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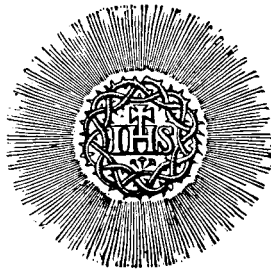
THE
WOODSTOCK LETTERS

A RECORD

OF CURRENT EVENTS AND HISTORICAL NOTES CONNECTED
WITH THE COLLEGES AND MISSIONS OF THE
SOCIETY OF JESUS.

VOL. I.

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WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. I, NO. I.— JANUARY, 1872.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF FATHER ANDREW WHITE, S. J., THE APOSTLE OF MARYLAND.

Non recedet memoria ejus, et nomen ejus requiretur a generatione in generationem. Eccl. 39. 13.

Merry England in the days of Charles I. was not a pleasant home for Catholics who feared God more than men, and who loved their faith better than station, wealth and quiet lives. True, the old fires about the stake no longer lit up with baleful glare the fair fields around; rarely did the rough hurdle with its load of victims wake harsh echoes as it trundled up Tyburn Hill: but cruel penal laws were vigorously enforced and the religion of Ethelred and Edward the Confessor was prescribed in the land.

To understand the exact condition of Catholicity in England at this period is not an easy task, so many are the apparent contradictions found in the historical records of the time. That Catholics should feel themselves forced to go into exile, there to enjoy the rights of conscience which were denied them at home—for such was undoubtedly the impelling motive of the Maryland settlement,—and on the other hand that their influence at Court was powerful enough to secure a charter with provisions so liberal, are facts not readily reconcilable. So far as historical relics en-

able us to judge, their position seems to have been somewhat the following. Persecutions were so much less violent under Charles I. that his reign came to be designated "a period of mildness." This expression was applicable, however, relatively only to the harsh times of Elizabeth and her immediate successor, as a few extracts from contemporaneous accounts show. "From the year 1628," says Dr. Challoner, "till 1641, I find no more blood shed for religious matters, though as to other penalties they were frequently inflicted upon priests and other Catholics: in one year alone there were twenty-six priests seized and committed to that one prison called the Clink, to speak nothing of those that were confined elsewhere." The statutes in force, imposed a fine of £20 on popish recusants for every month they absented themselves from the Protestant church. No public office was open to them; retaining arms in their homes was forbidden; they were debarred from instituting lawsuits and no Catholic could travel five miles from home without a special license under pain of forfeiting all his goods. Most inhuman of all was the law forbidding a Papist to educate his child in his own religion, under fine of £10 a month if the instruction were given at home, or of £100, and the incapacitation of the child from inheriting, purchasing or enjoying any lands, goods, profits and so forth, if the education were conducted abroad.

On the other side, we find that wealthy Catholics gained a show of toleration by compromising in the payment of large sums of money to the king, who, harassed by those financial difficulties the final issue of which brought his head to the block, "reckoned of greater worth than their blood the money of the Papists."

Under circumstances of this nature, we may conclude that the Catholics of England found little to attach them to their native land, and under the direction of the pious Sir George Calvert whose services to the crown had procured him exceptional favor with the reigning monarch they cast about for an asylum in some other land, where

proscription for conscience might cease, and the practice of their faith be possible in peace and security.

The beautiful country around the waters of the Chesapeake, cheering accounts of which had been brought by odd journeyers to the Virginia colony, invited their efforts. Sir George Calvert applied to Charles I. for a patent to establish a colony on unappropriated lands lying contiguous to the Chesapeake, and the king, remembering that nobleman's services to his father, and moved, perhaps, by the intercession of his pious queen Henrietta Maria, issued the desired letters, June 1632, and assigned to the land therein ceded to Lord Baltimore, the name of Maryland, in honor of his queen.

Sir George Calvert having died before the execution of these letters patent, his son Cecil, who succeeded to his father's title and rights, applied to Father Blount, the first provincial of the English Province and to the general, Mutius Vitelleschi, for some members of the Society "to attend the Catholic planters and settlers and to convert the native Indians." For this double object so consonant with the spirit of the Society, Fr. Andrew White was directed to accompany the Maryland pilgrims, and to him was assigned as a companion Fr. John Altham. The wisdom of the choice which placed at the head of the mission the future Apostle of Maryland, subsequent events admirably vindicated.

Fr. Andrew White was born in London about the year 1579. Of his early life, no information has come down to us. Forced abroad by the inhuman enactments against the education of Catholic youth, he entered the celebrated college at Douay, founded by Cardinal Allen for the instruction of priests destined to missionary labors in England. That his success in studies must have been remarkable, we gather from the important positions afterwards held by him in the seminaries of the Society.

On his ordination, somewhat about the year 1604, he repaired to England, there to assume the perilous duties of

a missionary priest. With zeal native to the great soul he bore, he labored for a year or two, cheered rather than deterred by the prospect of martyrdom never far removed, since by English law it was high treason in an English subject to return as a priest from beyond the seas and not conform within three days to the established church. His stay in England was not prolonged, for in 1606 his name occurs in a "list of forty-seven priests who were from different prisons sent into perpetual exile." God denied him this happiness to which he aspired, of laying down his life in testimony of England's old faith; but while thus refusing him the honor of martyrdom, He held in reserve for his faithful servant the no less glorious labors of a singularly fruitful Apostleship. Foiled in his object of working on the English mission, Fr. White, at the age of 28, applied for admission into the Society of Jesus, and began his noviceship at Louvain on the 1st of February, 1607. Two years later, he pronounced the simple vows. "Possessed of transcendent talent," says Oliver, he was admirably fitted for the duties of a university lecturer, and he was appointed by his superiors to that office. St. Alban's Seminary at Valladolid and St. Hermenegild's at Seville had been established for the purpose of fitting out subjects for the English Province, and in these two institutions Fr. White discharged at different periods the offices of Prefect of Studies and of lecturer in Scholastic Theology, Scripture, and Hebrew. Whether these duties just enumerated filled up the whole period of time between the close of Fr. White's noviceship in 1609 and the year 1619 when he was admitted to the profession of the four vows, we have no means of ascertaining. So at variance are the meagre biographies of the good father, that in one we are told that his first appearance on the English mission was after his entrance into the Society in 1607. This assertion is not admissible, for the list of banished priests, above cited, establishes the fact of his presence in England in the year 1606, before his entrance into the Society.

On his return from Spain, Fr. White taught divinity first at Liege, and then at Louvain; and in both places he won the admiration of all by the proofs he gave of rare talents and deep learning.

After this we can find no traces of him in any biographical records, until he was called to attend Lord Baltimore's expedition; and it is impossible to discover whether the order of his Provincial found him in England or on the Continent. This we know, that he joyfully obeyed the command, and in the words of the *Collectanea*, S. J., "like a giant he exulted to run his course."

"On Nov. 22d, 1633, it being St. Cecilia's day, the 'Ark' and the 'Dove' weighed anchor at Cowes in the Isle of Wight." Their hearts firm set with confidence in the protection of heaven and bravely resolved to endure what perils soever awaited them, in order that they and their children might worship God in justice and in truth, the Pilgrims of Maryland began their long voyage.

As the *Relatio Itineris* left by Fr. White informs us, many were the dangers encountered and safely passed through before the voyagers came in sight of their promised land. For a considerable time, the 'Dove,' a smaller and less sea-worthy vessel than the 'Ark' was parted from its consort and given over as lost. To the mutual joy of both crews, the pinnace rejoined the 'Ark,' before reaching land, and together the little vessels sailed up the broad waters of the noble bay and majestic river on whose banks lay the home of their adoption. "Along the Potomac, the exiles found mighty forests stretching as far as the eye could reach; a soil, rich and fertile;—the air balmy, although it was now in the month of March; and they returned thanks to God for the beautiful land which he had given them, for this was Maryland."

March 25, 1634, Lady-day, a landing was made on an island, which the settlers called St. Clement's, most probably that now known as St. George's. "On the day of

the Annunciation," says Fr. White, in his '*Relation*' "we first offered the sacrifice of the Mass, never before done in this region of the world.* After which having raised on our shoulders an immense cross fashioned from a tree, and going in procession to the designated spot, assisted by the Governor, Commissary, and other Catholics, we erected the trophy of Christ, the Saviour, and humbly bent the knee in reverence during the devout recitation of the litany of the Holy Cross." Thus in humble, grateful prayer under the symbol of the Cross, on whose wood Christ died to purchase back a world given over to sin and the devil, did these pious settlers reclaim of the Son of Man's dearly bought inheritance, this portion, destined to become the cradle of a vigorous church, the whole extent of whose fruitful mission has not even yet been revealed to man.

As on the voyage, so during the wearisome months of their early labors, Fr. White and his comrade Fr. John Altham encouraged the hopes of the colonists, kept alive their confidence in God and dispensed to them those spiritual aids which, above all else, gave them strength to sustain the hardships incident to their new position. The missionaries did not forget the second duty assigned to them by the pious Lord Baltimore, and, from the first day, they set about their apostolic labors among the Indian tribes that

* Fr. White was ignorant of the fact, little known even in our own time, that the soil of Maryland had been previously blessed by the presence of priests and rendered fruitful unto Christ by the shedding of their blood. In 1570, Fr. Segura, the Vice-Provincial of the Spanish Jesuits in Florida in company with seven of his subjects landed on the shore of the Chesapeake. His object was the conversion of the Indians, one of whom having been carried to Florida by Spanish merchants and having professed Christianity, had volunteered to guide the missionaries. These latter followed the traitor a journey of several months into the interior, and were at length abandoned by him in the wild forests to endure all the horrors of famine. After a time he returned at the head of an armed party, and ruthlessly butchered his benefactors before the rustic altar, on which they had daily offered the Holy Sacrifice for his people.

encompassed the Colony of St. Mary's. Thanks to the spirit of charity and justice which pervaded Lord Baltimore's enterprise, at the very outset the Indians were rendered kindly disposed towards the new-comers. An exceptional case in the early settlements on the Continent, the tribes of Maryland were not driven from their lands by violence, nor were they cheated out of them by fraudulent barter.

In his earliest missions among the Indians, Fr. White depended for means of intercourse on interpreters from Virginia, but his ardent zeal aiding his natural aptitude for acquiring languages, he was enabled in a short time to master sufficiently the dialects of the country, although these were singularly numerous and varied. So familiar did Fr. White become with the Indian language, that he composed during his stay in Maryland, a grammar, a dictionary, and a catechism in the native tongue. He found time also to write a *Relation of the Voyage from England*, and a small history of the Maryland Colony.

One of the earliest excursions undertaken by him was to the Patuxents, a very powerful nation, whose chief exercised remarkable influence over the neighboring tribes. The king of the Patuxents at first showed himself disposed to admit the instruction of the missionary, who remained for a considerable time in his country and baptized a few of his people. Unaccountably these good dispositions underwent a change, the kind feelings at first entertained by the cacique gave place to hostile sentiments, and Gov. Calvert fearing danger to Fr. White required him to return to St. Mary's. A few years later, however, a reconciliation was effected, and in 1639 we find Fr. Brock *alias* Morgan residing among the Patuxents on land ceded by their king Macaquomen.

More successful was a similar expedition made by Fr. White to the Piscataways, on whose hunting-grounds now stands the city of Washington. He was received with

much cordiality by the king, who shared with him the hospitality of his own lodge. During this visit, the king fell ill and, after having been given over to death by over forty Medicine-men of his nation, was restored to health through means of some remedies which the good father administered. Chilomacan, on his recovery, desired baptism for himself, his wife and children. The ceremony was delayed to allow time for his thorough instruction, and in the meanwhile he paid a visit to the Governor at St. Mary's. On his return to his nation the king erected a rude temple in which the ceremony of his baptism was performed with all the display possible under the circumstances. The bright hopes based on this auspicious event were frustrated by the death of the pious chieftain in the following year.

To follow here Fr. White in the all-trying labors undertaken in the service of God, would extend too far the limits of this sketch. Numerous tribes lying along the Potomac and the waters of the Chesapeake were brought over to the faith—and aided by Fr. John Altham, who finally succumbed under his labors, Nov. 5th, 1640, by Frs. Brock, Fisher, Rigby, "and others," says Oliver in his *Collections* "whose names are written in the book of Eternal Life," Fr. White had the joy of seeing the true faith accepted by hundreds of the natives, and of receiving into the fold of Christ nearly all the Protestants who had accompanied the expedition, besides some from the neighboring colony of Virginia. The piety of the missionaries, their pure lives and their perfect self-devotion filled the minds of the Indians and whites alike with respect and wonder. They pointed out the way of salvation and walked the steep and thorny path themselves. They practised the virtues which they taught, and fully exemplified by their own lives the truth, the beauty, and the sanctity of the Gospel which they preached. Arduous in the extreme were their journeys by land and water in discharge of their missionary labors. Usually three together, the priest, an interpreter

and a servant, in an open boat they went from station to station; in a calm or under adverse winds, two rowed and the third steered. In a little basket were provisions of bread, cheese, dried roasting-ears of corn and such homely fare; in one chest the articles necessary for the celebration of the Divine Mysteries; in another, various objects intended as presents for the Indians. When nightfall overtook them on their journey, as was often the case, they landed on some sheltered beach, and while the priest moored the boat, gathered fire-wood, and spread the frail matting, their only shelter from the bleakest weather, his companions beat up the adjoining woods in quest of game.

Thus for ten years, under the fierce rays of the summer sun and in the biting wind and freezing sleet of the winter months, did the zealous Apostle of Maryland wear out his life in the service of the people to whose charge he had been assigned. But harder trials still were in store for him before his "nunc dimittis" would be heard. In 1645, the rule of the Proprietary in Maryland was overthrown by the Protestant rebellion, under Claiborne, a Virginia adventurer; whereupon the Governor, Sir Leonard Calvert, was forced for refuge into Virginia, and Fr. White, with two of his companions, was seized, put in irons and transported to England for trial. Once more the prospect of martyrdom brightened before his eyes, but God had ordained that he should win his crown not in the one brief, intense hour of pain that brings release, but in the long years of wearisome pining in dungeons, and of exhausting, perilous works that fell to the lot of England's missionary in those dark days. A sad sight, most truly, to behold this venerable man, whose best years and most generous efforts had been spent in the service of his fellow-men, whose tender interest for their temporal wants, scarcely less than his apostolic zeal for their eternal welfare, was limited not even by the actual strength that he possessed, cast into a dungeon by the very men for whose love he was prepared to die.

Banished a second time from England, after a confinement

whose duration is unknown, he sought permission to return to Maryland, but his request was not heard. Oliver says: "thirsting for the salvation of his dear Marylanders, he sought every opportunity of returning to that mission; but all his attempts proving ineffectual, he was content to devote his remaining energies to the advantage of his native land."

Indeed a few months found him secretly returned to England; and disregarding the penalty of death incurred by every priest who appeared in the country after banishment, he labored in the duties of his vocation for a period generally reckoned about ten years. The necessity he had of concealing his identity under an assumed name, has rendered it impossible to ascertain with any degree of surety the scene of his toiling.

The hardships, privations and sickness that had filled up the years of his residence in Maryland, told on his constitution towards the end of his life, and for a long time before his death, that event was daily looked for by his friends. To himself, some foreknowledge of the appointed time would seem to have been disclosed, as is gathered from circumstances mentioned by Tanner and Nadasi.

On the morning of 27th Dec. 1656, the feast of St. John the Evangelist, during his customary hour of prayer, Fr. White felt that his warning was come, and though no worse than usual, he received the last sacraments: at sunset in the city of London, on the festival of the great disciple of love, his worthy imitator, the Apostle of Maryland passed to his reward.

With gratitude and humility may his brethren of the Society, who live to reap in these full harvest days the yield from the seed sown amid toil and suffering by Fr. White and his companions, cherish his memory and his name. Too little indeed is known of this great man to whom Providence gave the founding of a new spiritual empire. That his talents were of the highest order, that his acquirements in many branches of learning were most extensive, and that his eloquence fitted him to fill with credit chairs of doctrine in the

greatest universities, the splendid praise gained by him in Spain and Flanders sufficiently proves. But better than a scholar, Fr. White was a saint. Of the charity, humility, and zeal that possessed him, his apostolic work in Maryland and his generous devotedness to his native country stands as monuments. In his old age, even to the end, he continued his custom of fasting on bread and water twice a week. Not even in prison did he relax his austerities, and to the remonstrance of his jailer, that he should husband his strength for his appearance at Tyburn, he replied: "mihi vero ipsum jejunium abunde virium subministrat ad quilibet Christi Domini mei causa perferendum."

In the *Bibliotheca Scriptorum*, S. J. of Fr. Nathaniel Southwell, is found appended to the announcement of Fr. White's death, the following eulogium, with which may be fittingly closed this scanty memoir of the founder of the Maryland Mission:

"Vir fuit non minus sanctitate vitae, quam doctrina conspicuus, magna eluxit abstinentia solo pane et aqua saepe victitans, nec his nisi sub vesperam se reficiebat. Tam profunda humilitate fuit, ut abjiciendi sese occasiones ultro quaereret. Incommodorum corporis adeo patiens, ut quamvis longa ac permolesta laboraret infirmitate, nunquam tamen auditus sit queri, sed quoad licebat, pro sano se gerebat, hac una in re simulator egregius. Denique quaecumque agebat sanctimoniam quamdam spirare videbantur, ut non defuerint viri graves qui asseruerint, si quemquam vidissent in hac vita sanctum, eum procul dubio fuisse Patrem Andream Vitum."

A RELATION

OF THE COLONY OF THE LORD BARON OF BALTIMORE, IN MARYLAND, NEAR VIRGINIA; A NARRATIVE OF THE VOYAGE TO MARYLAND, BY FATHER ANDREW WHITE; WITH SUNDRY REPORTS FROM FATHERS ANDREW WHITE, JOHN ALTHAM, JOHN BROCK, AND OTHER JESUIT FATHERS OF THE COLONY, TO THE SUPERIOR GENERAL AT ROME.*

A REPORT

Of the Colony of the Lord Baron of Baltimore, in Maryland, near Virginia, in which the quality, nature and condition of the region and its manifold advantages and riches are described.

