a cross, on which are nailed one arm of our Saviour and one of St. Francis, representing the union of the disciple with the Divine Master in charity and the love of suffering. The arm of our Lord is bare, while that of St. Francis is covered. On the right and left of the escutcheon are the monograms, I. H. S. and B. V. M. The frontispiece was surmounted by a life size statue of St. Francis, which has now gone pretty nearly all to pieces under the action of time.

The church, which is built of stone and brick, is 105x27 feet inside the walls. Its form is that of a cross, the transept forming on each side of the nave a chapel of twenty-one feet square. The church has only one nave, which is divided into six portions, marked by as many arches, each one resting on two pillars set against the walls. Above the transept is a cupola of about fifty feet in elevation, the remainder of the vaults in the church being only about thirty feet high.

Going from the front door to the main altar, there is on the right hand side wall a fresco representing the coming of the Holy Ghost upon the Disciples. Opposite to it is the picture, also in fresco, of the Last Supper. Both paintings measure about 9x5 feet.

In the first chapel, to the right hand, are two altars, one facing the nave, with the image of our "Lady of Sorrows," standing at the foot of a large cross, which is deeply engraved in the wall, and the other one with the image of the Immaculate Conception. In the same chapel are two frescos representing Our Lady of the Rosary and the Hidden Life of our Saviour. The opposite chapel is also adorned with two altars. One of them is dedicated to the Passion of our Lord, and the other to St. Joseph. There are also two paintings, the subjects of which are: Our Lady of the Pillar, and the Presentation of our Lord in the Temple.

The main altar, which stands at the head of the church, facing the nave, is dedicated to St. Francis Xavier. These altars, and especially the principal one, are decorated with columns and a great profusion of arabesques, in low relief, all gilded or painted with different colors, in the Moorish style.

Besides the images we have mentioned, there are the statues of the twelve Apostles, placed in niches cut in the pillars of the church, and many others, representing generally some saint of the Order of St. Francis. There are also in the dome of the cupola the pictures of several personages of the Order who occupied high rank in the Church.

Going again to the front door, there are two small openings communicating with the towers. The first room on the right, which is formed by the inside of the tower, is about twelve feet square, and is used for the ministration of Baptisms. There is a similar room in the left tower which is of no particular use now, but which corresponds to the mortuary chapel of the old basilicas. From each one of these rooms commence the stairs, cut in the thickness of the walls, and leading to the upper stories. Start-

ing from the baptistery, the second flight reaches the choir of the church. A good view of the upper part of the monument can be had from that place. Two flights more lead to the belfry, where are four rough and home-made bells of small size. Twenty-two steps more bring the visitor to the top story, and under the little dome covering the tower, an elevation of about seventy-five feet above the ground.

One of the towers was never completed; it lacks the dome and plastering from the second story above. Some people say that this was owing to the death of the principal builder, which must have occurred before the completion of the work. Some others believe that it was in order to avoid the payment of a tribute which, according to them, was due to the Pope by all finished churches. Neither one of these explanations is admissible; because the principal builders of this church were two brothers by the name of Gauna, who were subsequently employed to build the Church of Tumacacori; and because there is no mention whatever in history of any tribute to be paid to the Pope, by any church, whether finished or unfinished.

On the west side of the church, separated from it by a narrow passage, is an enclosure, with a small mortuary chapel, formerly used as a cemetery, at its western side. On the east side of the church is the mission building, which formerly occupied a somewhat extensive space, and consisted of the rooms necessary for the priests, of a soap factory and stores for the provisions. Besides, there were several farm houses on the mission land. Of these buildings there are now only two rooms, making a body with the church, and four extending south and facing on the church plaza.

All these rooms were repaired by the government in 1873, with the consent and under the supervision of the Bishop, and used as a school-house until 1876.

BRAZIL.

THE COLLEGE OF ITU.

PARA, January 22, 1881.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

In this letter I will endeavor to give you some news about the labors of our beloved Society in Brazil. In doing so, I shall try to be as brief, clear and exact as possible; but I do not know whether I shall be able to master the difficulty I find in expressing myself in your language.

I ought, first of all, say something about a college which our Spanish Fathers had some thirty years ago in the Island of Sta. Catharina. As I have no documents, and write from what I merely remember, I can fix neither the date upon which their college was opened, nor that upon which it was closed. All that I can say is that these good Fathers went to Sta. Catharina after their expulsion from Montevideo, and that their college flourished for a short time. Its temporary success was owing to the number of boys that came from Montevideo to attend its classes. The College was finally given up on account of the terrible Yellow Fever, which carried off many of the Fathers and some of the students. Those of Ours, who had survived the scourge, were called away by their Superiors. Meanwhile, they had done a great deal of good, and left among the inhabitants a very favorable idea of the Society, which proved of service to us at a later period.

Before proceeding with my narrative of another effort made to found a permanent College in Sta. Catharina, I must make short mention of the Mission of the German Fathers in Brazil. Its field of operations covered the extreme southern Province of the Empire, and was intended chiefly for the spiritual aid of the German colonists who

have settled in that region. Some of these Fathers were employed in the Capital, where they had their central Residence, whilst others labored in scattered districts of the interior.

In the year 1860, Don Sebastiao Larangeira, Bishop of Rio Grande do Sul, obtained from our Superiors some Fathers for his Seminary, and thus the Brazilian Mission passed to the Roman Province. These first Fathers applied themselves to their work with great fervor, and for a time things went on well; soon, however, they discovered that the difficulties with which they had to contend were almost insurmountable. The Superior himself lost courage, and withdrew to the Mission of the Spanish Fathers, in the Argentine Republic. While the other Fathers were also preparing for their departure, one of them chanced to hear that the people of Sta. Catharina were anxious to enjoy the privilege of a Jesuit College. This information was too important to be allowed to pass unheeded. The Father who had been the first to receive the good tidings was forthwith commissioned to investigate their truth, and was advised, in case the rumor proved true, to make offers of willingness to undertake the establishment of a College. He immediately began a correspondence with all those interested in the business, and soon had the happiness of receiving the desired permission.

It was at this time that Rev. Father Razzini, of the Province of Turin, was sent by V. R. Father General to be Superior of our Mission. Father Razzini afterwards went to California, and perchance passed through Woodstock on his way thither. He came to us invested with extraordinary powers. These extended even to the German Mission, which was in some manner united to ours for a few years. Eventually, it was separated from us, and is doing a great deal of good through its single College and a few small Residences.

As for us, the College of Sta. Catharina went on but poorly for a few years. This was partly owing to the poverty of the people of the Island, and of the whole province,

and partly to the difficulty of communication with the other provinces. Owing to these causes, we never had as many as twenty boarders at a time, and they often were as few as eleven. Our pupils at no period reached the number of fifty. Still, we were obliged by our contract with the government to teach ten different branches, although it was not a rare occurrence for each teacher to have but one scholar in attendance at his lesson. The most serious obstacle to our prosperity, and the one most sensibly felt was our want of funds, wherewith to carry on the College and to support ourselves. These were so low at times that we were often on the verge of actual want. The government gave us yearly for our services only three Contos de Reis, viz: fifteen hundred dollars of your money, and what the boys paid was not sufficient to maintain themselves. Although, under this condition of things, dejection was general, yet, thanks be to God, the spirit of Sacrifice did not fail in any of us. The Superior had resolved to abide by the contract, at any cost, for the stipulated ten years. Not so the government. The party that came into power in the year 1869 began a regular persecution against us for the furtherance of its political views, and strove to find some pretext to rescind the contract. With this purpose in view, its partisans claimed the right to visit our schools, examine our pupils, etc. As all this was done *ad malum finem*, and was a violation of the agreements made in the contract, the Rev. Fr. Rector protested and refused to open the schools to the official visitors. The consequence was that the government refused to pay the little sum it had promised. The Rector, finding it impossible to consult his Superiors, then made use of his discretionary powers, and closed the College in March, 1870. To replace in some degree the College, which had lasted six or seven years, a Residence was opened, in which five or six Fathers are now stationed. Their missionary labors are very successful.

I fear that my description of the short and struggling life of the College of Sta. Catharina may lead you to believe it to have been productive of but little fruit. It would be

wrong to leave you under any such impression. The truth is, that while this College was in existence, it served as a medium for opening other Colleges, and especially that of Itu. Then, our Fathers were able to do much good by exercising the holy ministries, resistance was made to the spread of the errors which the Protestants were endeavoring to propagate, many sinners were converted, and some Freemasons were reconciled to the Church. Several of the latter died in the best dispositions shortly after their conversion, and we have good grounds to believe that they are in Heaven praying for us.

Of course our scholars did not fail to requite us for what we had done for them. Two of them became members of our Society, two others are good secular priests, and several others are living up to our teachings, more or less perfectly, in good situations in the busy world.

During the short life of the College of Sta. Catharina, Father Razzini opened two other Colleges, one in the capital of the Province of Pernambuco, another in a little town of the Province of St. Paul. I will first say a few words about the College of Pernambuco, and then give you the history of that of Itu, which still exists.

In 1865, the Bishop of Pernambuco applied to V. R. Father General for some Fathers to carry on his Seminary of Olinda. His request was granted, but in the following year the Bishop died, and our Fathers were in a short time obliged to give up their places in the Seminary. They immediately started a College in the same town, and tried by every means in their power to effect some good. The College, though not very large, was thriving until, as I told you in a former letter, it was attacked by Freemasons, May 14, 1873. After this the Fathers removed to a little village not far from the town, where they again opened the College in a house offered them by a friend. Fear of the Freemasons neither hindered them from making frequent visits to the town, nor from laboring for the benefit of religion, both in the town itself, in the Seminary, and surrounding districts. In the midst of discouragements, our Fathers worked

on cheerfully. They formed plans for the commencement of a new College, and hoped soon to establish a promising Mission in the interior of the Province, when Freemasonry resolved to vent its fury upon them once more. This time it decreed their expulsion, and the decree was inexorable. A revolt, most probably the work of Freemasons, gave them a fair occasion to put their resolves into execution. Our Fathers were calumniated, persecuted, cast into prison and brought before the tribunals, thence to be put on ship-board, where they were confined for two or three weeks, and then sent to Europe.

The motives cited, and explanations offered for this despotic conduct were as ridiculous as false. They were, indeed, well worthy of Freemasonry, whose despotism and barbarity know neither right nor justice. Perhaps these expressions may seem to you to be too strong, but were I to translate the decree of our expulsion, you would scarcely believe your own eyes. As for me, I am persuaded that historians in future ages will be puzzled to understand how any government of regular form could have been capable of issuing such an unreasonable decree. Hatred of religion will be the only motive power to which they can attribute this piece of anti-Christian fanaticism.

All of Ours did not leave Pernambuco at once. A few Lay-Brothers remained after the banishment of the Fathers. In a short time, however, the law having been enforced against them, they started for Portugal. One of the Fathers, a native Brazilian, was allowed, in company with a single Lay-Brother, to stay in Pernambuco. We hoped that between them they might be able to save what still belonged to the College, but, unfortunately, the Father was in a very sickly condition, and was therefore unable to prevent the wreck of our property. Our friends availed themselves of his illness to take for themselves whatsoever the greed of the Freemasons had spared.

It is said in Rome: "*Quod non fecerunt barbari, fecerunt Barberini.*" The adage proved true in the present instance. The College had a good library, which our friends plun-

dered in a friendly manner. Thus, the choicest works disappeared, and, of course, all search for them afterwards proved vain. Such was the end of the College of Pernambuco. The Brazilian Father who had been ordered to remain in the place, began to sink so rapidly that he was called to Itu, where he died shortly after his arrival.

I now proceed to sketch for you the varied and consoling history of the College of Itu, which, at its beginning, had to contend with greater obstacles than the other Colleges, whose short-lived career I have just traced. It seems destined by divine Providence to bring forth more abundant fruits than any of its predecessors.

While Father Razzini was striving to place the College of Sta. Catharina on a firm footing, he one day received an invitation to visit a good parish priest, residing in the interior of the Province of St. Paul, who was very desirous to have a Jesuit College in his neighborhood. As no railroads traversed the Province at the time (1864), Father Razzini was obliged to make the journey on horseback. After a long and tedious journey, he reached a small town, which had the good fortune to possess an old Franciscan missionary, who had preserved the majority of the inhabitants in the practice of religion and piety. There was also in the town a flourishing convent for girls, under the direction of some French Nuns.

In the year 1865, after all necessary arrangements had been made, two Fathers, a Scholastic and a Lay-Brother were sent to Itu, at the expense of the old parish priest. Acting up to their instructions, they left no means untried to open the College as soon as possible. The government for two years stubbornly refused to give the required permission.

While awaiting a favorable chance to put their primary intention into execution, Ours were not idle. They catechised, gave sermons and exhortations, besides hearing confessions. Our enemies could not endure the sight of our doing so much good. The bad newspapers raised a hue and cry against us, uttering all the old calumnies

against the Society. The result of all this noise was quite different from that intended, for it only served to make our Fathers better known and more highly esteemed. One of them, Father Anthony Onorati, a very learned and fearless man, as well as a good preacher and polemic, made a great name for himself by his disputations, and silenced every opponent. His reputation for learning was also accredited to all his Brethren by the popular mind. The following incident will serve to show how high this opinion was. One day an ignorant Freemason, happening to notice the letters I. H. S. on a curtain at the door of our Church, remained for some time in contemplation of them, evidently at a loss to discover their meaning. Finally, he exclaimed: "Ah! at length I have found the meaning! What pride! So, then, Jesuits alone are learned!" Being asked what was the matter, he answered: "Look here; they have written at the door of their Church, *Jesuitos Homines Sabios*. It is true, the Jesuits are learned, but not they alone."

In the midst of the talk and excitement about us, a miserable Brazilian Priest, who had become a Protestant and declaimed against Catholicity in many places, dared to come to Itu. Thereupon, Father Onorati began to preach against him, and to bring matters to a climax challenged the apostate to a public discussion. The wretched man, not expecting a reception of this nature, did not dare to come before an audience, and left with more speed than he had come.

The natural consequence of our efforts for the welfare of religion was to strengthen our influence with the population. In a short time our Church became too small to contain the crowds that flocked to hear the word of God. The Fathers, therefore, applied to his Lordship, the Bishop, for a larger edifice, which was immediately bestowed upon them. Then, too, their hopes that they might in the near future be able to build a College on a grand scale, were confirmed by the following curious history, coming, as it did, from the best authorities.

A native of the little town of Itu was one of the number of our forefathers who were expelled from Brazil by the notorious Pombal. This Father, out of love for his vocation, accompanied his Brethren to Italy. After the suppression of the Society, he was one day taking a solitary walk on the beach of some Italian bay, and meditating upon a plan for returning to his country, when a beautiful young man came towards him. The youth offered him a fine picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel; saying: "My Father, I know you wish to return to your own country, and that you have no means to do so. Be confident; in a short time a ship will arrive; she will take you gratis to the capital, and there you will find the means to reach your small town. Bring this picture thither; preach to its people the devotion to Our Lady of Good Counsel, and it will be their salvation." He then disappeared suddenly. His predictions were verified; the promised vessel did soon arrive. The Father returned to Brazil, and preached this devotion to the Blessed Virgin in the place of his nativity, where he built a little church, in which the picture is still kept and honored by the faithful. The good Father also opened a small College in a park, which had come into his possession. He left this property, the Church, College and park, to a young priest, with the understanding that it was to be transmitted to the Jesuits, who he predicted would come in future times to Itu and open a College. He moreover foretold that their College would be built joined to the Church, and that it would be prosperous.

You may be sure that we were much encouraged by this history. The will made by the Father was faithfully carried out, and we received the Church, College and park. Our Fathers found so many reasons against placing the College in the spot indicated by the prophecy, that they resolved to build where it best suited them. By a combination of circumstances, however, the Fathers were forced to do just as had been foretold.

When the College had been put up and was ready to receive scholars, the Government was still hostile to us and

would not allow us to carry it on, so we opened it in the name of a secular priest friendly to us. Within two years a law was passed granting the liberty of teaching to almost all persons. We availed ourselves of this to open the College in our own name.

I pray you be not offended if I stop here in my narrative for the present. With the help of God, I shall continue it in another letter.

Let me add, as an appendix to the RELIGIOUS QUESTION, which I treated in my last communication, that the unhappy Priest, who, by bringing about the discussion of this question, was the occasion of the persecution of the Church in the Empire, has made his submission to his Ecclesiastical Superiors. Some months ago, having been attacked by a disease of a serious nature, his eyes were opened to the dangers of his position, and, before receiving the Sacraments, he made a public retractation.

His conversion seems to be sincere, for having recovered from his illness, he confirmed his previous act of repentance by once more, much to the fury of the Freemasons, publicly retracting his errors. May Our Lord Jesus Christ grant him the grace of perseverance.

Remember in your prayers this poor country.

Yours,

RAPHAEL GALANTI, S. J.

MISSIONARY LABORS OF FATHER MAGUIRE AND COMPANIONS,

FROM JANUARY 9TH TO APRIL 10TH, 1881.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, JERSEY CITY.—The Mission was opened on the second Sunday of the month, and continued for two weeks. The missionaries were exceedingly well pleased with the successful ending of their labors. The work was hard, notwithstanding the gener-

ous and zealous help of their Brethren of the College in the confessional; for the sermons and instructions are a burden in themselves. It may be said also that the people hunt up a *commissioner* if possible for their confessions, thinking, no doubt, that his powers are more ample, or that he has some royal road to the hereafter quite unknown to ordinary priests. Hence, the poor missionary has little spare time on his hands from the beginning to the end of the Mission.

The weather for a part of the time was very inclement, and still the attendance was not less remarkable. The men not only attended well, but, what is more to their praise, came in larger numbers to confession. The Church is a large one, having accommodations during a mission, when he is lucky, who gets standing room, for twenty-five hundred persons. Though a division of the sexes was made for the first and second week of the exercises, it was noticed on many evenings that the crowd was too great for comfort. To stand for more than two hours in a badly ventilated place, to be jostled, not to be able to fall to one's prayers with any satisfaction, requires considerable patience and a good supply of faith. And yet hundreds had to put up with all these inconveniences, in order to hear the night sermon.

Most of the people attending St. Peter's are poor, gaining their living in the service of the various factories and railroad companies that abound in this city and in New York. But it would be wrong to think that those of the congregation who are better off in this world's goods were less eager to take advantage of the Mission. All classes came. Many Protestants were present at the evening service, and especially at the lecture after the Mission was closed.

Our Fathers have had charge of St. Peter's for nine years or more. The parish was established many years ago, and has had its schools for a long time. Ours have done a great deal to improve the congregation. The College, a fine building, erected by the present Superior, Father

McQuaid, is already a success, as at present one hundred and forty students attend the classes.

Results: Communion, five thousand five hundred; Baptisms, nine; First Communion of adults, forty; prepared for Confirmation, ninety.

After the work in Jersey City was finished, Father Maguire, the leader of the missionary corps, was called to San Francisco to give a Mission in our new Church of St. Ignatius, the largest, perhaps, that the Society has in the United States. Fr. O'Connor, who went as Fr. Maguire's companion, will give an account, no doubt, to the readers of the LETTERS.

The other missionary Fathers were scattered during the interval to different cities, where they gave the exercises. Frs. Strong and McAtee gave missions in Pittsburgh and New York, which will be spoken of further on.

TROY, NEW YORK (March 6-14).—Our Fathers have two churches in this city, and are doing their work well, though, by reason of the class of people, iron workers, they have to deal with, there are many drawbacks.

Troy has about sixty thousand inhabitants. Iron foundries and collar and cuff factories are the chief support of the place. It is frequently a subject of remark that the laundry business of Troy is ahead of the whole country. Many attribute this superiority to the purity of the water. Judging from the number of liquor stores, one would think the people of the city are content to let the laundries monopolize the water.

Frs. Morgan and Bradley gave a nine days' Mission in the Church of St. Francis on Ida Hill, a suburb of the city. They had no reason to complain of any want of success. The pastor, Rev. Father Drum, a secular priest, rated the Easter Communion at nine hundred. The Fathers gave Holy Communion to eleven hundred persons before the Mission was over. Three hundred more Communion were given on account of the "Forty Hours" devotion, which followed.

Ten children of mixed marriages were baptized; two adults were received into the Church; two or three grown persons were prepared for First Communion.

Some remarkable conversions took place. An old woman who lost the faith fifty years ago, and was a shouting Methodist, came to the services through the persuasion of her friends. God's grace touched her heart during a sermon by Father Bradley on the "Marks of the Church," and she came to confession, prepared to do any penance for the scandal given by her apostasy. On another night, after a sermon on the mercy of God, a man advanced in life walked through the crowded aisle to the open confessional, where one of the Fathers was seated, and, kneeling down, said, "Father, I have come to renounce Masonry, which I have been connected with for twenty-five years. I have not been in a Church for twenty years." Such conversions are mentioned here, not because they are rare in Missions, but to show what may sometimes bring sinners to confession. These two persons had listened to the sermons on the great truths without much profit. And yet a Mission without the great truths would be like a soulless body—a dead thing.

Troy has suffered very much for the last six months from a virulent type of small-pox. The death rate has been unusually high, few recovering of those who were attacked. Fr. Drum, of St. Francis' Church, is the chaplain of the pest-house, which the city authorities, for good reasons, handed over to the Sisters of Charity. Many Protestants were sent to the pest-house during the small-pox epidemic. Their ministers, when summoned, to a man refused to attend them. Fr. Drum had the happiness of receiving most of these, thus abandoned by their hirelings, into the Church before they died.

ST. MARY'S, NEW YORK CITY.—Some one has said of New York that you might begin a Mission anywhere, even in the open air, and, at any time, and have a good attendance of the faithful. Be this as it may, it is certain that all the

services were crowded during the exercises in this church; and when it is added that many could not find even standing room during the night service, and were obliged to go away, one is merely telling the truth.

St. Mary's Church can hold an audience of three thousand persons. During the men's week it was a most edifying sight to see them ready to submit to many inconveniences to hear the sermons. They outnumbered the women at the Holy Communion. The crowning event of the Mission was when the three thousand men renewed their baptismal promises, with their right hands uplifted, a most thrilling spectacle.

The Mission lasted from March 27th to April 10th. Once the work began, there was no respite. The Fathers were kept in the confessional until eleven o'clock, and might have staid all night, for that matter, towards the end of the second week, as there would have been some always on hand for confession. Here, as in other places, the Fathers strove to increase the membership in the confraternities attached to the Church, and succeeded very well.

In an old established parish like St. Mary's, we expect to find schools, and such is the case. It is surprising, however, to find that many Catholics do not send their children to them, though the schools are good. In mixed marriages the children almost invariably go to the public schools.

Results: Communions, ten thousand; First Communion of adults, one hundred and eighteen; prepared for Confirmation, one hundred and seventy-five; Baptisms of adults, twenty-six; of children, six.

The missionaries look back with great satisfaction to their labors in St. Mary's, and feel how short they would have been of these high figures, unless helped by Fathers Keating McHugh and Pont, of Ours, and by the zealous clergy of the parish.

J. A. M.

ST. VINCENT'S, BALTIMORE.—The Mission began Feb'y 27th. It lasted two weeks. Fathers Finnegan, McHugh and Winkelreid gave it. There were four thousand six

hundred and fifty-three confessions, of which one thousand eight hundred and seventy were made by men. Ten converts were baptized. The parish has several variety theatres in it; two of them are only a few hundred feet away from the church. The admission being but ten cents, they are nightly filled with boys. A special service was for these boys; they filled the church, and with uplifted hands promised not to go to a variety theatre, etc., etc., nor to read flash newspapers.

The next Mission (of a week) by Fathers Finnegan and Winkelreid, was begun at Le Roy, N. Y., the third Sunday of Lent. There were nine hundred confessions. No one could but admire the faith manifested in this country parish. Many people, leaving the church after confession at ten o'clock at night, had to walk home four and five miles over bad roads and in cold weather. Numbers of Protestants attended the sermons, though, as far as known, there were not any conversions.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, NEW YORK.—The work began the fourth Sunday of Lent. It was opened by Fr. Denny, of St. Francis Xavier's College, whilst awaiting Frs. Finnegan and Winkelreid, who arrived the Wednesday of that week from Le Roy, to continue the exercises, which the pastor calls a retreat. The difference between it and a mission is only in the name, except, perhaps, that the zeal of the pastor is more conspicuous than it would be in a mission. The retreat lasted three weeks. The success did not seem very great, especially among the men; for of the two thousand and over that filled the Church every night of their week, not a thousand came to confession. These retreats take place twice a year, not counting the "Forty Hour's Devotion." Too often to be successful, one may add. There are seventeen thousand souls in this parish, which is one of the largest and the best of the city. The pastor is unique in the government of his people; no fairs, no picnics, no charge at the door for seats, and yet he manages to meet his liabilities, which are many. By actual

count, eight thousand communions were given. There were many consolations at the return of old sinners.

J. H. F.

General results: Communions, 35,903; First Communion, adults, 195; prepared for Confirmation, 338; Baptism of adults, 51; Baptism of children, 16.

MISSIONS IN THE CENTENNIAL AND GOLDEN STATES.

According to an agreement made by Superiors last August, it was arranged that some Fathers of the Province of Maryland-New York should conduct the exercises of a holy Mission, some time during the course of the year, in our magnificent new Church of St. Ignatius, San Francisco, California. Later, it was thought well to accept the invitation of Father Guida, S. J., of Denver, Colorado, and give, *en route*, an eight days' Mission in his new, pretty little Church of the Sacred Heart. And so, other circumstances proving favorable and the weather horrible, Fathers Maguire and O'Connor left Boston on the 1st of February, with great trust in God, but very little in the promises of *time tables*; or in the ordinarily reliable grit of iron wheel and steel rail; for these, with the intense cold, began to crack and break with an uncomfortable frequency.