The province is near the English colony in Virginia, which, in honor of his wife Maria, his most serene majesty of England wished to be called Maryland, or the Land of Maria. This province, his most serene majesty, in his munificence, lately, in the month of June, 1632, gave to the Lord Baron of Baltimore and his heirs forever; which donation he secured, and has confirmed by the public seal of the

DECLARATIO

Coloniæ Domini Baronis de Baltimore in terra Mariæ prope Virginiam, qua ingenium, natura et conditio regionis et multiplices ejus utilitates ac divitiæ describuntur.

Provincia est prope Coloniam Anglicanam in Virginia, quam honoris causa a Maria conjuge sua, Serenissimus Rex Angliæ terram Mariæ vel Marylandiæ voluit appellari. Hanc nuper provinciam idem Serenissimus rex pro sua magnificentia mense Junio 1632 Domino Baroni de Baltimore et hæredibus suis in perpetuum donavit, quam donationem publico totius regni sigillo munivit ac ratum habuit. Idcirco illustrissimus Baro jam statuit in eam regionem Coloniam ducere, primo

* The original Latin Ms., as copied by Fr. Wm. McSherry from the Archives of the Society of Jesus in Rome, is here printed for the first time; the translation is revised from Force's Historical Tracts.

whole realm. Therefore the most illustrious Baron has resolved immediately to lead a colony into that region; first, and especially, that into the same and the neighboring places he may carry the light of the Gospel and of truth where it has been found out that hitherto no knowledge of the true God has shone; then, furthermore, with the design, that all the companions of his voyage and labors may be admitted to a participation of the profits and honor, and that the empire of the realm may be more widely extended.

For this enterprise, with all haste and diligence, he seeks companions of his voyage—as well those who have pledged themselves to share his fortunes as others also. For the whole affair being carefully considered, and the counsel of men eminent for experience and prudence being called in, he has now weighed carefully and studiously all the advantages and disadvantages which hitherto advanced or impeded other colonies, and found nothing which does not greatly approve his design and promise the most happy success.

For both the writings which his most noble father left behind him, an eye-witness a gentleman of means, and most worthy of credit, the uniform account of those who daily come and go to us from thence, or not far from thence, as well as the things which Captain Smith, who first dis-

et praecipue ut in eandem ac loca finitima lucem Evangelii ac veritatis invehat, quo nullam hactenus veri Dei notitiam affulsisse compertum est; tum eo etiam consilio ut Socii omnes itinerum ac laborum in partem quaestus et honoris vocentur, Regisque imperium latius propagetur. Eam in rem navigationis comites cum eos qui fortunae aleam secum sint tentaturi, tum alios omni festinatione ac diligentia conquirat. Quippe re tota accurate considerata, et virorum usu ac prudentia praestantium consilio adhibito, omnia tum commoda tum incommoda, quae alias hactenus colonias vel promoverunt vel impediverunt, sedulo jam studioseque perpendit, reperitque nihil, quod consilium suum non magnopere probaret ac successum sponderet felicissimum. Nam et scripta quae post se reliquit nobilissimus Pater testis oculatus ac locuples ac fide dignissimus, quaeque constanter referunt, qui ad nos inde vel haud procul inde comeant quotidie, tum quae verissime scripsit ac in lucem edidit Capitaneus Smithaeus, qui primus eam terram aper-

covered that country, most veritably wrote and published, contain statements truly wonderful and almost unheard of, in relation to the fertility and excellence of the soil. There is added to this also, the common consent and testimony of innumerable men who are here at London, and who are about to return to those parts from which they sometimes since have come, who with one accord verify and confirm what Smith has committed to writing.

Wherefore the most noble Baron, about to make sail, God helping, unto those parts; and to those whom he shall obtain as companions and supporters in an undertaking so illustrious, he makes the most ample and liberal promises, of which this is first and especial, (to omit the titles of honor and rank which are granted to fidelity, virtue, bravery and illustrious services,) that such gentlemen as shall pay down one hundred pounds English to convey five men (which sum shall be sufficient for arms and implements, for clothes and other necessary articles) whether it shall please them to join our company themselves, or otherwise accredit their men and money, to those who shall be charged with this duty or to any person whom they may commission to look after them and receive their division of lands,—to them and to their heirs forever, shall be assigned a possession of two thousand acres of good land. Besides these emol-

uit, mira sane et prope inaudita de soli illius fertilitate excellentiaque commemorat. Accedit etiam innumerabilium hominum, qui hic Londini versantur, quique in eas oras unde aliquando venerant reversuri sunt, communis consensus ac testimonium qui quae literis mandavit Smithaeus, uno ore comprobant atque confirmant. Quapropter nobilissimus Baro circa medium Septembrem proxime insequentem in ea loca, Deo adjuvante, vela facturus est, iisque quos sibi in tam praeclaro incepto Socios ac adjuutores nactus fuerit cumulatissime multa ac largissime pollicetur. Quorum id primum ac praecipuum est (ut omittam honoris ac loci dignitates, quae honori, virtuti fortitudini, rebusque gestis liberaliter ac honorificentissime tribuuntur) ut quicumque 100 libras Anglicanas ad quinque viros transportandos (quod satis erit tum ad arma tum ad instrumenta, tum ad vestes et alias res necessarias) numerabit, sive ipsis visum fuerit se nobis adjungere; seu viros pecuniamque

uments, if they offer themselves as companions in the first expedition, furthering our project, they shall obtain their share by no means small, in a profitable trade, (of which more hereafter,) with other privileges;—concerning all which things, when they come to the foresaid Baron, they shall be made acquainted. But what has been before said of the one hundred pounds English, this may be also understood of a smaller or greater sum of money in proportion, whether from one person separately, or collected together and contributed by many.

The first and chief object of the illustrious Baron (which also ought to be the object of others who may be in the same ship) is, that in a land so fruitful shall be sown not so much the seeds of grain and fruit trees as of religion and piety; a design truly worthy of Christians, worthy of angels, worthy of Angles, than which England, renowned for so many ancient victories, has undertaken nothing more noble or more glorious. Behold the regions are white unto the harvest, prepared to receive into their fruitful bosom the seed of the Gospel. From thence they are sending, on all sides, messengers to seek for suitable men who may instruct the inhabitants in the doctrine of salvation and regenerate them in the sacred font.

There are present at this very time in the city, those

iis, quibus hoc munus impositum fuerit, sive alteri cuius commiserit ut eorum curam gerat, et divisionem agrorum recipiat, his omnibus suisque haeredibus in perpetuum possessio agri boni 2000 jugerum assignabitur. Ad haec si in prima expeditione socios se praestiterint operamque navaverint partem quoque suam haud exiguam in fructuosa mercatura, de qua postea, aliisque privilegiis, obtinebunt; de quibus cum ad praedictum Baronem venerint, accuratius fient certiores. Quod autem antea dictum est de 100 libris Anglicanis, hoc etiam de minore seu majore summa pecuniae pro rata portione ab uno separatim aut a pluribus simul collata atque praestita intelligatur.

Consilium primum ac summum Illustrissimi Baronis est, quod aliorum etiam qui in eadem navi fuerint esse debet, ut in terra tam frugifera, non tam frugum atque arborum quam religionis ac pietatis semina spargantur. Consilium enimvero dignum Christianis, dignum Angelis, dignum Anglis, quo nobilius nullum aut gloriosius, tot antiquis

who state that they have seen at Jamestown, in Virginia, messengers sent from their chiefs for this purpose, and infants carried to New England, that they might be washed in the waters of salvation. Who then can have a doubt, but that by this one work so glorious, many thousand souls may be led to Christ? I call the rescue and salvation of souls a glorious work, for that was the work of Christ the King of Glory. But since there are not to all the same ardor of mind and elevation of soul, so as to regard nothing but divine things, esteem nothing but heavenly things—inasmuch as most men regard rather pleasures, honors and wealth, as if in love with them—it has happened by some unseen power, or rather by the manifest remarkable wisdom of the Deity, that this one undertaking should embrace all inducements that effect men—emoluments of every kind.

It is admitted that the natural position of the country is the best and the most advantageous; for it extends towards the north to the thirty-eighth or fortieth degree of latitude, in the same position of place as Seville, Sicily and Jerusalem, and not unlike the best portions and climate of Ara-

Anglia victoriis nobilitata suscepit. Ecce regiones sunt albae ad messem, paratæ ad Evangelii semen gremio fructifero recipiendum. Inde, ipsi mittunt undique nuntios ad conquirendos idoneos homines qui incolas doctrina salutaria instruant ac sacro fonte regenerent. Ad sunt etiam hoc ipso tempore in urbe qui se vidisse testantur legatos a suis regibus hanc ob causam urbem Janeli in Virginia missos, infantesque in Novam Angliam delatos, ut aquis salutaribus abluerentur. Cui ergo dubium esse poterit, quin hoc uno tam glorioso opere multâ animarum millia ad Christum traducantur. Opus appello gloriosum animarum auxilium ac salutem, opus enim erat Christi regis gloriæ. Cæterum cum omnibus idem ardor animi ac mentis alitudo non sit, ut nihil nisi divina spectent; nihil nisi caelestum intueantur, quin pluri mi potius voluptates, honores, opes quasi adamantes, occulta quadam vi, seu aperta magis singulari numinis prudentia factum est ut hoc unum opus omnia hominum incitamenta, omnia generis emolumenta completeretur.

In confesso est situm regionis optimum esse ac commodissimum, quippe quæ ad 38 vel 40 gradum in aquilonem porrigitur, situ loci Hispalis, Siciliae, Jerusalem, et optimis Arabiae felicitis plagis et climati

bia Felix. The air is serene and mild, neither exposed to the burning heat of Florida or ancient Virginia, nor withered by the cold of New England, but has a medium temperature between the two—enjoys the advantages of each, and is free from their inconveniences. On the east it is washed by the ocean: on the west it adjoins an almost boundless continent, which extends to the China sea.

There are two large arms of the sea, one on each side—bays most abundant in fish. The one whose name is Chesapeake, is twelve miles broad, and flowing between two regions, rolls from south to north one hundred and sixty miles, is able to contain great navies, and is marked by various large islands fit for grazing, where they fish actively for shad. They call the other the Delaware, where, the entire year, there is fishing for codfish, but not so profitable, except during the cold months, as those which are rather warm prevent their being cured with salt, and indeed this great plenty of fishing arises from this: the wind which sets continually from the Canaries, between the north and the east, rolls the earth and the fish with it to the Gulf of Mexico, where since it can neither return again to the east nor the south, it is driven violently towards the north and sweeps in its tide, along the coast of Florida, Virginia,

haud absimilis. Aer serenus ac mitis, nec ardoribus Floridae vel antiquae Virginiae infestus, nec Novae Angliae frigoribus exustus, sed mediam quamdam inter utramque temperiem obtinet, utriusque fruitur bonis, ac mala nescit. Ab oriente Oceano alluitur, ab occidente infinito prope Continenti adjacet, qui in mare Chinense protenditur. Duo aestuaria sane magna utrinque, sinus piscium fecundissimi. Alterum cui nomen Chespeack 12,000 passum latum binisque interfusum regionibus, ab austro centum et sexaginta millia passuum in aquilonem volvitur; magnarum capax navium discretum variis amplis ac pascuosis insulis in quibus piscium quos *lagoes* vocant copiosa piscatio, Alterum appellant Delaware ubi integro anno asellorum piscatio est, sed non adeo commoda, nisi mensibus tantum frigidioribus, nam calidiores sale condiri vetant. Ac haec quidem tanta piscandi copia hic fit, quod ventus qui a Canariis inter aquilonem et orientem constanter spirat, volvit oceanum simulque pisces in aestuarium mexicanum, ubi cum

Maryland and New England, a great multitude of fish which, as they avoid the *cetacea*, fly to the shoal places where they are more easily taken by the fishermen.

There are various and noble rivers, the chief of which they call Patowmack, suitable for navigation, flowing one hundred and forty miles towards the east, where a trade with the Indians is so profitable, that a certain merchant, the last year, shipped beaver skins at a price, of forty thousand pieces of gold, and the labor of traffic is compensated by thirty-fold profit.

In the level and champagne country, there is a great abundance of grass; but the region is for the most part shaded with forests; oaks and walnut trees are the most common, and the oaks are so straight and tall that beams can be made from them, sixty feet long, and two feet and a half thick. Cypress trees will shoot up eighty feet before they send forth branches, and three men with extended arms, scarcely encompassed them. The mulberry that feed the silk worms, are very common. There is also found an Indian grain which the Portuguese call *l'ove de l'hierva*. Alders, ash trees and chestnuts, not inferior to those which Spain, Italy and Gaul produce—cedars equal to those which Le-

nec in orientem nec austrum evolvi detur, magno impetu in aquilonem pellitur, perque oras Floridae, Virginiae, Marylandiae, Novae Angliae, magnam secum multitudinem piscium everrit, qui dum cetos fugiunt, ad loca vadosa confugiunt ubi facilius a piscatoribus capiuntur. Flumina sunt varia atque inclyta, quorum praecipuum Attowmack appellat navigationi opportunum 140 millia passuum influens in orientem ubi commercium cum Indis tam quaestuosum habetur ut mercator quidam 40,000 aureorum pretio pelles castorum ultimo anno convexerit ac mercaturae labor trigesimo fœnore compensetur.

In planitie ac apertis campis copia graminis magna, sed regio majori ex parte nemoribus opaca; quercus, juglandes frequentissimae, ac quercus quidem ita rectae ac procerae ut trabes inde fieri possint altae 60 pedum latae 2 et dimidium. Cypressi etiam antequam ramos emittant ad 80 pedes eriguntur, truncum vix tres viri extentis brachiis metiuntur. Mori frequentissimi a escam bombycum. Invenitur etiam gramen sericum quod Lusitani *l'ove de l'hierva* vocant. Alni, fraxini, castaneae haud impares iis, quas Hispania, Italia, Gallia ferunt, cedrique aequales iis qui-

banon boasts. What shall I say of the pine, laurel, fir, sassafras and others, with various trees also which yield balsam and odoriferous gum,—trees for all the most useful purposes—for architecture, for nautical uses for planks, for resin, pitch and terebinth, for mustard, for perfumes, and for making cataplasms? But the woods are passable, not rough with an undergrowth of thorns and shrubs, but formed by nature to afford food to beasts, and pleasure to men. There are grapes in abundance, from which wine can be pressed; some resemble cherries and have a thick and unctuous juice. The inhabitants call them chesamines. There are cherries equal to Damascus plums, and gages very much like ours. There are three kinds of plums. Mulberries, chesnuts and walnuts are so abundant that they are used in various ways for food. Strawberries and esculent blackberries you will in like manner, find.

Of fishes, the following are already familiar: sturgeon, herrings, porpoises, craw-fish, torpedoes, trout, mullets of three kinds, urchins, roach, white salmon, periwinkles and others of that kind, of innumerable names, and unknown species. But so great is the abundance of swine and deer that they are rather troublesome than profitable. Cows, also, are innumerable and oxen suitable for bearing burdens

bus Libanus gloriatur. Quid dicam de pinu, lauro, abiete, saxofrasso et reliquis cum variis etiam arboribus quae balsama et gummi odorifera reddunt. Arborea ad omnia utilissima, ad architecturam, ad rem nauticam, opus tabulatum, ad picem resinam, liquidam picem, terebinthum, sinapi, odoromata, kaptaplasmata conficienda. Sylvam autem perviam, non horridam spinis aut arbutis sed ad pastum bestiis, hominibus ad voluptatem a natura factam. Adsunt vites ubertate ex quibus vinum exprimi potest, quaedam cerasis pares quarum humor crassus et unguinosus. Incolae Chesamines vocant: cerasa prunis Damascenis aequalia, grossularia nostris simillima; tria sunt genera prunorum. Mora, Castanea, juglandes ita abundant ut varias ad escas adhibeantur.

Fruges et rubos idaeos ibidem invenias. De piscibus qui sequuntur, etiamnum in notitiam venerunt. Sturiones, haleces, phocaenae, astaci, squillae, torpedines, truttac nulli trium generum, ericii, rubelliones, albi salmones, choncae, cochleae, et alii id genus innumeri nominum et generum ignoti. Ceterum tanta porcorum et cervorum copia est, ut molestiae

or for food; besides five other kinds of large beasts unknown to us, which our neighbors use for the table. Sheep will have to be taken from the Canaries: asses, also, and mules. The neighboring forests are full of wild horses, bulls and cows, of which five or six hundred thousand are annually carried to Seville from that part of the country which lies towards New Mexico. As many goats as you wish can be obtained from the neighboring people. Add to this, muskrats, squirrels, beavers, ferrets and weasels, not however, destructive as with us to eggs and hens. Of the birds, the eagle is the most ravenous. Of hawks, there are various kinds which live in a great measure on fish. There are partridges, not larger than our quails, but almost infinite in number. Innumerable wild turkeys, which are double the size of our tame and domestic ones. There are also blackbirds, thrushes and a great many little birds of which there are various kinds, some red, some blue etc. The winter is plenteous in swans, geese, cranes, herons, ducks, creepers, green parrots, and many other birds unknown to our part of the world.

Lemons and quinces of the best quality grow there. Ap-

potius quam commodo sint, vaccae etiam innumerabiles ac bubali ad onera et escas idonei, praeter alia quinque genera magnarum bestiarum nobis ignota, quae finitimi ad mensam adhibent. Oves vel hinc vel a canariis petendae, asini item et muli. Equis, tauris vaccisque sylvestribus plena sunt proxima nemora ex quorum parte, ea quae occidentem spectat in Novam Mexico, quotannis 600,000 vel 800,000 deportantur Hispalim. Caprarum quantum visum fuerit peti poterit a finitimis. Adde huc mures odoratos, sciuros, castores fibros, mustelas, curculiones non tamen ut nostri ovis et gallinis infestos. Inter volucres, aquila voracissima, accipitrum varia genera qui piscibus magna ex parte vititant. Perdices coturnicibus haud majores sed multitudine prope infinitae. Innumerabiles etiam Afrae aves agrestes quae nostras circum et domesticas duplo magnitudinis exsuperent. Sunt etiam merulae et turdi, minutaeque aviculae multae, variaeque quorum aliae rubrae, caeruleae aliae, etc. Hyems abundat cyenis, anseribus, gruibus ardeis anatibus, certheis, glaucis psittacis, aliisque compluribus nostro orbi ignotis. Mala limonia et mala contonea fert optima. Armeniae, item tanta sunt ubertate, ut vir honestus ac fide dignus constanter affirmaverit se ultimo anno centum modios porcis projecisse. De lupinis

ricots are so abundant that an honest gentleman, and worthy of credit, positively affirmed he had cast, last year, an hundred bushels of them to the hogs. What shall I say of the lupines, beans, garden roots etc., most excellent in quality, when even the peas, in these places, grow in ten days, to a height of fourteen inches? The country is so fruitful in corn that, in the most barren places, it returns the seed twice an hundred fold; but in other places and generally, one grain yields five or six hundred grains. In the more productive years, there is a yield of from fifteen hundred to sixteen hundred fold, and this indeed during one harvesting, whereas the fertility of the soil affords three harvests. That I may presently draw to a close, it is very likely that the soil is adapted to all the fruits of Italy—figs, pomegranates, golden olives, etc.

Nor are there wanting things that may be of use to fullers and apothecaries; there is plenty, also, of tin, iron, hemp and flax. There is hope, too, of finding gold; for the neighboring people wear bracelets of unwrought gold and long strings of pearls. Other advantages, both numerous and lucrative may be expected, which sagacious industry and long acquaintance will discover.

praestantissimis, fabis, radicibus, aliisque ejusmodi quid dicam? Cum etiam pisa illis in locis decem diebus ad quatuordecim digitos excrescunt. Regio frumenti adeo ferax est ut in maxima sterilitate bis centuplo semen reddat, alias et plerumque pro uno granulo 500 aut 600; melioribus annis 1500 vel 1600 et hoc quidem una messis, cum ternas per annum fertilitas soli suppeditat. Verisimile est omnibus Italiae fructibus solum idoneum fore, ficibus, pomis granatis, aureis olivis, etc., ut brevi perstringam. Non desunt quae pullonibus et apothecariis usui esse possunt; nec stanni, ferri, canabis, lini copia desideratur. Spes etiam auri inveniendi, nam finitimi ex auro sed nondum facto armillas gestant, ac margaritarum longas catenas. Multa etiam commoda atque divitiae sperari poterunt, quae sagax hominum industria et longus usus inveniet.

NARRATIVE OF THE VOYAGE TO MARYLAND.

On the 22nd of November 1633, on St. Cecilia's day, the east wind blowing gently, we weighed anchor from Cowes, situated in the Isle of Wight. When we had first placed the principal parts of the ship under the protection of God, His most Holy Mother, St. Ignatius, and all the Guardian Angels of Maryland, being carried a short distance between the two headlands, for want of wind we came to anchor off Castle Yarmouth, which is a port on the west of the same island. Here we were saluted by the festive thunder of cannon. We were not free from alarm, however. For the sailors began to murmur among themselves declaring that they expected a messenger from London with letters, and so appeared to frame causes of delay. But God interrupted their wicked designs; for the same night, during the prevalence of a favorable but strong wind, a French barque which had lain in the same port with us, being compelled to weigh anchor, nearly drove against our pinnace. She, to prevent being run down, after cutting loose an anchor hastened to make sail as quick as possible, and since it is dangerous to be tossed by the waves in that place she put out

RELATIO ITINERIS IN MARYLANDIAM.

Vigesimo secundo mensis Novembris anni 1633, die Sactae Caeciliae sacro, leniter aspirante Euro solvimus a Conis qui positus est in insula Vecta. Cumque praecipuas partes navis constituissemus in tutela Dei in primis, et Santissimae ejus Matris, Sancti Ignatii et omnium Angelorum Marylandiae, paululum inter duas terras provecti, deficiente vento, resedimus e regione Castri Yarmouth, quod est ad occasum aestivum ejusdem insulae. Hic festis tormentorum tonitruis accepti sumus neque tamen metus aberat. Nautae enim inter se mussitabant expectare se Londino nuntium et literas, atque ideo moras etiam nec tre videbantur. Sed Deus consilia diversa abruptit. Eadem quippe nocte prospero sed valido flante vento lembus Gallicus (qui eodem hortu nobiscum constiterat) solvere coactus, prope abfuit in nostram celocem ut impingeret. Illa igitur ne opprimeretur, una praecisa ac deperdita anchora, vela dare quamprimum: et quoniam eo loci fluctuare pericu-

to sea. Therefore, not to lose sight of our pinnace, we determined to follow; so that whatever designs the sailors contemplated against us, were frustrated. This happened on the 23rd of November, St. Clement's day, on which he being bound to an anchor and cast into the sea, obtained a crown of martyrdom, and afforded to his people a way to land, as the miracles of God declare.

So, on the same day, at ten o'clock in the morning, being honored again by a salute from the Castle of Hurst, we were carried beyond the breakers at the extremity of the Isle of Wight, which, from their form, they called the Needles. Now these are a terror to sailors on account of the double tide of the sea; on this side hurrying and dashing the ships upon the rock, and on the other side against the neighboring shore. To say nothing of the other imminent danger which we escaped at Castle Yarmouth, here the wind and tide raging while we remained, the anchor not yet being weighed and secured, the ship would certainly have been dashed on shore had we not on a sudden, being violently driven forward and shipping a sea, escaped the danger by the favor of God, who vouchsafed to us this pledge of his future protection, through the merits of St. Clement.

iosum erat, in mare porro se demittere festinat. Itaque ne celocis nostrae conspectum perderemus, sequi decernimus, ita quae nautae in nos agitarunt consilia sunt dissipata. Accidit id vigesimo tertio Novembris, die Sancto Clemente sacro qui anchora alligatus, et in mare demersus coronam martyrii adeptus est, et iter praebeuit populo terrae, ut enarrant mirabilia Dei.

Eo igitur die, iterum circa decimam matutinam, festivis explosionibus salutati a Castro Hurst, praetervecti sumus frequentes scopulos ad extremum insulae Vectae, quos a forma acus vocant. Sunt autem navigantibus terrori propter duplicem aestum maris, hinc in saxa, illinc in vicinum litus abripientem, et allidentem naves, ut alterum interim discrimen taceam, quo defuncti sumus ad Castrum Yarmouth. Nam vento et aestu urgente, cum nondum recepta anchora haereremus, prope erat, ut navis ad terram allideretur, nisi subdito vi magna aversi, eam mari immergentes, periculum Deo propritio elusissemus, qui hoc etiam pignore protectionis suae nos dignatus est per merita Sancti Clementi.

On that day, which fell on Saturday, and on the succeeding night, we enjoyed winds so favorable, that the following day, about nine o'clock in the morning, we left behind us the western promontory of England and the Scilly isles; in a gentle course turned rather towards the West, coasting along the British ocean, nor running as fast as we could, lest, leaving the pinnace too far behind, it might fall a prey to the Turks and pirates for the most part infesting that sea. Hence it came to pass that a fine merchant ship of six hundred tons burden, by the name of the Dragon, which having sailed from London was going to Angola, overtook us about three in the afternoon. And since, our dangers being passed, we could afford to take a little enjoyment, it was delightful to behold the two ships contending together in the course, while trumpets resounded, and sky and wind were propitious. And our ship would have had the advantage in the race, even without the use of a topsail, had we not to tarry for our pinnace which was rather slow. We, therefore, parted from the merchantman, which, before evening, was out of sight.

Die illo in Sabbatum incidit, et nocte insequente ventis usi sumus ita secundis, ut postero die mane circa horam nonam reliquerimus a tergo promontorium Angliae occiduum et insulas Sylinas placido cursu magis in occasum versi, legentes oceanum Brittanicum, neque quantum potuissemus accelerantes, ne celocem plus nimio praecurrentes, illa Turcis et piratis, mare illud plerumque infestantibus, praeda fieret.

Hinc factum est, ut oneraria insignis vasorum sexcentorum, cui nomen a Dracone datum est, cum Londino profecta Angolam peteret, nos circa tertiam pomeridianam assequeretur. Et quoniam periculo perfunctis voluptatis jam aliquid admittere vacabat, jucundum erat spectare eas duas naves inter se cursu, et tubarum clangore per horam integram contendentes, coelo et ventis arridentibus. Et superasset nostra, quamvis siparo non uteremur, nisi sistendum fuisset propter celocem, quae tardior erat; itaque cessimus onerariae; illa autem ante vesperam praetervecta, conspectui nostro se subduxit.

(To be continued.)

CANADA.—INDIAN MISSIONS.

LETTER FROM FATHER DU-RANQUET
TO VERY REV. FATHER BAPST.

THUNDER BAY STATION,
Sept. 24, 1871.

REVEREND FATHER,
P. C.

Since I last wrote you from Grand Portage in June, I have been away nearly all the time travelling or on sick calls. A type of measles, called by our doctor "malignant measles," has swept off fifteen of our poor people in less than a month, and threatens to make still further ravages. Truly a terrible scourge for our poor mission! We have had the consolation of seeing the greater part of the victims prepare themselves for death as true Christians. Others have been called away so suddenly that I have hardly had time to give them extreme unction. Very few whites have been attacked; but it would seem as if no Indian or half-breed were to be permitted to escape. Fr. Chone, here at the mission where the greater number of deaths has occurred, is extremely fatigued. Fifty Indians have died of the same disease at Rainy Lake. I have had no news from Lake Nissigon, or the stations north of Lake Superior since my visit to them. I am very anxious about them; this terrible plague seems to ferret out the poor Indians in every corner; whereas the whites, as I was saying, have almost all escaped. I wish I were able to go and examine for myself the state of things at all points of the mission, but I would not venture to leave Fr. Chone here alone in his already exhausted condition.

If the sickness lasts another fortnight, our Autumn fishing will be lost, and those whom the disease will have spared, will fall victims to the famine. The foremost offi-

cial in charge of the public works have already given some relief to our unfortunate people, and hold out hopes of still further assistance. I have not yet attempted to make a collection, but the compassion for our poor Indians which their great distress excited, should move people to be generous towards them.

The Daughters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary have nearly all their children sick. They also devoted themselves, as far as in their power, to the assistance of the other sufferers.

The visit to our Christians at Michipicoten, Pic, etc., without offering any very remarkable results, has yielded its ordinary share of consolation. At Red Rock, at the mouth of the Nissigon river, seven men, five of whom were Christians, in the employ of the engineers of the Pacific Railroad, were overtaken by the fire which had broken out everywhere through the woods, and were suffocated by the smoke. This accident and the sickness have left many orphans on our hands. The sisters have taken charge of the little girls.

I have received very pressing letters from Mr. G. Keller of Duluth, requesting me, in the name of the Bishops of St. Paul and La Crosse, to pay a visit before the close of navigation to the Indians and half-breeds of Superior, Duluth and Fond du Lac. I have not yet answered him, indeed I am rather at a loss what to say. The new missionaries at these places do not know the language, and Mr. Keller says the people are crying out for priests who can understand them. He tells me, also, that Fr. Sherlock has given a mission to the Polish emigrants in that neighborhood.

Ræ. Væ. in Xto. Servus,

D. DU RANQUET, S. J.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM
FR. FERARD, SUPERIOR AT MANITOU-
LINE, LAKE HURON, ONTARIO.

There died, last winter, a young boy about 12 years of age, who knew enough of his little prayers to remind him of God, but who had not had a chance to see the priest for the past two years, and had consequently been unable to receive his first communion. His sister had died a very happy death, some days before he himself had been attacked; and when he too felt the touch of death in his breast, he called his father and mother to his side and said to them: "Father and mother, I am dying,—I can't live long,—my sister is calling me from above,—she tells me to come and meet her, for we shall be so happy together,—I am very willing to go; but, father and mother, I am, perhaps, not good enough to enter at once into heaven; I therefore beg of you a favor." "What is it, Son?" said the astonished parents. "I would like you to whip me well before I die," continued the young penitent, "and help me to do penance for my sins."

At once the parents, to whom the will of a dying person is always sacred, with great composure, but with tears in their eyes, took up a strap of raw hide that lay near by, and proceeded to strike their little son smartly, for a length of time, on his outstretched hands. The dying lad did not shrink, did not shed a tear; and when he had undergone his voluntary penance, he lay back on his pillow, and gently gave up his soul to God. His parents told me that his countenance wore a sweet and almost superhuman appearance, after he had breathed his last; and though, like all Indians, they are apt to be superstitious, I am much inclined to believe them this time. Oh! that I may die such a death!

EXTRACTS OF A LETTER FROM
MR. DRUMMOND.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,
MONTREAL, Oct. 3, 1871.

On Sunday last, with the permission of the Bishop, Fr. Vasseur appeared in the pulpit of our church in Chinese costume. Over a sky-blue, nearly violet, soutanne, he wore a little black cloak with short loose sleeves lined with red, and a surplice over all. His head gear consisted of what he calls his "bonnet du sacrifice," a large four-sided structure with the monogram of the Society worked on each face. It was so lightly fastened that it shook at the least movement of the wearer's head. You know whether he is given to movements of the head. This wonderful "bonnet" had two broad pendants behind, like a mitre. I was agreeably surprised at the effect of it. I had expected something ridiculous, but found it quite the reverse, very rich and imposing.

Let me tell you a little bit of apostleship in the world which I have just heard of at first hand. My informant is a clerk in the office of a grain broker, a Protestant. The other day he received an order for a quantity of flour, which was immediately forwarded. The consignees refused to receive the flour, on the ground that it was not according to sample. The matter was too urgent for the tortuous formalities of the courts, so it was agreed to refer it to arbitration. Upon this the broker went to Mr. C——, who has two brothers at our college, and who, whilst enjoying the reputation of being the most upright merchant in Montreal, is a thoroughly practical Catholic, and a regular frequenter of the Sacraments. "See here, C——, I want you to be arbitrator in this matter." "Oh! do let me alone; I'm bothered with these arbitrations; everybody comes to me."

But the other insisted, and he at last gave way, but on one condition. "Well, I'll do it, provided you promise to come to the English sermon at the Gesu on Sunday night." "Oh! all right!" And the matter was arranged. Upon returning to his office, the Protestant broker threw himself into his chair and laughed heartily: "Just to think of it! I have to go to church on Sunday night." He laughs well who laughs last.

Just one other little item of edification which I came upon quite accidentally the other day. Upon going into the treasurer's office my attention was attracted by a very fine photograph of the Holy Patriarch St. Joseph, as patron of the faithful, under which was placed an inscription pretty much to this effect: "I, John Bapst etc., confide St. Mary's College to the care of St. Joseph. . . . and appoint Fr. Loyzance first assistant Procurator and Joseph Koerner second assistant Procurator, under the express condition that they will undertake nothing of any importance without previously consulting the Holy Patriarch. In testimony hereof I affix my seal and sign manual, etc." The consequence is that we have already 152 boarders, and more are expected, whilst last year which was the most prosperous in a pecuniary point of view which the college has yet seen, we never had 140 at a time: and remember that we attained our maximum only about Easter.

SPECIAL PROTECTION OF OUR COL-
LEGE AND PARISH DURING THE
"CHICAGO FIRE."

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER DATED NOV. 12, 1871.

"In mediis ignis non sum æstuatus" exclaims the sacred writer, when he wishes to give us an idea of God's tender mercies. We may say almost as much for ourselves. For kind Heaven has deigned to show us a similar favor. Chicago is proud Chicago no longer. The fire-king has robbed her, not only of her pride and wealth, her pomp and luxury; but also of many of her sanctuaries and shrines, of her monuments of Christian charity and devotion. The cathedral and the Episcopal residences, churches, and chapels, schools and academies, monasteries and convents, orphanages and asylums of innocence or penitence, have been buried in one promiscuous grave.

But, by the favor of God, our house and parish still stand on the very borders of the smouldering waste, as a monument of His unspeakable mercy towards us. If they have escaped from the general conflagration, it certainly is not because they were beyond the reach of danger. For a long time the fiery element seemed to be disporting around us, as if in mockery of our tears. Had not some kind angel, such as fanned the youths in the Babylonian furnace, checked its wild, capricious gambols, we had most probably shared the common fate.

On the 6th of October, three blocks had been reduced to cinders, at no great distance away from us; and the remembrance was still fresh, when we were suddenly startled by the presence of danger near home. It was about 9 o'clock, on the night of the 7th, that we were attracted to the windows by an ominous glare on the surrounding

houses. Seeing the northern front of the Holy Family School-house brilliantly lit up, Father V. A——and Brother O'N——, with some other members of the community, hurried off in great anxiety to the scene. But, finding that there was no immediate danger for the school, they turned their attention to the safety of the parish. Here, too, they found a watchful Providence on guard. The flames were sweeping, like a torrent, along the boundary line, without ever daring for an instant to cross, or to trespass on what looked like consecrated ground. On they kept gathering strength and fury as they went, until they reached the district burned out on the previous night. Then there came a turn. Had it been towards the West, nothing could have saved us. Fortunately for us, it was toward the East. The fate that had been hovering around our flock was averted for the present, and our active little party began to breathe more freely. They did not however, remain idle spectators and soon found in other quarters abundant exercise for their charity. They were joined later on by fresh recruits from the college, who staid out with them all night, helping the poor victims of this dreadful visitation to save themselves and their chattels from the unpitying flames. Many little children, too helpless or terrified to make their escape, were rescued by them from injury or death and conducted to a place of safety.