'Westward we sailed;' through Massachusetts from the Atlantic to the Hoosac; from east to west, through York State, into and through the northwestern corner of Pennsylvania, that is washed by Lake Erie. When the missionaries passed there was no washing however, as old Erie was to all intents and purposes, as solid as the *firma terra* of Penn, the cold being just then — 28°. Here the journey was broken,—and the wheels of the car, by the frost; and by a pretty plain interposition of Providence the whole train was saved from *ditching*, and many lives from being lost. Some of the wheels of one of the trucks of the sleeper broke to pieces as the train was speeding on. Contrary to his custom, the train-conductor was passing

through the sleeper at the very time, and felt the car jumping, in preparation for its sault from the track. He stopped the train immediately, and the evil was averted. Shortly after this they were landed for breakfast at Corry, Pa., the cold being fixed as before. This was not the regular meal station, and the dining-room was locked, the servants abed, and the hungry, freezing passengers in none the best of humors. Admitted, they found no fires, much delay, confusion among the *Cæsars*, who rushed round the tables, asking everybody wouldn't they have everything. A quarter of an hour, and nothing came, and then they asked again, "tea or coffee?" "I told you six times before," a gentleman ventured to remark. "Jes keep cool, sah!" Pompey rejoined—and the mercury twenty-eight degrees below! Ohio was traversed from its northeastern to its southwestern corner, the through car promise from Boston to Cincinnati, owing to the severe weather, being more than filled—as the through passage was made in *four* cars instead of one. A day's rest in the Queen City (?), a trip to Newport and Covington, Ky., to the Clifton Academy of the Sacred Heart, a thorough exploration of the beauties of the suburbs, the fine city, our splendid church and College of St. Xavier, and true brotherly hospitality of Ours—so many of them old Woodstockians—made the day's stay more than pleasant and fully taken up. Cincinnati had been reached twenty-two hours behind time. Thence a flight across southern Indiana and Illinois; over the great bridge that bestrides, like a Colossus, the Father of Waters: a rolling ride through St. Louis, and on Saturday night at the door of the University, our dear old Provincial, its present Rector, embraced and heartily welcomed his quondam subjects and always brothers. The University grounds and buildings have a decidedly *Georgetown-y* appearance. Here, again, Woodstock is strong. Sunday was spent in sight-seeing: visiting every corner of the University, the fine Church of St. Joseph, the splendid site for the new University, the great bridge, and a thousand other objects of interest. Signs and wonders preceded and followed our visit to St.

Louis. A half million dollar fire broke out as we entered the city, the University building caught fire, while we remained, but was little damaged, and the church was burglarized the night before. On Monday the genial minister of the University took one of the visitors to the Novitiate at Florissant, where, by the way, the night before, they had gotten up a fire to anticipate the event, by burning down the old negro quarters, and where the fine establishment, with all its crowd of memories, had very little of the entirely new to the eastern traveler, as he had heard of them all from brethren whose Bethlehem Florissant had been. The quaint old creole town, the stations along the line of the Narrow-Gauge, where we have missions, the old friends, the hearty pastor of Florissant and his gallant steed,—our note book and memory are too full even to mention half the detail.

That same evening was left St. Louis for Omaha, and the little party reached our fine establishment there, Creighton College, about noon the next day. Everything here is new and good. As is known, the College has been built and founded by a gentleman deceased, whose name it bears, and whose good works live after him in a most telling way. Would that older communities could honor the memory of such wise and munificent benefactors. In one day was seen the promising city of Omaha. It is full of thrift and push, and, during this visit, equally full of snow and slush. The street cars had to give up their regular trips, the snow was so deep, but a few were kept running with double teams to keep the track somewhat clear. Pedestrians were generously allowed to enter these cars for a few blocks' ride, free of charge; and thus the missionaries made part of their eight thousand mile pilgrimage a *free* ride. A very short but pleasant visit was made to the learned, esteemed prelate, the Right Reverend James O'Connor, brother of our lamented Father O'Connor, S. J., who presides over the rapidly growing prosperity of the Vicariate Apostolic. He is of opinion that Nebraska will soon be the great Catholic State of the Union. Catholics have a better foundation

there to build on, no mistakes have been made, no opposition offered, and the great State is teeming with richness, awaiting the coming possessors.

Omaha is the eastern terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad, and here is in fact begun the really new, fresh, wild, interesting part of the trip to the Pacific. The main stem of this road, for it has many branches besides, runs a distance of 1,032 miles, from the Missouri River entirely across the State of Nebraska, Wyoming Territory, and into Utah, as far as Ogden, its western terminus, near Salt Lake. On the Union Pacific, then, or the U. P., as it is invariably called—indeed all the roads in the Far West seem to be generally known by their initials—our little party embarked. It had been determined to leave this direct route for San Francisco at Cheyenne, in Wyoming, and go direct south, by the Colorado Railroad, one hundred and thirty-eight miles to Denver. This was done, and almost on time, although another serious accident took place, that might have been the destruction of the entire train. One of the axles of the car in which the Fathers were, snapped across, on account of the extreme cold. It was discovered in time, and only a few hours' delay resulted. In this part of the journey the traveler observes a great difference between what he has been accustomed to in the East and what he now sees, in the matter of fences, farm-houses, villages and towns along the route, trees and the like. There are, indeed, none of all these things, except at very rare intervals, and one steams along for hours, over plain and prairie, and there is nothing but plain and prairie, and the thumpedy-thump of the train, and the miles of snow outside, broken by the tufts of withered, tough prairie grass, that looks like furze,—and inside the cozy car, with its Noah's ark of occupants, if we only had space to name them. Oh! it is a comet's life, that of the tourist in a long trip like this. Dashing through states and territories that seemed really larger than ever would be thought of, from Mitchell's Atlas, touching a score of great cities in a day, that in a man's ordinary life he would not visit in a score of years,—and then

flying off again to others,—paying little more respect to the meridians of longitude than our little street arabs do to the rafters of houses in construction, over which they so lightly and quickly step; truly it is a flying, electric-*prism* life, that in the cars.

But we have notes that could fill volumes. Cheyenne was reached and Denver, and our beautiful little Church of the Sacred Heart there; and our party was soon at home in the hospitable little residence of good Father Guida, S. J., who has snugly ensconced himself and little community behind the church. This is cruciform, built of brick and stone, has a beautiful little spire, and generally is in good taste. There is a good parochial school, a nice little congregation forming, and everything to promise a rich harvest to Ours, for the greater glory of God. A Mission was begun here on Sunday morning, and though, owing to the smallness of the Church, the numbers attending were insignificant to those of other similar works in which the Fathers had participated; still, it was evident from the beginning that many of the right sort were there, who needed a Mission, and that the capacity of the little church was going to have an eight days' testing. During the week, at all the principal services, there were fine congregations. There were five sermons or instructions daily, as at the largest Missions, and confessions were heard all day. The Rev. Daniel Haugh, S. J., of the Province of Maryland-New York, temporarily residing at Pueblo, Colorado, came up to Denver and helped the missionaries for a couple of days, by hearing confessions and by the great pleasure they experienced in seeing him. Here also were met Very Rev. Father Gentile, Superior of the Mission, Fathers Aloysius Montenarelli and Charles Ferrari, now of Denver, formerly of Woodstock. On the second night of the Mission the Fathers had the pleasure of seeing the great celestial phenomena, visible on the night of Feb. 14th, in Denver and elsewhere. The whole sky was an azure silk, patterned with *many* silver *moons*, full and in crescent, with these joined into regular groups, by arcs of prismatic colors,

and the whole sky lit up with an unwonted radiance. And there was an intense cold. On first reaching Denver and for a day or two after, it was perceived that we felt a kind of oppression in the chest, akin to that suffered by one in asthma, though not so severe. It was remarked to one of the resident Fathers; oh! yes, he replied, almost every one visiting Denver feels something like that in the beginning. You know we are nearly six thousand feet higher than Boston, and though our climate is good for those with weak lungs, that have not been used to bleeding, it is injurious to those that are inclined to hemorrhage. For the air is so rare, one has to inhale much to get enough for respiration, and the extra effort opens the wounds of healed lungs, and a greater rent is made, as in the wind box of an overloaded, badly-mended bellows. Indeed, in a day or so, the strain passed away, and both the visiting Fathers, besides feeling very well, found that they did not *feel* the cold near as much as they would in less dry climates.

So the little Mission progressed. We found ourselves by degrees speaking a new language, about plazas and ranches and cañons, and our heads full of ideas concerning smelters, boulders, prospecting claims, ores and the like, and we made the acquaintance of many a hero, whose like we had never before met, outside of a dime novel: there was Ned of Bloody Gulch, Ralph of Pig's Ranche, Leadville Tarheel, and an army of the like. And after ten, thirty, sixty years in the Rocky Mountains, "widout ever bendin' a knee undher a priest," they made the Mission like men, and sobbed over their sins like tender hearted women, and they gave joy to the angels in Heaven and consolation to the missionaries. The celebrities of Denver and of the Colorado government were constant attendants at the Mission; about one thousand received Holy Communion, and several converts were left under instruction.

At the invitation of many, it was decided to give a lecture in the city on Sunday evening, the last day of the Mission. It was delivered in Walhalla Hall, Father O'Connor delivering the introductory, and Father Maguire the lecture.

The audience was certainly an enthusiastic one, and they gave the Fathers a hearty send off. Ex-Governor Gilpin, of Colorado, was present, and in conversation with the Fathers, after the lecture, having extolled in the highest manner the labors of Father De Smet, whom he knew well, said he hoped Providence would send many of Ours, who are being expelled from the old world, to the southwestern regions of this, to complete the great churches and to do the great works their predecessors of centuries ago began. Monday morning at seven o'clock found the missionaries again on the road for Cheyenne. The train had two locomotives, the front one with a giant snow plough; we repeat this fact, though we were charged with the authorship of a bull, when we wrote it once before to a friend, adding, that it was used for driving the sand from the track. In fact, there was but little snow in the way this day, but the wind, which is nearly always high about Cheyenne, blew so much sand on the track from the plains that, besides the plough, the train had to be stopped frequently and gangs of men sent out to shovel it off the rails. Cheyenne was reached about twenty minutes too late for the western train, and that meant a twenty-four hours' delay, as there is only one train a day, each way, in all these big stretches of road. The best was made of the job, a place to put up discovered, a sufficiently comfortable hotel; then the church was discovered in the snow, and the next morning the Fathers heard and served each others Masses. In due time the U. P. came along, was boarded, and away again to the Western West, five hundred and sixteen miles more to Ogden, the western limit of the U. P., and the eastern of the Central Pacific, or C. P., as it is called. The week at Denver was, of course, spent under the shadow almost of the Rocky Mountains, but as what they call the shadow stretches here for from twenty to twenty-five miles, while in Denver the Rockies did not impress me much more than the Catoctins would as seen from Frederick. But when you draw nearer, then you are awed indeed by the butting, towering peaks, the miles of castellated rock that look so much

like age-worn art, that one would believe himself passing whole capitals of castles and bastioned walls, such as Froisart would have loved to see. And then the hills and mounts, pile upon pile, terrace upon terrace, of the magnitude of none of which one has a true idea until he walks a few miles among them, and feels he is but an ant crawling along the mighty backbone of the two Americas. Thirty-three miles beyond Cheyenne, a station named Sherman is reached; it is the highest point of the road crossed, and is eight thousand two hundred and forty-two feet above sea level. The route was strewn at intervals, on either side, by the frozen carcasses of cattle who had perished during the severe days preceding, and a short distance from these would be seen herds, some of them numbering hundreds, browsing, apparently in snow and ice, but really on the furzy, dry, clumps of grass. In some regions, the ranchmen told us, they had lost as high as fifty per cent. of their cattle from the cold and starvation; and this, although the neighboring state, Nebraska, had so much corn and fodder that many of the farmers were using both for fuel.

The great events of the tourist's day appear to be his rising and retiring, the stoppage at the three meal stations, with the refreshment, good humor and little walk on the platform consequent thereupon, the daily passage of the other way' bound train, a game of euchre, often a glimpse at nature in her sublimest, a cat-nap, a smoke, an orange. Missionaries now-a-days, outside of what they furnish themselves, find no more of the apostolic on their journey than St. Francis Xavier did among those of his day, who went down to the sea in ships for other than soul traffic. Generally there is a decorum that often warms into cordiality among the passengers, more particularly if these be few in numbers. The smoking compartment, containing only four, and generally fully occupied after meals, is a great place for forming acquaintances. After leaving Sherman the route lies across the Laramie Plains, a belt of grazing land, twenty-five miles wide by sixty long, where stock raising is the chief industry. It was lately computed that

about 90,000 head of cattle, 85,000 of sheep, and 3,000 horses and mules, valued at \$2,250,000, could be found in a circuit of forty miles here, whereas, ten or twelve years ago, not five hundred of all together were on the same plains. On one side the scene is closed by the rugged masses of the Black Hills, rising in their grandeur. About here the snow fences and snow sheds become more numerous. The former are wooden structures of about eight feet high, built like an ordinary fence, with spaces between the boards, but the whole inclined to the road, about a hundred or two hundred feet in length, and forming in the length something like the arc of a circle. These are generally erected on the more windward side of the road, at cuts; they create an eddy, that drifts the snow about them, and leaves the road comparatively clean. The sheds are roughly constructed wooden tunnels, with openings at intervals to let in air and light, and let the smoke escape; it was said that on the trip from Cheyenne to San Francisco one hundred and ten miles of snow sheds and tunnels were passed through. Along this part of the route many Indians are met, but they appear to be of other than the fighting persuasion. At about a hundred rods from the road a few wretched wigwams are seen, with the smoke curling from the open top in regular story-book style, and when you roll up to the stations, about twenty of these children of the forest, braves, and squaws with papooses strapped on their backs, lounge about. Some of them faintly resemble our ideal, but most are a stunted, coarse-looking people, with thick, coarse, matted black hair, and in general are not unlike the Esquimaux. They are chiefly Utes, Piutes, Shoshones, Snakes and Diggers. Some of their faces are daubed over with vermilion; others prefer a chrome yellow complexion; these we often saw; we did not see, but only heard, that on St. Patrick's Day a festive Irishman in the neighborhood persuaded one of these Children of the Setting Sun to put his face for the occasion up in bright red and his nose in emerald green.

Within a day and a half Ogden was reached, and then a

transfer to the Central Pacific. The Pullman Car Company have not been able to agree to have their cars put on this road. What is called the Silver Palace Sleeping Car is substituted, the only perceptible difference between the two being a slight, unimportant modification in structure, and a different style of painting. At Ogden nearly everything is Mormon; indeed, for some hundreds of miles around, the Mormons have much property and influence. Many of them were interviewed, some of their theology evoked, and some pleasant acquaintances made. The Chinese, too, have begun to grow plenty before this; the waiters and servants at the stopping places, and the railroad hands are *Johns* very often; and what with Indians, Mormons, Chinamen, the polyglot of passengers, and the omnigenous Pat, who never failed "the Fathers," curiosity and taste for novelty were passing constantly, under very prisms of natural diversity, —gentile and saint, trapper and Indian, grazier and legislator, three card monte man and missionary. The ride of many miles on the shelving shore of Salt Lake was delightful. The skies are so clear and the stars so large up here near the home of the Saints; the lake by starlight is peculiarly lovely. But we must hurry through Utah, Nevada, through the Emigrants Gap of the Sierra Nevada, and stop only for a word about these great snowy peaks. Leaving Reno, a pretty little city in western Nevada, celebrated for its mountain trout, of which a bountiful supply was served at supper, glowing descriptions were indulged in by the old travelers of the change from winter to summer that would be experienced on waking in the morning, in the summer land of California, on the other side of the Sierras, and it was a matter of regret that the sublime scenery of these would shift by in the night. Morning came, indeed, but not yet the summer land; it was found the train had been stopped at Truckee, only thirty-five miles west of Reno, owing to a collision that had taken place the previous night. By this, the train ahead of the one bearing Ours ran into a freight car that had been left on the rail through carelessness, had slid in from a sideling by accident, or had been

run in through malice, as some of the railroad men thought. A great smash ensued, and shortly after, when the Fathers' train steamed slowly up to the spot, down in the heart of the Sierra, with miles of tunnel behind and before; on alighting there was found the wreck. It was a dismal sight and outlook; there was the huge locomotive lying across both tracks, and the gathering trains puffing and snorting; the darkness of the tunnel, the cold, the glaring engine fires, the thickening atmosphere, the shouts of the gang, the screaming of whistles, the dismayed and disappointed faces, the prospect of delay and no dinner, deep down in the bowels of the mountain,—well, it was anything but the summer land of anticipation. But the men worked well and cheerily, all kept their tempers in control and were glad it was no worse, and, after a delay of some hours, out the train shot into daylight, and in sight of the truly grand Sierra scenery. And for miles and leagues the train careened again over a terrace broad enough for track room, cut, it would seem, in the slope of the mountains, with hundreds of feet of these slanting up, so that the pines and winter trees, of eighty feet and more, at the serrated top line, that seemed to saw the sky above, looked like saplings, and the goodly stream in the valley bed, sheer below, appeared, as it was clear or otherwise, a silver or a golden thread. This repaid all previous debts of delay, and was enough to raise the soul of the prosiest, least spiritual traveler there to the Architect of such sublimity. Flying through Dutch Gap, Blue Cañon, Alta, the region of hydraulic mining, rounding Cape Horn, through Sacramento by night, by the longer route—the shorter one was nearly all flooded—a safe arrival at San Francisco, ended, by God's merciful goodness, the perilous, adventurous, fatiguing, pleasant journey of over four thousand miles.

Arrived at our truly grand Church and College of St. Ignatius, the Fathers were at home, Frs. Varsi, Kenna and the whole community seeming to make it their chief duty to do every possible kindness to the "wise men from the East," though there were only two, and not three, as had been ex-

pected. A kind reception by the Most Rev. Archbishop, a glance at China Town, a rest in the real summer land, with the music of the Pacific to lull the BOSTON PRIESTS to repose, and on Sunday morning, February 27th, began the most successful Mission ever given on the Pacific slope. It would take too long now to give anything like an adequate description of the magnificence and propriety, the grandeur and fitness of everything about the San Francisco establishment, and it is to be hoped that some capable person will soon furnish your LETTERS with the details. An entire large block in the best part of the city is already nearly filled with splendid structures; and it occurred to us that the architect must have had the inspiration of Rome in his mind and the rule book of the Society in his hand when he planned and built, or else he had a genius of a Jesuit beside him to guide his hand and thought. We give only one dimension of which we are sure: the Church is one hundred and twenty feet wide, and otherwise in proportion. The exterior, approaches, interior, altars, chapels, aisles, pews, vestibules, galleries, choiretti, lateral and basement chapels are simply splendid. The altars are paneled with malachite, lapis lazuli, and many of the most costly marbles of Italia and California, blended most beautifully. The walls are covered with works of the best home and foreign artists, and we think the grand altar piece, St. Ignatius' Vision on his way to Rome, twenty-five feet by sixteen feet, almost worth the entire trip to see. But this is a story of a Mission—is it not? We shall have to put the story then in a foot note. It began, and the great edifice was thronged. There were five principal exercises daily, all well attended, even that at five in the morning; as for the evening service, from first to last, "no more standing room" was the order. And the Fathers preached and preached, and preached again. They were only two; how generously they sighed that a third were there to share in the good work! They caught the San Francisco hoarseness, that compliments visiting speakers and singers; and still they preached. And sympathetic auditors sent in gargles and troches and nos-

trums by the dozen, and the colds passed away; and they preached louder than before. And the devoted Fathers of the Church and College, seventeen in number, were in the confessionals sometimes as early as five in the morning, as late as almost twelve at night. And old miners came, and young maidens and old ones, and the rich and poor, and the six thousand who received Holy Communion on the last day alone swelled the grand aggregate to fully twenty thousand Communion, as the Mission harvest. A hundred anecdotes to interest, and conversions of poor wanderers to encourage the laborers in the vineyard and awaken the zeal of the aspirants, could be here recounted. We shall have to summarize, and say that all concerned seemed more than satisfied, trusting that God's greater glory, too, was magnified by this happy jubilee of the men that dwell by the golden gate of Pacific's summer sea. Twice during the Mission a little recess of a few hours was taken, and the city explored. One of the Fathers paid a visit to the Pacific Ocean in earnest, having been quite thoroughly, though gently washed, clothes and all, by the sudden upward sweep of the grand surf in front of the Cliff House. Here the seals were roaring as they slid off their rocks, or climbed up again like growing ivy. Accompanied by special detectives, on the other occasion, China Town was explored within and without. The Chinese shops, stores, streets, kennels of lodging houses, catacombs of filth and opium-soaked humanity, two flights down under the gutters; their restaurants, workshops, factories, their Joss houses; and part of a play, that had begun five years ago, was running twelve hours a day since, Sundays included—for here all the theatres are in full blast on Sunday—and was, as a wag remarked, approaching the conclusion of the second act.

A kindlier feeling than before was felt for the idea that gave Kearney his first prominence, and from the ample information received from the most reliable sources, it was firmly resolved and carried that *John* is an unmitigated plague on the fair face of the Pacific Slope. A tearful farewell, a flying visit to Santa Clara, San Jose, and the return trip

was begun Wednesday morning, March 16th, as full of adventure as the outward one. But these shall have to be chronicled by some future historian; as the perils encountered and adventures gone through were as many and interesting as Othello's of yore. A very *full* day was spent at Chicago, Detroit, a part of one at Niagara, the most of another between New York and Fordham, and the day after but one found the Pioneer missionary beginning another reaping of souls in one of the largest parishes in New York, his assistant safe at home in Boston, where all had been bright during his absence, except the one black cloud that passed, when the unexpected death occurred of one of the best religious and truest patriots the community could boast, Brother Edward B. O'Kelly, S. J. Perhaps the most striking feature of all the trip was the universal brotherly charity of Ours. Everywhere, always, the Fathers felt *at home*. In every house there were Woodstockians, and questions were asked and answered without number, and thanking God for His increase given and protection afforded, nearly everybody's love in the West is given to everybody in the East.

J. O'C.

SKETCH OF THE NEZ PERCÉS INDIANS.

(*Concluded.*)

It has been asserted over and over again that Chief Joseph and his followers were Catholics. This is a great mistake. The report was spread by those who wished to shift the blame from themselves and throw it upon us; and their malicious statement was strengthened by a singular occurrence during the Nez Percé war. I do not vouch for its truth, but the story runs as follows: A party of those who were engaged in the hostile operations were about to massacre a prisoner. The man was not a Catholic, but he had seen Catholics bless themselves, and in this imminent danger he made the sign of the cross. The Indians were

awed by that sacred sign, which they knew and respected, and after some consultation among themselves they allowed the prisoner to depart, and he understood them to say that they gave him leave to go away unhurt, because he was a Catholic.

Now, we assert confidently, that the Catholic Indians of the Nez Percé and neighboring tribes, with a few trifling exceptions, behaved as well as any good citizens could have done. At the very beginning of the war the commander of the United States troops asked for some Indian scouts, and he obtained more than half a dozen from the Catholics. Some of these Catholic scouts had near relations in the hostile camp, notably one of them, whose step-father, mother, brothers and sisters were with the enemy. Even the missionary thought it a great imprudence to employ such men as scouts, and expressed himself freely to that effect in conversation with the military authorities. Yet they all proved faithful to their engagements. After the first battle some of these scouts were missing, and it was thought that they had fallen into the hands of the enemy. The father of one of them, who had been baptized by the priest in January, having obtained permission from the Commander and the Agent, went to inquire about his son; meantime the scouts returned by another road. Having reached Joseph's camp, he was told that his son was not there; then they insisted that he should stay and fight along with them. The poor neophyte could not resist the temptation; he allowed himself to be overcome by their arguments, and was killed in the next battle—the only Indian slain on that occasion. When his son (the scout) heard of this he joined the enemy, thus verifying the apprehensions of the missionary; but the blame must rest with those who had neglected his timely warning. Two other Nez Percé boys were prevailed upon to join the hostiles, but all the rest of the Catholics in the tribe proved faithful. The same fidelity did not characterize the Protestants, for many of them joined the parties of Joseph and White Bird.

Another example of the Catholic Indians' loyalty to the

government during the war can be instanced here. When the hostile bands, pursued by the troops, had escaped to Montana, and were crossing the Bitter Root Valley, some of the Nez Percé chiefs paid a visit to Charlot, Chief of the Flat Heads, and wished to shake hands with him. He refused, saying: "My hand is clean, and I cannot clasp hands stained with the blood of the whites; we have always been friends, but we cannot be such under the present circumstances." And yet, naturally speaking, the Flat Heads had far more provocation to go to war than the Nez Percés.

The most noble example of fidelity to the government was given by the Cœurs d'Alène Indians. When the followers of Hush-hush-keiat, belonging to the Lower Nez Percé band, were informed that the bands of Joseph and White Bird had declared the war at Camas Prairie, they wished to begin hostilities in their own country, so as to fight the whites from both sides. But as the whites were too numerous, they tried to secure the Cœur d'Alène and Spokane Indians as allies. In furtherance of this object, two of their warriors killed an old inoffensive white man on Pine Creek, Cœur d'Alène county, and brought his horse to the Cœur d'Alène Mission (June 23rd), hoping to embroil the whites with these Indians. As soon as Soltis, the Cœur d'Alène chief, heard of this awful crime, he sent a message to the authorities, to acquaint them with the facts, and assured them that his people not only had no share in this act, but that they could be depended on in any emergency to defend and assist their white neighbors. In accordance with these promises, they helped in every way the whites, who were panic struck after the war broke out, and it was the universal verdict that no white men could have done better. The loyal attitude of the Catholic Indians forced the Nez Percés to quit Pine Creek, and to evacuate the whole of the Palouse country under cover of darkness; they joined Joseph, but the Palouse and Spokane countries were spared the horrors of Indian war. In fact, we may assert without exaggeration that were it not for the Catholic Indian Missions, the Nez Percé war of 1877

would have become general, involving all the Indian tribes of the North West, the white population of this section would have been exterminated, and it would have cost the government millions of money and thousands of lives. We have positive knowledge that nearly all the Protestant Indians, Spokanes, Shaozileni and the Columbia Tribes, were inclined to war, and secretly endeavored to secure the cooperation of the Catholic Indians; but, failing in this, they resolved to keep quiet.

And what was their recompense? Annoying and petty persecution of the Catholic missionaries and Indians. The warriors who were made prisoners after Clear Water, when they had been taken under the protection of the Protestant preacher, and *sanctified* by him, were set at liberty; but when some other warriors, who wished to surrender had gone to the priest for assistance, and were by him brought before the military authorities at Fort Lapwai, they were encouraged to hope for clemency, but ultimately they were sent as prisoners along with Joseph to the Indian Territory. The Catholic Nez Percés, who had remained constantly faithful, and who were very numerous, could never obtain aid from the government to build a school for their children; on the other hand, Spokane Jerry, who made no secret of his hostility, who had even expressed his opposition in a public council, has a separate school, maintained at government expense, for his few Protestant children, on a Catholic Reservation. For Joseph and his people who engaged in the war, an annual appropriation of more than \$20,000 is made; but Seltis and his people, who prevented the war, cannot obtain a small portion of the \$200,000 due them for the cession of their lands to the United States. When the managers of Forest Grove Indian School, a Protestant institution, made a pilgrimage to a far-off district, and picked up children from a tribe under the management of a Catholic Agent, without so much as saying by your leave, they were highly praised and amply rewarded by the government official; but when a Catholic priest accepted a few children who were offered to him for the Catholic school

by their parents, the officials, instead of praise, had nothing but blame, insults and threats for such conduct, and finally ordered the children to be taken to the Protestant Agent. Chief Joseph and his people have been *blessed* with the unwelcome presence of two Protestant Indians, who are preachers, and who have scared some of these poor souls into Protestantism; but those of his people who truly and earnestly desire a Catholic priest, have not been able to obtain one, and, in all likelihood, never will. Even the poor prisoners, who surrendered themselves in the priest's presence at Fort Lapwai, and had already made up their minds to become Catholics, having begged for Baptism several times, are now so completely terrorized that they dare not open their mind to anybody, and were almost afraid to speak to Father Ponziglione, who paid them a flying visit some time ago, as narrated in a recent number of the LETTERS.