Two of the lay-brothers, bent upon this work of love and keeping pace with the devouring element, had reached St. Paul's church, when they learned that the Paster was absent from home. The fatal spark had been seen to alight on the belfry only ten minutes before, and already the steeple, from the roof upwards, was a pyramid of flames. Their first thought was about the Blessed Sacrament; but a policeman warned them from the front door, through fear that the bells might fall at any moment. They hurried to the sides and rear of the church; but every door was locked, there was no trace of the sacristan, and no person could tell where

the keys were kept. After many useless endeavors to force an entrance, two of the neighbors at last succeeded in breaking through a small window in the sacristy. It was too late. They had almost reached the tabernacle, when they were driven back by the smoke and flames; and one of them, in trying to escape by a window of the church, fell to the ground in a swoon. It was a relief, especially to those who had exerted themselves so much, to learn on the following day that the Sacred Species had not been consumed after all. The Pastor had taken the precaution to remove them before setting out.

Morning dawned sadly upon the doomed and distracted city. A few boys came to school at the regular hour, but we dismissed them at once. Every one's mind was in a fever of excitement; to fix our thoughts upon anything besides the dreadful calamity was altogether out of the question. Our own position soon began to occupy our attention and to fill us with the greatest alarm. We saw ourselves, surrounded for miles in every direction, by a vast tinder-box of wooden houses, which had been ripening for a spark during the last two or three long months of drought. The wind had now increased to a fearful gale, and the fire was still raging. Had it veered around or a new one accidentally sprung up in the West, we must have fared like all the rest; for the water-works had already been burned, and there was not a drop of water in the city nearer than the lake or river. Then, who could have dared hope that the average number of fires would not occur, till the "works" had been restored?

We had recourse to the only, though happily not the least effective means of protection, still left us;—we assembled at noon in the sanctuary of the church, and in common recited the Litany of the Saints and other prayers, to invoke the continued favor of heaven, upon which we felt ourselves to be so utterly dependent. It was likewise agreed to summon the people to the church as if for even-

ing service—and to begin a public novena to the Sacred Heart for the protection of the remaining portion of the city, and of our own parish in particular. But dark coming on we had to abandon this idea altogether. The whole neighborhood was in a state of the wildest consternation, bordering on a panic; for rumors of would-be incendiaries had got abroad. It was reported on all hands that the place was full of them and that the West-side was to be burned down that night. Every one had some horrid instance of lynch-law to tell of; though no one seemed to have seen it himself. At all events it was quite certain that a great number of arrests had been made of real or pretended incendiaries. Two ill-looking fellows had been surprised in the act of trying to fire a barn a little to the windward of our premises. They now hurried past the College in the midst of an angry crowd—one of them in the hands of a policeman, the other in the grip of four or five citizens, who drove him before them and meanwhile kept skaking and threatening him in a way that must have furnished material for more than a few “lamp-post” stories.

Shortly after, a woman came to warn us that a couple of men had been overheard to swear that they would burn down the church and college of the Jesuits, if they had to swing for it. About the same time a respectable lady living hard by, told the porter that a suspicious looking character, who had been skulking about her yard and driven away, had been observed to enter our church and to remain behind, when all had been ordered out and the place locked up. Search was instantly made; and, when after some time it was about to be given up, the fellow was discovered crouching down near one of the confessionals. Most likely it was these two incidents that gave rise to the monstrous newspaper accounts of several men having been hanged or crucified for throwing kerosene on the Jesuits' church.

Very few thought of sleeping that night. A committee from the police head-quarters had come up to swear in some

of our domestics for special duty, and caution us to watch our premises closely. We, accordingly, gathered together fourteen men and kept them patrolling the block till morning. Nothing of importance happened on that or any of the following eight or ten nights, during which we kept up our vigilance. Several times they frightened off individuals, who had been lurking in the neighboring alleys; occasionally, too, they succeeded in capturing them, and, when they could give no good account of themselves, handed them over to the first squad of soldiers, or of regular police which they met.

In the mean time, the destitution and suffering of so many homeless beings, strongly appealed to our sympathy. The college was one of the first places offered to the Relief Committees for the storage and distribution of supplies, which poured in at once from all parts of the country. They began to arrive on Tuesday afternoon, and for the remainder of that week continued coming in much more rapidly than we could possibly dole them out. From the variety and quantity of the articles stored away on the ground-floor, and the number of trucks unloading at the side-walks, a stranger passing by would have thought that the building had been suddenly turned into a vast Commission Warehouse.

The Benedictines, who had rescued nothing from their burning monastery, save the clothes which they wore upon their persons, had already taken shelter in our house. The orphans, too, arrived on the second day, in the company of their kind guardians—the Sisters of St. Joseph. We suspended our classes indefinitely and opened the first and second floors of the college proper for the accommodation of the little sufferers.

As soon as the Sisters found themselves and their charge so comfortably lodged, they gave a share of their attention to the relief of those who were less fortunate, by helping us to distribute the provisions to the thousands of hungry ones

that began to flock around our doors. Their presence seemed to be all that was needed to complete the most motley collection that could well be brought together. They stood somewhat aside from the general bustle, assorting and dealing out the food and clothing, whilst the older of their little orphans squeezed their way in and out among the crowd on various errands. The fathers, scholastics and lay-brothers were also conspicuous moving about through the corridors, partly superintending and partly helping the students and dray-men to roll in and pile up the barrels and boxes as they arrived. The Benedictine lay-brothers, of course, could not remain idle in sight of so busy a bee-hive as that, and mingled among the workers as lustily as any.

But this is not an end to the varieties. Near the front door, at a table, sat a seminarian, who had been stopping with us for a time, and who had now laid aside his theology for a week to listen to the stories of the unfortunate, and make out written orders for them according to their wants; farther on were the police, keeping the mass of applicants in order with their batons; in some unoccupied spaces close by, soldiers passed slowly up and down, with gun and bayonet, to overawe the disorderly; here and there you could recognize, by their white badges, the committee men, who had stepped in to see that all was right; and, now and then, charitable ladies and gentlemen pressed in among the common throng to visit the orphans and slip into the hands of each some little donation.

These were some of the most striking figures. The great bulk that thronged the passages were composed of the helpless sufferers. There they stood all day long swaying to and fro, jostling one another about, and clamoring for the loaf that was to save them from starving. It was a very strange scene indeed, and the sights and sounds of that eventful week will not be soon forgotten.

By Sunday we were so much worn out by the unusual labor and excitement, that we made arrangements with the

members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society to replace us during the following week. But after a few days the city government had secured a more convenient location for the depot, and delivered the whole charge of it and of all the others throughout the city into the hands of the "Chicago Relief and Aid Society."

Our two parish-schools for girls were likewise open for the assistance of the destitute—*St. Aloysius'*, on Maxwell St., as a supply depot, and the one on Taylor St., as a house for the Sisters of the Good Shepherd and their community. Our two other schools of the *Holy Family* and *St. Stanislaus* were not interfered with; but the small branch school-house on Jefferson St. served for two weeks, as a place of shelter for the homeless of every description. It was then fitted up and given to the orphans for the winter, or as long as they may wish to occupy it. Eighty of the boys had been previously sent to the orphan asylum of Cincinnati in charge of two of our students. We trust the remainder will enjoy some degree of comfort in the temporary abode, with which we have tried to furnish them.

The morning on which they were settled in their new home, we resumed our classes at the college, after a fortnight's interruption. All our students, who lived on the North-Side—and they formed the most respectable, and intelligent portion—had been burned out. On the first day after the fire many of them were wandering about homeless and almost beggars. Oh! it was so sad to talk to the poor fellows, when they came to the college to seek for some consolation from their professors. Quite a number of them had lost everything but their lives. Yet they were anxious to get back to their books, and with three or four exceptions, all of them returned almost without delay. Our numbers have been increasing ever since, and our prospects are now brighter than ever. In addition to this, we enjoy the satisfaction of giving hospitality to our venerable Bishop who has permanently taken up his abode with us. He has

a suite of those rooms adjoining the parlor, goes to meals with the community, and sometimes attends our recreation. He is exceedingly cordial and "easy" with Ours—altogether like an old member of the family.

We are happy in the consciousness of having done something to alleviate the wants of Christ's suffering members, and so relieved ourselves to some extent of that immense debt of gratitude which is daily accumulating. The "Holy Family" have proved themselves the best of guardians. They have watched faithfully over the House of God entrusted to their keeping, and over all those that offer their devotion therein. Only a few years ago the Western quarter of the city was a "howling" waste. Our church was raised amid the poor and lonely whom the efforts of our Fathers had induced to settle down there, and confirmed in habits of industry and virtue. But the scene is changed now. Nestling peacefully beneath the shadow of their church, their humble frame cottages have been yearly multiplying; and now they have been screened, by a special favor, from the ravages of the flames. Many of them, too, are already giving place to more stately mansions, and happiness and comfort wait upon them everywhere. Here, if any where, we may say that the blessing of God has rested upon our labors; but we never before felt more sensibly than we do now, that the mercies of the Lord are without number.

LETTER FROM THE NOVITIATE,
FLORISSANT.

FLORISSANT, Nov. 24, '71.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,

It was suggested that one of the Juniors should furnish your periodical with a sketch of our Missouri Novitiate. I trust it will not seem impertinent if I do so.

To render my account more intelligible, we will suppose (sometimes suppositions become realities) that during the next vacation, in company with Mr. M——, who has been under your paternal care for the last three years, your Rev. takes a trip to the West and pays a visit to our community. You will probably take the cars from St. Louis about 8½ A. M. and passing by College View, the site of our future college, proceed ten miles on the N. M. RR. to Ferguson. At that point you will find one of the old-fashioned stages, which will convey you over a tolerably good road to the little French village of Florissant. This is a pretty old settlement. They say that there was a time when our great Western metropolis was described as "St. Louis near Florissant," but that must have been before the present generation was born. Now Florissant is but an unimportant inland town, since railroad communication with it at the expense of a few miles of track was not deemed desirable and an attempt to run street cars to the adjacent station has so far proved unsuccessful.

You may naturally inquire what place Florissant occupies on the map. To tell the truth it occupies no place on most maps, but that does not prevent your knowing its locality. If you draw a line North West from St. Louis to the Missouri you have a perfect Delta formed by this line and the two great rivers of the continent. This comprises Florissant Valley, a country fully as fertile as any in the state.

The valley is about eight miles in extent. Encircled by a range of hills, it presents the appearance of a vast amphitheatre. The land is gently undulating, rich and well-watered, affording the eye a most pleasing prospect of fair fields of ripening corn, bright meadows stretching forth on every side, and golden wheat drooping its luxuriant head. As you are hurried along in the stage to the tune of "g'up" or "haw Tom"; at a sudden curve in the road about two miles from Florissant you see looming up in the distance on a commanding little eminence about four miles away, a white stately building surmounted by a cupola. If you ask one of your neighbors to whom it belongs, ten to one you will be told that it is the "Priest's Farm," for under that name the neighbors recognize St. Stanislaus'.

Entering the south eastern side of the valley, you behold it spreading before you in all its magnificence towards the western ridge on which the Novitiate is situated. From the road you have an excellent view of the village itself, of which the most prominent edifice is the German church dedicated to the Sacred Heart, and under the care of one of our Fathers. As you pass down the main street (for you may call it a street if you have not a scrupulous conscience) there is ample opportunity to judge the enterprise of the citizens. The stage stops in the centre of the town at a grocery which happens also to be the Post-Office, where the driver with an air of importance tosses out a somewhat dilapidated canvass bag, and with an official tone cries out: "United States Mail." Crack! goes the whip, and the next place you stop is in an open square in front of St. Ferdinand's church, in the west end of the village. This church made of brick and built some 55 years ago, though of respectable size, is not very imposing exteriorly; but one is agreeably disappointed on entering, for everything wears a neat and orderly appearance, and the whole interior breathes an air of devotion. On one side of the church the Sisters of

Loretto have a convent and boarding school, on the other is the residence of Fr. Van Assche. But I suppose that before you have completed your survey of the premises. the good natured pastor has appeared at the door to receive his ever-welcome brethren. Fr. Van Assche, whose very countenance betokens benignity and goodness, is a stout, hale old man of seventy-one with silvery locks and white flowing beard which give him quite a patriarchal appearance. He is one of the pioneers of the Province having celebrated his fiftieth year in the Society last October. It would be an offence to refuse to accept his hospitality, and indeed it would be hard to do so, for he makes every one feel at home in an instant. His equal is seldom met. He seems to have gone through the world without ever having carried a cross, always cheerful, always kind, he carries farther than perfection the famous description of the pastor in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

Though you are at Florissant, you are still two miles from St. Stanislaus', and you must make haste to be in time for our dinner hour (12 o'clock). There is no stage running in our direction, so that you will be obliged to walk, unless you have taken the precaution to send word of your intended visit. But the walk is not altogether uninviting, for independent of a good road, two thirds of which divides or skirts our farm, you behold some lovely scenery;—rich fields teeming with abundance; the sheep in the neighboring pastures indulging in their sportive gambols; birds of varied plumage tripping from branch to branch or sweeping across the path before you as if displeased with all intrusion: the stream meandering through the fields and emptying into the Missouri four miles distant: skirts of woodland diversifying the face of the valley; the hills in the distance girded with lofty trees and dotted here and there with modest dwellings, the evident abodes of happiness and competence.

As your turn off from the road, you enter through a large open gateway, an avenue of 40 young elms which your com-

panion will recognize as a change, for in his time a row of Lombardy poplars led to the House. Right and left lie extensive orchards. From the avenue there is an excellent view of the building which faces to the South-East. It is of hammered stone, has three front projections; the centre surmounted by a triangular pediment, the two others in imitation of wings; it contains two stories and an attic besides a basement, and is covered with a roof of colored slate. A portico supported by Tuscan columns, embellished with mouldings and our motto A. M. D. G. leads to the entrance; whilst from the second story a large ornamental glass door shielded by a lattice opens out upon the portico. The windows guarded by flesh-colored shutters, present but plain caps and sills. The cupola, in which the bell hangs, is surrounded by an octagonal entablature, and supported by Tuscan pilasters. The building is simple, but imposing; and though it covers an area of only 100 by 44 ft., its parts are so commanding and well proportioned that it appears much larger. Luxuriant grape vines creeping along the rough stones, and conveying their fruit into the very windows, formerly mantled the walls: but they have been removed from all save the south-west side.

By the time you have completed your observations you have reached the end of the avenue, and encounter a white picket fence with a raised triple gateway. To the right you will read the admonition: "Ring the bell here," but after you have complied with it you need make no scruple of pushing the wicket open and proceeding to the house. You reach it by a pavement of flags 15 ft. broad, which extends all around the house, though with diminished breadth. Br. W——will usher you into the parlor with his most winning smile, and leave you there whilst he goes to summon Fr. Rector. In the meanwhile you will have time to notice that the parlor though extremely neat is very plain and perfectly in keeping with the spirit of poverty. The mantel is adorned with some little trinkets and the walls with some

simple paintings. On one side is a large frame enclosing poetry written by the Juniors, pieces being changed from time to time. At present there are several acrostics, among others one double Greek acrostic to Pius the Ninth, and another in Latin to St. Stanislaus, displaying in five directions.

It is made the custom of the house for our brethren from abroad to test our home-pressed wine before going any farther, it being supposed that a two mile travel has made it acceptable: besides it is as innocent as becomes a novitiate.

Of course you will next pay a visit to the domestic chapel which is in the first story on the south side of the house. Our altar is, in our opinion, quite handsome, being embellished with mouldings, carvings and modillions. The latticed windows with their lace hangings and the marbled walls and ceilings given an air of solemnity to the sacred precincts. All around you is still; it is the time of the Examen. That bell you hear sounding from the cupola is the sign for dinner. As we have "Deo Gratias" in your honor, there will be ample opportunity to become acquainted with the whole community, which consists of Rev. Father Boudreaux, Rector; Father Converse, Minister; Father Coppens, Professor of the Juniors; with eleven Juniors, seventeen Scholastic Novices and twenty-four Brothers.

In the course of the afternoon you take a survey of the premises. On the right and a little to the rear of the stone edifice is a frame building 52 by 20, rich in historical memories. At present its upper story is used as a chapel for the neighbors; the lower, owing to the scarcity of room and the large number of our community, as a Dormitory for the Juniors. Our outhouses are so numerous that they present the appearance of a little village. But let us proceed! Right of the house and back of it are orchards; left, or south-west, is the garden laid off with some taste, and by way of "miscendi utile dulci," enclosing patches of vegetables, borders of flower beds, and evergreens. Fruit trees of different kinds are scattered in the midst of this gay

profusion. Besides several arbors near the house, and a quantity of Catawba and Isabella vines planted elsewhere, a magnificent grape arbor 400 or 500 ft. long, supported on trellis-work twelve feet high, runs through the garden. Several bowers, conveniently situated, a row of tall locusts, and some venerable old pear trees afford shade and refreshing coolness. On the north side is a hot-house, and near by, a handsome flower bed under the care of the Juniors. In the lower part of the garden is a modest little oratory in the Gothic style, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Though at all seasons of the year it is a favorite resort of the Novices and others; the fragrant honeysuckles clambering up the wall without, and the blooming flowers placed before Our Lady's statue within, make it find favor even with non-Catholic visitors. The walks of the garden are bordered with pinks, violets and privet. The whole garden is surrounded by an Osage orange hedge of remarkable beauty and closeness. A person lately attempted to cross it, but though favored by a friendly fence, met with very indifferent success, as was evident from the sundry pieces of cloth left behind.