The Fathers of the Rocky Mountains have offered their services to labor among the Nez Percés removed to the Indian Territory, but the Ecclesiastical authorities have in their prudence declined to accept the offer, at least for the present. A good half-breed, baptized by Father De Smet, and educated at one of our Missions of the Missouri Province, has been living for several years in the Indian Territory. This worthy man, in ignorance of the difficulties thrown in the way of Ecclesiastical Authority, wrote to a friend in Montana: "If the Catholic Church had done, or would do, what the Protestants are doing for the different tribes of Indians here, these Indians would all become Catholic, and be happy." What wonder that this good, simple man should speak so, when a clergyman of high standing, and who knew of what he spoke, did not hesitate to say: "The Catholic Church in America has to render a great account to God and to man, for her neglect of these Indians."

Let us conclude this sketch with an anecdote of what happened a few years ago at Lapwai, in the Protestant mission. Old Mr. Spaulding, a preacher, seeing that the Nez Percés were rapidly becoming Catholics, and that even some of his Presbyterians were leaving him for the true

fold, employed all his cunning, and he had a great deal of it, to prevent such a misfortune. But all his efforts were in vain; the more he labored, the more would the Nez Percés go to the Catholic Church. Finally, he cast aside all moderation, and began a course of Sunday sermons, which were simply terrible invectives against our Holy Religion. Benedict Aw-lish-Wampu, an excellent Catholic, and very witty withal, could not believe the reports that were spread on the subject; but as he heard them repeated Sunday after Sunday by his Protestant friends, he at last determined to go in person and find out whether what was said concerning the language of his old friend was not exaggerated. He went accordingly, and to his utter amazement heard Mr. Spaulding say: "Yes, my children, the priest will go to hell and burn forever, and all his followers will go there, too, and burn with him; so you must no more go to the Catholic Church."

Aw-lish-wampu thought that this was strong language, exceeding even what he had heard reported by others. He felt prompted to stand up and inquire, as they sometimes do in that church, if his old friend had forgotten his own words, in which he (Spaulding) had several times admitted to him that the Catholic Church was good—almost as good as the Presbyterian! After a little reflection, he resolved to keep his seat. When the services were ended he went to Mr. Spaulding's house; he did not enter it, as had been his custom, but kept walking up and down in front of it. By and by, the preacher came out and offered his hand. "No! Mr. Spaulding," says Aw-lish-wampu; "you know that I am truly your friend; therefore, I cannot shake hands with you. Do you remember that some years ago myself and my brother saved your life when the Presbyterian Indians wanted to kill you?" Mr. Spaulding said that for that very reason they should shake hands. "No, my friend," said the old Indian; "as I saved you once, so too do I wish to save you now. If I take your hand, surely I will burn it with mine. I am a follower of the Priest, and as such, you said in the church, I shall burn with the Priest, and I do not like that you should burn with me."

Having said this, he went his way. But the Indian's story has a sequel. He declares that when Spaulding was about to die he complained of excessive heat, and repeated several times: "*I'm burning! I'm burning!*" When the Presbyterian attendants related this circumstance to Awlish-wampu, he dryly remarked that perhaps this burning was the effect of his burning sermons against the Catholic Church.

SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN.

Extract of a Letter from Fr. R. Chartier.

SAULT STE. MARIE, MICH.,

April 11, 1881.

* * * * * The Sault has increased since you visited it. The population of the town is now two thousand, of whom more than fourteen hundred are Catholics, so far as the name is concerned; for many neglect their religious duties, although nearly all give us some satisfaction.

The neighboring country is rapidly filling up, but most of the settlers are Protestants and Orangemen of the blackest dye: I am told that some of them are runaway convicts from Canada. The few Catholics, on the other hand, among the new settlers, are the best class of Irishmen. I go to say Mass at their houses, in different places, twelve, fourteen and sixteen miles from here. "It does me good to leave occasionally the tainted moral atmosphere of this town, and breathe the perfume of virtue among these virtuous people.

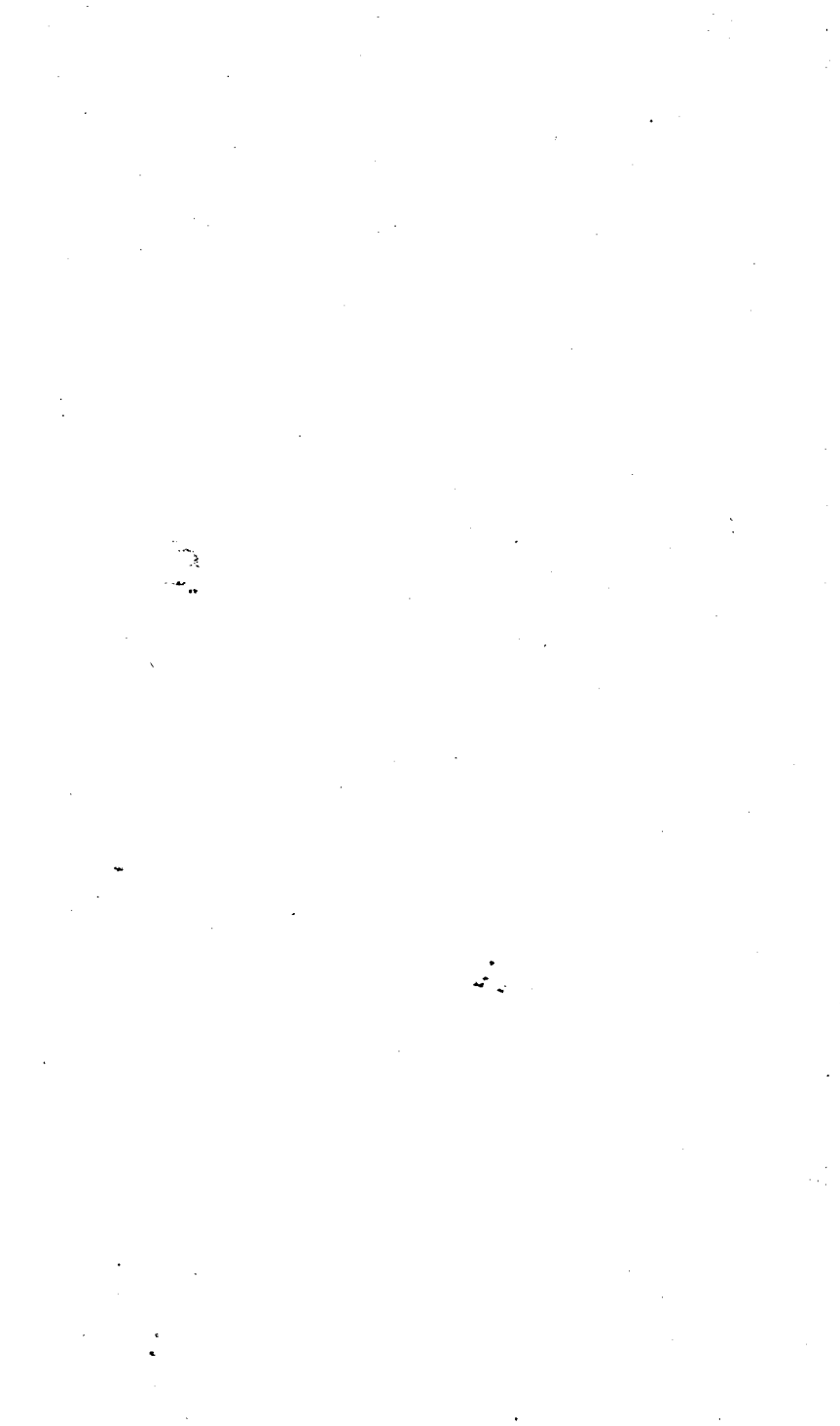
There is talk of building a branch railroad, starting from here, and going across the country to form a junction with the Marquette and Point St. Ignace R. R. This branch is intended to connect with the Canadian Pacific by a bridge over the rapids, probably, if ever the Canadian railroad reach the Sault. If this expectation be verified, this will become a very important place. About two hundred men

have been employed during the winter at work upon the enlargement of the ship canal. Many accidents have happened during the progress of the work; one man was killed, and several have had their legs broken and feet crushed. It will be ready for the opening of navigation about the middle of May.

As you may see by the Catalogue, I am still the only priest here. Father Chambon is expected here in the spring; he will have charge of the various stations, some eight or ten in number, depending on the Sault, in which there is a scattered Catholic population of more than five hundred. The improvement of this place is not confined to the material order; there has been very consoling progress in religious observances. In 1877-8, nine hundred confessions were heard; the next year, more than eighteen hundred; last year, over two thousand. Some spiritual exercises resembling a Retreat were given them in December, 1878; during the eight days of their continuance the church was not large enough to hold the eager crowds who flocked to the evening service. Many long, general confessions were heard during that time; and the mustard seed then planted has been growing ever since. I can count more than four hundred long, general confessions since September, 1878. Two men lately, who had obstinately resisted the grace of God for years, were brought to make their First Communion; one of them is forty and the other forty-eight years of age.

Marriages have been reconciled; illicit connexions dissolved or made valid. Some good has been accomplished since my arrival, but much remains to be done among the ignorant, indifferent and bad Catholics who abound here. Five Protestants have been received into the Church. Two men have lately been cured by the use of some cement from Knock. We have about one hundred and forty children in our parochial school, with three Sisters as teachers. A select school has been begun, which promises to be successful.

R. CHARTIER.



WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. X, No. 3.

PAPERS RELATING TO THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE MARYLAND MISSION.

V.—THE ANNUAL LETTERS—1634-1773.

Some ten years after the settlement of Maryland, the Colonial Records were carried off and destroyed, during the tumults excited by Claiborne and Ingle. It was believed that much light would be thrown upon the early history of the Province in regard to matters civil as well as religious, by the letters and reports of the first Jesuit Missionaries, which were still preserved, as was suspected, in England or at Rome. Accordingly, Father William McSherry⁽¹⁾ made diligent search amongst the Archives of the Gesù for in-

⁽¹⁾ "He was born July 19th, 1799, near Charleston, in what is now the State of West Virginia. In his 15th year, he became a student in Georgetown College. In his 16th year, he was received as a novice of the Society of Jesus. He was sent to Rome in 1821, to complete his studies, where he was ordained, and then returned to the United States in 1828. In 1829, he became Professor of humanities in Georgetown College. In 1832, he returned to Rome, during which visit, he discovered the previously unknown, '*Relatio Itineris*,' and the other interesting documents here printed. In 1833, he became the first provincial of Maryland, and in 1837, President of the College, of which he had been a student in his youth. He died in the year 1839, and his remains repose in the cemetery of the College, at Georgetown."—*College Journal of January*, 1874.

formation bearing upon the early Mission of Maryland, and we are indebted to him for the first authentic copies of Father White's *Relatio Itineris in Marylandiam*, together with the *Declaratio Coloniae Domini Baronis de Baltimore*. He also brought back to the United States a paper transcribed from the original MSS. entitled *Excerpta ex Litteris Annuis*, and a *Catalogus Missionariorum*, which he had compiled during his stay at Rome.

The Latin text of Father White's *Relatio*, and also of the *Declaratio*, was printed in the first volume of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS (1872) together with an English translation, which was a revision of the translation made for the Maryland Historical Society, in 1847, by Nathan C. Brooks, author of *Viri Illustres Americæ*; a few copies of this translation had been printed, and it was subsequently published amongst the "Collection of Historical Tracts" (Vol. IV. n. 12) by Peter Force of Washington. A partial translation of the same papers had been made previous to this time by B. U. Campbell, Esq., and it appeared in the *Metropolitan Catholic Almanac* for 1840.

A new translation, accompanied with the Latin text, was printed in 1874, by the Maryland Historical Society (Fund Publication—No. 7). It was carefully edited by Rev. E. A. Dalrymple, S. T. D., who illustrated the text with several valuable notes. This latter publication also included some excerpts from the Annual Letters—1635—1677.

In the *Records of the English Province, S. J.*, Vol. III. pp. 320-400, there is a long account of the Mission of Maryland, which formed part of the English Province from the original Settlement of the Colony until the Suppression of the Society (1633-1773). The *Records* give in full the papers above mentioned which had already appeared in print, and furnish in addition to them, from MSS. preserved at Stonyhurst, many interesting details and facts, as also a continuation of the extracts from the Annual Letters down to the suppression of the Society in 1773.

As the records are not easily accessible to all, it has been judged advisable to include these extracts amongst this

series of historical papers. Occasion will be taken at the same time to insert information derived from various sources which may help to illustrate the text ; this will in a rough sort of way bring together the *disjecta membra* of our history. For the most part, the writers of the Letters from which the extracts are taken remain unknown : it is most probable, however, that the reports were written by the Superior of the Mission for the time being. The original accounts were written in Latin, and sent directly to Fr. General,⁽¹⁾ or to the Provincial of England, who forwarded them to Rome, as they were received from the Missionaries, or compiled from their reports the points for his Annual Letter which have reference to Maryland. The text of the *Records* will be followed ; but some additions will be made to it from old documents preserved in the archives of the Province, and from copies of papers furnished to the Provincial of Maryland by Br. Henry Foley, editor of the *Records*.

It may not be without interest to notice the action taken by the Maryland Legislature in regard to Father McSherry's discoveries. When it became known that he had made copious extracts from the letters of the early Missionaries, a laudable curiosity was excited to become acquainted with the result of his researches, and the proposal was made by John Bozman Kerr, an active member of the House of Delegates, that measures should be adopted to procure all the information on the early history of Maryland that might be found in the archives of the Society. The following official document declares the action that was taken in the matter :

STATE LIBRARY, MARYLAND,
ANNAPOLIS, March 24th, 1837.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

Herewith I transmit you an Office Copy of a Preamble and Resolutions, passed by the Legislature at its recent Session.

Happy in being selected as the organ of our liberal and enlightened Legislature on this interesting occasion, I has-

⁽¹⁾ Father White's "*Relatio*" was directed to Father Mutius Vitelleschi.

ten to carry into effect, on my part, their very laudable and praiseworthy intention.

May I indulge the hope, My Dear Sir, that you will give me your valuable aid, in procuring the documents indicated in the Resolutions, and which are deemed so necessary and important to the elucidation of the Early History of Maryland.

I shall be happy to hear from you, and am,

Reverend and Dear Sir,

With great respect,

Your Ob^t Serv^t,

To the
REVD. WILLIAM MCSHERRY,
Charles County, Md.

D. RIDGELY, *Librarian.*

Maryland Sct.

At a session of the General Assembly of Maryland, begun and held at the City of Annapolis, on the last Monday of December, being the twenty-sixth day of the said month, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-six, and ended on the twenty-second day of March, in the year one thousand, eight hundred and thirty-seven.

His Excellency,

THOMAS W. VEASEY, ESQUIRE,
Governor.

No. 56.

By the House of Delegates.

March 20th, 1837.

Whereas, it has been ascertained by means of certain extracts which have been taken from documents relating to the first settlement and early history of the Province of Maryland, which now remain among the archives of the Jesuits at Rome, that an interesting and authentic narrative or history of Maryland, composed in Latin by Father Andrew White, the first Missioner in Maryland, and fellow-voyager with Leonard Calvert, in MS., is easily accessible, and that a copy of the same may be procured at a comparatively small expense, and it has heretofore been deemed highly important, as it is interesting to the patriotic citizens of the State, to obtain correct information of their origin and the progress of their ancestors to the enjoyment of a firm and stable government, and it is proper, therefore, that all authentic materials for History should be placed within their reach:

Be it, therefore, resolved, by the General Assembly of

Maryland, that the State Librarian be, and he is hereby authorized and required, to solicit the Rev. William McSherry, of Charles County, the now Provincial of the Jesuits, to use his endeavors to procure for the State of Maryland an accurate transcript of the said narrative or history, and of any other document relating to the early history of Maryland that may chance to be lodged in the said archives, or in other Jesuits' house in Europe, and to contract for securing such transcript at an expense not exceeding five hundred dollars, and that the Treasurer of the Western Shore be and is hereby authorized and required to advance from time to time upon the order of the said Librarian, such portions of the said sum of money as may be required for carrying this resolution into effect.

And be it further resolved that the said transcript or transcripts when obtained be deposited and preserved in the State Library.

By Order,

GEO. G. BREWER, *Clk.*

By the Senate,

March 21st, 1837,

Was this day read and assented to.

By Order,

JOS. H. NICHOLSON, *Clk.*

Maryland Sct.



I, Richard W. Gill, Clerk of the Court of Appeals for the Western Shore of the State of Maryland, do hereby certify that the preceding is a full and true copy of the resolution of the General Assembly of the said State, of which it purports to be a copy as taken from the original resolution deposited in and belonging to the Office of The Court of Appeals aforesaid. In testimony whereof, I herewith subscribe my name as Clerk, and affix the Seal of the said Court of Appeals, the twenty-fourth day of March, A. D. 1837.

RICHARD W. GILL, *Clk.*

Father McSherry, under date of April 8th, promises his coöperation, and says: "I shall make it my duty to write immediately to one of our members, who has lately gone to Rome, and who can have full access to the archives, and have copied whatever manuscripts may be found of im-

portance to the elucidation of the early history of Maryland. I will also write to Stonyhurst College, in England, where, very probably, valuable documents may be obtained. Previous to the next session of the Legislature, I will forward to you the documents, or report to you what progress shall have been made in the research for them."

Whether anything further was done in the premises does not appear; but it is probable that nothing was obtained from Rome, and that those who sought for information had to rest contented with the transcripts made by Father McSherry himself.

It was only in 1874 that the 'valuable documents,' from Stonyhurst, were received upon application of Rev. Father J. E. Keller. They consist of correspondence and historical notes, collected and arranged in order by the editor of the *Records*, "for the intended history of the Maryland Catholic Mission, S. J., the Mother of the present vast Catholic Church of the United States." Free use has been made of these documents in former papers of the present series, and it is mainly due to them that this reproduction of the ANNUAL LETTERS will possess any special interest or value.

1634.

Father White's Narrative of the Voyage to Maryland and Founding of St. Mary's was written from that city, within about a month after the arrival of the first vessels, that is to say, towards the end of April, 1634. The last paragraph of the letter says: "We have been here only one month, and so the remaining particulars must be kept for the next voyage." An ancient pamphlet (Stonyhurst MSS. *Anglia*, vol. 4) furnishes some of these remaining particulars, which may appropriately be introduced here, as a supplement to the *Relatio*.

The Governor, Leonard Calvert, after the first landing had been effected on St. Clement's Island, had sailed up the Potomac with a few followers, amongst whom was Fr. John Altham. His object was to obtain an interview with

the powerful chief of the Piscataways, and to select a proper site for the future capital of the Colony. Our manuscript, copied from the Stonyhurst original, takes up the narrative at this point.

Whilst the Governor was abroad, the neighboring Indians, where the ships lay, began to cast off fear, and come to their Court of Guard, which they kept night and day upon Saint Clement's Isle, partly to defend their barge, which was brought in pieces out of England, and there made up, and partly to defend their men, which were employed in felling of trees, and cleaving pales for a palisado, and at last they ventured to come aboard the ships.

He, finding it not fit, for many reasons, to seat himself as yet so high on the River, resolved to return back again, and to take a more exact view of the lower parts; and so, leaving the ship and pinnaces there, he took his barge (as most fit to search the creeks and small rivers), and was conducted by Captain Fleet, who knew well the country, to a river on the north side of Potomac River. They went up this river about four leagues from the mouth thereof, which they called Saint George's River.

They went up this river about four leagues, and anchored at the town of Yoacomaco, from whence the Indians of that part of the country are called the Yoacomacoes.

At their coming to this place, the Governor went on shore and treated friendly with the Werowance there, and acquainted him with the intent of his coming thither, to which he made little answer (as their manner is to any new or sudden question), but entertained him and his company that night in his house, and gave him his bed to lie on (which is a mat laid on boards), and the next day went to show him the country, and that day being spent in viewing the places about that town, and the fresh waters, which here are very plentiful and excellent good (but the main rivers are salt); the Governor determined to make the first colony there, and so gave order for the ship and pinnaces to come thither.

This place he found to be a very commodious situation for a town, in regard the land is good, the air wholesome and pleasant, the river affords a safe harbor for ships of any burthen, and a very bold shore. Fresh water and wood there is in great plenty, and the place so naturally fortified, as with little difficulty it may be defended from any enemy.

To make his entry peaceable and safe, he thought fit to

present⁽¹⁾ the Werowance and the Wisoes of the town (so they call the chief men of account amongst them) with some English cloth, such as is used in trade with the Indians, axes, hoes and knives, which they accepted very kindly, and freely gave consent that he and his company should dwell in one part of their town, and reserved the other for themselves; and those Indians who dwelt in that part of the town, which was allotted for the English, freely left them their houses and some corn that they had begun to plant. It was also agreed between them that at the end of harvest they should leave the whole town, which they did accordingly. And they made mutual promises to each other to live friendly and peaceably together, and if any injury should happen to be done on any part, that satisfaction should be made for the same, and thus upon the 27th day of March, Anno Domini 1634, the Governor took possession of the place, and named the town St. Mary's.

There was an occasion that much facilitated their treaty with these Indians, which was this: the Susquehanocks, a warlike people that inhabit between Chesapeake Bay and Delaware Bay, did usually make wars and incursions upon the neighboring Indians, partly for superiority, partly for to get their women, and what other purchase they could meet with, which these Indians of Yoacomaco fearing, had the year before our arrival there, made a resolution for their safety, to remove themselves into the country higher, where it was more populous, and many of them were gone thither before the English arrived.

Three days after their coming to Yoacomaco, the *Ark* and the two pinnaces arrived there. The Indians much wondered to see such ships, and at the thundering of the ordinance when they came to an anchor.

The next day they began to prepare for their houses, and first of all a court of guard and a store-house. In the meantime they lay aboard the ship. They had not been there many days before Sir John Hervey,⁽²⁾ the Governor of

(1) Whilst all history is full of commendation and praise over the conduct of William Penn, in *purchasing* his lands in Pennsylvania from the Indians, it will not be amiss to bestow a due measure of credit upon the same course pursued by Lord Baltimore's Governor. *He purchased* the land, upon which his settlement was made, for what, to Indians, would be ample remuneration, they being about moreover to abandon their country, as indeed many of them had already done, in consequence of their dread of the formidable Susquehannocks.
—*Note by Dr. Dalrymple, 'Relatio,'* p. 123.

(2) The first Lord Baltimore, after the failure of his Colony at Avalon in Newfoundland, came to Virginia in search of a better situation for himself

Virginia, came thither to visit them, some Indian Werowances also and many other Indians from several parts came to see them, and amongst others the Werowance of

and his dependents, arriving at James City in 1729. He was very ungraciously received by the Virginia colonists. The Assembly tendered him and his followers the oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy, the latter of which, as a Roman Catholic, he refused to take. The oath at that time was the one prescribed by the Statute I. Eliz. ch. i, sec. 19, by which he must have declared that the King was the only supreme governor of all his dominions and countries, "as well in all spiritual or ecclesiastical things or causes, as temporal." — *The Lords Baltimore by John G. Morris.*

Father White mentions the apprehensions of his companions, as the expedition approached Point Comfort in Virginia, "lest the English inhabitants, to whom our plantation is very objectionable, should plot some evil against us." Sir John Harvey, Governor of Virginia, treated them well at this first meeting, and after the friendly visit mentioned above, sided with Governor Calvert against the partisans of Claiborne. He was forcibly sent home to England shortly afterwards by the Virginia Company. "The Company allege that he is a Marylander, that is, one that favours too much Lord Baltimore's Plantation, to their prejudice" (*Stafford's Letters*). The subjoined State Paper throws some light upon the subject:—

State Papers. Dom. Charles I., Vol. 303, No. 105.

11 Dec. 1635.

Whitehall. Notes by Nicholas, Clerk of Council, of proceedings of the Council this day, the King being present, on the investigation of charges against Sir John Hervey, Governor of Virginia, who has been sent home by the Council of that Colony. The charges against Sir John and his answers are here given, with a special note of the King's opinion, and a passing remark of Archbp. Laud [Canterb.]. The whole is somewhat difficult to make out, being partly written in Nicholas' shorthand.

It was held to be an assumption of royal power to send hither the Governor: those to be sent for that assumed the Government, and him that laid hands on the Governor.

Amongst the charges against the Governor are the following:—

That he denieth to administer the oath of allegiance to those that went thither to plant, as he is obliged by his instructions. And that he is a favorer of the Popish Religion.

Charged that one Rabnet of Maryland having said it was lawful and meritorious to kill an heretic King, and Sir John Harvey caused him to be apprehended, and set at liberty, and this being offered to be proved by one Mr. Williams, a Minister, Sir John would not admit of his testimony, because he had married two persons without a license.

Lord Baltimore's servants had slain three men in keeping of the entry of Hudson's River, which goes up to Maryland. (!)

Mr. White, a Minister, is silenced by the Governor, for cursing those of his Parish; and an old man for bringing of him drink and white bread is Governor:—

That he could never see any orders, albeit he had two years time to show his orders: denies that he silenced him.

Charged that he countenanceth the religion in Maryland. Mr. Halley in the midst of the Mass said that he was come to plant in Maryland the Romish religion.

Denied absolutely by Mr. Halley.

It is said by Sir John Harvey and Mr. Halley that there is public Mass in Maryland.

Patuxent, who, being brought into the great cabin of the ship, was placed between the Governors of Virginia and Maryland, when a Patuxent Indian that came with him, on entering the cabin and finding the Werowance thus seated between the two Governors, started back, fearing that he had been surprised, and was ready to have leapt overboard, nor could he be persuaded to come into the cabin until the Werowance came himself unto him, for he remembered how the said Werowance had formerly been taken prisoner by the English of Virginia.

After they had finished the store-house and unloaded the ship, the Governor thought fit to bring the colors on shore, which were attended by all the gentlemen and the rest of the servants in arms, who received the colors with a volley of shot, which was answered by the ordnance of the ship. At this ceremony were present the Werowances of Patuxent and Yoacomaco, with many other Indians; and the Werowance of Patuxent hereupon took occasion to advise the Indians of Yoacomaco to be careful to keep the league that they had made with the English. He stayed with them divers days, and used many Indian compliments, and at his departure he said to the Governor: "I love the English so well, that if they should go about to kill me, if I had but so much breath as to speak, I would command the people not to avenge my death; for I know that they would not do such a thing except it were through mine own defaults."

They brought thither with them some store of Indian corn from the Barbadoes, which at their first arrival they began to use (thinking fit to preserve their English provision of meal and oatmeal), and the Indian women, seeing their servants to be unacquainted with the manner of dressing it, would make bread thereof for them, and teach them how to do the like. They found also the country well stored with corn (which they bought with truck, such as there is desired, the natives having no knowledge of the use of money), whereof they sold them such plenty as that they sent a thousand bushels of it to New England to provide them some salt fish and other commodities which they wanted.

During the time that the Indians stayed by the English at Yoacomaco, they went daily to hunt with them for deer and turkeys, whereof some they gave them for presents, and the meaner sort would sell them to them for knives, beads and the like. Also of fish the natives brought them great store, and in all things dealt very friendly with them;

their women and children came very frequently amongst them, which was a certain sign of their confidence of them, it being found by experience that they never attempt any ill where the women are or may be in danger.

Their coming thus to seat upon an Indian town, where they found ground cleared to their hands, gave them opportunity (although they came late in the year) to plant some corn and to make them gardens, which they sowed with English seeds of all sorts, and they prospered exceedingly well. They also made what haste they could to finish their houses; but before they could accomplish all these things, one Captain Claybourne (who had a desire to appropriate the trade of those parts unto himself) began to cast out words amongst the Indians, saying that those of Yoacomaco were Spaniards and his enemies; and by this means endeavored to alienate the minds of the natives from them, so that they did not receive them so friendly as formerly they had done. This caused them to lay aside all other works and to finish their fort, which they did within the space of one month; where they mounted some ordnance, and finished it with some *murtherers* and such other means of defence as they thought fit for their safeties; which being done, they proceeded with their homes and finished them, with convenient accommodations belonging thereto, and although they had thus put themselves in safety, yet they ceased not to procure to put these jealousies out of the natives' minds, by treating and using them in the most courteous manner they could, and at last prevailed therein, and settled a very firm peace and friendship with them. They procured from Virginia hogs, poultry and some cows, and some male cattle which hath given them a foundation for breed and increase; and whoso desire it may furnish himself with a store of cattle from thence; but the hogs and poultry are already increased in Maryland to a great stock, sufficient to serve the colony very plentifully. They have also set up a water mill for the grinding of corn adjoining the town.

Thus, within the space of five months, was laid the foundation of the colony in Maryland, and whoso now intends to go thither shall find the way so trodden, that he may proceed with much more ease and confidence than these first adventurers could, who were ignorant both of place, people and all things else, and could expect to find nothing but what nature produced; besides, they could not in any reason but think the natives would oppose them; whereas,

now the country is discovered, and friendship with the natives is assured, houses built, and many other accommodations, as cattle, hogs, poultry, fruits, and the like, brought thither from England, Virginia and other places, which are useful both for profit and pleasure; and without boasting, it may be said that this colony hath arrived to more in six months than Virginia did in many years. If any man shall say they are beholden to Virginia for so speedy a supply of many of those things which they of Virginia were forced to fetch from England and other remote places, they will confess it, and acknowledge themselves glad that Virginia is so near a neighbor, and that it is so well stored of all necessaries for to make those parts happy and the people to live as plentifully as in any other part of the world; only they wish that they would be content their neighbors might live in peace by them, and then no doubt they should find a great comfort each in the other.

1635.

"On account of the very many difficulties that present themselves in this mission, which has been lately started, but little fruit has thus far been gathered from it, especially among the savages, whose language is slowly acquired by our countrymen, and hardly admits of being written. There are employed in it five members of the Society, three priests and two assistants, who, in hope of future results, endure their present toils with great cheerfulness.

1636.

"Four priests and one lay-brother are employed in this mission, but we are left in ignorance of what they have accomplished, because no letters have been brought thence during this year.

1637-8.

"Four Fathers gave their attention to the mission, and along with them one lay-brother, who, after enduring severe toils for the space of five years with the greatest pa-

tience, humility and ardent love, was seized by the disease prevalent at the time, and happily exchanged this wretched life for that which is eternal.

"He was shortly followed by one of the Fathers, who, though young, possessed remarkable qualities of mind, which gave great promise for the future. He had scarcely spent two months in this mission, when, to the great grief of all of us, he was carried off by the sickness so general in the colony, from which none of the three remaining priests have entirely escaped, yet we have not ceased to labor to the best of our ability among the neighboring people.⁽¹⁾

"Though the authorities of this colony have not yet allowed us to dwell among the savages, on account both of the prevailing sickness and of the hostile disposition shown by the barbarians towards the English, to the extent of murdering a man from this colony, who had gone amongst them for the sake of trade, and also of entering into a conspiracy against our whole nation; still we hope that one of us will shortly secure a station among the barbarians. Meanwhile, we devote ourselves more zealously to the English; and since there are Protestants as well as Catholics in the colony, we have labored for both, and God has blessed our labors.

"For among the Protestants, nearly all who came out from England in this year (1638) and many others, have been converted to the faith, together with four servants whom we purchased in Virginia (another of our colonies) for necessary services, and five mechanics whom we hired for a month, and have in the meantime won to God. Not long afterwards one of these departed this life, after being duly prepared for death, and receiving the sacraments. Hardly anything else worth mentioning has occurred with respect to them, but the following circumstances are more worthy of note:

⁽¹⁾ Brother Thomas Gervase died in 1637; the day and month not named. Father John Knowles died September 24, 1637.

“A certain person, a zealous Protestant, entirely unknown to us, was staying with a friend who was still more fervent in his religion, and having been bitten by one of the snakes that abound in these parts, he was in great danger of death. One of our Fathers, on learning this, took a surgeon with him and hurried to the sick man, with the hope of being of some benefit to his soul, though it was reported that he had already lost his senses. His friend, however, divining this intention, tried to thwart its success. The priest, unable to think of any other plan, determined to stay all night with the sick man. But his friend prevented this also, and, lest the Father should gain any access at night, he appointed a guard to sleep on a bed laid across the door of the chamber occupied by his friend. The priest, nevertheless, watched anxiously for every opportunity of approach, and going at midnight, when he supposed the guard would probably be overcome by sleep, he contrived, without disturbing him, to enter the sick man’s room; and, at his own desire, received him into the Church. Although, under the circumstances, it was impossible that the sick man could be taught much, or be very firmly established in his belief, yet when, contrary to all expectation, he was cured by our surgeon, the grace of God gave him strength to choose to be put out of his friend’s house rather than retract what he had done; nay, he even came to us of his own accord, and happily completed the work which he had begun.

“Another man, whom one of us tried to bring to the orthodox faith, repulsed him with the answer, “that he had vowed he never would embrace Catholicity.” A short time afterwards, this wretched man was attacked by disease, and brought to the last extremity before the Father was informed of his sickness. He, however, hastened to the house with all speed, and found him quite insensible, though still breathing. Accordingly, he instructed the attendants to put some nourishment into the mouth of the sick man every now and then, and summon him if there was at any time a return of consciousness. A message arriving early

the next morning, the Father ran to him, and, after a time, perceived that he could in some measure understand what was said, and could sometimes give an answer to a short question, though not to a long discourse at once. The Father, therefore, determined to make use of the present opportunity, inasmuch as he could not hope for another. And when by various communications he felt sure that he had obtained the consent of the sick man to become a Catholic, as well as an expression of sorrow for his sins, and a desire to be absolved from them, he gave him absolution, together with the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. After this had been done, the sick man, in a day or two, was perfectly restored to his senses. And when asked what he had done, or what he was conscious of having been done with respect to him, he answered with such great joy and heartfelt emotion that he had been admitted to the Catholic Church and intended to remain in it even to his last breath, that all who were present were affected with no small admiration. Afterwards, when the Father came again, he expressed the same joy to him, and to his great satisfaction performed everything necessary for his further confirmation in grace. From that time he gradually recovered, but having had scarcely any of the proper remedies, and being obliged to lie for a long time on his back, dreadful ulcers broke out over his whole body. We procured such necessaries for him as we could at our own expense, and sent him a surgeon, by whose skilful attention and the watchful care of others he was cured, and is now a strong man, sound, as we trust, both in mind and body.

“Another person, who was of noble birth, had been reduced to such poverty by his own unrestrained licentiousness that he sold himself into this colony. Here, when he had been recalled by one of us to the right faith and the fruits of a holy life, he still had anxious doubts as to whether he had entered upon the safe road. On one occasion, when he had entrusted himself to the sea in a small skiff, a frightful storm arose, such as he had never seen, al-

though he had been often out in storms before ; inevitable shipwreck seeming close at hand, he earnestly prayed to God that He would ward off the impending danger, as a confirmation of the faith he had lately embraced, provided it was really true. God heard his prayer, and, turning the storm in another direction, confirmed his wavering mind, and brought him to a state of tranquil peace. Not long afterwards, this man was brought to the last extremity by a severe complaint, and having received all the Sacraments about an hour before his death, he asked his Catholic attendant to pray for him. It is probable that his guardian angel presented himself to his sight, for when almost at the point of death, he called the same attendant, saying with a cheerful voice: 'Don't you see my good angel? Behold him standing near to carry me away; I must depart.' And thus happily (as we are permitted to hope) he breathed his last. Since his burial, even Protestants have often seen a very bright light playing at night around his tomb.

"Besides these cases, a Father going beyond the colony, found two Frenchmen, of whom one had been without the sacraments of the Church for three entire years; the other was already near death, after spending fifteen whole years among heretics, and living just as they did. The Father aided the former with the sacraments, and confirmed him in the Catholic faith as far as he could. The latter he restored to the Catholic Church, and, administering all the sacraments, prepared him for a happy death.

[An attempt will be made in the next number to determine the *Status* of the Mission during the first ten years of its existence. This will give an opportunity to bring together various notes, which might have been appended here in illustration of the text.]

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

LETTER I.

ON THE YELLOWSTONE, July —, 1877.

Where shall I begin the account I promised you of a jaunt across the Continent? After tugging slowly up the Yellowstone, against a current more like that of a mountain stream than a great river, railroads seem too commonplace to deserve mention. Let me begin then at Bismarck, the present terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, just asking you to glance back towards Duluth, at the head of Lake Superior, from which this railroad starts. There is nothing at all inviting about this first portion of the route; the country is level and marshy, scrub oak and tamarack being the characteristic trees, and the road-bed swaying in ominous undulations, as if it had wished to sink out of sight like the millions of hard earned savings that helped to construct it. In such ground, to prevent the subsidence of the track, trees are felled across from both sides, and earth or gravel is then piled upon them to receive the track. At Brainerd, the railroad crosses the Mississippi, no slight stream even in this northern latitude, but small when compared with the Missouri. After crossing the Mississippi, I could only meditate upon the country through which we were rolling along, for it was too dark to see anything, and next morning found us at the Western boundary of Minnesota, the Red River of the North. This we crossed at Fargo, and as it was Sunday, we had to be content with the speed of a freight train, that gave us abundant time to gaze upon the level extent of Dacotah's prairies, where not a single tree breaks the monotony of the dull scenery. These prairies produce fine wheat, and immense tracts are being brought under cultivation. They talk here of single furrows miles in length, and one thinks of a ploughman in

seven-league boots to do the work, and a Colonel Mulberry Sellers to calculate the amount of grain to be harvested.

At dusk we reached Bismarck on the Missouri River, the present terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad. To say that it is the terminus of the road is enough to describe the town to any one who remembers Cheyenne or Denver in years past, when they bore the same relation to other railroads. Houses built more of canvas than of wood, stores with large displays of goods in front, immense signs and great pretence, running back to small wall tents not many feet in the rear—

ut turpiter atrum

Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne,

grog shops more numerous than all other trades combined, a French restaurant kept by a German who has a negro cook; a population of some hundreds, the male portion being largely in the majority, and of a character such as Mark Twain and Bret Harte have made the world familiar with—this is Bismarck. The very air of the place is nomadic. You would not think of remaining there for a day, and you cannot imagine that any one really stays there.

The railroad will move on and "Bismarck" will move with it. Not the material Bismarck, that may stop where it is and be the foundation of a future city—but the moral Bismarck, the present inhabitants, railroad employés, adventurers, whiskey-dealers—they will push on with that which gives them life and a *raison d'être*. It may be safe to say that the material Bismarck too will not remain, for it is said that at Cheyenne a traveler left his carpet-bag leaning against a house, whilst he went to mail a letter, and that on his return, house, carpet-bag and all had disappeared. The Arab had struck his tent, and had doubtless mistaken the traveler's carpet-bag for some of his own personalty. The character of such a place necessarily soon changes; permanent dwellings are erected, streets paved; and a more respectable population takes the place of the pioneers. Warned by him of Cheyenne, we did not leave our carpet-bags against any of the houses, but shook the dust from our feet in the

early morning, and proceeded to the steamboat landing, about a mile distant, where the *Rosebud*, a boat well known on these upper waters, received us.

ON THE MISSOURI.—Truly he makes those who trespass on his patience by opposing his natural drift, pay well for their temerity. The broad brown waters sweep past us at the rate of six miles an hour and our steamer puffs and tugs to make the progress of a row-boat. The stream runs between bluffs about one hundred feet in height, in which occur occasional layers of lignite, or soft coal, a few feet in thickness. Sometimes the hills recede from the stream, and the low lands on the banks of the river are covered with cottonwood and willow trees. The hills themselves are covered with thin tough prairie grass, but no trees or shrubs break their monotonous outline. The sun seems to have forgotten that he is shining upon latitude 47° , for he beats down with as much warmth upon us as he is wont to do ten degrees further south. It is intensely hot on the steamboat, and day and night the mosquitoes swarm about us relentlessly. They are not the noisy, boisterous pests of New Jersey, but quiet, sober searchers after blood. We wear the ordinary head protectors, made of mosquito netting, which form a necessary part of one's costume on the Upper Missouri; heavy buckskin gauntlets protect our hands, and still it is impossible to escape entirely. To do so, it is necessary to be clad in newspaper armor, and at some of the forts we visit, we are told that ladies and children thus protect themselves. Is it the character of the paper, the moral or physical odor of the print that disgusts and repels the hungry insect? The days drag wearily along, the scenery is as tame and dull as can be imagined, the great stream always opposes our progress with the same swift current, and there is none of the romance of seeing herds of elk and buffalo and antelope. I wander about the boat, and find my way to the pilot-house, where Grant Marsh, our Captain, whiles away an hour chatting about other trips, when he was obliged to surround his pilot-house with sheet iron to protect the pilot from the bullets of Indians on

the shore. How do pilots steer on these western rivers? A broad shallow stream lies before them, the main channel is always comparatively narrow, and to a landman's eye there is nothing to show where the water is deep. They judge by the sweep of the river, the character of the bends, by a mere ripple, and other signs which they cannot describe. "May I steer a while?" "Certainly." "Which way?" "Put her close to the bank here, there's a long sand bar stretching out yonder." "How do you know?" A low chuckle is the only direct answer. "Last year it was on this side, and above the bend there, but I see it has shifted." I am tempted to repeat my interrogation, but refrain this time. Surely this is the evidence of things that appear not; faith is necessary here. To me there is only a broad yellow surface gleaming in the sunlight, without wave or ripple.

In the afternoon we pause at Fort Stephenson, a small military post on the left bank (the right as we ascend), and we discharge some freight for the fort. At nightfall we come to a great bend, and on the point or elbow that juts out into the stream stands a village of the Mandan Indians, and near by is Fort Berthold, the agency for the tribe. Unlike most Indians of the Northwest, the Mandans live in large dome-shaped huts, covered with earth. It is among them that Lewis and Clarke spent their first winter on their famous exploring expedition of 1804-5-6. The manners and habits of the tribe have been interestingly described by Catlin. In three days from Bismarck we reached Fort Buford, at the mouth of the Yellowstone, a distance of some three hundred miles—slow traveling when compared with railroad speed, but a wonderful improvement upon canoes and row-boats we read of, when fifteen miles a day up stream was regarded as good progress.

We have now seen three military posts—Fort Lincoln, a few miles below Bismarck, which we visited before starting up the river; Fort Stephenson, and now Fort Buford. These stations are scattered through all the western territories in such a manner as to hold in check bands of roving Indians, to protect large districts, and to form depots from which

troops can operate against hostile tribes. They are so much alike in general character that a description of one may suffice for all. An open square, one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards in length, surrounded on all sides by frame buildings, one story in height, usually painted white, or of some very light color. On one side are officers' quarters, on two others barracks for the men, the fourth being occupied by store-houses, shops and other necessary buildings. Sometimes small block-houses close the angles of the square, but usually there is nothing to indicate that attack is even possible. No earthworks of any kind surround the buildings, no cannon are seen, there is no stockade or enclosure. The Indians rarely attack one of these forts, and the mere presence of an armed garrison is enough to make them avoid any near approach, though in the field they may prove more than a match for the troops. Such posts are like little oases in a desert, where, after long dreary marches across uninhabited wastes, one meets with many of the conveniences of civilized life, and with genial, cordial people, who try to make homes for themselves wherever they are sent. Life must be dull enough in such places, especially in the winter, when for months at a time they are cut off from regular communication with the outside world. A regiment is liable to be moved from Texas to Montana, or from Louisiana to Oregon; so, officers, and their families as well, acquire an indifference to places and an adaptability to circumstances that is becoming to the military profession.

As the Rosebud reached Fort Buford at sunset, and steamed up the river at dawn, there was no chance to see the mouth of the Yellowstone. It is well known that the Missouri is the stream which gives character to the Mississippi, or rather that it is the principal river of the two. Of the Yellowstone we were tempted to think the same, and say that the Missouri flowed into it, and not it into the Missouri. If the size and volume of the two streams be compared, scarcely any difference will be found. At the mouth of the Yellowstone, Lewis and Clarke's party found it to

exceed the Missouri in actual width only about thirty yards. The latter is, however, the longer stream, probably drains a greater extent of territory, and therefore deserves to be held as the principal river.

As we ascend the Yellowstone, the current is swifter, the bends in the river are sharper and more frequent, rendering navigation correspondingly difficult, and the bluffs on the shore are higher and more rugged. To the south of us now lie the Bad Lands, the *Mauvaises Terres* of the French, which well deserve their name. You have seen mud dried and cracking in the sun, and noticed how irregular the cracks are in size and direction, how unlike any defined arrangement of hill and valley, such as is seen where a rill has washed out a bed for itself on the road side? Imagine the cracked mud indefinitely magnified until each little portion grows to be a great hill and the rifts between become rugged ravines, and you will have some notion of what the Bad Lands are like, as they appear from the Yellowstone. The strata lie horizontally, and consist of soft sand stones, alternating with indurated clays, usually crowned by some feet of drift, and above that again alluvium. Such soft formations might, it seems, by the mere influence of denudation, be worked into their present uncouth shapes. The fact that the strata lie *horizontally* shows that there has not been much disturbance since they were laid down. There are some thin layers of what appears to be coal, but it is said to be useless for fuel, being probably admixed with clay.

Occasionally there are islands in the river covered with cottonwood trees. At times the banks are low, and the plains on both sides extend for some distance, but the general character of this portion of the Yellowstone is that of high bare hills. There are not a few sand bars in the stream, and the current seems to become swifter and swifter as we ascend. A west wind is enough to stop our progress altogether, and oblige us to tie up to the bank for a few hours, but the time is utilized in laying in fuel for the engine. At night, too, we tie up to the bank, and guards are stationed

on the hills. It is strange to find that Captain Clarke reckons the current of the Yellowstone, from Tongue River to the Missouri, at only two miles an hour, while it seems to us to be six or seven. The difference can only be accounted for by remembering that he did not ascend the Yellowstone, but visited that stream on his return from the Columbia, and to descend a stream makes one's judgment of the current very moderate, when after a long absence the voyager has turned his face once more homeward. He agrees with us in finding the mosquitoes on this portion of the Yellowstone a great pest: "Aug. 5th—Finding their situation intolerable where they were (from the mosquitoes), they proceeded further down. On the way Captain Clarke went on shore and ascended a hill in pursuit of a big-horn, but the moschettoes were in such multitudes that he could not keep them from the barrel of his rifle long enough to take aim." At night they are particularly annoying, and the choice between making yourself a victim to the mosquitoes and sleeping with your clothes, shoes, hat and mosquito-net on, is not a pleasant one, but the latter alternative is to me the less unbearable, even in the close berth of a small state-room. When we have ascended about one hundred and fifty miles, we find that they have gradually diminished in number, and then entirely disappeared, why or wherefore the entomologist must tell us.

At the mouth of Tongue River there is a large cantonment of troops, stationed here to control the wandering bands of Sioux that have given so much trouble during the past few years. The quarters are built of logs with earth-covered roofs, but they are very comfortable and cosy. The ladies of the garrison came up from Fort Leavenworth on board a steamboat, their furniture being stored on a second vessel. Unfortunately, the boat on which the furniture was laden blew up, and all their household goods were lost. They arrived, therefore, stripped of their *Lares* and *Penates*, but have accommodated themselves with great cleverness to the situation. The commandant's house, for instance, is decorated with bunting, the stars and stripes furnishing

the walls and ceilings. Boxes and trunks have been neatly covered with skins of bear and elk, the walls are adorned with Indian trophies, and the whole residence has a truly martial air about it. A permanent post is in course of construction, but we rejoice to have seen the log huts with their military furniture. A mile from the cantonment is a camp of Indian prisoners. The children, arrayed in nature's garb, are lying out in the sunlight; women, half clad, are lazily reclining in the wigwams; here and there one may be found engaged on some sort of bead work, but for the most part they are without occupation, listless, dull and stupid looking. The men are fine specimens of humanity physically, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, with large square features and fine muscular development.

We saw men lying naked in a sweat-tub, a low circular structure with a pile of heated stones in a hole in the centre. They were "making medicine," and from the buffalo skull that grinned in the doorway, we inferred that their incantations had something to do with a hunt. We also saw a number of men crowded into a tepee, singing monotonously to the accompaniment of a drum, which they beat incessantly.

Deprived of their arms and ponies, Sioux prisoners are regarded as harmless creatures, and do not need to be strictly guarded. They sometimes avail themselves in a curious way of the liberty allowed them, as the following anecdote shows: A young lady at the post was engaged in front of her mirror the other day, when she perceived in the glass the image of a swarthy brave seated on the floor behind her. Resisting the first impulse to scream, she continued arranging her hair, while another and still another figure kept appearing in the mirror, until she was surrounded by an admiring circle of Sioux warriors. They had stolen past the guard, were prowling about the post, and had entered the room through curiosity to watch the white squaw at her toilet. Like all Indians, the Sioux make use of gestures as well as words as a means of communicating their thoughts. For instance, a chief describing a journey,

lays his head on his elbow three times, points to the west, and raises and lowers his hand rapidly as he moves it in front of him, thus indicating that he traveled west for three days on horseback. And so he continues, but the other signs are too complicated for one unacquainted with this mode of speech to interpret readily.

In the evening there is a parade of the regiment, and four companies appear mounted on Indian ponies. An infantry man with his long musket looks strange enough on a small Indian pony, but General Miles thinks they will be very efficient in the field. For two principal reasons they will be better than the ordinary cavalry. First, because they are armed with the musket instead of the short carbine which the regulations require the cavalry to carry; secondly, because, as their ponies are accustomed to living on prairie grass, there will be no need of having long trains of pack animals loaded with forage to follow every detachment. They will be superior to infantry from the fact that they can make forced marches quicker, and with less fatigue to the men.

The difficulties — I had almost said the impossibilities — of an Indian campaign can not easily be appreciated by the citizen of an eastern town, who reads the account of Custer's massacre, with his slippers on the fender, and wonders how regular troops can be overcome by poor, ill-supplied savages, encumbered with wives, children and household goods. A little reflection shows, however, that the poor savage has many points in his favor. He is a practised marksman, trained from infancy to the use of arms; the soldier until two or three years ago was a laboring man or a farmer, and during his years of military service has had but little practice in firing. The Sioux has a number of ponies, and when one is jaded he jumps upon a second, driving the others before him, and his animals are satisfied with the scanty pickings of the prairie. The trooper has his one horse, on which he is totally dependent, and it must be fed on good oats, and must be well shod and cared for. The Indian is a perfect horseman, can fight on foot or in

the saddle, and has trained his pony to perfect docility, so that he will stand fire. The soldier, even if he be a fine rider, can seldom rely on his horse, so that usually one man in four must hold the horses, while the others advance on foot to deliver their volley. A brave will give anything for a good rifle; it is his treasure, "dimidium animæ;" the government cannot afford to arm the common soldier with a crack rifle. There is another very important point to be considered in criticizing modern engagements. The use of repeating arms, enabling opposing forces to fire very rapidly, obliges an extension of lines, a widening of intervals, which leaves each man more of a unit, more dependent on his own courage and skill than in former times, when we read of solid columns advancing to the attack. Speaking under correction, this must favor the Indian more than the white man, because regular troops depend upon orders from their officers, and upon the moral support of standing shoulder to shoulder with comrades. The savage is by nature a guerilla, and can fight alone or in bands, as the occasion requires. One thing more, and I have done with this apology, where apology is hardly needed. A stern chase is always a long chase, especially when the leading vessel is the better sailer; and to follow a band of Indians across the plains is like giving chase on the high seas.

Leaving Fort Keogh, as the Tongue River post is to be called, after three days we reached the mouth of the Big Horn. Nearly opposite the point where this stream empties into the Yellowstone is "Pease City," consisting of two very small houses, and a diminutive block-house for defence against the Indians. The Big Horn has the same character as the Yellowstone, only exaggerated. It is a bold, swift, winding stream, striking on one side against a steep rocky bluff, and then swerving off between bottom lands, covered with a thick growth of cottonwood, until it meets similar hills on the other side of its valley.

I shall never forget the picturesqueness of the scenery at the point where we "camped" last night. The boat lay

at the foot of a high sloping bluff, broken by steep ravines, on whose slanting sides grew a few pines and bushes. Climbing to the summit of the bluff, the view in all directions was strangely beautiful. The bright moon shed a lustre over everything, and in its soft light barren hills seemed clothed as if with velvet. Far away to the west rose the Big Horn Mountains, looking like a low blue cloud against the distant sky. In the near distance lay rolling hills, broken by jagged ravines with here and there a lonely pine standing like our own pickets motionless against the dark blue background of the Heavens. At our feet lay the river—the merciless, torrent-like stream—now sweeping and eddying against a soft, low, yielding bank, carrying away trees and shrubbery; now boldly dashing against cliffs of yellow sandstone, then stretching away in the bright moonlight, seemingly as quiet and calm as a lake, but revealing its true character in an occasional swirl or eddy dancing brightly in the shimmer of the moon. Up the steep hill sides were clambering the boat's crew, with soldiers to help them, and the sharp stroke of the axe broke the quiet stillness of the air, and broke it not unpleasantly. There is something strangely impressive to me in the vastness of these upper waters. You are familiar with the Mississippi at St. Louis, where it is already twelve hundred miles above its mouth—we know the broad Missouri at Leavenworth, four hundred miles above, and you remember that we reached the Missouri at Bismarck, a thousand miles still further up. Well, from Bismarck we traveled day and night for three days, and then we reached a tributary, the Yellowstone; on the Yellowstone we steamed and steamed day after day, and still the same broad expanse of swift waters. And now we are on a branch of the Yellowstone, and still we are on a mighty river. It fairly makes one's head ache to reflect upon the unceasing labors of these waters, and the vastness of their field of work, but such reflection is a great aid in appreciating the magnitude of nature's design in tearing down and grinding up mountains to make plains and meadows out of these same materials, thousands of miles below.