On the west side of the garden between flower beds on one side and orchards on the three other sides is the resting place of our dead. The cemetery comprises an area of 90 ft. square, enclosed by a simple white paling. Within the enclosure a quadrangular mound, partly artificial, partly natural, rises gradually from a height of 2 ft. at the border to 12 ft. at its central elevation. Two broad paths set with flowers and intersecting each other at right angles, divide the mound into four equal sections, two of which contain the remains of twenty-five Fathers, the third, of nine scholastics, the fourth, of eighteen brothers. A hedge of lilacs formerly encircled each section, but they have given place to box-wood, roses, lilies, bleeding hearts etc. Weeping willows, thorny locusts and huge catalpas throw a sombre shade over the sacred spot; whilst a stone cross twelve feet

high raised on a pedestal in the centre of the elevation speaks the faith and hope of the departed. One tomb close to the cross bears this inscription :

REV. PATER
 LUDOVICUS SEBASTIANUS MEURIN,
 SOC. JESU SAC. PROF.,
 NATIONE GALLUS
 OBIT IN PAGO PRAIRIE DU ROCHER
 23 FEBR. 1777,
 ET IBIDEM SEPULTUS FUIT
 IN
 ECCLESIA STI. JOSEPHII,
 INDE HUC TRANSLATUS
 23 AUG. 1849,
 ET DENUO HUMATUS
 3 SEPT. 1849.
 R. I. P.

It is a precious link between the old and the new society.

I have confined myself, Rev. Father, to a description of what may be properly called our premises—all within the osage orange hedge. Behind this is a country road, happily not much frequented, but this I must not cross without permission—it is out of bounds. Besides, I suppose you are wearied enough, so we will leave the farm buildings, the saw and grist mill and the church still in the course of erection, alone for the present. I will only mention that the large brick house beyond the road is inhabited by our former slaves, the same families that came with our first Fathers and Novices from Maryland fifty years ago. One of them, old Protus, died a few years since some 110 years of age; he gloried to have been of our Society for fifty years.

You must have noticed that the outhouses are in a good state of repair, many perfectly new; and you may wish to know whence this prosperity comes. Seculars say that it is all the work of our Procurator who is a native of Vermont, and who practised law before he joined our Holy Religion; but they do not know that we have another source of wealth besides, viz: for several years past the custom has existed in this community of offering up a Mass every Wednesday and each member in his turn a communion in honor of St. Joseph, who has not despised the simple devotion, but has frequently given bountiful assistance both spiritual and temporal at the time most needed.

JUNIOR.

BUFFALO MISSION.

Letter from Mr. Guldner.

BUFFALO, Nov. 20th 1871.

REVEREND FATHER,

P. C.

St. Michael's church is, and I suppose will continue to be, the centre of the Mission. It is accordingly the residence of the Rev. Fr. Superior. The natural field of the Apostolic labors of the German Fathers is the West, as it is to the West that the tide of German immigration is uninterruptedly flowing. Already they feel their inability to satisfy the demand for missions in that direction. Up to the present hour they have, besides the two houses in Buffalo, only one more residence, in Toledo, where are the

head-quarters of a band of four missionaries. One of the Fathers has accomplished an excellent work by reconciling a German parish in Erie to their Bishop; another has, by accepting a professorship in the Cleveland Diocesan Seminary, relieved the Administrator of that Diocese from the painful necessity of closing the Seminary. A college was offered in Prairie du Chien, Wis., but the Fathers did not deem it acceptable. Another band of missionaries is stationed here in Buffalo. They, too, have their hands full of work. "Messis quidem multa, operarii autem pauci." It is the old complaint. The good these Fathers are doing, and are called to do, among the German population, is incalculable. However, though they spare no pains in the missionary work, it is neither the only, nor even the chief object of their attention. The greatest care and solicitude, they bestow upon the education of youth. They were not long in this country before they found out that the curse of this fair land, especially of the Catholic population, are the public schools. They therefore shrink from no sacrifice to procure good schools and good teachers for the children entrusted to their pastoral vigilance. Every class is visited at least twice a week by one of the Fathers, for the purpose of teaching catechism. Besides this weekly catechism, there is, regularly, every Sunday before Vespers, catechism in the church for the whole congregation, where the children are interrogated in presence of their parents. When they leave school they are received into the Sodality. These Sodalities have been canonically erected for the different classes of persons, viz., boys, young men, married men, young ladies, matrons. I may mention by the way, that the Fathers have great experience in the sodality work, as it is one of their chief occupations in Germany, where they are excluded from the education of youth. Some of the Sodalities meet every week; others every second week. They have general communion once a month. Yesterday morning I assisted at the Mass of communion, for the men.

I never witnessed anything more edifying. The earnest but simple piety which those sturdy men showed forth, as they said their prayers in common, responded to the leading prefect, and sang their canticles was really touching. But it seems to be of regular recurrence: with them it is a matter of course to attend to their duties. Much good is prevented by the unreasonable division of the parishes. In whatever parish church a person has rented a seat, to that parish he belongs. It is a source of disorder and difficulties without end.

Besides the two large parishes of St. Michael's and St. Ann's within the city, the Fathers have also the care of the German-French of Eleysville and North-bush, and of the German-Irish parish of St. Vincent's. One of the Fathers spends some hours daily at the hospital of the Sisters of Charity. Every day he has some touching incident to relate, tending to prove that the hospital is for many a poor soul the gate of heaven. Only to-day in recreation he recounted the following: The other day, when I was going through the wards, the sister came to me saying, "Father, there is a negro just dying in another room, could you do something for the poor fellow?" "I will see" replied the Father, following the sister to the room where the dying man lay. He was brought to the negro by a little boy of twelve or fourteen years of age who said to the sick man, "Sam, here comes the Priest, he is going to baptize you. Do you believe in God, in Jesus Christ?" and he was going to put the man through a regular examination, when the Father interrupted him, and having satisfied himself as to the dispositions of the poor man, he called for water and baptized him. Half an hour afterwards he was a corpse.

Many edifying conversions, wrought in the hospital and during the missions, might be recounted, but I must not tire you. I will only mention two facts, circumstantially related to me by one of the missionary Fathers, and illustrative of the extraordinary action of grace on such occa-

sions. Two brothers had been deadly enemies for years; after the sermon, which was on reconciliation, they embraced each other at the church door, to the great joy and edification of the by-standers. In another parish, where a mission was preached, a scandalous law-suit was pending, in which many persons were concerned, and which caused great disturbance in the whole parish. It seemed as if this sad affair were going to thwart all the missionary's efforts in trying to produce a radical change in the hearts of the people. By dint of prayer and great efforts he finally succeeded in causing the whole suit to be dropped and private arrangements to be agreed to. The mission now went on splendidly and was attended by the wished-for success.

Now a few words about our incipient college. We have already over sixty students, in spite of difficulties of every kind that beset us, in spite of the ill-will of persons, who ought rather to favor than hinder the work. It will doubtless, at no distant period, become a flourishing college; at present its outward appearance is rather insignificant: the speedy erection of at least part of the future college is an urgent necessity. We have now the two lowest classes of the Latin course, and also two commercial classes. German and English are, as much as possible, kept on an equal footing. The Fathers are just now anxiously awaiting succor from Europe. I suppose when the "Old-Catholics" i. e. New-Protestants, with the help of their friends, the free-masons, will have done away with their eye-sore, the Jesuits, we shall get plenty of help. How we will welcome them to this our free and hospitable America!

If you can command your patience a little while longer I will speak to you about one, who being no more among the living, cannot forbid me to say something in his praise. I mean our good brother Pappert. He died on All Saints day, at 5½ o'clock, A. M. Brother Francis Pappert was born in Fulda, in the year 1815. He entered the Society in Switzerland, when twenty years old. He lived at Freiburg

and other Swiss colleges till the year 1848, when the revolution dispersed that province of the Society. Shortly after he was sent to America, and, if I am not mistaken, continued to live at Fordham, till he was recalled to his own province, which happened in the fall of 1870. He was stationed at St. Michael's church, where he discharged the office of sacristan to the great satisfaction of the Fathers and edification of the faithful. People used to call him, *the good brother sacristan*.

During his illness his besetting thought was that he gave, as he believed, so much trouble to the Fathers, among whom he had not labored. All this, I need hardly tell you, was but the effect of his delicate, susceptible mind. As to his usefulness, all those who knew him here, did not make a secret of the esteem in which they held him. The Fathers considered him as the very pattern of a coadjutor brother. On a holyday the Fathers and Brothers of St. Michael's church went to dine at St. Ann's. When after dinner, the Fathers, coming from the visit, proceeded to recreation, Father Superior, pointing to the kitchen where Br. Pappert was already diligently washing the dishes, although he had not been asked to do so, being a guest, exclaimed: "Brother Pappert is a model of a coadjutor brother."

It was on the 25th of June, the day of the first communion of the children of the parish, after having perhaps overfatigued himself in the sacristy and church, that he felt the first attack of apoplexy. When Fr. Minister accompanied him to his room, trying to dispel his uneasiness by saying: "It is only fatigue, brother, you worked too much to-day, take a rest and to-morrow you will be all right again," the brother shook his head and said calmly: "No, Father, it is an attack of apoplexy, I know it." All his right side became paralyzed: a few more attacks deprived him of speech, and rendered his right arm and hand useless. He dragged himself along very painfully; for his right leg soon became as helpless as his arm. As he was

convinced that all was over with him, he at once commenced to prepare himself for death. He walked along and worked as long as he could stir a foot, for the idea of being useless or a burden to others, was a torment to him, whereas the fathers deemed it a blessing, and not a burden to have a sick brother, and such a brother under their roof. Had he not been obliged by holy obedience, he would never have consented to take a glass of wine at table ; and had not one of his brothers happened to perceive how extremely difficult and well nigh impossible it was for him to dress and undress, good Br. Pappert would never have said a word about it. At last obedience obliged him to keep his bed. Here he lay, the poor sick man, for months, more helpless and mute than a baby. The use of his left hand only was left to him ; his only language was that of his eyes, and oh ! how eloquent it was at times.

Fr. Superior was accustomed to give him his blessing every night after litany, but was once prevented from doing so. The next day the sick brother was uneasy, and calm only returned when in the evening he had received the blessing. I did not assist him very often. One day, I entered the infirmary, and, after speaking a few words, prepared to retire, when he grasped my hand and pressed it, and looked at me so candidly and so earnestly, that I, overpowered, had to leave the room at once. It seemed to me there was a world of meaning in that look and pressure of my hand. I witnessed a similar scene when Fr. Superior starting for a journey, gave him his parting blessing.

His beads were his great consolation ; it was by their means that he established an uninterrupted communication and sweet conversation with heaven : he would never consent to part with them, even for a few minutes.

On Sunday, Oct. 29th, he received the Viaticum for the last time. The Infirmarian, after communion, said some prayers for him. He seemed full of consolation, and to give vent to his gratitude, he took the Infirmarian's hand and would have kissed it, if the former had allowed him.

On the feast of Blessed Alphonsus, he seemed to be dying and we all thought that our Blessed Coadjutor Brother would obtain for him the grace of a saintly death on his own festival; but the next morning he was better.

During his long and noble struggle, lasting from Sunday till Wednesday, he never let go either beads or crucifix, and when a brother pointing to the beads, said: "the Blessed Virgin will assist you in your last moments," a smile of happiness illumined his face. Father Superior himself attended him in his last moments. He and all those in the house are unanimous in saying that Br. Pappert died a good exemplary religious.

Many persons of the parish had given marks of deep sympathy during his illness, often inquired about his state, sent little presents for him; and when he was dead, the throng to the parlor was so great that the Fathers decided to depart somewhat from the custom of the Society. Accordingly Rev. Fr. Superior, in his sermon on All Saints' day, mentioned his death, asked the prayers of the faithful for the repose of his soul, and announced that the body would be exposed in the chapel. Many persons, among them not a few men, were seen shedding tears while the father said a few words about the edifying life and death of our dear brother. After Vespers the body was laid in the chapel, which is left open to the public, and until dark a crowd of people were without interruption going processionally around the bier and saying their beads. Mothers lifted up their children to see the face of the dead brother, and they seemed to look at it with pleasure; for the features were not at all contracted or any way repulsive, but he seemed to be peacefully sleeping. His funeral service was held on All Souls' day, and he was buried in the German Cemetery.—*May he rest in peace.*

LETTER FROM ST. LOUIS.

ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY, Oct. 19th 1871.

REVEREND FATHER,
P. C.

Within the last few days an event has occurred that shall forever be memorable in the annals of the house, and stand forth as one of its brightest pages. The great joy that pervaded all hearts, and the gala-day that was created for the entire University, professors as well as students, were occasioned by the rare and unprecedented spectacle of two of our Fathers celebrating their golden Jubilee. These were the FF. Van Assche and Verreydt; the only two surviving founders and pioneers of the province. As Rev. F. Provincial intended to make the festival a general one, he thought he could devise no better method of doing so, than to invite the heads of the different houses, as well as those who had formerly filled the office of Rector. The kind invitation was almost universally responded to, for on the eve and morning of the festive day arrivals from every quarter of the Province filled the college. It was, indeed, a happy gathering and reunion; long separated brethren in religion met again; they recalled old scenes and places, and reverting to the histories and memories of the past, recalled to their minds things which time had almost effaced.

At length, the 10th of October, the feast of St. Francis Borgia, and the day appointed for the Jubilee, had come. It was a bright genial day, not a speck of cloud interrupted the continuous blue, while the sun dispensed sufficient warmth to remind one of Indian Summer. The previous Sunday, the parish had been informed of the approaching celebration, and on the morning many a devout soul hastened to St. Xavier's to witness the venerable sight and the affecting ceremonies. Precisely at 9 o'clock the clergy filed into the Sanctuary. The venerable Father Judocus L. Van

Assche officiated as celebrant, assisted by Father Helias of Cole Co. as deacon, and Father Busschots from the villa, as subdeacon. Owing to the dignified appearance of the celebrant and his assistants, the richly decked altar, and the distinguished services rendered by Mr Gilson's choir, the Mass was as solemn and impressive as any we ever attended. In truth, nothing more venerable and awe-inspiring can be imagined that the aspect of Father J. L. Van Assche. With beard of silver descending to his breast and a countenance lit up by an ever ready smile, this veteran of many years still walks with step so light and firm, that few would credit the fact that seventy-one years have left no greater marks upon his person; Fathers Helias and Busschots, too, wear their years well, and still give many signs of unabated activity and ardor,—traits so characteristic of their nation. About twenty Fathers assisted in surplice; and as many acolytes, among whom may be reckoned several aspirants to the sacerdotal dignity, acted as torch-bearers, and enhanced the solemnity of the occasion. If his Grace, Bishop Miege had honored us with his presence, we should have enjoyed the spectacle of a pontifical high Mass, in which the pioneer Fathers would have figured as deacon and subdeacon respectively. But as his Grace failed to appear, Father Felix L. Verreydt offered up his Mass of thanksgiving early in the morning, while Father J. Van Assche sang the solemn Mass. The church was crowded, and many a fervent prayer ascended on high for the blessings and length of years bestowed on the two venerable servants, while, perhaps, not a few of the Fathers assembled cherished the fond hope of one day seeing their own golden Jubilee. Slowly and solemnly the Holy Sacrifice neared its completion, and when the Celebrant's hand had descended in benediction on the prostrate crowd, all rose consoled by the rare and edifying action which they had witnessed.

At noon a bountiful repast was served. The greatest harmony and charity prevailed. Interesting scenes were

depicted in the most striking colors; and the many dangers, trials, and arduous occupations of the past were gratefully recounted. Especially did the older members dwell on the fact, when, fifty years ago, the youthful province emigrated from its parent stock, Maryland, to the wilds of Missouri, and in spite of a thousand obstacles laid the foundation. Time and again they lauded the unflinching spirit and iron will of the noble Fathers Van Quickenborn and De Theux, to whose unsparing exertions they owed their united fruitful labors. Amid these recollections the afternoon had passed, and the evening, the time set apart for the formal and explicit congratulations of the "veterans" had come. By 6 o'clock the community and invited guests, whose number had hourly increased, repaired to the spacious library hall. Here a richly covered table laden with creature comforts and refreshments ran threw its entire length, while four magnificent chandeliers shed a flood of light over the well-stocked panels, and the portraits of the nine Presidents of the University. At the head of the table sat Rev. Father Provincial with Fathers Van Assche and Verreydt on either side, while ranged on the right and left were the many groups assembled to welcome the pioneers.

The formal opening of congratulation was made by the Rector Rev. J. G. Zealand, who in a short pithy address welcomed them in the name of all present, and represented what grateful sentiments were entertained for them by the inmates of the house. After a short interval, a communication from Rev. J. E. Keller, Provincial of Maryland, was read. This missive couched in terms at once most chaste and chiselled found a ready response in the hearts of all. It dilated in growing terms on the golden fruits, which the tree planted by them so plentifully bore, styling them "the pillars of the noble edifice which now graced the land." Next came the kind greeting of the Scholastics resident at Woodstock, who though busy "hiving wisdom with each studious year" did not forget to contribute their mite to

the family festivity. One by one did they loom up before us, laying individually tokens of love and reverence at the feet of the pioneers. Their address, as tasteful in style, as simple in language, and encircled by a garland of distichs that set forth their several kind feelings and good wishes, was passed from group to group and greatly admired. But the older members, too, were not to be outstripped by the younger ones: they came forward and recited pieces breathing youthful ardor and inspiration. Among others, Father Busschots proved syllogistically the happiness of a well-spent religious life, and Father Helias, in five different languages, gave expression to his joy. His Latin hexameters and pentameters addressed to Father Felix Verreydt may not be out of place here. The following is a copy of the original :

REVERENDO FELICI VERREYDT JUBILÆUM CELEBRANTI

Sic Te divus amor patria procul ire relicta
 Arcuit, Hesperiae visere regna domus ?
 Carbasaque ignotis audacia pandere ventis,
 Phœbus ubi fessos condit anhelus equos.
 Usus amicitiae nec Te, lachrymaeque tuorum
 Flectere, sollicitae nec valere preces ?
 Non pater apsentis poscens solatia nati,
 Non genitrix passas imbre rigante comas ?
 Turbaque tot fratrum, quorum suspiria nullus
 Finiit, a portu Te properante, dies ?
 Non albos scopulos, et mille pericula ponti
 Impedit ? Atroces trux habet unda vias,
 Aspera montano riguerunt pectora ferro,
 Votaque cum nullo pondere cuncta cadunt.
 Ibis, et o nunquam rediturus ! Te procul æquor
 Ereptum ex oculis in vaga regna tulit.
 Nec tamen Americes spectator inutilis urbes
 Visere, nec merces classe referre parat,
 Est aliud, quo vota pius cursusque ratemque
 Impulit, instabiles spernere doctus opes,
 Eminus albentes metitur messibus agros,
 Quæque suas poscunt Indica rura manus.