Confined by steep, enclosing hills, the Big Horn frets from side to side, sometimes divided into several channels, sometimes heaping its waters together, and so puzzling the navigator. Nature did not fashion this stream for steamboat navigation, and the *Rosebud* had to pay the penalty of being an intruder. Sometimes she stood perfectly still, though steaming as hard as possible; sometimes the river seemed to conquer, and we were borne backwards for a short distance. Fortunately, two companies of troops had embarked on our boat at Tongue River, so we were well off for men, and fifty or sixty of them would occasionally be landed to tug us up over a rapid or around some ugly bend, while the steamer was prevented from grounding by the use of long spars. Twenty miles the first day, fifteen the second; the stream is becoming swifter and swifter; Grant Marsh, energetic Captain as he is, has exhausted himself, and the five miles intervening between us and Fort Custer promise to occupy an indefinite time. A large part of the cargo is discharged on shore, to the mortification of the Captain, and we advance thus lightened to Post No. 2, or Fort Custer, at the mouth of the Little Big Horn. The site of this fort was determined by the disastrous engagement of General Custer with the Sitting Bull band last summer, and Forts Custer and Keogh, it is thought, will secure this district from future invasion by the Sioux, will open up the country north of the Yellowstone, and will also pave the way to some extent for the Northern Pacific Railroad. For unless these forts existed, large escorts would have to accompany and defend parties at work on the road. Fort Custer lies within the great reservation of the Crow Nation, which extends from the Rocky Mountains on the west to and beyond the Big Horn River on the east, and from the 45th parallel of latitude on the south to the Yellowstone River. The army may protect the territory of the Crows from their old enemy, the Sioux, but how long will they be able to keep out the more numerous white men? From the hills across the Yellowstone, the immigrant will look with longing eyes at the broad meadows

stretching invitingly before him, with their waving grasses that might so easily be replaced by wheat and oats; and the rolling uplands, where domestic herds could graze instead of the now almost extinct big-horn, or the few stray buffaloes that have still survived the wanton destruction of the huntsman.

Fort Custer is in process of construction, part of its garrison, with the commandant, Colonel Buell, having arrived a month ago. To construct a Fort is to found a colony in a desert. The troops arrive on the ground, pitch their tents, and then what is to be done next? Where is the material to be obtained? How is it to be brought to the spot? How shaped and fashioned? The vicinity of Fort Custer affords nothing but cottonwood, so this must be the chief building material. A young officer is sent some distance up the Little Big Horn with a detachment of men, who fell the trees and float logs down as fast as possible. The commanding officer, Colonel Buell, was an engineer officer during the War, and, to judge by the aspect of his post, he is glad to find active occupation. A portable steam saw-mill has been brought up by boat, and is now cutting ten thousand feet of lumber a day. A brickyard is also in full operation, and by the time winter sets in, there will be a neat square set of buildings up on the bluff, one hundred feet above the river. The cottonwood is not durable for building purposes, but it is the only building material available. Some twenty miles from Fort Custer, on the Little Big Horn River, is the spot where Custer and his three hundred fell last July, paying with their lives for the reckless daring of their ambitious commander. Two days in the rear of Custer was a column of more than two thousand infantry, a force more than sufficient to cope with Sitting Bull's band of Sioux. Custer's cavalry was designed to act as an auxiliary force, but their commander, wishing to reap all the honors of the campaign, and impatient of the necessarily slow movements of an infantry body, pressed forward to attack the Indians. Confident of an easy victory, and desirous of completely annihilating the Sioux, he

committed the further mistake of dividing his regiment into three portions, that they might attack the Indian village from different directions. The story is only too well known—how the gallant three hundred fell round their chief, and how the other detachments were only saved from a similar fate by a prudent retreat, an entrenched camp, and the arrival of the advance guard of the infantry column.

The descent of the Big Horn was as rapid as the ascent had been slow, but proportionally more dangerous. The waters seemed to carry the boat whithersoever they wished, at one time threatening to dash us head foremost against a bold, rocky cliff, at another sweeping us sideways down a straight stretch between two islands. Then our boat would catch in some projecting sand-bar, and, swinging round, we would drift stern foremost down the stream. If steering up stream was a mystery, what can be said of guiding a vessel down the Big Horn? A vague suspicion crossed my mind that we were not being steered, but that our Captain trusted to Providence and to the tightness of his boat. Be that as it may, the military authorities on board were thoroughly satisfied that the Big Horn is not a navigable stream, and a depot is to be opened on the Yellowstone, whence supplies will be conveyed to the post by wagon. The navigation of these upper waters is only attempted, of course, in the spring and summer, when the melted snows have filled the channels; and even then, as we have experienced, it is both slow and difficult.

At the mouth of the Big Horn we parted company with the Rosebud, which landed us on the north bank of the Yellowstone. There a military escort was waiting to accompany our party westward.

Our horses were soon saddled, and, though it was well on in the afternoon, we set forward at once. The road leads back from the river for a little distance, then rises on to the bluff, and continues along the height parallel to the stream. As we ascend from the valley, a storm, which has been brewing for some time, breaks upon us. Hail and rain beating in one's face, the wind blowing hard and cold from the

northwest, the dry alkali prairie converted in a few minutes to a muddy paste, a horse fresh as his rider to such an experience, and insisting upon a dog trot instead of a fair walk, the prospect of lying all night on that wet ground, all this dampens the ardor of the tyro, and he sees that the Rosebud's cabin was not such an uncomfortable place after all. When we go into camp a few miles further on, and our tent is pitched in a drizzling rain, he walks along the edge of the bluff watching the river winding below, seeking consolation in the view which the deepening shadows, together with the dark rain clouds, are fast narrowing. He almost ran against a smooth, square stake, and, stooping to see what purpose it served there, what was his astonishment to read in pencil character on one side, "Jefferson St.," and on the other "Montgomery St." Yes, he was in the midst of a town. Already (in the imagination of its founders) hotels, stores and dwellings adorn the corners of Jefferson and Montgomery streets, and town lots are selling at so much a front foot in Big Horn City.

Next day the weather is clear and fine, we make an early start, and I have a chance of becoming better acquainted with our escort. What a surprise it is to the uninitiated to see a company of cavalry on the march after they have been campaigning for some months. Keeping in mind the pictures you have seen of the Franco-Prussian war, or the mounted troops one sometimes sees on parade in the East, let me try to describe Company L., Second U. S. Cavalry. Their horses are light and dark bay, sorrel, roan—of diverse shades,—anything but uniform. The men have thrown off their overcoats, and coats as well, for the sun is beginning to beat down fiercely. Some carry their coats at the pommel, and others at the cantle of their saddles, rolled in the neat regulation fashion, or dangling at full length about their horses' flanks. Their trowsers are blue, and this marks the soldier; their shirts, however, are of every shade, red, blue and gray, and their hats white, black or brown. The faces of the men are brown and weatherbeaten, their whiskers in various stages of shagginess. Every bit of metal

about them, however, on carbine and pistol, buckle and button, is bright and clean, and the feeling grows upon me that they have seen more of the reality than of the showy part of a soldier's life. In fact, they look like a party of Texan rangers or of backwoodsmen, but not like regular troops in active service, as we imagine they should look.

Our second night on the plains was spent at Pompey's Pillar, so named by Captain Clarke. A ridge of sandstone stretches from the north to the Yellowstone, and the river, instead of flowing round the extreme point of this ridge, has cut through, leaving an isolated mass on the plain on the south side of the stream. The great hill looks romantic enough in its loneliness, and affords a fine view of the surrounding country from its summit. Pompey's Pillar is well described in Captain Clarke's journal. "It is nearly two hundred paces in circumference, two hundred feet high, and accessible only from the northeast, the other sides consisting of perpendicular cliffs of a light-colored, gritty stone. The low grounds of the river extended nearly six miles to the southward, when they rose into plains reaching to the mountains. The north side of the river for some distance is here surrounded by jutting, romantic cliffs, succeeded by ragged hills, beyond which the plains are again open and extensive."

Our route is marked by a wagon trail, very distinct, but without bridges or cuttings. We follow the ravines, or 'coolies,' to their head, and sometimes are obliged to make long detours from the course of the river. On the third day, especially, we were forced some miles to the north of the Yellowstone, high on the uplands, much to my delight, for from the ridge a fine view was gained. To the north lay the Bull Mountains, separated from us by range after range of rolling hills, covered with tall grass, and here and there a grove of pine trees in the sheltered ravines. To the south, far away, glistened the summits of the Big Horn Mountains, covered with snow even now, whilst near by lay the broad valley of the Yellowstone, with its fine meadows and groves of cottonwood. The southern side of the Yellow-

stone would have afforded us a more direct and an easier route, but there are no bridges, and the stream is too deep to ford with wagons. Hitherto we had seen but one buffalo, and that at a great distance; it was with great excitement that I perceived a stray buffalo moving in a direction such as forced him to cross our trail at some distance in front of us. Two or three of the soldiers were ordered to give chase, and as we were moving on a level plateau we enjoyed a good view of the hunt. The huge beast was well aware of his danger, and with his massy head lowered he ran at no mean speed. The soldiers gained steadily on him, however, and fired as their horses ran. Every shot took effect, and at the fourth the buffalo tumbled to the prairie. Riding slowly to the spot, we found the men busy over their prize; one wished to secure the tongue, a second the heart, a third some other chosen tit-bit, while the quartermaster's sergeant, a butcher by trade, soon arrived, and began to strip off the hide and quarter the carcass, loading the meat into one of the wagons. The buffaloes formerly ranged in summer from Texas to the northern boundary of our territories, but since the completion of the Union Pacific railroad they are said to be divided into two great herds, one of which, the northern herd, never passes below that road. In the summer it wanders north beyond the boundary of British America, and probably the bull we had just seen slain was a straggler on his way northward. We saw no more buffaloes, and very little other game on the Yellowstone. A few large rabbits and some deer were met with, but we secured no venison for our mess, on account of the shyness and swiftness of the deer. When Lewis and Clarke passed through this country it was swarming with game; elk, big-horns, deer and bear were then common, but the huntsmen have done their work well, and game is now too scarce and too wild for any but skilful and patient plainsmen to hope for a shot. Travelers, as we were, making our regular day's march the first and chief object, we could hope for little amusement or sport with the rifle. Though the prairies may be stripped of game, and the pic-

turesque tepees of the Indians replaced by the log cabins of the whites, though waving grasses must yield to the plow, and stately pine groves fall under the axe, the beauty of this rolling country can never be destroyed, and the view of the mountains will remain unchanged. Looking to the west, as we ride back to rejoin our party, clear cut against a bright blue sky, standing out prominent and distinct in the pure air, rise the Rocky Mountains. Why is it that the sight of a mountain range sends a thrill of admiration tingling through one's veins? You may see many pictures of more rugged peaks without the slightest feeling; you may read volumes about mountains, and find the volumes as dry as a German commentator on the classics, but let a man see a real mountain before his eyes, rising up like a wall to impede his progress, and a dim idea of vastness and majesty will float into his brain, and arouse a feeling of awe and wonder.

We camped the next night at the Hot Springs of Hunter's ranche, a locality well known in Montana. The waters are very hot when they issue from the ground, though they are tempered before being admitted to the bath. Of course, they are said to be very beneficial for many diseases, but the remoteness of the locality renders them of little service at present. No doubt they are destined to be famous in the future, and already there is a large bath-house with a swimming pool, of which we availed ourselves, enjoying the swim, and finding the water agreeably soft and pleasant to the skin. Montana has many such springs, but none, I believe, is more liked than Hunter's.

Two days' more marching, and we have followed the Yellowstone to the point where it debouches from the Rocky Mountains, a clear, sparkling stream, one hundred yards in width, full of lively trout, and glancing and gleaming along over its rocks as merry as a little brook. Its character is that of a brook, but, issuing from such a mountain range, its volume and swiftness must give evidence of its origin. Glancing back down its valley, we see that its main course is northeast, until many hundred miles below

it joins the Missouri, in the forty-eighth parallel of latitude, or very near our northern boundary line. Its main tributaries enter from the south, Clarke's Fork, the Big Horn, the Rose Bud, Powder and Tongue Rivers, all large streams, draining the lofty Big Horn Mountains. Its valley is from two to eight miles wide, and this land can all be readily cultivated. The hills and plateaus above will afford fine grazing, and doubtless this country was designed by nature to be a vast pasture for the flocks and herds of the white man. Like all valleys on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, the want of timber detracts much from its beauty, and renders the scenery at times dreary and monotonous. But as we approach the mountains, it becomes more diversified, groves of pines cling to the sides of the ravines, and there are more glades and wooded districts. Up to the mouth of the Big Horn there are no settlements except the occasional bivouac of a woodsman, who cuts cord wood for the steamers that bring supplies to the military posts. The few ranchemen that are established near the mountains rejoice in fine cattle and good vegetables, and other pioneers will doubtless soon follow their example in settling this country. We have not seen or heard of a hostile Indian since we embarked on the river, and now that the Sioux problem is practically solved by the establishment of large posts, settlers may feel comparatively secure. The Crow nation has always been friendly to the whites, so from them immigrants will have nothing to fear.

The climate is certainly trying. At night the thermometer sinks very low, and when reveille calls the sleeper from his hard bed, crawling from under a warm buffalo robe, he finds no overcoat too warm to keep out the chill of the morning. Once in the saddle, however, the beams of the rising sun having begun to sparkle among the dew-drops on the bunch-grass, overcoats are laid aside, and before long you begin to wish for shade and the cool of evening again. The heat at noonday is oppressive. For some distance from the mountains the Yellowstone is full of fine trout. They bite greedily, preferring grasshoppers to any artificial

fly. No reel is required in taking them, but an ordinary pole and line suffice. More or less caution is, of course, necessary in concealing oneself, but it requires no expert angler to enjoy an hour's fishing here. Sometimes a fine big fellow will drag hook, line and all with him, but, as a general thing, they can be landed safely without much playing. Our party stopped for a noon rest, when lunch and a nap were in order. Even at that unfavorable time, it was no little sport to spend an hour on the river's brink, and we seldom returned to camp without a fair string of speckled beauties. Even if they had had a surfeit of grasshoppers, and declined the offered bait, it was charming to watch them sporting in the clear water, with its dancing surface always changing, but always the same.

I shall write to you again from the National Park, the Geyser country, or Wonderland, as it is variously called.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

I.—SOME LETTERS OF FR. F. GRIVEL.

Father Fidèle de Grivel was born of a distinguished family of Franche-Comté, December 17, 1769. He was already a priest, when he resolved to join the Fathers of the Sacred Heart. Father Varin writes of him: "I must say a word about our little Society and its plans. I say Society; for such it really is. There are six of us, and a seventh, who is the Abbé de Grivel, will speedily join us. He was this winter at Friburg, and I have seen him several times. He is an angel. Five of the six have been in the army." Father Grivel became a member of that Society in 1794, entering upon his novitiate at Leutershofen, not far from Augsburg, and shared the varying fortunes of that body until 1803, when he was received into the Society of Jesus in Russia. The strength of his religious vocation, and his

firm resolve to persevere in it, were shown in a remarkable manner, when, on the death of Father de Tournely in 1797, the struggling association of the Fathers of the Faith was deprived of its head, whose guidance seemed indispensable. Father Grivel was minister of the house, and, assembling the community around their founder's death-bed, he said with courage and confidence which could come only from on high: "My brethren, the Lord demands a most painful sacrifice from us; He strikes at the most sensitive part of our hearts; but let us not imagine that He will desert His little flock; *Nolite timere, pusillus grex*. He snatches away the best of parents, for whom we had too much natural affection. God wishes to show us that He stands in need of no man to accomplish His designs, and that He can carry them on to a successful issue by the feeblest instruments just as well as by those who seemed to be best fitted for the purpose. Courage, then; let us be of confident heart; it is not without a purpose that God has brought us together, and given us such signal marks of His protection; let us correspond with His intentions, and let us promise, over the dead body of our Father, that we will never separate, and that we will be faithful to our vocation." Admitted into the Novitiate, Fr. Grivel, speaks with enthusiasm of the life led at Polocz: "The fervor which reigns here claims my unbounded admiration; we have too much happiness. I live amongst angels in a land of benediction; *venite et videte*. Cheerfulness, modesty, simplicity, exact observance of the rule, union of hearts, charity, the spirit of Jesus Christ,—these are the marks of our novice life, and these excite my admiration." The quiet retirement of Polocz was soon exchanged for active missionary life among the German colonies that the Russian government had planted along the Volga. An interesting account of his labors at Krasnopolis is given by Fr. Grivel in a letter to a friend at Paris (CARAYON — Documents sur la Compagnie de Jésus, xx, 6). Recalled to St. Petersburg, he taught Rhetoric in the College established by the Society in that city, until the Jesuits were expelled from the two capitals of

the Russian Empire, in 1815, when he returned to France. In the following year, Fr. Brzozowski appointed him Visitor to England, from which country he was accompanied back to France by Father Simpson. Shortly afterwards Father Simpson became Provincial of France, and Fr. Grivel, as Socius to him and to his successor in that office, Father Richardot, was of great assistance in regulating the affairs of the Province. He was a member of the Twentieth General Congregation, which in 1820 elected Father Louis Fortis, General of the Society, and during its deliberations he signalized his zeal for religious discipline, and his attachment to the Institute. He taught theology at Paris and Stonyhurst for some years, and then, being sent to Maryland, he filled the office of Master of Novices with zeal and edification (Feb. 22, 1831–Dec. 16, 1834); after three years spent upon the Mission at St. Inigoes as assistant to Father Carbery, he was appointed Spiritual Father at Georgetown College, where he died, June 26, 1842, in the 73rd year of his age. During the later years of his stay in the United States, his family wrote several letters urging him to return to France. Father Grivel's only answer was, that being a religious and a child of obedience, he would return if he should receive an order to that effect, but that he should never manifest the slightest desire for it, as he did not wish to interfere with the designs of Providence in his regard.

To the Rev. Nicholas Sewall,⁽¹⁾ Catholic Chapel, Worcester.

30th May, 1832. Long. East of White Marsh, Meridian at Washington, 0° 20', lat. N. 38° 59'.

WHITE MARSH, PRINCE GEORGE CO.,
QUEEN ANN'S POST OFFICE, MD.

REVEREND AND MOST REVERED DEAR FATHER,
P. C.

The letter of y^r Rev., dated the 4th of March, reached our delightful solitude the 5th instant, and, of course, was

⁽¹⁾ Dr. Oliver, in his notice of the late Father Nicholas Sewall, a native of Maryland, but a very eminent member of the English Province, and once its

extremely welcome, not only to me, who am very grateful for your kind remembrance, but to our good Novices, to whom I hastened to impart it. Out of twelve Scholastics, seven are Americans; and they were really proud to hear that the oldest of all living American Jesuits had been pleased to give them his love. I assure you that since then they have prayed very hard for your Rev., according to your request; but be confident that they did not wait for your letter to discharge their duty in that respect; because your late brother, Father Charles Sewall, is very well known, and your family, too. Moreover, they have in the College the two hundred and odd exhortations of Father Charles Plowden, copied in your own hand; consequently, how would it be possible not to know, or to forget, or not to pray for good Fr. Nicholas Sewall?

No doubt, I will remember y^r Rev. by and by to all our Fathers in the Eastern Mission of the United States, and especially to Father Francis Neale, the only survivor of all your friends of Liege, in the Society. Rev. Mr. William Matthews is a Liegean, one, too, parish priest at Washington City, and our friend. Fr. Neale is seventy-six years old, and no infirmities, except a shaking in his hands, which prevents him from writing. He is a Missioner at St. Thomas's Manor, near Port Tobacco, goes to the sick calls (in his carriage), says the last Mass, and preaches after Mass almost every Sunday;—and that, after having heard confessions from six

Provincial, who died in the year 1834, aged 89, after speaking of him as a man of regular and retired habits, much given to prayer and mortification, yet always cheerful and obliging, adds: "The progress and prosperity of our holy religion was the object nearest and dearest to his heart, and indeed he had great cause to rejoice, especially when he witnessed the wonderful propagation of the Catholic faith in his native land. When the United States of America were subject to the English rule, the very exercise of the Catholic religion was degraded, proscribed, and persecuted; but no sooner had these States established their independence of the mother country, than they proclaimed universal liberty of conscience, and afforded religion itself fair play. Father Sewall survived to behold Baltimore erected into a Metropolitan See, with eleven suffragan bishoprics. I have heard him say that he remembered the time when the Catholics had not even a *private* room in Baltimore where they were suffered to assemble for prayer; and he lived to see it embellished with a noble Catholic cathedral and seven Catholic parish churches, with bells inviting the numerous faithful to the celebration of their religious rites."—*Records of the English Province*, vol. III, p. 321.

or seven o'clock in the morning; good appetite, cheerful, Professed of three vows. His Church is an elegant one, built by your brother Charles (who is buried there, anno 1805), and blessed by Archbishop Carroll. I was there the winter before the last, to help Father Francis at Christmas. Since last fall and the sickness of seven Novices, the devil has left us in peace, and our noviceship has proceeded very regularly. I expect, from the infinite mercy of Almighty God, that not a single one will leave the noviceship, but all will take the vows. In September eight Scholastics will be sent either to the study-house or to the College, and I will remain with four only. But I was told that four candidates of our College, boys or auxiliaries, are ready to enter the Noviceship,—perhaps six. This supply, and a French priest from Kentucky, who will join us in August with three or four Belgians, who perhaps have already sailed from Antwerp, will make a pretty little novitiate. Pray Almighty God and St. Ignatius to give them perseverance in their design; the Blessed Virgin shall bless us.

I thank very much your Rev. for the good news of Portugal; but for that very reason the infidels will say that Don Miguel is a double and treble monster. I wish the whole of France and of Europe to be filled with such monsters.

White Marsh, formerly called Carroll's Burgh,⁽¹⁾ is situated on a hill about one hundred feet high; on the top is a fine Church of stone, 95 by 36 feet; an organ; here is its shape [A pen picture of the church is given, with the criticism:—'Very bad draught']. Besides the Church, there are frame buildings for twenty Novices and two Missioners, with two spare rooms for guests; kitchen, refectory, stable, an orchard, a garden, nothing else. The top of the hill, which is conveniently planted with trees, may be five hundred feet long and four hundred wide—almost round. Eastward, at the foot of the hill, is a plain, from west to east, half a mile broad, and a mile and a half long, with mead-

⁽¹⁾About the year 1760, James Carroll went from Ireland with Father John Ashton, bought this estate, was a bachelor, and gave White Marsh to a nephew of his, who was a Jesuit.

ows, fields of tobacco, some wheat, a little more rye, plenty of Indian corn. The soil is too sandy, fit only for tobacco, corn and vineyards; but of the last we have as yet none. By and by we will plant them, and the vines will succeed. Half a mile from the hill, eastward, and over the plain, runs the Patuxent, from north to south, with a good wooden bridge, called Priest's Bridge; it is on the road to Baltimore and Annapolis. White Marsh is fourteen miles from the latter town, thirty-three from the former, twenty-two from Washington westward, twenty-five from Georgetown, seventeen southwest from Upper Marlborough, and eight from Queen Ann southward. It has about four thousand acres, of which one thousand is a very poor sandy soil. We have two farms and one hundred and four slaves, men, women and children. The farms were entirely ruined eight years ago by bad administration; now, Father Aloysius Mudd, who is a good farmer, has paid all the debts—about \$10,000—but has not as yet been able to make any fresh improvements. By and by he will drain the low lands along the Patuxent, and have meadows for two hundred head of cattle and fifty horses; he will also build a mill, with three or four stones. When done (but for that he needs a capital of \$8,000), White Marsh would have an annual income of \$5,000, instead of \$2,000, which is the actual revenue in tobacco alone, and besides these \$5,000, he will maintain a community of twenty-five religious, the farms, and over one hundred blacks, even with clothes.

I asked Father Mudd about a trial of Cobbett's corn, and of Egyptian wheat. He accepted the offer, with thanks to your Reverence. He said, however, that the latter was tried, as related in the *American Farmer*, without success, but he will try it again. Only as a good procurator, he fears the expense of the freight from England to Baltimore; but, hoping that you will quiet his fears, I pray direct the parcel to E. J. Willson & Snowden, General Commission Merchants and Planters' Agents, No. 4 Bowly's Wharf, Baltimore.

Although I am very well pleased here with the country,
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the inhabitants and my office,—or rather offices, being more than half a Missionary, having heard last year more than six hundred confessions of the congregation, and three hundred of our Religious,—nevertheless, I think very often on my friends of Worcester, Stonyhurst and London.

Rev. Father Kenney started from our College of St. Louis, Missouri, about the 25th of April, and arrived at Bardstown, Ky., the 15th of May. There he was to give a retreat to the clergy of the diocese, by invitation of Bishop Flaget, and his Coadjutor, Bishop David; he was, moreover, to inspect there as Visitor, the first beginning of the College of French Jesuits, called by the Bishop, and sent by Father General. There are now only three Priests, but they have written for some seven or eight more from France. The Superior is Father John Peter Chazelle. Fr. Kenney will perhaps give another retreat at Cincinnati, Ohio. He is expected to be at Georgetown about the end of June. *My opinion* is that Fr. Kenney is not to remain in America, but that his presence will be necessary here for two or three years more, especially because it seems probable that the Mission will be very soon erected into a Province, and he, very likely, will be the first Provincial. Archbishop Whitfield is visiting upper Maryland, and will be at White Marsh in June to give Confirmation, and to confer Tonsure and Minor Orders on our Novices. He continues to be very kind to the Society, and is in good health. Protestants are in a great alarm, and enraged against us, especially in Maryland, on account of the rapid progress of Catholicity, which the sectarians cannot prevent. Father Rector of Georgetown will begin next month a large building (cellar, basement, two stories above, and a large garret) one hundred and twenty feet long and thirty broad, to join the new to the old College,—expenses, \$20,000. But it will do for two hundred and thirty boarders. Now they have one hundred and twenty-seven, and only two places vacant. Pray for us and our Novices. I am, with great esteem, and regard,
Revnd Father,

Your humble servant in Christ,

FID. GRIVEL, S. J.

Poor old Mr. Wharton is continually tortured by his conscience in his parsonage near Trenton, New Jersey. His cook, a good Irish Catholic woman, fell dangerously sick—no priest at hand. "Although I am now a Parson," says Mr. Wharton to her, "I am a Catholic Priest, and can give you absolution in your case." She made her confession, and he absolved her. Did she die or not, I don't know. The fact is true. We heard it from Mr. Wharton, his nephew, a good Catholic, and a magistrate at Washington City. Pray for poor Mr. Wharton, formerly your fellow-collegian at Liege.