Hic Fidei radiis pressas caligine mentes
 Imbuit, et sacris crimina tinxit aquis
 Cœlestesque animos patrio transcripsit Olympo
 Deque triumphato præmia Dite tulit.
 Et certe hoc melius, quam si Te cura parentum
 Indecorem patria contumulasset humo.
 Sic mihi facta via est, et me tulit æquor euntem :
 Sic mihi nunc comitem me Tibi junxit amor,
 Nec me terruerunt pharetræ, nec lethifer arcus.
 Necquæ Indi sæva bella bipenne gerunt :
 Dummodo Romanæ rubidus primordia legis
 Sacra feram, Jesum mundus uterque colat,
 Scilicet ut Belgas videat domus utraque solis
 Sacraque Christiadum mundus uterque notet.

Contributions by the professors of St. Louis University and St. Xavier College were next recited, and the twelve " Juniors " at St. Stanislaus, were ably represented by Fr. C. Coppens, who read their happy productions. Chicago college found its exponent in Fr. De Blicck and Milwaukee had a spokesman in Fr. Lalumiere ; the former improvised a short Spanish address presenting his compliments, while the latter regretted that he had not been able to forward two canes cut on the grave of Fr. Marquette, which were to serve them as a support in their declining years.

Father Kamp, of the nascent Buffalo Province, delivered a short address in German, while of two Italian Fathers returning from China, and homeward bound for Brazil, Fr. Rondina with a talent peculiar to his nation, like a true " improvisatore," threw off on the spur of the moment most exquisite Portuguese and Italian verses.

The time consumed in this various readings had advanced the night considerably, and Rev. Father Provincial, to close the exercises, requested the two " Honored Guests " to make a short reply. Cheerfully did they second his wishes by stating how grateful they felt to God for crowning their old age with such distinguished honor, and lavishing upon them so many sympathies at the hands of their brethren. With his usual wit and good humor, Fr. J. Van-Assche excused his brief speech by the promise of a longer

one at his centennial celebration. Father Felix Verreydt on the other hand, overcome with emotion, tendered his thanks to all present in the most humble manner, and recommended in a few appropriate words the fifty years spent in religion, and then with trembling hand blessed the kneeling crowd. Thus ended the festivities. But time shall not soon obliterate the salutary impression made—nay, in after years its sweet remembrance shall, like the reflex of past joys and glories, speed us back to the day, which we shall ever cherish as one of the happiest of our lives.

LETTER FROM FR. PRACHENSKY.

EMIGRANTS' REFUGE AND HOSPITAL,
WARD'S ISLAND, N. Y, Nov, 27, 1871.

REVEREND FATHER,

P. C.

In complying with the request of my brethren to open a correspondence with you, I think I may say, that owing to my peculiar position on this island, an account of the missionary work carried on here may not be without interest.

When the tide of emigration from Europe began to flow to this country, New York became the chief port of entry, and continued to grow in extent and importance with the numbers which arrived every day in its harbor to seek in this new country a new home. Many of these arrived destitute, and others who brought their little savings with them, became but too soon the prey of thieves and sharpers,

who infested this port, and robbed them unawares of what little property they had, turning them out penniless into the streets, where not seldom they were seized by the police, and as vagrants and paupers sent to the prison or work-house. To remedy these evils a number of prominent Irishmen formed themselves into an Irish Emigrant Society for the protection and assistance of Irish emigrants. The Germans soon followed their example, until both societies with the aid of the state authorities obtained a charter from the Legislature of New York as the *Commissioners of Emigration of the State of New York*, with the right of levying a tax on the captain of every vessel carrying emigrants to the port of New York. By means of this tax, or head-money which at present is \$1.50 for every emigrant, the Commissioners were enabled to perfect accommodations in Castle Garden, where all emigrants have to land; and to purchase land and erect suitable buildings for the sick and destitute, of no matter what nationality.

Thus every emigrant arriving at the port of New York or Brooklyn during the first *five* years he is in this country, has a right to hospitality and care if sick or destitute, in the Emigrants' Refuge and Hospital of Ward's Island. How many arrive here, having been sent for by their relatives, without means to continue their journey! They are transferred to Ward's Island; their relatives are written to, and they themselves remain in safe keeping without any expense until they are sent for or the necessary funds are obtained. The Hospitals contain every sort of patients *ab infante usque ad hominem senem*, every disease that man is heir to, with the exception of small-pox cases, which are transferred to the Hospital on Blackwell's Island at the expense of the Commission. There is an average of from 600 to 800 patients in the Hospitals and from 1200 to 2500 inmates on the island. Last winter they reached the number of 2600; 14,000 persons obtained hospitality in this Institution during the course of last year. The greater part of these are

German and Irish; a considerable number of English and Scotch; Poles and Bohemians and a sprinkling of other nationalities. That there is a large number of Catholics among them is evident. A priest from Yorkville, and a Protestant minister from Harlem were appointed chaplains, but neither of them were allowed to reside on the Island. When three years ago his Grace, the Archbishop, entrusted this place to the care of the Society which had already all the other charitable institutions of the island in charge, and your humble servant was appointed to the chaplaincy of the emigration on Ward's Island, I saw at once that a residence on the island was absolutely necessary; so without asking leave officially, I took it for granted, and sought and found board and lodging with a family in the place. Once established there, none of the Commissioners had the courage to send me away: and when I remarked that they connived at my stay, I made a step farther, and asked for a lodging nearer to the Catholic chapel, which, after some difficulties and explanations, was granted. I then turned my attention to the furnishing and embellishing of the chapel, so that it became a point of attraction to the inmates and visitors; and the commissioners themselves remarked, not without pride: "That is the way the priest spends his money!" The year after, I applied for an increase of salary to the commissioners, and made a promise to buy a statue of St. Patrick and St. Bridget, if my petition were granted. I obtained it, and the two statues adorn an altar in the chapel. This chapel is in the upper story of a large frame building used as a nursery, unfortunately difficult of access for infirm, old and crippled people, exceedingly hot in summer and not large enough for all the people in winter. For besides the Emigrants' Refuge and Hospital, which belongs to the state, there is on this island also an Inebriate Asylum and a Soldiers' retreat belonging to the city; moreover at the beginning of next year there will be opened here a large lunatic asylum for 800 patients, to be

transferred from Blackwell's Island. Now as the majority in all these institutions is Catholic, my congregation will be increased considerably. I say two Masses every Sunday, preach in English after the second, and during winter in German at Benediction; still the chapel, seating about 500, cannot accommodate all. Therefore I made up my mind, under the protection of St. Joseph, to whom the chapel is dedicated, to apply to the commissioners (13 in number and only three of them Catholics) for the building of a new Catholic church *in terra firma*. Although I was laughed at by Ours and strangers, who thought that I was building castles in the air, and at my first application to the Board of Commissioners had suffered a defeat, the votes standing five against five; I had the matter reconsidered last week, and thanks to the intercession of St. Joseph, carried my point by a vote of seven against three, with an appropriation of \$35,000 and the resolution to commence the work at once. I hope that by the time this reaches you, the foundations of the new Catholic church will be dug, and that it will be closed in when you come to New York in vacation.

I have not asked yet for the building of a new *residence* for the pastor; but that will come, when the church is built. *Quærite primum regnum Dei, et hæc omnia adjicientur vobis*: i. e. first build the church, and the residence of the pastor will follow. But do not think that our Protestant Commissioners who show themselves so liberal towards Catholics, forgot their own. When I was allowed a residence on the Island, application was made for the residence of a Protestant minister also, but I succeeded in getting him assigned a lodging far enough away, to make him prefer to stay home than to walk about among the inmates: one of the Commissioners was not a little amused, when I applied for an increase of salary, at my answer to his objection that the Protestant chaplain would ask for the same. "By all means, let him have it, if you think he deserves it; I am

afraid that if the poor fellow does not enjoy some comfort in this life he will find little in the next. Moreover that man is doing more for his people than I would do for mine."

"How so, Father?"

"I am afraid, he is damning himself to please his people: a thing that I would not do for mine: they ought to pay him well at least in this world."

The Protestants have a chapel on this island of about half the size of ours, but it is never filled. The greatest part of the German Protestants are infidels, who laugh at their ministers. There is not much chance of making converts for fear of provoking reaction. Nevertheless instances have not been wanting, every year, in which I have been called to receive into the Church, Protestants, who called for the Catholic priest, on their death bed, moved by the mercy of God alone. Among these I always will remember an English lady of good education, who had been sick of consumption for several months. I saw her mostly every day while making my rounds through the wards of the hospital, but beyond an ordinary salutation and question about her physical condition, I never exchanged a word with her on religious subjects, as she seemed to be very bigoted and attached to her own sect. One afternoon I had been on a visit to Blackwell's Island, when a messenger waited for me on the shore, with a very urgent sick-call. I had seen all the patients before leaving the island, and could not guess who required my assistance. Judge of my surprise when I was conducted to the bed-side of the lady just mentioned who, in the passage of death, said she could not die without receiving the rites of holy Mother Church. She knew sufficiently well, what she was about to receive, and scarcely had I anointed her and after a few prayers turned my steps to the door, when she expired. I learned here better than anywhere, how good it is to explain the teachings of our Holy Religion to all who give us the chance, though they seem not to heed what we say at the time.

Yet another conversion I will relate and thus cut short my epistle, which has grown to longer dimensions than I expected. It is the conversion of a Chinese boy, 14 years of age. This boy was reduced to slavery by the Chinese rebels, after his father and mother had been massacred before his eyes. At the age of 10 he was instrumental in saving the life of an American navy officer, who took him on board of his own frigate and brought him to his family on Long Island. Johnny Chow learned the English language, and as the family of the officer were all Methodists, he was trained up in that sect. After three years he was afflicted with an abscess on the spine, which made his presence in the house of his benefactors insupportable: so they sent him to the Emigrants' Hospital on Ward's Island, but never failed to recommend him to the special care of the Protestant chaplain who was to see him daily and to bring him jellies, crackers and candies, and whatever could be of any comfort to poor Johnny in this world. I, of course, waited on Johnny too, learned his history and his religious training, and when I found that he was not even baptized, and that the Protestant minister never spoke to him about Baptism, I explained to him its necessity, and arranged it so with the Orderly in charge of the ward, that he instructed him in his catechism. Johnny himself declared repeatedly, that he liked the man that baptized much better than the man that read over him; and thus when his end approached, and he was asked which of the two clergyman he wished to have, he called with a loud voice: "I no want the man that reads, I want the man that baptises,—he tell the truth." And so Johnny was baptized and saved his soul without the aid of jelly and crackers. You may imagine what were the feelings of the minister when he was informed about it, and could not make any complaint since he had neglected to baptize him. Besides, the boy was not a Protestant but an infidel, whom an infinitely merciful God brought all the way from China to Ward's Island to make a Christian of him and to take him to heaven.

This, Rev. Father, may do as a beginning of our correspondence; and I hope that you will favor me also with the news, with which you propose to gladden our dear Society. I must confess our Lord helped me a little in getting time to write this letter, by sending me a severe cold, which keeps me in my room for a day or two. But then I will not wait for another cold before I write to you again. Wishing you the very best success in your new enterprise, I will write, without being called upon, whenever I am in possession of facts that will suit your laudable purpose, A. M. D. G.

LETTER FROM FATHER VINCENT GARICA
TO FATHER IGNATIUS SANTOS,
RECTOR OF THE SEMINARY AT PORTO RICO.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER RECTOR,
P. C.

Your reverence will be surprised to receive a letter from me, dated from this city; but such are the ways of Divine Providence, who directing all things for the best, has decreed that his children should be wanderers on the face of the earth.

On the 4th of last Sept. we were driven from Guatemala; we took refuge in this Central American Republic. Of this fact you have been doubtless apprised. I shall confine my narrative therefore to some few of the painful scenes through which we have been made to pass.

On the 29th of June the revolution achieved a decisive triumph; but its action was so awkward and its success so contrary to every probability, as to make it manifest that the result was the work of the Lord, who sent it as a chas-

tisement rather than the doing of the four giddy heads who were pledged to it. On the 30th the liberating(?) army entered the city, and honors of course were paid to it; but as the whole city, had taken part with the opposite side during the struggle, it had to submit to be pillaged. Still the conquerers conducted themselves with moderation. They gave safe-conducts even to the old ministers of state: they were willing moreover to retain in the service the same officers whom the former administration had employed, and they protested so loudly their unwillingness to imbrue their hands, or stain their victory with blood, that many of the simple people gave them credit for good intentions.

On the 13th of Aug. the feast of B. John Berchmans, hostilities were opened on the college of Quezaltenango. At 8 o'clock at night General Barrios, previously of the Liberating army, but now Commandant of that department, convoked the municipal officers of the place, and made all sign a decree for our expulsion. "If you refuse" said he "I will shoot every one of you." The document was signed. He then without delay informed the Jesuits that the people were in a tumult against the Society, and that the municipality, to avoid being knocked down and trampled upon, had made arrangements for Ours to depart at 3 o'clock in the morning. There was no remedy for it, they had to go. Such was the leniency shown them that even one of the fathers who was suffering from pains in the stomach was pulled or rather dragged along, and then thrown upon a mule to expedite the departure. They then with all the honors of war, i. e. escorted by a numerous body-guard began the march. They had gone a distance of two leagues, when a couple of the fathers, who had little by little got ahead of the guards, slipped away. Their object was to reach Guatemala before the enemy, and prevent the Superior in that city from being taken by surprise. They succeeded, arrived in the city four days in advance of the es-

cort and escorted, and the plans of the Government were frustrated. The news quickly spread, and the people were aroused to such a state of exasperation that the provisional President was obliged to practise dissimulation and to impute the affair to the arbitrary act of a subaltern. But his plan in reality had been to have us all removed two days later, to join us on the road and conduct us to the port where lay the nearest steamer.

On the 18th the Fathers from Quezaltenango arrived at Guatemala and were received in triumph. The Bishop, the Clergy of the Cathedral and more than 200 persons went out to welcome them. It was 10 o'clock at night, but the multitude made the air resound with their *vivas* to the Evangelical laborers and to religion. Whilst this was going on, some evil-minded persons called together a patriotic *junta*, discoursed an amount of nonsense, and gathered signatures to a petition drawn up against us. The well-disposed held a meeting also, spoke their mind and framed a petition in our favor.

The provisional President being able to discern a middle course, willed that every department should sign the decree for our expulsion. He signified the same. Hereupon, the party in our favor came to the conclusion that resistance was a necessary measure. The department of St. Rose took the initiative. At the moment when the message arrived, it announced its opposition. Two other departments joined it, and the united forces of the three were organized into a body called the Christian army.

The President, at this juncture, saw himself between the sword and the wall. For the Secret Societies of Costa Rica having assisted him to attain his authority, now threatened him with the poniard, unless he kept the oath he had taken to banish us. He therefore called together our principal friends and declared to them that he would banish us though it should cost him the presidential chair. He immediately put the city in a state of siege, etc. etc.

It is not possible to relate here all that occurred at this time, or the efforts of the good people in our defence: the manifestoes, protests and placards; the procession of 300 or 400 ladies to the house of the President in order to dissuade him from carrying out his resolution; or the guarding of our premises night after night by these same ladies, armed with knives to prevent an attack upon us.

At length on Sept. 4th at 5 A. M. we were hurried off amid a troop of armed soldiers, leaving the city in consternation and tears. We departed like true ministers of God, each with his crucifix suspended from his neck, and his little pack in his hand. On the road we gathered tears and sighs; for the people wherever we passed, threw themselves on their knees, and in the emotions of grief called themselves unfortunate.

At the port of St. Joseph, a place extremely unhealthy, we were delayed eight days, at the end of which time a steamer arrived. Now began the second part in the drama of our troubles. The fathers were allowed a part of the cabin; but the rest of us were stowed away in the hold of the vessel, a delightful locality, where in the abundance of our wants we had to be satisfied with an abundance of cold; and in the absence of convenience, to put up with every inconvenience, and to make the best of it.

The government had bargained for our passage to Panama; and so we were forbidden to get out and shake ourselves at the ports of the neighboring republics, San Salvador and Honduras; but three days after, we reached Corinth, Nicaragua, where we were welcomed with open arms. Two of the fathers went immediately to inform the Lord Bishop of our arrival. His Lordship instantly put his palace at our disposal. On Monday Sep. 18th we made our entrance into the city, where the Lord Bishop, the clergy and the entire population dressed in their holiday attire gave us the honors of a triumphal reception. A band of music led the procession and the heavens blazed with rockets.

All were full of the liveliest joy, and the welcome was warm and affecting. We went to the Cathedral, whence after the *Te Deum* was sung, we repaired to our lodgings. Never in my life did I see streets so tightly packed with people; if there was one person there, there were 16,000 crowded upon them.

We are now resting, and recovering from the fevers which had seized upon us. The people are very kind, and are providing us with all the necessaries of life; but they are very poor, and it is only now after a month's stay that some of us have procured a bed to sleep upon. They are well disposed to receive the assistance of our ministry. The men and women come to confession to us, and they wish us to open a mission among them. The clergy are enthusiastic in our praise. They have asked us to take charge of the schools, and the government, which is an excellent one, is in favor of it; but the country is too poor to inspire confidence. Our stay at this point is only temporary therefore; we shall depart when we have recuperated and received further orders. By that time the affairs of Guatemala may be settled; for the entire state is again in arms, the government is again in jeopardy, and those who raised the present administration to power are now the most ardent reactionists. Unless therefore the Lord decrees to prolong the days of our trial, there is strong reason to hope for an early return.

But the mail is about to start. Give our best respects to the fathers and brothers.

AN ACCOUNT OF A MIRACULOUS CURE

EFFECTED AT BOSTON, MASS. BY THE USE OF
THE "WATER OF LOURDES."

The following account was written by Miss O'Donnell the person cured by the use of the "Water of Lourdes." We insert as a preface, an extract of a letter dated Dec. 28th 1871, from one of our Fathers who has been the young woman's spiritual director for several years.

I have asked Miss O'Donnell herself to write out a little account of the miracle, which I enclose. This I think will be more satisfactory, and of course more exact than anything I could write. The cure, you will observe, was much more sudden than I gave you to suppose. About $\frac{1}{2}$ after 6 A. M. on the 18th of August last, her mother rubbed her with the "water." (This was the *first* time it had been applied to her spine and hip, and only the second time that she had used it in any way.) At $\frac{1}{4}$ to 7, the same morning, I took her Communion, and about 9 the same morning, she threw aside her crutches. The cure took place on the third day of the novena, St. Helen's day, as we afterwards observed, though it was only from accident we selected that day for Communion. It was she herself who brought me the account this morning.

MISS HELEN O'DONNELL'S ACCOUNT.

I have suffered from scrofula since my infancy, but the disease never appeared externally. When about one year old, my eyes became affected and I was blind nearly all the time from that age until my fifth year. I remember having

had the back-ache when a little child, but during the winter of 1859 it troubled me more than before and I grew quite sick. At that time Dr. Mason Warren examined my back and decided that I had the spine disease which was incurable. All that could be done was to try to keep up my strength. I grew very much out of shape and could not stand erect. In a few weeks my left hip became diseased, the limb was so drawn up that my foot did not touch the ground. I was able, however, to walk with crutches until the spring of 1864, when I grew so much worse that for fifteen months I was confined to my bed. A swelling appeared on my right side which grew to be larger than an egg. In reply to my enquiries as to its character, the doctor told me that it came from an inward swelling, that it was not a tumor, that I would not die of tumor, but very likely of cancer.

I did not go out of the house after the spring of 1864 more than four times and then I had to ride. I was able at times to go about the house on my crutches, but generally was obliged to keep my bed for several weeks together, and could never sit up a whole day. I was never out of pain for five minutes at a time. My right arm also became useless. I first heard of the "Water of Lourdes" in the fall of 1869. I then said I would get well as soon as I used it, but I did not know any one who had the miraculous liquid, or who would get it for me. Indeed I had no hope of ever getting it. In January 1871, I became very sick. I had every day several fainting fits which lasted from a quarter to a half an hour. I grew weaker every day. I could not read any longer. I did not care to see any person, or to hear any one speak—I felt that I was dying. At this time I called a physician (Dr. Storer) to see me, for I had not had one previous to this time for four years, nor had I taken any medicine. I did not even take what was ordered in January last, because I knew it would not help me. The doctor while prescribing it said

he thought it would not help me much, but that it would do me no harm. He thought I could not live long and that if I did not grow worse quickly, we ought to be very thankful.

I felt sure the "Water of Lourdes" would cure me, and the more I thought of it the more certain I grew. In the last week of July 1871, Sister Superior of the Sisters of Notre Dame at Lowell sent me a small vial of the "water." Upon measuring it, I found I had just five teaspoonfuls. After obtaining the "water" I was afraid to use it, for what reason I know not. I yet felt I would be perfectly well as soon as I used it. I would not have been disappointed however, if I had not been cured. On August 13th a swelling came on the left side of my neck. I felt as if I were choking. I took half a teaspoonful of the "water" and rubbed my neck with it. I then drank a few drops of it when all the pain and swelling instantly left me. On August 18th I was rubbed all over with the "water" in the morning, and after receiving Holy Communion swallowed a few drops of it and afterwards took my breakfast. After this I thought I would try to walk and so started without my crutches. I found I could really walk. Both my feet touched the floor. My back was perfectly straight, the swellings all gone and I had no pain. I got safely across the room, and went down one flight of stairs and up again without any difficulty. Since then I have been perfectly well and can walk as well as any person. I have had no return of pain or disease. The "water" appears like oil when one uses it.

WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. I., No. 2.

FATHER WHITE'S RELATION.

[*Continued.*]

On Sunday the 24th and Monday the 25th of November, we enjoyed prosperous sailing. At that time, the wind veering towards the north, there arose so great a storm that the London merchantship of which I spoke, retracing its course, steered for England, and a port celebrated among the Paumonians; Our pinnace, too, for it was only of forty tons burden, began to be distrustful of its strength, and heaving to, cautioned us, that in case it feared shipwreck, it would signal us by lights shown from the masthead.

For ourselves, we were carried in the meantime, in a strong ship of four hundred tons burden, as good as could be framed of wood and iron. We had a most skilful Cap-

Die igitur Dominica, 24ta, et die Lunae, 25ta, Novembris, usque ad vesperam prospera usi sumus navigatione. Tum vero ventis in Aquilonem obversis, tanta exorta est tempestas ut oneraria quam dixi Londinensis, retroacto cursu, Angliam et portum apud Paumonios celebrem repetierit. Celox etiam nostra vasorum tantum 40 cum esset, viribus coepit diffidere et adnavigans monuit se si naufragium metueret id luminibus e carchesio ostensis significaturam. Vehemur interim nos valida navi vasorum quadrigentorum, neque aptior ex ligno et ferro construi poterat. Navarcho utebatur peritissimo; data est illi itaque optio

tain. He had the choice either of returning to England or of struggling with that sea, which, should it prove victorious, would dash us upon the Irish coast, hard by,—notorious for its breakers and very frequent shipwrecks. The daring spirit of the Captain, and a wish to test the strength of the new vessel, on its maiden voyage, gained the day. He concluded, then, to try the sea, which he admitted was the more dangerous, owing to its narrowness.

The danger, indeed, was not far distant; for, about midnight, during the prevalence of high winds and very rough seas, we descried the pinnace in the distance, with two lights hanging out from her masthead. Then, indeed, we thought there was an end of the pinnace, and that she had gone down in the deep whirlpools, for in a moment more she had escaped our sight, and not until six or seven weeks afterwards did we get any sign of her. So, we were all persuaded that the pinnace had perished. However, God had provided better things for us; for, perceiving herself unequal to the waves, and avoiding in time the Virginia ocean by which we were now tossed, she returned to England and the Scilly isles. Sailing thence on her return voyage, along with the Dragon, whose company she had as far as the

redeundi si vellet in Angliam, vel cum ventis porro colluctandi, quibus si cederet expectabat nos e proximo litus Hibernicum caecis scopulis, et frequentissimis naufragiis infame. Vicit tamen navarchi audax animus et desiderium probandi quae vires essent novae, quam tum primum tractabat, navi. Sedit animo experiri mare quod eo fatebatur esse periculosius quo angustius. Neque periculum longe aberat; ventis enim turgentibus, et mari-exasperato circa mediam noctem videre erat celocem procul duo lumina a carchesio protendentem. Tum scilicet actum de illa esse, et altis haustam vorticibus existimabamus, momento enim conspectum effugerat, neque nisi post sex septimanas ejus indicium aliquod ad nos emanavit. Itaque periisse celocem cunctis erat persuasum: meliora tamen providerat Deus; nam se fluctibus imparem sentiens mature Oceanum Virginium cum quo jam nos luctabamus devitans, in Angliam ad insulas Sillinas revertit, unde postliminio Dracone comite ad Sinum Magnum, nos ad Insulas Antillas, ut dicemus, est assecuta, Deo cui miniorum cura est, exiguae naviculae de duce et custode prospiciente.

Great Bay, she came up with us, as we will tell, at the Antilles, God who has care of the smallest things, providing a guide and guardian for our little boat.

Meanwhile, the ship's crew, ignorant of what had befallen her, fell a prey to the keenest alarm and dread, which the frequent terrors of a dismal night served to augment. At dawn of day, although we had the southwest wind against us, still, since it was comparatively light, we were enabled to make some headway by frequent tacking.

In like manner during Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, the winds being variable, we made little progress. On Friday, under the influence of an easterly gale, which drove the gray clouds together in threatening masses, such a storm of wind burst upon us, towards dusk, as threatened at every moment, to engulf us in the waves. Nor did the following morning, which was the festival of St. Andrew, the Apostle, promise any abatement. The clouds, massing together from every quarter in a frightful manner, before they were rent asunder by the lightnings, were a terror to those that beheld them; and the opinion prevailed that all the spirits of storms and all the malignant and evil *genii* of Maryland had come forth in battle array against us. As the day declined, the Captain perceived a sunfish making in the direction opposite the sun's course, which is the most

At vero nos eventus ignaros dolor et metus premebat, quem tetra nox frequentibus foeta terroribus augebat. Illucescente die, cum Africum haberemus contrarium, quia tamen languidior erat, per multas ambages lente provehebamur. Ita Martis, Mercurii et Jovis dies variantibus ventis exiguo profectu abiere. Die Veneris obtinente Euro et glaucas cogente nubes vento gravidas, tantus circa vesperam se turbo effudit ut momentis singulis involvendi fluctibus videremur. Neque mitiora promittebat lux insequens Andreae Apostolo sacra. Nubes terrificum in morem undique excrescentes terrori erant intuentibus antequam discinderentur; et opinionem faciebant prodiisse adversum nos in aciem omnes spiritus tempestatum maleficos et malos genios omnes Marylandiae. Inclinate die vidit navarchus piscem solis cursui solari obnitentem, quod horridae tempestatis certissimum indicium. Neque fides abfuit augurio :

certain indication of a horrid storm. The presage proved not untrue; for about ten o'clock at night, a black cloud rained down upon us in fearful wise. This was accompanied by a gale so dreadful, that it was necessary to take in sail with all speed; nor could that be done with sufficient expedition, before the mainsail, under which alone we were running, was rent in twain from top to bottom. One part of it was carried into the sea, and afterwards recovered with difficulty. In this juncture, the courage of the bravest, whether passengers or sailors, began to flag; for they confessed that they had seen the best ships go down in a lighter storm.

But the tempest enkindled the prayers and vows of the Catholics in honor of the most Blessed Virgin Mother, and her Immaculate Conception, of St. Ignatius, the patron of Maryland, St. Michael, and all the tutelar angels of the place. And each one strove, by holy confession, to purge his soul: for after having lost the guidance of our helm, the ship was tossed about at the mercy of winds and waves, till such time (a thing you may learn out at sea) as God should open a way of safety. In the beginning, I confess, fear for the loss of the ship and of my own life had taken hold of

nam circa decimam nocturnam caeca nubes atrocem depluit imbrem. Hunc tam immanis turbo suscepit ut necesse fuerit quantocius ad vela contrahenda accurrere; neque id fieri tam expedite potuit, quam acatium seu velum majus, quo solo navigabamus, medium a summo deorsum finderetur. Ejus pars una in mare delata aegre recepta est.

Hic fortissimi cujusque sive vectoris, sive nautae est consternatus animus; fatebantur enim vidisse se celsas naves minori procella praecipitatas. Accendit vero is turbo Catholicorum preces et vota in honorem Beatæ Virginis Matris et Immaculatae ejusdem Conceptionis, Sancti Ignatii, Patroni Marylandiae, Sancti Michaelis et tutelarium ibidem Angelorum. Et quisque animum suum sacra exomologesi expiare contendeat. Nam clavi moderamine amisso, navigium jam undis et ventis derelictum fluctuabat, ut in aqua discat, dum Deus saluti viam aperiret. Initio, fateor, occupaverat me metus amittendae navis et vitae; postea vero quam tempus aliquod orationi, minus pro more meo quotidiano

me, but after I had spent some time in prayer, less after my daily lukewarm manner, and had declared to Christ, our Lord, the most Blessed Virgin, St. Ignatius, and the Angels of Maryland, the purpose of this voyage, to wit, to honor the blood of the Redeemer in the salvation of barbarians, to the same Saviour to build a kingdom, if he would deign to prosper my humble endeavors, and to consecrate a new dower to the Immaculate Virgin Mother, and many other like purposes, there gladdened my soul within no small degree of comfort, and so happy an assurance did I feel that we would weather not only this, but any future storm that no shade of doubt was left in my mind.

When the sea was raging most violently, I had given myself to prayer, and, let it redound to the glory of God alone! while as yet I had scarcely ended, I perceived the tempest to be abating. That circumstance in truth, girded my soul with new strength and, at the same time filled me with joy and wonder, since in it I recognized with greater clearness the exceeding benevolence of God towards the people of Maryland, to whom your Reverence has sent us. Blessed forever be the most sweet goodness of our Redeemer!

When the sea was become calm again, the rest of the voyage, which lasted for the space of three months, was most

tepide, impendissem, atque Christo Domino, Beatae Virgini, St. Ignatio et Angelis Marylandiae exposuissem propositum hujus itineris esse sanguinem Redemptoris nostri in salute Barbarorum honorare, eidem Servatori regnum (si conatus tenues secundare dignetur) erigere, dotem alteram Immaculatae Virgini Matri consecrare, et similia multa, affulsit intus in animo consolatio non mediocris, et simul persuasio tam certa nos non ab hac procella tantum, sed ab omni alia itinere isto liberandos, ut nullus apud me esse posset dubitandi locus. Dederam me orationi cum mare saeviret, maxime (et quod ad Dei unius gloriam cedat) vix dum eam finieram, cum sedisse animadvertēbam tempestatem. Id scilicet novo quodam me induit habitu animi, perfuditque simul gaudio ingenti et admiratione cum impensam Dei in Marylandiae populos voluntatem (ad quos Ra. Va. nos misit) haud paulo amplius persentirem. Dulcissima Redemptoris nostri bonitas in aeternum laudetur!

Cum ita deferbuisset jam mare, reliqua trium mensium navigatio pla-

prosperous, so that the Captain and his men declared that they had never seen one more tranquil; nor, for a single hour, did we suffer any inconvenience. When I say three months, however, I do not mean that we were at sea so long a time, but I take into the account the whole voyage and our delay at the Antilles; for the voyage itself lasted only seven weeks and two days, which is considered expeditious. After that time, while we were coasting along the shores of Spain, we had a wind neither adverse, nor yet favorable; we were in dread of Turkish corsairs, but we fell in with none. Perhaps they had gone to celebrate their annual fast, which they call Ramadan, for it occurred at that time of the year. After passing the pillars of Hercules and the Madeiras, we were scudding, under full sail, before the winds (which are not variable here, but set constantly towards the south and southwest, which was our course,) when there appeared three vessels, one of which was larger in bulk than ours. They seemed to be about three leagues distant to the west, and to be endeavoring to come up with us, as also to be sending messages backward and forward, in close conference. As we suspected them to be

cidissima fuit, ut navarchus cum suis jucundiorē se vidisse numquam, aut quietiorē asseveraverit; neque enim unius horae passi sumus incommodum. Cum vero tres menses nomino, non dico nos tamdiu mare insedissemus, sed iter integrum et moras quas in Antillis insulis traximus adnumero. Navigatio enim ipsa septem hebdomadas et duos tantummodo dies tenuit, idque censetur expeditum.

Ab eo igitur tempore quanto litus Hispaniæ legebamus, neque adverso, neque vento admodum prospero usi sumus: verebatur Turcas, nullos tamen habuimus obvios; receperant se fortasse ad solemne jejunium, quod Ramadan vocant, celebrandum, in illam enim anni tempestatem incidēbat. Prætervectis autem fretum Herculeum et Maderas, et ventis puppi vela implentibus (qui non jam vagi, sed ad Austrum et Africum qui noster erat cursus, constanter sedent) apparuerunt tres naves, quarum una nostram mole superabat; distare autem videbantur ad tres circiter leucas versus occidentem, et nobis obviam conari, interdum etiam ad invicem ultro citroque mittere et percontari. Cum suspicaremur esse Tur-

Turkish pirates, we made ready for action. Some of our men even went so far as imprudently to urge the Captain to give chase, and close with them. But as he himself was responsible to my Lord Baron, he doubted whether in such a case he could have had a probable reason to assign for his conduct. And, indeed, I judge the engagement would have been a hazardous one, though perhaps, they were as much afraid of us as we were of them, and were, as I conjecture, merchantmen, bound for the Canaries, not far distant, and either could not overtake us or were unwilling to do so.

After this, having arrived at the Canaries, we glided into a spacious bay, where we had nothing to fear except from calms, by reason of which (since they continue fifteen days, and sometimes even three weeks) the ship's provisions give out. But that happens rarely, scarcely once or twice in a life-time. Nevertheless, delays are frequently protracted for want of wind, which, as it blows ever in the same direction, chanced to be propitious to our voyage. In this bay we completed a run of over three thousand Italian miles, cutting the milk-white sea with full sails, the calm never de-

carum Pyraticas, expelliebamus quaecumque ad pugnam erant necessaria. Neque deerant ex nostris qui navarchum imprudentius stimulant ut eas ultro aggredieretur ac lacesseret. Sed dominum habebat, cui cum reddenda erat ratio, probabilem se posse pugnae causam afferre dubitabat. Et quidem conflictum difficilem habiturum fuisse existimo; quamquam fortasse quantum ab illis nos, tantum nos illi metuebant, et erant, ut conjectura assequor, mercatores qui ad Fortunatas non procul distant tendebant, et vel non poterant nos assequi vel nolebant.