Did the cholera reach Stonyhurst, or sweep away some of our Fathers and Brothers? What do you think of my English?

To the Same.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, D. C.

9th July, 1833.

REVEREND AND MOST DEAR FATHER,
P. C.

Being for a few days in this College, to take leave of our Rev. Fr. Visitor and Superior, Fr. Kenney, whom our M. R. Father General recalls to Ireland, I am now able to pay your Rev. my debt for the two very kind letters of July 22, 1832, and January 16, 1833. I say, of course, *mea maxima culpa*, for having been so negligent in discharging my duty of an answer. Now, beginning with the most important affair under Heaven, the salvation of a soul, I could not ascertain whether R. M. Wharton of Burlington, New Jersey, has received your letter of July, 1833. I asked a few days ago the Hon. Mr. Wharton, his nephew, who is living at Washington City; he knows nothing about that. But his uncle is sinking very fast; he has given up preaching. His grand-nephew, the son of our Mr. Wharton, paid him a visit a few weeks ago, as he was passing that way. The old man spoke with him out of the window, and made many difficulties to admit him; however, he did for a night, and the conversation could not fail to be on religion. I think it would be proper to write him again, directing to Burlington, N. J.

2ndly, For Cobbett's Indian corn, and Turkish or Egyptian wheat, I could not prevail on Fr. Al. Mudd to make a trial. His father, grandfather, mother, grandmother, etc., being born in Maryland, he farms as he has seen them farming, as all the neighbors are farming. I could hardly persuade him even to graft some apple trees, etc. In reading, he consults his favorite work, *The American Farmer*; that is his agricultural gospel. Now, there is not a word in it of Douay's Indian corn, or Egyptian wheat; however, I keep your information for better circumstances.

3rdly, I heard nothing about the vineyard of Mr. C. Carroll, of Carrollton; but there are in some places many good vineyards, and in Pennsylvania, a German made a fortune selling his native wine. Fr. Rector of this College planted an acre four years ago, and has succeeded well. We will do the same at the Marsh, and very soon.

4thly, We are accustomed here to the idea of cholera; we make scarcely a difference between it and influenza, or small-pox. It is not at all extinct, and is returning from the West to the East. It has reached the boundaries of Maryland near Wheeling. Rev. W. Byrne, President of St. Mary's Seminary, Lebanon, Washington Co., Ky., where seven French Jesuits and priests are living, died last June of the Cholera in seven hours. He had given two years ago his Seminary, worth \$10,000, to Bishop Flaget, for the French Jesuits. Now they are able to teach the schools there—90 boarders and 7 half-boarders. An Irish Jesuit, but belonging to the Province of France, is with them: his name is McGuire, an able professor of Natural Philosophy. They are independent of our Province of Maryland, and belong to the French Province. I said *Province of Maryland*: by a decree of our M. R. Fr. General, of the 2nd February, 1833, the Mission of the Eastern United States is erected into a Province, called the Province of Maryland. On the 5th, Fr. Wm. Mc Sherry, a Virginian, was appointed Provincial. Yesterday, he was installed by the Rev. Fr. Visitor, who will leave us to-morrow, and embark the first week of August, at New York for Ireland. The

Mission of Missouri has its own Superior—Fr. de Theux, a Liegean: it is independent of Md. or Ky. The Superior of Kentucky is Fr. J. P. Chazelle. An eighth French Jesuit, Fr. Petit, is vicar of the Cathedral at Bardstown, and preaches well in English. They have a Novitiate; how many novices, I dont know; methinks, four or five, among whom two French priests, forty-one and forty-three years of age, who know English very well. The College of St. Louis, Missouri, has been erected by the Legislature into an University:—75 boarders, and about 40 half-boarders.

5thly, Your prayer against *War, Pestilence, &c*, has been printed here, and spread everywhere. The cholera did not reach Prince George, Charles and St. Mary's counties; but at Washington, about 2,000; at Georgetown, not above 400: among them, remarkably few Catholics—only 50 at Georgetown. Thirty Protestants died Catholics; some fifteen recovered, and remained Catholics—at Georgetown, there are 2,500 Catholics; at Washington, four or five thousand.

6thly, Georgetown College is going extremely well. Boarders, 148; half-boarders, 12. Since the dispensation granted by the Pope, of taking *Minerval*, or money, for day scholars in the United States, there is the project in earnest to set up *again* the Seminary at Washington, in the same and very proper place, without any harm for Georgetown College. We are proprietors at Philadelphia of St. Joseph's Church, and of a large, handsome house adjoining it. Two Jesuits took again possession of both, at the entreaties of Bishop Kenrick, and are doing well.

St. Francis Xavier, of whom we had, in the Novena, March 4, 1832, begged six scholastic novices *at least*, sent us ten: Belgians, five; Germans, two; Americans, two; and a Frenchman. Last March, we begged the same.—Now, a German and a Belgian having left last Easter, by want of Vocation, the good St. Francis sent three, a German, a Belgian, and a fine, Irish, talented young man of Derry. Ten of the former Novices having taken their Vows, we are now twelve Scholastics at the Marsh, among whom five Priests,—four Belgians and a German,—and four good Irish Lay Brothers.

There is nothing remarkable about the increase of Catholicity in the United States. Catholicity is gaining ground without any doubt; this is evident from the frequent challenges made to Catholic Clergymen by the parsons, who seem to be blind to their own interests: or will support their declining influence, and cover up their exposure, by making noise, and raising money for Temperance, Missionary, Tract, Bible, and other Societies. They do a great deal of harm to simpletons, to vain and bigoted ladies. I hope the husbands will stop their expenses in favor of their hypocrite parsons, who are all Deists, or worse. Bishop Fenwick of Boston, in his *Sentinel*, or *The Jesuit*, and seven or eight other newspapers, expose them continually.

I am, respectfully, R. Father,
Yr. most h. serv. in Christ,
FID. GRIVEL.

To the Same.

WHITE MARSH, 31 March, 1834.

REVEREND FATHER,
P. C.

I am very glad to give information to your Rev., that the box with Cobbett's Indian corn arrived safe, and in the best preservation. I received it a few days ago, with your letter of Dec. 30. Fr. Aloysius Mudd having been sent to Newtown, Charles County, where he is now Missioner and Procurator, is succeeded here by Fr. Ignatius Combs, who has not the same prejudices against new things; and he will try Cobbet's corn first in our garden, according to the prescriptions which you were so kind as to send me. Mr. Notley Young, our neighbor, a wealthy and very good Catholic, will make the same trial. I expect others of our Fathers at St. Thomas's Manor and St. Inigoes, that is, FF. Francis Neale and Carbery, will do the same the present year, the season being early, the trees having as yet no leaves. Next year I will try too at Frederick Town, Maryland, where the Novitiate will move in the course of June, and where I beg of you to direct letters for me,—*St. John's Church.*

Frederick is a town of 6,000 inhabitants, like Georgetown. The soil is very rich; they neglect tobacco for wheat and corn. The country is not hilly. However, five miles from the town begins the first line of Alleghany Mountains, and at that place we have fifty-five acres of woodland, with an abundant spring; a frame or log house will be built there for our Villa.

The Society had an establishment at Frederick in the year 1760, four years after Fr. James Pellentz had founded the Mission at Conewago in Pennsylvania, forty miles from Frederick; but it has since improved, not in lands, but importance. Fr. John Mc Elroy, an Irishman, opened a school; now he has a College, with five Professors and ninety students: no boarders as yet. In order to conceive better the matter, I'll draw a clear, although a bad plan of the whole. [The plan represents, with very slight difference, the present state of affairs.] There is a rail-road from Baltimore to Frederick, 63 miles—fare \$1.80, and we can get every day fresh fish, oysters, etc., and all the other articles to be found in the largest towns.

Near, but not adjoining our Novitiate, we have two lots—one of four acres, the other of twelve, rich soil for wheat. Fr. Provincial, Wm Mc Sherry, has just now purchased for \$6,000 the new house south of the New Church, and the College will be transferred thither; and the Novices will occupy the old house; when the new Church, which is 156 feet long, of stone, in the form of a Latin cross, will be finished, the old one will become our oratory, &c. It is contemplated to build a Seminary or Scholasticate. The old College will be ready in June for the Novices. The school has three stories, and is of brick, as are all the other buildings—grand and nice. Your Reverence conceives the great advantages for the Novitiate to be in a town, for catechizing, visiting the poor-house, prisons, hospitals, etc.

The Province is going on well. I have fourteen Scholastic novices, and among them are three priests; but two of them, and two priests will go next month to Missouri. However, I reckon that St. Francis Xavier will send others in their place.

Unfortunate Wharton died impenitent last August. The Episcopalians, of course, made a great eulogy of him in the newspapers: but Mr. Wharton of Washington, a nephew of the deceased, published a refutation of the Eulogy, deploring the apostasy of his uncle, but in decent and appropriate, not abusive terms.

Fr. Francis Neale is declining by old age, although not sick: he is ten years younger than your Reverence. Please God to keep you in good health, till you join your friends in heaven. Our Novices here are not forgetful of you in their prayers.

I am with great esteem and regard, in union with your prayers and the merits of your sufferings and infirmities,

Reverend Father,

of your Rev. the humble serv't in Xt.

F. GRIVEL, S. J.

P. S. Although Father J. Mc Elroy built one half of the Novitiate, his school-house for \$3,000, the house for the Sisters of Charity (who have now 40 boarders) for \$3,000, and his own Church for \$20,000,—yet we have no income here; but he is a man of God, and gets in charity every year about \$22,000. The Novitiate, however, wants to have a perpetual foundation. Our plantation of Conewago will be united to the Novitiate, with the obligation to support three Missionaries at Conewago.

To Father Joseph Tristram, Worcester, England.

ST. INIGOES MANOR, MARYLAND,

March 10, 1835.

REVEREND FATHER JOSEPH,

P. C.

Finally I'll pay my debt, being ashamed to have delayed nine or ten months. I received your kind letter of March 18, 1834, with the sad news of the demise of our good Father Nicholas Sewall. I have got his parcels of Cobbet's corn: it succeeded very well, spite of the little care taken of it by our procurator at White Marsh, but I saved an ear,

and I will myself see to the planting and cultivation of it, because I have more leisure here, and Fr. Joseph Carbery, our Superior and Procurator, is more partial to European fashions than many others. It is indeed to be wondered at, that the Americans, a new-born nation, are almost as tenacious of their customs, as the Chinese of theirs, three thousand years old. I do not disapprove entirely of it; because every nation must have its own features: but they go too far in many things, especially in farming; and in pronunciation, whilst they profess to conform to Walker's Dictionary, in practice they follow their own way.

I spread as far as I could the painful news of Father Sewall's death, in order to have him recommended to the Holy Sacrifices and prayers of his fellow-Jesuits, friends and relations; and I succeeded.

A fortnight ago I accompanied Father Carbery to Mettapan-y-Sewall, sixteen miles north of St. Inigoes. We have there a congregation of six hundred communicants (in 1817 there were only one hundred, and Father Carbery made five hundred more, the most part Protestants), with a chapel better than the old one at Stonyhurst. It is called St. Nicholas' Church. The Sewalls are great benefactors to it. Mettapan-y, an Indian name, is situated on a hill on the south side of the Patuxent river, about two miles above its mouth in the Bay of Chesapeake. Charles Calvert, Lord Baltimore, proprietor of Maryland, grandson of George Calvert, and son of Cecil, had Mettapan-y his favourite residence from 1662 to 1682, when he returned to England, where he died in 1714, as good a Catholic as his father and grandfather.

But his son, Benedict Leonard Calvert, wishing for the proprietorship of Maryland, which had been taken from his father by William and Mary, to be restored to him, had turned Protestant and was a member of the English Parliament. His charter as lord proprietor was restored to him, instead of heaven, in 1715. In the meantime, Mettapan-y⁽¹⁾ had become the proprietary of the Jesuits, and they sold it to the Sewalls. The residence of Charles Calvert, which

⁽¹⁾ The spelling varies: Metapawnien—Mettapanient—Mattapan-y, etc.

was a fort also, had so much decayed, that the grand, or great-grandfather of Father Sewall, had built a fine brick house at a short distance, and in that manor-house Father Sewall was born. Indeed, I walked with delight in the place where our good friend had been playing, and saying his prayers as a child. I regretted he was gone, because he would have been pleased with my details about the place of his birth and baptism. . . . The manor now belongs to Henry Sewall, a grand-cousin of Father Nicholas. The branch of his nephews is living at a short distance, and are very wealthy, too.

Now you will ask me why I am living at St. Inigoes? Because my three years and more of the Mastership of the Novices being elapsed, Father Dzierozynski was appointed in my place. Perhaps I behaved ill; I do not know. Anyhow, I am now companion to Father Joseph Carbery. The business of a Missionary in Maryland is scarcely harder than that of Father Addis at Stonyhurst, except that the roads are worse and sick calls at a greater distance. But we have every comfort of life.

St. Inigoes Manor has a good solid brick house,⁽¹⁾ with twelve rooms. It has about eighty negroes, that is, fifteen families, and three thousand acres of good land, quite flat, and plenty of cattle, poultry, fish, wheat, etc. At this very farm, half a mile from our house, landed, on the 25th or 26th of March, 1634, Lord Cecil⁽²⁾ Baltimore, with Father Andrew White and four other English Jesuits, and two hundred settlers, all Catholics. The first Mass celebrated in the English colonies of North America having been said on the 25th of March, on St. Clement's Island, now Heron Island, seven miles up from our house, the name of St. Mary was given to the river they sailed up to land and settle. Take a good map of Maryland. Ten or twelve miles above the mouth of the Potomac, and up the Bay of Chesapeake, lies St. George's Island (it belongs to our farm). Sail be-

⁽¹⁾ Destroyed by fire in 1872.

⁽²⁾ His brother, Leonard Calvert was in command of the expedition. This Lord Baltimore never came to America. There are some other inaccuracies in what follows.

tween it and its eastern shore, and a point east dividing the Bay from St. Mary's river. Sail up to the north five miles. There landed the colony, but for a day or two, on the eastern side of the river. A fort only was built there afterwards, with four cannons brought from England by Lord Baltimore. Later on it was abandoned, and the cannons, rusty and useless, are now in the yard of St. Inigoes Manor as a curiosity. Hearing of an Indian village three miles up St. Mary's river, Yoacomaco, on the eastern side, too, of the river, there the colony finally settled, having purchased from the Indians, who were extremely kind, the village and their land. The Indians retired, as agreed upon, to the north side of the Potomac (Patuxent). The name of Yoacomoco was changed into that of St. Mary's Town. It never had more than sixty houses, but the settlers, and now the Government, call *town* any place where as many houses are as are individuals required to make a riot; that is twenty, as fixed by the Riot Act. The seat of the Government of Maryland having removed to Annapolis about the year 1695, St. Mary's Town contains nothing but a Protestant church and a parson's house. St. Inigoes congregation has five hundred communicants and a good church, and the people in *this* corner are very much like, for faith and singleness, to Lancashire people, but not so in the *whole* of Maryland. Enough of St. Mary's County.

..... Father Francis Neale is keeping his ground. He can say Mass, although with trembling hands, preaches, and rides in his carriage as often as he can; he does not like to be home; always cheerful. He was a laborious Missionary indeed; he remembers your Reverence very well, and begs of you to pray to God for his happy death.

I left to Fr. Francis Dzierozynski twelve scholastic novices and seven good lay-brothers. One novice is a Mexican priest. I think God destines him to establish the Society in Mexico, with Fr. Ildefonso de la Peña, who is at Rome. There are some hopes from the part of the Government of Mexico.—You have read how the Presbyterians here are fanatic and powerful. They procured the shameful acquit-

tal of those who burned the Ursuline Convent at Charlestown, near Boston. They are continually abusing and threatening Catholics. Their motto is: Church (viz: Presbyterian) and State! Blood must be shed.

I recommend myself to your holy prayers and sacrifices.

Yr. Obed^t. Serv^t. in Xisto,

FID. GRIVEL, S. J.

MISSIONARY LABORS OF FATHER MAGUIRE AND COMPANIONS,

FROM APRIL 24TH TO JUNE 5TH, 1881.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—New Haven is one of the handsomest cities in the country. The private residences are mostly detached, standing in court-yards beautifully adorned with fruit trees and shrubbery. Probably, in no other city are to be found so many and such lofty elms. From the great abundance of these trees New Haven has been familiarly denominated the "City of Elms."

New Haven is more celebrated for its literary advantages, and for the intellectual and moral character of its citizens. Yale College is situated here, and adds much to the importance of the city. Six Catholic Churches, well provided with parochial schools, meet the spiritual wants of the faithful.

Rev. John Cooney is the pastor of St. John's Church, where we opened a Mission on the 24th of April, and finished on the 8th of May. The Church, though large, was not able to contain all who flocked to the Mission from every part of the city. Several Protestants came, especially to the lecture delivered the last night. Three converts were baptized, and others left with the Pastor for further instruction. Five thousand persons received Communion. Twenty grown persons were prepared for the sacraments. Many who had been away from their duty for twenty and

thirty years returned to the Church and found mercy from God. The people manifested great faith, and gave much consolation to the Fathers.

Frs. Maguire, McAtee, Keating and Schiffini gave the exercises. The last mentioned came on from Fordham for three days for the benefit of the Italians in the congregation. He preached to them several times, and did much good amongst them.

ST. MARY'S, ROCHESTER, N. Y. (April 24—May).—Rochester is situated on the Genesee, a turbid stream, whose falls, ninety feet in height and a quarter of a mile in width, are in the heart of the city, and give it a very picturesque appearance. Visitors never fail to see them, if not for the view, at least in memory of Sam Patch, who took his last and fatal leap here. Seven miles away, the river, after another fall of seventy feet, empties into Lake Ontario, an inland sea. Rochester must be a beautiful city at all seasons of the year, on account of its magnificent residences for the upper classes, and its clean, airy homes for the poor. Every family has a house to itself, detached from its neighbors, with a plot of ground about it. There are no tenements reeking with filth, over-crowded dens, where drunkenness and impurity are apt to have full sway. The business part of the city is also quite interesting. During spring the city is at its best, and whilst walking along its wide and level streets, through miles of palatial residences, one forgets that he is in a town only seventy years old. From preconceived ideas concerning Rochester, its Bible and Masonic troubles, its Spirit Rappings, its Woman's Rights and various isms too numerous to mention, we expect more of Sparta and less of Athens.

Frs. Fulton, Reid and Morgan were appointed for this Mission by Very Rev. Fr. Provincial. The weather was favorable during the two weeks spent in the work. The backward spring, so much regretted by the farmers and business men, had great advantages for missionary labors, inasmuch as the intense heat was avoided. With our crowded

and badly ventilated churches, the usual high temperature of May would have been a serious inconvenience to the missionaries, and a positive drawback to the good undertaking.

St. Mary's is an old congregation. Several Missions have been given within the last ten years. The Fathers were not but agreeably surprised, when they saw that God was blessing their toilings by bringing to confession crowds of hardened sinners, who had passed through other Missions unscathed, who had not been near a church for five, ten and twenty years. Some thought this happy turn of affairs was due to the fact that the Fathers were not so hard in their views. Certainly, a great deal is to be attributed to the zeal of the pastor, Fr. Stewart, in advertising the retreat in every possible way. He requested those that knew of bad Catholics in the parish to inform him. This was done. The backsliders were called upon, and induced to come to the sermons. When they go this far, they end by making a good confession. No matter how the good was brought about, all are thankful for the result.

The Bishop of the diocese, Right Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid, gave the missionaries every assurance of his good will, bestowing on them the amplest faculties, and encouraging them by his kind attentions. On the last day of the retreat, after singing Pontifical Mass, he remained until the afternoon, and administered Confirmation to thirty grown persons prepared during the exercises. The most favorable impression made by the Rev. Father of the Society, the first of his Order to do so, who gave the retreat to the Bishop and clergy last September, may explain the present kindness. The diocese of Rochester is well governed and in a flourishing condition, with its churches, convents and asylums, with its schools for nearly every parish. Absolution is withheld from those who send their children to the public schools. And yet the debts of the diocese will be paid in two or three years. What a lesson for older and richer dioceses, where so little has been done for Catholic education, where the usual charities are so poorly attended

to, where whole generations, perhaps, have been lost to the faith.

ST. MARY'S, BOSTON (May 13—June 4).—This church was dedicated, May 22nd, 1836. At that time, Catholics were very few in the North End. A small church was amply sufficient for the congregation. A priest, the Rev. William Wiley, coming over on Sunday from the Cathedral on Franklin street, could do all the work. Now fifteen priests with five churches scarcely satisfy the wants of the thirty thousand Catholics who have dislodged the Puritans from their ancient stronghold, where old Lyman Beecher used to pour forth his envenomed harangues against the Faith. A few crumbling monuments, like the tombstones in Copps Hill graveyard, where the virtues of Cotton Mather and his tribe are recorded, the names of some streets give the only evidence of what once was. And is not this an index of what is to be in these parts, the survival of the fittest? Other priests followed Fr. Wiley as residents pastors at St. Mary's: Rev. P. O'Beirne, Michael Healy, Thomas J. O'Flaherty, John B. Fitzpatrick, and Patrick Flood. The congregation, meanwhile, increased too rapidly for the size of the church, which, like all of the old churches, was built in such a way, that it could not be enlarged. It was a usual thing to see the church so crowded at the Sunday Masses, that hundreds of good people were obliged to kneel in the street. A crowd, however, is not always made up of saints. There were factions; the pastor and his assistants could not agree together; hence division, trouble, and even blows, and, unfortunately, not in the street, did the admirers of the rival clergy settle their differences. Paul, and Apollo, and Cephas, had their defenders even before the altar. This was the state of affairs in 1847, when the Bishop, Rt. Rev. John B. Fitzpatrick, gave the parish to the Society. Brother John Lynch, still a member of the Community, took possession of the premises on the feast day of Blessed Alphonsus, Oct. 30, and Father John Mc Elroy came on the day following and was installed as pastor. The place demanded virtue, tact, and prudence. These were not wanting in Father Mc-

Elroy. In a short time, all the troubles were forgotten; the factions died out. Soon the confidence and affection of the people were gained, and, as the writer was once told by a worthy secular priest, a new era was begun for Catholicity in New England. Then were laid the foundations of great works, to which now in their completeness we can point with pride and gratitude. The first care of Fr. Mc Elroy was the Catholic education of the children. He had had the honor of establishing the first Catholic free school of the country in Frederick, Maryland, nearly sixty years ago; it may be said that he was the first to put Christian education on a good basis in Boston. To aid him in this great labor, so necessary for the future of the Church, he engaged the Sisters of Charity, who were afterwards succeeded by the Sisters of Notre Dame (de Namur) from Cincinnati. These excellent and pious teachers came, three in number, Nov. 13th, 1849. It was thought by many they should have to return to the West, as a Catholic school could never meet with success. What do thirty-two years tell? That the Sisters of Notre Dame are numbered by hundreds in Massachusetts. The thousands of girls now under their charge in the state, and the thousands of mothers of families, who owe their attachment to holy faith, and the practical observance of its duties, to the lessons taught them by the good Sisters, show how Catholic schools can prosper. Nearly every parish school for girls in Massachusetts is conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame.

Nothing had as yet been done for the boys—a fatal mistake, so often noticed in New England, as if boys do not need more help than girls, to cling to their holy religion. A cruel teacher in the public school, much against his will, no doubt, was the apostle of the boys. He had severely flogged a Catholic youth for refusing to recite the Protestant version of the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments. A suit was brought against the teacher, but he was acquitted. The outcome of the consequent excitement was the establishing of a Catholic school by Rev. Fr. B. F. Wiget, in 1859. An association was formed for the support of the

great work; each member of the union contributed monthly, twenty five cents. From that day to this, the undertaking has gone on. Now eight hundred boys attend the classes in the large school-building, bought from the city a few years ago. One of the canvassers, Mr. Wall, the father of the youth mentioned above, has collected for the association nearly a hundred thousand dollars in the last twenty-two years. And yet it was said that a Catholic school must fail in Boston.

In course of time, Fr. Mc Elroy undertook to put into execution the plan entertained by the Bishop from the beginning, the building of another church with a college connected with it. The "Jail Lands," so called, were bought from the city for the purpose; but, when the bigots found out what was to be done with the property, difficulties were raised concerning the title. At the suggestion of Honorable Alexander Rice, the Mayor of Boston, Fr. Mc Elroy chose another site in a different and, at that time, a less inviting part of the city. The church and college were built by 1860. No one regrets the result of the bigotry, shown by the "City Fathers" twenty years ago. The Governor of the state (the same gentleman who had induced Fr. Mc Elroy to make the change of site) had every reason, whilst speaking at the Commencement of Boston College three years ago, to say that he felt proud of the part he had in the compromise. St. Mary's congregation, after contributing most liberally towards the new buildings, were left to themselves. By means of chapels in the school-houses, the people heard Mass and received instruction every Sunday. But this state of things could not last. Land was bought and a new church, to be one of the largest and finest in New England, was begun by Rev. R. W. Brady, in 1875; it was dedicated Dec. 8th, 1877, and is now known as St. Mary's of the Sacred Heart. A large and commodious pastoral residence was erected on the foundation of the old church. The little Community of 1847, has also grown meanwhile: ten Fathers, including the four missionaries, four Brothers, two externs now reside here.

During the first years that the parish was in the hands of Ours, the Communion, though the parish was twice as large in numbers as it is now, were twenty thousand a year, one for each soul in the congregation. Last year, the Communion were a hundred thousand, an average of ten for each person. This happy and astounding increase is due to the schools and sodalities. The first sodality, that of the Young Ladies, was formed March, 1853. But sodality work was in its infancy until Nov. 13th, 1856, when Fr. Wiget began the Young Men's Sodality. Sixteen young men were enrolled as postulants on that day: and amongst the names are those of three, now Fathers in the Society. Soon the church was too small for the meetings. Divisions and subdivisions were made in course of time, and to-day nearly four thousand members are enrolled in the various sodalities. The boys and the girls in the schools; the married men; the unmarried men; the married women; the unmarried women, all have their sodalities. As the necessity arises from age or marriage, members are transferred from one society to the other. All the sodalists receive Holy Communion once a month. On the last day of the Mission there was a grand reunion of the sodalities in the church. The members felt proud of the occasion, and listened with enthusiasm to the eloquent address of Father Maguire, the leader of the missionary band, who congratulated them upon the blessing God had bestowed on them, and on others, through their good example. "Twenty-five years ago," said he, "the sodality was a mere handful; now you have on to four thousand members. Twenty-five years ago there were but three sodalities in the state, now scarcely a parish is without one, through the example you have set." To form an idea of the good done by the sodality among the men, it should be told that twelve hundred of them, half of whom nearly were unmarried, went in procession this year, to make the visits to the churches for the Jubilee. It was one of the most edifying sights ever witnessed in Boston. Still, many priests find, or make, difficulties in conducting sodalities. It is true, that there is some trouble attached to

them: they must be watched, nursed for a long-time. The director must take great interest in them, else they may go down. And this is especially true in regard to the Young Men. The present large sodality (420 members) would vanish in a year, unless the greatest care were taken with it. Fr. Byrne, under whose guidance the Young Men's Sodality is at present, has formed the Young Men's Sodality Association, in order to attract them. The members meet every evening for amusement in the hall of the boys' school-house; here they read, play games, go through gymnastic exercises, and, on occasions, give dramatic readings and entertainments, and good ones, too, for their friends of the outside world. There is no telling the good effect of this association upon its three hundred and thirty-five members, who are kept from the street, and the evil companions always to be found there.

All the good work done at St. Mary's, the enormous increase in the Communions must not be given entirely to the schools and the sodalities. The Confraternity of the Sacred Heart, whose membership has almost been trebled within the last four years by the zeal of its director, Fr. Hamilton, the Confraternity of the Scapular, the Conference of St. Vincent, an occasional Temperance Society, have all had a good share in the work. If we examine, we shall find that sodalists make up the rank and file of these confraternities; this is true, particularly, in regard to the four thousand associates in the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart. I only attempt to account for the increase of communicants.

The mission at St. Mary's lasted three weeks. For the first time the Fathers undertook so lengthy a one. FF. Maguire, McAtee, Holland, Keating, and Morgan, gave the exercises. Without the assistance of the Fathers of residence they could not have heard much more than half of the confessions.

It was an experiment, and the success attending it may cause a repetition of it elsewhere. The first week was for women, married and single. Of course, the church was thronged every evening; this was to be looked for. The

second week, for married men, was very good. But the third week for young men; did they come also and show the greatest interest in every thing regarding their spiritual welfare? They did, and what is more, took upon themselves the whole management of the services; they were proud of the event, and were ambitious to show that they could value highly a mission, and did not need the married men to help in anything, not even in taking up, or, as some say, lifting, the collection. They came far better than the married men; more of them went to confession. In the general good effected, the young men's week was the best mission. More recruits for the sodality were gathered in than from the married men. And yet it was feared the experiment might be a failure.

The children were not neglected; separate services were had for them every afternoon, the girls coming the first week, the boys, the second. At the end of the Mission, many children received First Communion, and two hundred were confirmed. Altogether, the Fathers were never better pleased with their work than during these three weeks. The results were: Communions, 12,000; First Communion of adults, 44; Confirmation, 108; Baptisms, 12, with several candidates left under instruction. New members for the sodalities: from the young men, 142; married men, 50; unmarried women, 160; married women, 120. The work from April 24 to June 5 was: Communions, 21,000; First Communions of adults, 17; Baptisms of adults, 15, of children, 2; Confirmation of adults, 158.

Some persons think missionaries have an *à priori* way of getting at figures, and a *couleur de rose* method of describing events. As far as the writer of these sketches is concerned, he does his best by actual count to obtain correct numbers; is, by no means, poetical in fancy, and his statements, perhaps, are not up to the mark, rather than beyond it. With this preamble he closes the report of this year by giving the general results.—A. M. D. G.

Communions, 103,153; First Communion of adults, 380;

Baptisms of adults. 117, of children, 30; Confirmations, 901.

Protestants were left under instruction in various places, for Baptism. J. A. M.

The mission at WESTPORT, CONN., begun April 23d, lasted a week. There are six hundred communicants in the parish. All received the Sacraments with but few exceptions, and these were found among some local statesmen and publicans. The proprietor of a tavern, who kept a Sunday-night rendezvous for young people, was refused absolution, unless he would post a notice outside his canteen that hereafter his place would be closed on Sundays. After some hesitation, and a long sigh for the shekels he was about to lose, he consented. This gave great edification, for his establishment had been a scandal to all for miles around.

The devotion to the Sacred Heart is practised with great fervor by these simple country folk, who had the satisfaction of seeing a beautiful Munich statue erected, after the Mission, with becoming ceremonies. The pastor has caused Fr. Tickell's *Life of Blessed Margaret Mary* to be distributed among his people.

The next Mission was given in JERSEY CITY, at St. Bridget's. A Mission had been preached a year ago by FF. Strong and Morgan, and this one was intended as a sort of gleaner. Fr. Bradley lent an efficacious hand to help on the good work. So also did FF. Cunningham and Smith of our College, which is near by. These good Fathers deserve thanks for their timely aid. Nor was it forgotten that this service was done after they had taught five hours to their classes. They remained in the confessional till long after eleven at night. The services were held at 5 and 8 o'clock A. M. and at 3.30 and 7.45 P. M.

Fr. Bradley had some converts in hand, but I forget how many. Seven hundred confessions were heard, and iron-clad pledges given to some of the neighboring sugar-house men.

The five o'clock Mass and instruction was well attended by men, notwithstanding the drizzel and fog that greeted their awakening eyes every morning. This church is in the malarial district. It is bounded on the north by the "Jersey City Rag Factory"—one block away, on the south by a dismal swamp across the street, on the east by a primary school and on the west by a dumping-ground. It may not be out of place to say here that the druggist's bill for quinine, furnished to pastor and assistant from August to January, amounted to forty-seven dollars. There was none of it left when we arrived there.

FAIRFIELD, CONN. was the scene of the next work, May 29th. There are eight hundred Catholics there.

The usual-Mission regulations were announced at High Mass of the opening Sunday. Some difficulty was found in getting the men to attend the five o'clock services, on account of the onion crop, which requires constant attention, caused by the rapid growth of the weeds. With little attention thirteen harvests of these may be raised in a season. An acre of onions gives a profit of five or six hundred dollars in the New York market. The proprietors can afford to pay two dollars and a half per day to men and even boys, who are known as weeders. All day long these may be seen on their knees, like the Egyptians of old, prostrate before this immoral vegetable, trying to preserve it. What was to be done? If they did not come to Mass on account of weeding, they were too tired at night for more kneeling. The Missioner is preaching to the good old people, who did not need him. The matter was quietly arranged during the night of the second day, by a copious and generous rain, which, having thoroughly drenched the furrows, doggedly resolved itself into Scotch mist for two days more. This straightened up the weeders, who afterwards attended the exercises until the confessions were heard. With the help of neighboring secular priests, five hundred were able to go to Communion. Some vocations to the religious state were met and laid over for a year's consideration.

The notice of this Mission would not be complete without reference to an extraordinary incursion of mosquitoes, which sorely annoyed priest and people. Besides, it was not their time to come. Nothing so completely upsets human nature, as the persistent hum of a mosquito, who seems willing to die a martyr, if he can only light on your nose or bald head. If your tongue can use guileless words under such circumstances, and not resort to expletives which are heated by the fires of a quick temper, you are a proper candidate for a missionary life, or the superintending of a Sunday-school.

From Fairfield I went to the WARWICK MOUNTAINS, a spur of the Blue Ridge, which sets its back up in Western New York. The Mission opened there on Trinity Sunday. It was the first one preached to these good people, who had never seen a Bishop, and who reminded me of the Ephesians mentioned in Acts xix. 3, who did not know if there was a Holy Ghost. The Sacrament of Confirmation had never been administered to them.

At PINE ISLAND, twenty-three miles further west from my first stoppage, I found fifteen families who do not go to Mass at all, and among whom there are lads and lassies of sixteen and eighteen without Baptism.. As the place I went to was an out Mission, I was quite alone, the pastor being obliged to be in another part of his forty-mile parish. The consequence was that I had a taste of shanty life, eating and sleeping under the hospitable roof of Mr. Defly, a mile away from the chapel. During the night it often occurred to me that his babies ought to have been a mile away from the shanty. *Exaltationes Dei in gutture eorum.* One of these interesting babies was afflicted with sore eyes, and the mother had settled it that I was to work a miracle. I left her a huge crock of St. Ignatius' water for that purpose, and for the purposes of other babies.

Let me say a word about this good woman. She is the daughter of one Gray, a Marylander, who was in Georgetown College fifty years ago. The old man migrated towards these mountains, neglected his religion, and brought

up his children Protestants. Being reduced in circumstances, they left him, and "hired out" among farmers. My hostess often noticed one of her fellow-servants, an Irish girl, going on her knees at night, and reading from a book that she always kept in her pocket. Upon asking to be permitted to see the book, she was answered that it wasn't "for the likes of you Protestants." Miss Gray, with that curiosity that is sometimes remarked in her sex, managed to obtain it, and the result was her conversion some time afterwards. She was baptized on the day of her marriage to mine host Defly, a thoroughbred Celt.

Determined to reclaim her old father, she set about it with such earnestness that she has the happiness of knowing that he goes to confession often during the year. He is now eighty-four years old. It might be proper to say, for the honor of Georgetown, that although Gray went through its classes, it was always after the boys had vacated them for the day.

The Mission was well attended. Quite a number of lukewarm Catholics were reclaimed. Whole number of confessions heard amounted to a hundred and sixty. The Baptist minister, Mr. Litchfield, attended the evening services two or three times, and seemed to be pleased with everything but the "smoke up at the head of the Church." He meant the incense. The people never witnessed Benediction before, which was given every evening, the celebrant acting as cantor and choir as well. I left the Warwick Catholics to go to another station, MONROE, thirty-five miles distant. Mass and Mission services were held in the large room of a dwelling-house. The native youth was unable to serve Mass, which obliged me to do without him. Archbishop Corrigan came up to administer Confirmation to about forty adults and children. A lad, John Barrett, when asked what name he would take, replied, "O." "That is not a saint's name," he was told. "Perhaps you would prefer Mac." "No," he answered, "I only want one letter." We gave him it with *Toole* added for euphony and protection. Seventy-five confessions were heard here in three days. Near-

ly all were enrolled in the Confraternity of the Scapular of Mt. Carmel. One convert, who had been under instruction, was baptized.

The pastor of ASBURY PARK, N. J., has about a hundred and fifty souls to answer for there, which made him think that a little Mission would do them some good, at the same time that it might be of benefit for his legion of Methodist brethren. More of these than of the others attended, only fifty-three confessions having been heard.

This town, five miles south of Long Branch, and facing the ocean, is owned by a Mr. Bradley, a devoted Methodist. Forty-five years ago his father pulled across the bay from Staten Island, to have this bad boy baptized in St. Peter's R. C. Church of Barclay St. The son fell away from the faith some time after, and, in course of time, becoming rich, had his possessions mapped out into town lots, upon which are erected cottages for summer boarders, who are, for the most part, Methodists. The Catholics being for a long time without a priest, have fallen away from the practices of their religion, and have no hesitation in going to camp-meeting, if not as an act of religion, at worst, to see what they call *the fun*.

After preaching to slim audiences for three days at Asbury Park, I went to MORRISVILLE, N. J., eighteen miles away. As far as can be learned, all in this scattered place went to the Sacraments during the Mission of three days. One hundred and sixty confessions were heard, and some First Communions given. Mass at five, followed by an instruction, with sermon in the evening. There being no priest's house here, I took very lonesome sleeps in the sacristy of the rickety old chapel, trying betimes to keep out of my mind all the ghost stories I had ever heard. The sacrifice which these good people made in order to attend the evening instruction, was very gratifying and consoling. This being the haying season, they work from dawn till dusk, and then, many of them having to walk three miles, they prepared to start for the Mission. The service was

put off till late in the evening on their account; added to this, their patience in waiting their turn for confession no doubt gained for them many blessings from Almighty God.

NEW MEXICO.

HOLY WEEK AT SAN MIGUEL.

A description of the peculiar ceremonies of Holy Week, according to the ancient customs of the country.

BY MR. JOHN A. CHESTER, S. J.

American institutions have changed some of the most pleasing features of this country. From the day when Gen. Kearney, at the head of his sixteen hundred bronzed warriors, rode into the ancient town of Santa Fè, and, hoisting the Stars and Stripes over the crumbling adobe palace of the governor of the country, proclaimed the region property of the United States, many of the time-honored and purely Mexican, or rather Spanish, customs have disappeared from the land. Even the indigenous costumes of the *Caballeros* and *Vasqueros*, the institution of *Deonage*, many of the ceremonials of the Church, and a number of other features foreign to eastern folks, have gradually retired across the line to Old Mexico, before the influence of American zeal, which is always inimical—more aggressively destructive than those who are not witnesses of it can readily understand—to everything not square-toed and of daily life. This decadence of the old customs, and disappearance of the ancient life and landmarks, has been going on slowly, but surely, during the past three or four decades; but the last two or three years have given a new impetus to the movement, by the introduction of railroads, and the opening up of the many rich mines of gold and silver with which all the mountainous districts, that is, all the country, abound. The Church has had to suffer from the influx of

strangers that these enterprises have brought. The "Almighty Dollar" is the only god recognized by these seekers after wealth, and every form of religion that would put a curb on their unruly passions is hateful to them, but above all, that of Rome. Wherever this horde of destructionists has called a halt, whether in mining-camps or railroad centre, many of the former sacred rites have to be set aside, or confined to the interior of the churches, in order to conciliate the strangers, and render them less hostile to a form of worship seldom, if ever, seen before. Nevertheless, in settlements situated in the interior, distant from this stranger influence, some of the ancient ceremonies are still carried out in full. Among those that yet exist is that of Holy Week, a description of which, as it was observed this year in the little town of *San Miguel*, I purpose giving here. This town is located about thirty-six miles to the south of Las Vegas, on the line of the railroad, yet far enough removed from it to form a distinct settlement from the one that is now springing up by its side, under the name of *Pecos*. It may be of interest to remark here that all the railroad companies that have entered the territory during the past few years, have avoided with studious care all the crumbling towns inhabited by a purely Mexican population, skirting them, however, so that they might form a nucleus for another and more enterprising one of their own making, an end they have, in mostly every case, succeeded in accomplishing. The population of this town, of more than a century's existence, scarcely numbers five hundred, and is made up almost entirely of Mexicans, only a few Americans residing here for the purpose of barter. Spanish is the only tongue understood here, except among the few Americans, who speak their own language and observe their own customs, rarely, if ever, intermingling with the natives. Here, as in some parts of the Orient, two nationalities live side by side, yet keep themselves entirely distinct in language and customs. There is not a single two-story or frame building in the whole settlement, frame structures being but illy adapted to a country such as this, where the

climate is so dry that the danger of fire is greatly augmented, and besides, lumber is scarce and costly, whilst dried mud is cheap and easily obtained. Hither, during the Holy Week just passed, gathered all the religiously inclined Mexicans of the Territory, for this was the only place where the ancient ritual was fully observed this year, swelling the number of its population to more than twice its usual proportions. It was a matter of surprise to me at first to understand where and how they found accommodations, there being no hotels in the town; but the solution of the difficulty was easy enough to me, when I saw with what indifference whole families of ten or twelve accommodated themselves to a room scarcely ten feet square. This is their ordinary manner of living, I am told, whole families of from ten to twenty persons residing in one apartment barely large enough for two persons. Two of the Fathers from the College were sent to assist the pastor, a zealous French priest, as are all the secular clergy of this archdiocese, in carrying out the ancient rubrics. The opening exercise was held at seven o'clock P. M. on Wednesday, one of the Fathers delivering a discourse on the "Precious Blood" shed by our Lord in the Garden of Gethsemane the evening before His Passion. In the middle of the church a statue representing our Saviour, covered with an imitation of blood, was arranged, with that of an Angel, kneeling, and holding in uplifted hand a cup, to catch the precious drops as they flowed from His sacred body. The people stood or knelt around the statues,—the churches in this country not being encumbered by pews,—and listened to the preacher, who tried to inspire them with compassion and sorrow for the heavy sufferings of their God and Redeemer. At the end of the discourse, a procession was formed, headed by the women, the men bringing up the rear, close to the statue, which is borne on the shoulders of four robust men, around the plaza in front of the church;—a plaza without a church facing it would be an anomaly in this country. In this order the entire circle is traversed, whilst the choir chants hymns appropriate to the occasion. When they enter the

church again, the preacher finishes his sermon and dismisses them till the hour of Mass on the following day. No sermon is delivered then ; it is postponed till the evening, when a discourse on the "Capture" of Jesus by the servants of the High Priest is offered for their consideration. Just before the preacher ascends the pulpit, a statue of our Lord is borne into the middle of the church by twelve men, dressed as the Apostles are supposed to have been arrayed on that night, who, after they have placed the statue in position, retire to some distance, and one of them, who assumes the role of Judas, withdraws himself from the rest and goes outside, where those who represent the priests and soldiers are stationed. The sermon, in the meantime, has been begun ; at a given signal, the soldiers armed with pikes, muskets, etc., enter, headed by Judas, and advance up the church till they arrive near the statue, when the preacher asks them : "*A quien quereis ?*" "Whom do you seek ?" and they answer in a loud tone : "*A Jesús Nazareno !*" "Jesus of Nazareth." The priest then answers : "*Aquí le tenéis !*" "Behold, he is here !" and they immediately fall to the floor, where they remain till they are told to rise. Then he who represents Judas steps up to the statue of our Lord and kisses it, whilst the Jews crowd around it, and put a rope about its neck preparatory to leading it away. The sermon is again continued from where it was left off, and, at the end, a procession is formed, and passes over the same route as on the preceding evening. A drummer and fifer lead it, however, and the statue of our Lord is carried in the centre of the Jews, who seem to heap all kind of insults upon it. I forgot to mention, that the Captain of the Jews is mounted on a large black horse, accompanied by two servants, who keep up with him by clinging to the saddle on either side, and at the same time urge the poor animal forward by means of large whips, which they carry in their hands. In this manner, they again enter the church, where, after certain prayers prescribed by the ritual are recited, the people are dismissed till 7 o'clock, when they come together

to listen to a discourse on the "Imprisonment." In a corner of the church an imitation prison is erected and the statue of Jesus is placed therein chained to a huge pillar, and surrounded by armed men and others bearing chains, whips, etc. The preacher recalls the circumstances, as narrated in the Gospel, and the soldiers buffet the statue, striking it with the chains and whips, and making a most unearthly noise. At the end of the sermon, a procession is again arranged, and follows the same course as in the two former, with the same attendants: but as it is now night all are supplied with *ocote*,—resinous, pine splinters—which burn with a bright light.

The next ceremony, that of the Three Falls, takes place immediately after the "Adoration of the Cross" on Good Friday. Two processions are formed—one, of the men, which goes by one side of the plaza, carrying with them the statue of our Lord loaded with the cross and surrounded by armed Jews and executioners, who bear whips and other instruments of torture,—the other, of women, who march by the other side, having with them the statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. John and also a young girl, selected from among the congregation, robed, as pictures tell us the Blessed Veronica was, bearing a white cloth wherewith to wipe the face of the suffering Saviour. In the centre of the plaza, a temporary platform is erected, and when the two wings of the procession have arrived within about fifty feet of it, a halt is ordered, and the preacher mounted on the platform narrates the doleful history of the Falls of our Lord, making some apposite reflections on each. When he announces the first Fall, the statue of our Saviour is inclined towards the ground, and the people advance a few steps; at the second, it is still further inclined; and at the third, drops on the ground, or rather against the raised platform; then the statues of the B. V. Mary and St. John are brought close up to it, and the Veronica comes forward and wipes the face of our Lord; the sermon is then finished, and the procession returns to the church, the women in the lead.

In the evening, towards the hour of three, the "Crucifixion" is preached in the church. A large purple veil is drawn across the altar, behind which a cross has been raised with an image of Jesus nailed thereon. After recounting the facts of our Lord's Crucifixion, the preacher cries out in a loud voice: *Murió Jesús* (Jesus has died): the veil is torn in two, and the cross bearing the dead Jesus is displayed to the gaze of the worshippers. Then some young men robed in albs come in from the sacristy, bearing ladders, hammers and ropes, and prepare to take down the body from the cross, whilst the sermon continues. The nails which bound the statue to the cross are removed, and given to the maidens, who are dressed in white, and supposed to represent the pious women that attended at the Crucifixion, and the statue is lowered and placed in the arms of a statue of Mary Most Sorrowful. Finally, the statue of our Lord is placed on a bier, and the ordinary procession is inaugurated.

The sixth exercise, that claims the attention of the faithful, is a sermon on the Sorrows of Mary. Close to the tomb of our Saviour which is erected in the centre of the church, a statue of Mary clothed in black, and surrounded by four or five maidens to represent the holy women, who accompanied the Blessed Virgin during that sorrowful period, is arranged, and the preacher with his eyes fixed on this group endeavors to move the people to compassion for her sufferings. It does not require a great effort to effect this, as the devotion to "Mary Most Sorrowful" is a favorite devotion of the Mexican people. A procession is again formed and the same track is gone over, but now as our Lord is dead and enclosed in the tomb, the statue of Mary is also carried. This closes the exercises of this day. On the following morning a solemn Mass is celebrated, the tomb remains in the same position as on the preceding day, but is guarded by a band of armed men and their captain. At the intoning of the "Gloria," the stone which guards the entrance is suddenly rolled back, discovering a statue of the Angel Gabriel, and the linens that enshrouded the dead body of

the Crucified Saviour. Jesus has risen gloriously from the tomb. At the same time, the soldiers, who had been guarding the sepulchre, throw aside their arms, helmets and spurs, and the captain jumping over the altar railing seizes the censer and continues as Acolythe during the rest of the Mass. There is no procession after this ceremony, which concludes the exercises of this holy season; the remainder of the time being devoted to the confessional and preparation for the great feast of the morrow.

These ceremonies, however puerile and absurd they may appear to persons imbued with modern ideas of religion, are of great efficacy among a race of people who have been educated from their earliest years to consider them the most sacred forms of their worship. Their usefulness has been proven by the number of persons who flock to the confessional during their performance, and the multitude of sinners, who have been separated from their church for years, brought again within the fold. How long these and similar observances will continue to keep a foothold in this country, where a foreign race whose very presence breeds immorality and infidelity is crowding out the nation, is a problem difficult of solution. We can but shrug our shoulders in imitation of the Mexican and murmur: "*Quien sabe?*" "Who knows?"

TEXAS.

Letter from Father Garesche.

SEGUIN, TEXAS,
July 10, 1881.

REV. DEAR FATHER,
P. C.

I was sent to this State in March 1879, in the hope that my health, impaired by a three years residence in Milwaukee might be improved by a sojourn in the South. In two weeks most of the symptoms of an incipient paralysis were abated, and by the month of July, I was thought capable of giving some country missions in Lavaca County. This county is south of what is called Sunset Route, the railway between Houston and San Antonio.

I was told by my Superior that the pastor wanted a mission; it never occurred to me that the plural number was what he meant. I took the railway to Flatonia, where the pastor awaited me with his buggy and horses. So seldom is a single horse used here in harness that the roads in the country are all worn into a double track. Father Forrest, the worthy priest of Hallettsville, took me to his little church three miles south of that place. We had to journey eighteen miles across a prairie, for the most part undulating, called *hog wallow*. Now and then the road would be cut by a new fence which seemed in no way to surprise him as he would look for some little tracks to the right or the left, and turn the obstacle. There are three classes of roads in Texas, according to law. The first road may not be closed in, the second may be closed in, but with a gate for travellers, the third has no rights which a Texan need respect. I have seldom travelled on a road of the first class. In Refugio County I lately journeyed for eighteen miles on a road which led across two ranges (cattle farms) to a third,

where we stopped. We had therefore three gates to open, the ranges averaging twenty-four miles square.

Arrived at the church, I found a frame building about fifty by twenty-five feet, from which that very evening we removed every window sash. There could be no danger of rain, for there is always a drought at this season, and the heat would have been otherwise unendurable. Our residence was one lower room in a log farm-house of which the other, with an intervening hall was occupied by a saintly German family of farmers. The women *did* for us in Teutonic style, the table being rich in grease and vinegar. The upper story or attic embraced likewise two rooms, and this building once claimed to be the first Catholic college in West Texas!

The mission, exercises were at 9 A. M. and at 4 P. M, but after the morning sermon a young Bohemian priest translated the instruction for the benefit of a large concourse of Catholics of that nationality, whose orange, purple, red and green dresses and kerchiefs, were enough to give inflammation of the eyes to a blind man. Those who understood English were descendants of Missouri or Kentucky Catholics, and there were but few Irish names to be found. Their piety was not demonstrative but solid, and they came some of them from twelve to sixteen miles to make the mission. Some few left their farms to care for themselves, and camped out nearly the whole week. It was a singular thing to me this preaching to a purely American congregation. I felt the loss of the Celtic sympathy and enthusiasm of faith, which in Missions at the North react upon the preacher so as actually to make him eloquent in nature's despite.

The thermometer was, during the greater part of the week, high up in the nineties, but the nights, which I passed upon the floor with doors and windows open, were cool and refreshing. Here I began to make acquaintance with Texan rusticity, which knows little of conventional refinement. They are for the most part a silent but hospitable people, but they have little notion of privacy. I would come to my room sometimes for a rest, only to find it occupied by

mothers nursing their children, or soothing them to sleep on my bed. Fr. Shea, the translation of an unpronounceable Bohemian name, went up stairs one afternoon to take some rest and found a man stretched on his couch, who muttered, as he sleepily rolled himself over on the other side, "I always take a nap at this time of day."

In this mission there were but six or seven Catholics who failed to take advantage of the graces offered them. We made some converts, but there were few Protestants who attended the exercises.

On the Monday succeeding the mission we went to Yellow Banks, eighteen miles off, and gave there a three days mission, returning to Hallettsville on Sunday evening. This was what is called a post-oak country, where the heat is most felt, and I feared that I could not stand it. The result was satisfactory, as but one Catholic stayed away from confession. Friday evening, I lectured in Hallettsville, in a small, badly-lighted, over-crowded hall to an audience principally Protestant. The next morning I received a numerously signed petition to give them another address upon my return.

We started for Brushy, eighteen miles off, the thermometer indicating 104 degrees in the shade. The sun was vertical, the roads dusty, or across a hog-wallow prairie; I felt utterly prostrated. At Brushy another log-house for pastoral residence adjoining the church, used occasionally for a school-house. As I leaned weak and worn out against the door jam, noting the gaps in the roof and the wide chinks between the apartments, which they were filling up with old clothes, I confess to have felt some despondency, and I asked Father Forrest if there were yet lower depths to sound. He smiled, the holy, indefatigable missionary, and assured me that this was the worst that I would have to encounter, but, said he, this is civilization, this is luxury to what I found, coming here for the first time at the close of the war.

This mission was the *pièce de resistance*. Here I had been prepared to find an unruly and careless set of cow-

boys, utterly reckless of *meum* and *tuum* where unbranded calves were concerned. It was for this place that I had been entreated to reserve my most moving arguments, and—I fell sick. Only one house was in sight from the church, and yet the next morning the place was alive with wagons and horses, and in all that crowd not a sound of the delicious Irish brogue. I broke down in the morning sermon, and a physician who was present pronounced it impossible for me to recover in time to continue the mission. My brain was burning and I became delirious, but not before I entreated the people to wait one day. The whole prairie around the church was an encampment, and they did wait. All Sunday night, all Monday until three o'clock. Tuesday morning I was out of my mind and the Doctor would not leave me, a courier was on horseback to summon a Father from Seguin, and an old San Jacinto man was sitting up with me, as he said, to see a priest die. "I have seed a many, but never a priest." The dear old fellow, he walked a whole mile—a great feat among these centaurs—to the country store to buy a chamber vessel for the sick priest. There was nothing of that kind there. When I woke from my fever, it was to see four or five men sleeping around me on the bare boards. I thanked God fervently for granting me the favor of working yet a while longer for Him. That afternoon I made the congregation a short address, and then the mission went on as usual, except that the good people would not, out of consideration for me, approach my confessional. I had been told, when complaining now and then of the babies brought to the church at the preceding missions, "wait till you go to Brushy." They were right; I suppose there must have been at least fifty children who were not old enough to talk, but quite old enough to drown a preacher's voice with their screams. I have counted as many as a dozen being nursed at one time on the verandah on which my room opened, or in the adjoining apartment. The year was exceedingly hard on the farmers, for a long drought had parched every thing, and we could find nothing to eat save bacon and corn bread.

On Friday we had literally nothing for dinner but ochra, which I cooked myself for fear they they should spoil it, we could not get even eggs.

If the trials were pretty severe the result surpassed our fondest hopes. Only one man abstained from the sacraments and he had made his Easter. The cow-boys who had not deigned at first to lift their hat to the priest or missionary; who had come to the mission as to a camp meeting, for the fun of the thing, gave in, and their smiles and awkward salutes showed that they had hearts under their rude exterior. On the last Sunday I preached four times. On one of these occasions I had promised that none but mothers with their children should be present. It was intended as a compensation for my strictness in enforcing a law that every crying child should be at once taken out of church. Some rebelled at this, and on two occasions I had great difficulty in carrying my point. Well the blessing of the babies came, and of all the concerts I ever assisted at, it was the most wonderful. At first I got along pretty well, but when one, then three or four, and finally thirty or forty infant voices joined in the chorus I concluded to withdraw. I gave the blessing and made a promise to myself never to do it again.

In the three missions we had altogether about twelve converts and seven hundred and fifty Communions, and I recognized herein the blessing which God communicates in a mission which has been worked up for years by a pious, self-sacrificing priest. They loved and revered their pastor, these simple Texans, and it would be hard to find in America more solid virtue, simple but well grounded faith than on the Catholic missions of Lavaca County.

I return there this August to preach the Jubilee.

F. P. G.

KANSAS.

Letter from Father Ponziglione.

OSAGE MISSION, NEOSHO CO., KANSAS,
July 7th, 1881.

REV. FATHER,
P. C.

Last winter was one of the most severe winters through which I passed during my stay in this western country. In January I started on a visit to the Osages in Indian Territory, but could not proceed farther than one hundred miles on account of the snow and ice which covered the ground. I may thank my Guardian Angel's kind watchfulness that I did not break my neck during this much of the journey. In the valleys and on the hills—everywhere, the ground was covered with ice as smooth as glass. My horse being sharp shod was sure-footed, and never missed a step; but my ambulance? oh if you had only seen it! why it swung from one side to another, like an oscillating pendulum; now it swayed to the right, then veered to the left, and at times drew up uncomfortably near to the edge of a tremendous precipice. After such experiences during the short distance of one hundred miles, I concluded that it was impossible to finish my missionary work among the Osages at the appointed time, and thought it best to return to my mission.

The winter at last was over, and I started again on the sixteenth of May for the Indian Territory. Fresh troubles awaited me, surely, for the raining season had just begun. The rivers were very high, or the creeks were swollen into rivers and the little mountain streams into torrents, so that I found it very hard to cross them. But with God's help I went through every danger uninjured. I directed my course to the north-west corner of the Osage Reservation and found the half-breeds at the usual stations en-

gaged in working their farms, but the full-bloods were scattered all over the country in quest of game. You have no idea what a trouble it is to find these full-bloods when they are scattered in different parts of the country on the hunt; unless a person is acquainted with their habits, he may travel a whole day over the plains without discovering the least trace of them. The smoke, however, is my best indication in quest of the Indians on the plains.

When the Osages go out, either on a big hunt, or on a war path, they march in single file on the same trail. Some three or four hours before the party sets out, scouts are sent ahead. These are generally chosen from the young men well acquainted with the roads and sharp on the trail. As they go along, fire is put to the grass on their route. On a calm day the smoke resembles a pillar rising to the sky. At night, of course, the smoke cannot be used as a signal, or guide; the fire then takes its place. This smoke by day or fire by night is always kept in view by the Indians following, who may form a line two or three miles in extent.

On this trip I observed the smoke at a great distance, drew near to it and found that I had come upon the camp of a full-blood Osage family. Here I found a poor squaw, who hearing of my visit to her nation at a certain station, had traveled twenty-five miles with three of her little children in order that they might be baptized. It seems that after high hoping the poor woman was disappointed, for she did not meet me at the place where she expected to see me, and was obliged to return in sorrow to her wigwam. God was soon to reward her piety, for I, unaware of her whereabouts, by accident came to her camp. Think of her joy, when she saw me baptize her little darlings! After I had baptized the little children she requested me to bless for her a few cedar branches. This I did and hastened my course to the Agency which was not far off, to get under shelter from an impending storm; I did not like the idea of getting an unnecessary drenching.

The Osages, and generally all the blanket Indians, do not care about living in houses, but prefer to live in the

open air. A shower, no matter how heavy, does not trouble them; on the contrary, in summer, they seem to enjoy it. When the shower is over, they shake themselves like the birds, and in a short time are perfectly dry, because their clothing is scanty. Some people imagine that because the Indians roam in comparative nakedness, immorality must be great amongst them. This is far from being the case. On the contrary, we find less immorality amongst them than amongst the whites. I grant that in their midst you may find some wicked men, ready for indecency and other crimes; yet not in greater proportion than among civilized people. As a class they are very moral and full of self-respect, so that we but seldom meet with anything improper. A missionary can pray, meditate and read his breviary in an Indian camp with less distractions than in the families of our civilized friends.

Speaking of the breviary puts me in mind of a queer incident. I had just finished the reading of my Office, one day, and was about to put away my book, when an Osage, Whaconta-chi, or, in other words, Medicine-man of the tribe, asked me very pleasantly whether that book was my Bible. "Why," I asked, "do you put me such a question? What do you know about the Bible?" "I too have a Bible as well as you," he replied. Hearing this, I requested him to show me his Bible. He willingly consented to show me the Holy Book, and for that purpose invited me into his tent. Here he seated me on a large buffalo skin spread upon the ground, and having picked up three bundles of sticks, very much resembling reed pipe-stems, handed them to me, saying: "This is my Bible." I took the bundles in my hand, turned them over and over, and returned them to him, saying: "My friend, I am at a loss to know where to begin to read this Bible of yours; how do you read it?" The good-humored fellow smiled and said: "I do not know." Then I asked again: "But why do you call it your Bible?" "Well," he said, "that is the name all the Medicine-men give to these three bundles."

Perhaps this Bible is a puzzle to you as it was at first to

me. I will try to give you a few items on the subject, which may lead you to think that the Medicine-man was not altogether wrong in calling the three bundles his Bible.

Among the different religious ceremonies of the Osages, the veneration of these three bundles holds a prominent place. The Medicine-men cannot tell you their real significance, but generally agree in saying that they received them from their forefathers as heirlooms of most distant generations, and that their fathers always held them in the greatest reverence, and guarded them as a sacred trust. The value they attach to the worship of these bundles depends in a great measure upon the number of sticks contained in them, and upon the order in which they are taken from one bundle and placed in another. These three bundles contain different numbers of sticks. The first has seventy-seven, the second, sixty, and the last, thirty. Regarding the meaning of this Bible, some will tell you that each stick represents some different age of the world: others, again, that it recalls some remarkable event in the world's history. A third party will reject both interpretations and tell you that each stick on its appearance called forth from the Indians certain prayers or sacred lines which they were obliged to recite at the beginning of every expedition. This seems to me to be the best explanation, and to coincide more exactly with the proceedings while on the march. For, if the number of these sticks be computed, it will be found to tally pretty nearly with that of the psalms. There are more sticks than psalms, it is true; but an obvious reason may account for this. It is only natural that in the course of centuries, some additions were made, prompted by the religious feelings of the people.

The practices of the Osages at this very day seem to confirm the supposition that this Indian Bible is but a record of the psalms, or of the old psalter.

When the Osages start on their regular hunts, or on a war path, some honored Medicine-man dressed in the full insignia of his office, takes his position at the head of the party, and selecting a stick from one of the bundles which

he carries on his back, begins a song, or rather gives them a note, which they hold and repeat for some time. After a while he puts the stick into a small bag and picks out another, which is the signal for the beginning of another melody either in a higher or lower tone than the preceding one. The chant continues in this way until the end of the journey. When the whole band sings in full chorus, you are immediately reminded of a choir of monks singing their matins or vespers. Now it is most probable that in ancient times these aborigines knew the psalms by heart; but as they had no written books in which to record their customs and transactions, naturally the wording of the psalms slipped from their memories and left them but the various intonations of each.

The Osages are very conservative in whatever concerns their religious practices; so much so, that, though willing to part with almost every custom, they cling with devotion to this primitive and so-called Bible. Should it be lost, every effort is made to recover it, no matter what may be the trouble and expense. Only a privileged few among the Medicine-men are allowed the use of these bundles. They are generally the favorites and admired of the tribe.

While the Osages live in their aboriginal state as blanket Indians, they will never relinquish their superstitious rites and adopt Christian habits. They must consequently be first civilized and then christianized. The Indians themselves imagine that the Christian religion is only for the civilized, and as they are not a civilized people and do not follow the customs of the whites they cannot be Christians. "While we are Indians," they say, "we must follow the Medicine-man"

On the expedition I passed through the country of the Kansas, or as they were formerly called, the Kaw Indians. The Kaws are kin to the Osages, and rightly speaking are but a branch of the same nation. The language which they speak is materially the same as that of the Osages, though there is a slight difference in accent. They claim a more ancient pedigree than the Osages whom they call

younger brothers; but the Osage will tell you that the Kaws are but a people coming after them, and much below them in physical and intellectual greatness.

This question of the priority of family or tribe, will probably never be decided. Society however will not suffer.

The full-bloods of this tribe follow the same religious ceremonies as the Osages. The half-breeds profess to be Roman Catholics, that is to say, they have been baptized in the Church, but know nothing about her doctrines, owing to the want of Catholic instructors. They have frequently petitioned the United States government for Catholic priests, but have not succeeded in obtaining their request.

As to their intellectual powers there is little difference between the two tribes; though it must be confessed that in certain cases the Kaws have succeeded in outwitting their Osage brethren. The former are noted horse thieves and will spirit away a horse, whenever a good chance offers. The Osages dread the Kaws on this account, and accuse them of the theft of their missing horses. To give you an idea of the smartness shown by these horse thieves in their profession I will mention a case that happened some time ago.

Near our mission, lived an old Indian, Nassour by name; he was a good Christian and a very sociable man. At the time of the annual payment, several neighboring tribes came to visit the Osages, and according to their custom "to smoke horses," that is to say, barter horses. About twenty Kaws came with the visitors. Although this party was a friendly one, the bad name of their brethren, caused all to be on the watch for their horses—lest some of the Kaws might yield to temptation.

Old Nassour especially, kept his eyes open; he had but one horse, and him, he intended to guard closely. Well, night set in; and the old Indian tethered his horse to a tree with this precaution however; that he tied a bell to the horses neck, in order that the jingling sound during the night, might assure him of the animal's presence. With this precaution taken, he settled down to sleep. Every

motion of the horse caused a ringing of the bell, and the old man hearing it would say: "Good! my horse is here yet." Then turning over he would fall asleep again. The wily old Indian was indeed smart, but he had a still sharper person to deal with in the shape of a young Kaw. This fellow made up his mind to steal the horse. Accordingly, he crept stealthily to the tree, approached the horse gently, took the bell from his neck, and tied it to a branch of the tree; then mounting old Nassour's treasure, sped away. The night was dark and stormy, and the wind very high at intervals; so that the bell kept ringing and swinging the whole night, and Nassour kept imagining that his horse was safe in his possession. Imagine his surprise at day-break, in finding his animal gone, and in seeing the bell swinging in the branches of the tree.

Now you ask: "Do these Indians see any harm in stealing?" Yes they do, that is, among themselves. They very seldom steal from each other, though they have many a chance; for the wigwams and lodges are always open. But like the Jews of old, they see no harm in appropriating the property of their enemies. Now, the white man is their enemy; consequently the Indian takes his property with an easy conscience and considers himself in good luck when he succeeds in so doing.

This is one of the great obstacles to success in christianizing them. But these very notions are eradicated easily and the bad habit broken, under the direction of Catholic missionaries, who have the sound doctrine to give them, and will treat them disinterestedly and fairly.

PAUL MARY PONZIGLIONE, S. J.

OBITUARY.

FATHER JAMES M. CONVERSE.

Rev. James M. Converse died at the St. Louis University on Tuesday, April 26th, 1881, at eight o'clock P. M., after devoutly receiving all the rites of the Church. He suffered much during the last four or five days of his illness, but he bore his pains with great patience, and with complete resignation to the will of God.

His disease was enlargement of the heart, which first manifested dangerous symptoms about one year ago. With the advice of his physicians, he visited the scenes of his childhood in the State of Vermont, where he spent the month of July and a part of August, 1880; but finding there no relief from this insidious and unconquerable malady, he returned to St. Louis, where the disease gradually gained on his vigorous constitution, till it resulted in the dropsy which finally carried him off. The faculties of his mind retained their characteristic clearness and accuracy to the last struggle with death, in which life passed away.

Rev. James M. Converse was born near Randolph, in the State of Vermont, on July 30th, 1814, and he was a descendant of the Puritan first settlers of New England. When he reached his majority, in 1835, he went to Cleveland, Ohio, where he engaged in business with his brother. His avocations carried him to the copper mines in the vicinity of Lake Superior, where his interests detained him for some while; but he subsequently returned to Cleveland and studied law. He followed the profession of law thenceforth till the year 1845. Religion occupied a considerable share in his thoughts wherever he was, and in whatever employments he was engaged. After abandoning the denomination of religion in which he had been reared, he drifted from one church to another during several years, studying successively all the confessions of faith on which

he could lay his hands, his changing opinions causing him to join quite a number of sects, but not remaining long in membership with any one. As there were certain fundamental questions to which he could find no satisfactory answer in any of the churches to which he had attached himself, he became unsettled in mind and despondent; he began to think seriously of dismissing the subject of religion from his thoughts altogether. He was in this state of mind when, on Easter Sunday, 1842, he was casually passing the door of the Catholic Church in Cleveland during divine service. He never had, up to that time, thought it worthy of his attention to examine the claims of the Catholic Church on rational belief, because its falsity was, throughout his life, a foregone conclusion for his mind. Out of mere curiosity he entered the Church door, and, as it happened, the priest, Rev. Peter McLaughlin, was just beginning his sermon, and the subject announced was precisely one that had long perplexed his own thoughts. The sermon shed a new light upon his mind, and opened new trains of thought, making so great an impression on him that he determined to see the priest when service was over, and have a conversation with him. The reverend gentleman received him kindly, and their talk on questions of religion, which began at the dinner table, was actually prolonged throughout the evening and entire succeeding night. After some repose next day, Mr. Converse asked Father McLaughlin, as the man from Ethiopia riding on a chariot with the Apostle Philip beside him "preaching unto him Jesus," asked, when he was made to understand the truth: "See, here is water; what doth hinder me from being baptized?" Mr. Converse was, in compliance with his own earnest desire, baptized on that same day, which was Easter Monday, 1842.

Father Converse, with the approval of his spiritual adviser, the Rev. Peter McLaughlin, resolved to become a Jesuit, and accordingly he entered the St. Stanislaus' Novitiate, near Florissant, Mo., February 4th, 1845, and he remained a member of the Jesuit society till his death. Dur-

ing the first years, after his probation as a novice was completed, he was employed as a teacher at the St. Louis University; he was afterwards successively at St. Joseph's College, Bardstown, Ky., at St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, in Chicago on parochial and missionary duties, in Leavenworth, Kansas, in St. Louis and at St. Stanislaus Seminary, in all of which places he filled important positions with great efficiency. After the death of Father De Smet, which took place May 23, 1873, Father Converse was appointed to succeed him as procurator, or economer of the Province, occupying this office till his death. It devolved on him, as procurator of the province, to manage the temporal affairs, and the finances of the Missouri Province, to which employments he united parochial duties in the congregation of St. Francis Xavier's church. His zeal for the spiritual welfare of the people, and his remarkable ability for business, gained for him a large number of friends and admirers, who testified, to the last, their high esteem for his many excellent qualities, among which his charity and kindness were pre-eminent. Many are the persons who will remember works of disinterested goodness which he did for them in their hour of need.

Father Converse had an intellect that was penetrating and searching, at the same time that its range was broad and comprehensive. In matters of business, and in all the practical affairs of life, he was remarkable for the correctness and prudence of his judgments. His entire conduct was regulated by principle maturely considered before action was decided on. He followed his convictions of what was duty for him, with unswerving firmness of purpose; after canvassing minutely all the reasons for action, and reaching a decision as to what was right, no difficulties could discourage him, and no opposition save that which comes from evident principle could divert him from his undertaking. The sickness which carried him off, as said, was enlargement of the heart, finally resulting in dropsy. His strong, iron will resisted the destroyer, so as, aided by the skill of his physicians, to prolong his life far beyond the

measure which such ailment ordinarily allows to the most vigorous constitutions on which it seizes. He knew for months beforehand that his enemy must conquer at last, and as the end approached, he went about the preparation for death as a matter of business, but as the most important business of his life. He never manifested a sign of fear, uneasiness or unwillingness to meet death, often remarking that death could cause him no dismay, talking freely and cheerfully of his approaching dissolution, with its final struggles. Father Converse was of a manly and sterling character, which peculiarly fitted him for great and arduous tasks, and such he performed whenever the occasion for them required him.

The strict adherence to principle for which he was distinguished exhibited itself in his religious conduct, in his practice of piety, always solid and masculine, *obsequium rationabile*, and especially did it manifest itself in all he did to dispose himself to appear before God in judgment. All had to be done according to rule and system; but that rule, and that system, were adhered to by him with the thoroughness and exactness which characterized all the performances of his life. Father Converse possessed extraordinarily good qualities both of head and heart, which shone more brilliantly in the last long trial of his life, his death, which was that of a good man, who had filled the measure of a useful and meritorious life of sixty-seven years.

His remains were buried on Thursday, April 28th, 1881, at St. Stanislaus' Novitiate, near Florissant, on a little mound in the garden, where repose those of Fathers Van Quickenborne, De Smet, Van Assche, Verhaegen, etc. R. I. P.

WALTER H. HILL, S. J.

BROTHER DANIEL MASON.

Died at Woodstock, at 2 o'clock, on Good Friday morning, Brother Daniel Mason.

The name of this good Brother will recall to the minds of Woodstock's first inhabitants recollections of those early days when all that was beautiful at Woodstock was confined within the walls of its domestic chapel. There were then no winding walks, nor flowers breathing sweet perfume, nor conservatories to protect against the chilling blasts those plants that were to charm the eye and cheer the heart, when spring should call them forth. Nor were there then any spreading lawns nor shaded boulevard, nor ingeniously contrived summer-houses in which to pass in pleasant groups the recreation hours. To the chapel, then, in those early days, we escorted our visiting guest, feeling that here, at least, we could point with pride to what was then our solitary boast. Here too in those early days of Woodstock, when the pelting rains, and the roads ankle deep with mire, kept the Woodstock student a prisoner within its walls, the heart was less heavy and the days less sad, as we held converse with God within this our sanctuary. But who amongst us will fail to acknowledge, that, if with pride we escorted our guest, or if with sacred joy we knelt and prayed within these hallowed walls, much that was there to inspire our pride, or excite our feelings of sacred joy, was due to the devoted zeal and excellent taste of him who was our Sacristan! Or who can fail to see in all those plans and devices, by which he contrived so well to enhance the dignity of the Church's festivals, Br. Mason knew Whom it was he served and loved Him well!

No wonder he could always smile, no wonder he could always toil and never pause to rest those limbs that for thirty years knew keenest suffering. No wonder, when his days were full, and God, satisfied with his faithful service, called him to appear before Him, no wonder that in this

summons he joyed as only the elect can joy. Suffering intensely, but so sweetly smiling, that we forgot the while that nature had not fashioned in attractive mould a face that grace now lit up with ineffable charm.

Thus Br. Mason suffered, thus he smiled, and suffering and smiling he calmly, peacefully, joyfully passed away — complaining only of this, that the doctor seemed desirous of prolonging his life. Those who witnessed his last moments, seeing his lips constantly moving in prayer, and his eyes raised on high, could not fail to perceive that his heart was where the orders of Superiors and his daily duties had long kept him—near, very near, to God.

Thus passed away Brother Mason, just one week after another of Woodstock's faithful Brothers, Michael Keenan, had been called to his reward. Alike in their fidelity, alike in their simplicity, their deaths were not dissimilar. God grant that all who die at Woodstock may display the same evident, most abundant signs of predilection!

MR. JAMES O'CONNELL.

On the 8th of July was laid to rest in the quiet churchyard of Old St. Inigoes, St. Mary's County, Md., Mr. James O'Connell, a scholastic of the Missouri Province. He was drowned, while bathing in the St. Mary's river near a place called Gunboat Springs, on the morning of the 5th. During the three days occupied in searching for his body, so great a gloom was cast upon us all that few will soon forget the vacations of 1881. When the remains had been recovered and placed in sacred ground, so many and consoling were the circumstances connected with the death of our Brother, that a feeling of relief and joy succeeded our mourning.

As we arrived at St. Inigoes too late on the morning of the 2nd to go to Holy Communion, we received general permission to approach the Holy Table on the very day of the accident. Of this privilege Mr. O'Connell and

his excursion party availed themselves. Fr. Klein, who was providentially of the number, gave him the Last Absolution. It is not the purpose of this present notice to enter into details of the event. They are already well known. In Mr. O'Connell, his Province lost a faithful and edifying religious and laborer of much promise. He was in his twenty-sixth year, and had been eight years in the Society. His virtues and amiable qualities endeared him to all, whilst his talents and energy pointed him out as destined to a career of usefulness.

During his brief life he had accomplished much good in a quiet and hidden manner. There was neither glitter, nor show in what he did. Exceedingly charitable to all his brethren, he was especially so to the sick. A Sister of Charity could not have treated them with greater delicacy and tact.

His leading characteristics were great love of the right and perfect, and independence of mind in following out what he considered to be his duty, regardless of consequences and comments. He aimed at perfection in whatever he undertook and nothing less could satisfy him. Hence, his great ardor for study and for all that could tend to aid him to become such a Jesuit as our Institute asks for. His ideal Jesuit was a very lofty conception and often was he heard to bewail his inability to attain it, though striving manfully. As a child, he grew up under the shadow of the Altar and was known as one of the most devoted and punctual Acolytes of the Holy Family parish in Chicago, his native city. Here it was that he first exhibited a very great devotion to the Sacred Heart and to our Lady's Immaculate Conception. This trait marked his whole life. One of the first students to have his name inscribed on the catalogue of St. Ignatius' College, he was also one of the first Prefects of our Lady's Sodality. He used his popularity with his fellow students to form a Guard of Honor for prayer before the tabernacle during hours of recreation. This practice became quite general. It was not unusual to see boys leaving the excitement of a game of Base Ball to

spend their allotted time in the Chapel. To this pious custom introduced by him many attribute their vocation to the priesthood and to a religious life. He remained but three years at College, entering the Society after the class of Poetry.

During his three years at Florissant this devotion to the Sacred Heart did not abate. When he entered our Colleges to teach, he found a fitting outlet for his zeal. I have before me a list of boys, whom he had caused to enter the Association of the Sacred Heart. Many of them and their relatives promised to make frequent Communions of Reparation.

During his life as a teacher it was remarked that his class was always foremost in decorating their little classroom shrine of our Lady during the month of May.

The charming simplicity of his manners won him the love and respect of all, with whom he came in contact. Of strangers, with whom he had merely a chance conversation, he made fast friends. Thus, when coming to Woodstock, he fell in with a young officer of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, who ever afterwards regularly corresponded with him. The conversion of this gentleman was his great desire.

All his brethren tell of his deeds of kindness, his considerate charity, and great exactness in the performance of duty, and many an eye was dimmed as the cold earth fell over the mortal remains of one, so full of life and promise, torn from our midst in so sudden and sad a manner.

Few went to St. Inigoes with greater hopes of enjoyment. He was anxious to make the most of the week he was to spend with us in regaining his strength, before going to Georgetown for a special course of Chemistry, to follow which he had volunteered to make the sacrifice of the greatest part of his vacations, that he might thus fit himself better for the work of our Society in Colleges.

His death brought out most strikingly the deep fraternal charity of the Society. The name of him who exposed his own life, to save his brother's, and of those who toiled

under the rays of a hot sun for three days in the attempt to recover his remains, as well as of those, who so beautifully arranged his grave, will not soon depart from our memory.

“A true child of the Company of Jesus, he glorified God, and edified his neighbor.”

D. O. M.

OUR COLLEGES IN THE UNITED STATES FOR 1880-81.

PLACE	NAME	PROVINCE	STUD'S	GRAD. A. B.
Baltimore, Md.....	Loyola College *.....	Md. N. Y.	104
Boston, Mass.....	Boston College *.....	Md. N. Y.	230	15
Buffalo, N. Y.....	Canisius College.....	Germany
Chicago, Ill.....	St. Ignatius College *.....	Missouri	203	2
Cincinnati, O.....	St. Xavier College *.....	"	229	5
Detroit, Mich.....	Detroit College *.....	"	132
Fordham, N. Y.....	St John's College.....	Md. N. Y.	207	6
Georgetown, D. C.....	Georgetown College.....	"	184	8
Grand Coteau, La.....	St. Charles College.....	N. O. Miss	49
Jersey City, N. J.....	St. Peter's College *.....	Md. N. Y.	146
Las Vegas, N. M.....	Las Vegas College.....	Naples	219
New York, N. Y.....	St Francis Xav. College *.....	Md. N. Y.	503	20
New Orleans, La.....	Imm. Conception Coll.*.....	N. O. Miss	301	4
Santa Clara, Cal.....	Santa Clara College.....	Turin	194
San Francisco, Cal.....	St. Ignatius College *.....	"	713	6
St. Louis, Mo.....	St. Louis University.....	Missouri	342	7
St. Mary's, Kansas.....	St. Mary's College.....	"	183
Spring Hill, Ala.....	St. Joseph's College.....	N. O. Miss	126	2
Washington, D. C.....	Gonzaga College *.....	Md. N. Y.	123
Worcester, Mass.....	College of the Holy Cross	"	142	20

* Day College.

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