Hinc ad Insulas Fortunatas delati, sinu magno suscepti fuimus, in quo nullus metus nisi ex malaciis, quae cum quindecim diebus et tribus aliquando septimanis perdurent, deficit navigantes comiteatus. Id vero raro, et vix saeculo uno semel aut iterum accidit. Frequentissimae nihilominus trahendae sunt morae, deficiente vento, qui cum spirat, unus et idem semper est, huic nostrae navigationi propitius. In hoc sinu confecimus milliarium Italicorum tria millia, plenis velis mare secantes lacteum, nusquam impediende malacia nisi quandoque circa meridiem una hora.

laying us except for an hour about noontide. I do not readily perceive the reason of so constant a wind, unless, perchance, one may say it arises from the proximity of the sun running between the tropics, and attracting from the sea two kinds of exhalations, one dry, from the sea-salt; the other moist, from the water. The first of these phenomena is the cause of wind, the second, of rain. Thus, the twofold attraction of the sun would aptly show why these natural agencies keep the sun's oblique track, and follow in its wake. This reason may explain also, why we experienced between the two tropics at the same time, and within regular intervals, at morning, noon, and nightfall, both great heat and copious rains; or at least may account for the high winds that prevailed during these hours. From the same source we may draw the reason of the absence of calms in the gulf during this season; for the sun being in the tropic of Capricorn, beyond the equinoctial line, and declining towards its extreme southern limit, (as was the case while we were between the 13th and 17th degree, when the heats are as fierce there in our winter months as they are in the summer months in Europe) it attracts the wind and rain in an oblique direction towards the line, and in

Haud facilem invenio rationem tam constantis venti, nisi forte id oriri quis dixerit ex vicinia Solis inter duos Tropicos intercurrentis, et vi sua attrahentis ex mari duo genera meteorum, siccum unum ex marinæ salsedine, alterum humidum ratione aquae; ex priori fit ventus, ex posteriori generantur pluviae. Sol itaque utrumque ad se evehens causa est, cur eundem cum Sole obliquum semper cursum servent, Solemque perpetuo sequantur. Atque eadem potuit esse ratio cur inter duos Tropicos experti sumus ingentem simul calorem et copiosam pluviam, idque constanter mane, meridie, vespere, vel saltem ventos iis horis vehementiores. Hinc etiam deduci ratio potest cur hoc tempore sinus a malacis liber fuerit. Nam Sol in Tropico Capricorni existens, ultra lineam æquinoctialem, et ad ejusdem lineae extremam partem meridionalem declinans (ut nobis accidit inter 13m. et 17m. gradum Æquatoris positus, quando mensibus nostris hibernis calores sunt ibi, quanti aestivis mensibus in Europa) attrahit oblique ventum et pluviam ad lineam æquinoctialem, atque in-

consequence, during these months, the winds are more steady, in this gulf especially, and towards the tropic of Cancer. In the summer season, on the other hand, when the sun is crossing the equator towards us, and attracts the salt and aqueous vapors, not obliquely, but almost perpendicularly, then, calms are of more frequent occurrence.

Here I cannot refrain from extolling the divine goodness which causes all things to work together for good unto them that love God. For, had we been permitted to weigh anchor without delay on the 20th of August, the day we had determined upon, as the sun at that time struck the vertical on this side of the equator, the very intense heat would not only have caused the loss of our provisions, but brought disease and death to almost all of us. The delay eventuated in our safety; for, embarking in winter, we were free from inconveniences of this kind, and, if you except the usual sea-sickness, no one was attacked with any disease up to the festival of the Nativity of our Lord. That this day might be more joyfully celebrated, the wine flowed freely, and some who drank immoderately, about thirty in number, were seized with a fever the next day, and twelve of their

de iis mensibus venti sunt certiores, et in hoc sinu praesertim, et versus Tropicum Cancrī. Frequentiores autem sunt malaciae cum aestivo tempore Sol Aequatorem transit ad nos, attrahitque meteora salsa et aquea non oblique, sed fere perpendiculariter.

Hic autem non possum non extollere divinam bonitatem, quae diligentibus Deum facit ut omnia cooperentur in bonum. Si enim, nulla injecta mora, licuisset eo tempore solvere quo constitueramus, mensis scilicet Augusti vigesimo, Solem cis Aequatorem verticem feriente, intensissimi calores non solum annonae labem, sed plerisque omnibus morbos, mortemque attulissent. Mora saluti fuit, nam hieme conscendentes hujusmodi incommodis caruimus; et si consuetas navigantibus nauseas excipias, nemo morbo aliquo tentatus est usque ad festum Nativitatis Domini. Is dies ut celebrior esset propinatum est vinum, quo qui usi sunt intemperantius febri correpti sunt proxima luce numero triginta; et ex iis non ita multo post mortui sunt circiter duodecim, inter quos duo

number not long after, died. Among these were two Catholics, Nicholas Fairfax and James Barefoot, who were much regretted by us all.

Catholici magna sui apud omnes desiderium reliquerunt Nicolaus Fairfaxius et Jacobus Barefote.

[*To be continued.*]

THE CONDITION OF THE PROVINCE OF MEXICO AT ITS EXPULSION: JUNE 25, 1767.

The Rev. Father Andrew Artola, Provincial of the Society in Mexico, has lately published a complete Catalogue of the members that constituted, at the time of their expulsion, the Province of the Society in Mexico, or, as it was then called, New Spain. It gives in detail the number of individuals, their age, place of nativity, grade and occupations, as well as the colleges, houses, residences and missions, through which they were distributed. We believe it will be of no little interest to our readers to glance rapidly at what the Society was scarcely a century ago in regions of America where now, unfortunately, she is hardly known.

In 1571, Philip II., King of Spain, requested St. Francis Jorgia, then general of the Society, to appoint some fathers to come over to New Spain, where they might exercise the ministry of their vocation as they had done in Peru, Florida and other parts of Spanish America. The saintly general acceded to the request, and in the ensuing year there arrived at San Juan de Ulua fifteen members having for Super-

rior, F. Pedro Sanchez, of the Province of Castile, a distinguished doctor of Salamanca, and at the time of his nomination to the new mission, professor of theology at the college of the Society in that city.

During the space of two centuries the Society labored with abundant fruit in the Mexican country, until in 1767, by a decree of Charles III., all the Jesuits then in the Spanish realms were condemned to banishment and conducted to Italy. Father Raphael de Zelis, who was a native of Vera Cruz, but at the date of the expulsion was studying rhetoric in the college and novitiate of Tepotzotlan, took care to preserve the memory of his companions in exile by writing in 1786 the greater part of the catalogue now before us. After the demise of F. Zelis, which took place at Bologna, July 25th, 1795, the list of the departed members was continued by F. Pedro Marquez, whom the decree of banishment reached at the opening of his first year of theology in the Collegium Maximum of the city of Mexico.

From this catalogue we learn that on the 25th of June, 1767, the day on which the royal decree was made known to the Jesuits in every house of the province, the Society in Mexico, or New Spain, counted 678 members. Of these, 280 were professed of four vows, 2 of three vows, 18 were spir. coadjutors, 78 were formed temporal coadjutors, 34 were temporal coadjutors not yet formed. There were besides, 112 scholastics, and 118 fathers who were still studying, or who, having finished their studies, had not attained their grade; 65 of these made the profession of four vows, and 4 of three vows, when in banishment. There were 25 scholastic novices, and 11 novice brothers.

It may surprise some that in a province so numerous the proportion of scholastics was so small. But we must bear in mind that in those times the Society could, and usually did, require of its candidates the completion of their philosophical studies before entering the novitiate. This fact explains also why there were but fifteen students of philosophy to forty-seven of theology.

Of the 678 subjects in the province, 464 were natives of America, 153 of Spain, and 61 of various other parts of Europe. They were distributed among 37 colleges, 5 residences and 6 missionary districts or departments. The subjoined table will show their position and numbers.

HOUSES OF THE SOCIETY.	Priests.	Schol.	Bros.
IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.			
The professed house, in which resided the Provincial,	22	—	13
The Collegium Maximum,	31	45	16
The College of St. Andrew,	14	—	14
The College of St. Gregory,	10	—	13
The College of St. Ildefonsus,	5	2	14
IN THE CITY OF LA PUEBLA.			
The house of the Tertians and the College of the Holy Spirit,	41	3	17
The College of St. Ildefonsus,	18	15	7
The College of St Francis Xavier,	11	—	3
Two diocesan Seminaries—St. Jerome and St. Ignatius. The former was a higher, the latter a preparatory seminary, with grammar schools for the Indians.	3	1	—
IN THE TOWN OF TEPOTZOTLAN.			
A Seminary for the Indians, and a College, attached to the Novitiate,	11	49	17
IN GUADALAJARA.			
A Seminary and a College,	7	2	3
IN GUATEMALA.			
A Seminary and a College,	11	—	3
IN QUERETARO.			
A Seminary and a College,	13	2	3
IN ZACATECAS.			
A Seminary and a College,		1	5
IN DURANGO.			
A Seminary and a College,	7	—	3

HOUSES OF THE SOCIETY.	Priests.	Schols.	Bros.
IN PATZCUARO.			
A Seminary and a College,	6	1	1
IN MERIDA.			
A Seminary and a College,	7	—	1
IN VALLADOLID.—A College,	13	2	2
IN HAVANA.—A College,	13	1	2
IN OAJACA.—A College,	8	1	2
IN LEON.—A College,	5	1	1
IN GUANAJUATO.—A College,	8	1	1
IN SAN LUIS DE POTOSI.—A College,	6	1	2
IN VERA CRUZ.—A College,	9	2	2
IN ZELAYA.—A College,	7	1	2
IN CIUDAD REAL, OR CHIAPAS.—A College,	5	—	1
IN SAN LUIS DE LA PAZ.—A College,	7	—	—
IN PUERTO DEL PRINCIPE.—A Residence,	4	—	1
IN CHIGUAGUA.—A Residence,	3	—	—
IN PARRAL.—A Residence,	2	—	—
IN CAMPECHE.—A Residence,	2	—	—
IN CINALOA.—A College,	Unknown.		

The missionary districts, or departments—six in number—comprised 99 missions, established in various towns and villages, attended by 104 fathers and one coadjutor brother. Their distribution is here given.

The district of Cinaloa, attended by 21 fathers, was divided into 20 missions. They were:—The missions of Viribis, Caamoá, Mocerito, Nio, Guazave, Chicorato, Mochicave, Vacca, Toro, Torin, Bachun, Rahun, Santa Cruz, Batacosa, Conicari, Nabojoa, Tehueco, Belen, Ocoroni, and Bacubinito.

The district of California, attended by 12 fathers and 1 brother, comprised 14 missions. They were:—La Pasion, S. Xavier, Guadalupe, S. Luis, Santa Rosa, Santiago, S. Jose, La Purisima, Sta. Rosalia, San Ignacio, Sta. Gertrudis, San Borja, Sta. Maria and Loreto.

The district of Chinipas had 12 fathers for its 12 missions: viz.—de Guasarapes, Sta. Ana, Secora, Moris, Babaroco, Sta. Ines, Serocagui, Tubares, Satebo, Baburigame, Nabo-game, and S. Andres.

The district of Nazareth included 7 missions attended by 6 fathers: viz.—Sta. Rita, Sta. Teresa, Iscatan, Jesus Maria, La Trinidad, Guainamota, and Rosario.

The district of Sonora included 28 missions in which 30 fathers labored: viz.—de Guazavas, Aconche, Matape, Oposura, Movas, S. Ignacio, Aripa, Aribechi, Batuco, Onavas, Cucurupe, Cumuripa, Saguariipa, Sta. Maria Soanca, Tubutama, Odope, S. Xavier del Bac, Saric, Tecoripa, Ures, Caborca, Sta. Maria Basaraca, Babispe, Baca de Guachi, Cuquiarachi, Guebabi, Onapa, and Banamichi.

The district of Taraumara contained 16 missions with 19 fathers to attend them. They were:—de Matachio, Temotzachic, S. Tomas, Papigochic, Tutuaca, Tomachi, Sisoquichi, Kakichi, San Borja, Coyeachic, Temeaichi, Norogachi, Nonoava, Chinarras, Gueguechic, Nararachi.

The administration of these extensive missions was conducted as follows:—All the missionaries were under a Visitor General. This officer was at the time of the expulsion, F. Emanuel Aguirre, residing in Baca de Guachi, of the district of Sonora.

The members of each district were, moreover, under an immediate Superior who held the title and authority of Rector. These were:—

In the district of Cinaloa, F. Joseph Garfias, of the college of Cinaloa. In Chinipas, F. Manuel Clever, of the mission of St. Anne. In Nazareth, F. Anthony Polo of the mission of St. Rita. In Sonora, F. John Nentvig, of the mission of Guazavas. In Taraumara, F. Bartholomew Braun, of the mission of Temotzachic. In the district of California, on account of its broad extent, there were two,—F. Lambert Hostel, of the mission of the Passion, and F. Francis Escalante, of the mission of St. Rosalia.

But as the missionaries were isolated from each other, and resided in localities many leagues apart, there was in each district, a special officer whose duty it was to visit constantly the various missions. They were the following:—

In California, F. Bruno Ducrue, of the mission of Guadalupe. In Chinipas, F. John Cubedu, of the mission of St. Agnes. In Nizareth, F. Bartholomew Wolff, of the mission of St. Theresa. In Sonora, F. Emanuel Aguirre, of the mission of Bicid de Guachi. In Tarmaura, F. Philip Ruonova, of the mission of Matachio

Finally, at the college of St Andrew in the city of Mexico, a father procurator for California, and another for the remaining missions, resided with the procurator general.

The distribution of labor among the members was as follows:

There were 418 priests, 137 scholastics, 133 coadjutor brothers. Of the priests, 53 were superiors, 104 were missionaries among the Indians, 187 labored in the ministry in the localities to which they were appointed. Of these last, 12 were chaplains of prisons, 16 prefects of Christian doctrine, and 11 went from place to place giving missions to the people. There were, moreover, 3 professors of sacred scripture, 19 of scholastic theology, 10 of moral, 3 of canon law, 15 of philosophy, 3 of physics, 8 of humanities, 7 of Mexican languages; 6 were incapacitated by reason of age or infirmities.

Of the scholastics, 47 were students of theology, 15 of philosophy, 27 of rhetoric, 19 were professors of the humanities, 25 were novices, 4 invalids.

Such was the condition of the Mexican province on the day when the decree of banishment was promulgated, The execution of the decree was conducted in the following order;

From the 26th of July until the 29th of Nov., 515 Jesuits were shipped in 15 vessels from the port of Vera Cruz and sent to Italy, thus:

On the 26th of July, 55 were sent;—on the 25th of Oct., there were sent in various vessels respectively 50, 50, 40, 35, 30, 30, 10;—on the 8th of Nov., 30;—19th of Nov.,

40, 15, 20;—29th ditto, 60, 50;—12 scholastic novices and 6 novice coadjutors followed the fathers into exile.

In consequence of the evils arising from close crowding, from the failure of resources and the insalubrity of the climate, 35 died in the port of Vera Cruz whilst awaiting transportation; 5 died at Havana where the vessels touched port; 2 during the voyage, and 13 at Cadiz.

In the course of the same months, F. Joseph Elvillar, the oldest of the province, as also two members, who, owing to age or infirmities were left in the city of Mexico, and one left in Queretaro, passed to a better world.

In exile the members of the Mexican province took up their abode in the legations of Bologna and Ferrara; and even after the suppression of the Society in 1773, the greater part of the Mexican Jesuits remained in the same cities, where this last blow overtook them, and there one by one paid the last debt of our nature.



FORT HILL AND ENVIRONS.

About three hundred years ago, when all the nations of Europe were fitting out expeditions in quest of a new passage to the East Indies, and not unfrequently discovering new continents in their search, the Indian tribe of *Matine-kocks** was enjoying the peaceful possession of a considerable tract of land on the island, called by them *Meitowax*; but later, named Nassau Island by the English colonists, and Long Island by the Dutch. Among their picturesque places of resort was a small peninsula, jutting out into Long Island Sound, and known among them as *Caumsett*. There was nothing perhaps in the little spot to distinguish it from numberless similar places around it; but still its native beauties, no limning of language can adequately portray. Here were the same sombre forests with their melancholy grandeur; the same giant productions of a fertile soil, rising like huge monsters from the rich earth, while luxuriant vines which had clambered up to the highest tops, and thence sprung from tree to tree, hung down in verdant garlands of waving drapery. Here, as elsewhere, reigned the deep silence of nature, broken only by the gentle sighings of the trees as they swayed to and fro over the bank to catch a glimpse of their leafy beauties in the unruffled sea beneath them, "where Neptune held a mirror to their charms;" or by the immense flocks of water-fowl,

*Some historians spell the name of this tribe *Matinecocks*, but we have adopted the other spelling, as, we think, more consistent with the Indian idiom. *Martinehouck* was the name of one of their villages.

as they returned to their secluded retreats and settled down with a noisy splash in the adjacent bay. Occasionally also, a small canoe would dart from under cover of the bank, and speed across the sound, dimpling the surface of the blue waters; or a noble deer, pursued by the swift-footed Indian, would spring boldly from the height, and be seen for a time with its branching antlers raised above the deep; while the pursuer, checking himself suddenly on the very verge of the beetling cliff, would gaze in astonishment on the prey that had eluded his grasp.

We can picture to ourselves one of these powerful inhabitants of his native forests, as stately and as wild as they, standing bedizened with gaudy plumage on the eminence of *Caumsett*, some hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, and looking about him on the noble landscape, where nature so fair had spread her features wild. Towards the setting sun, he perceives the bay commonly called by the *Indyans* by *ye name of Nachaquatuck*,* and by the English, Cold Spring, which enters inland, almost at right angles to the Sound. Straight across this bay, another opening presents itself; it is *Syosset* or Oyster Bay, which after winding about, as a river, loth to forsake shores so enchanting, returns on its course, making what was once an island, but what is now connected with the mainland by a narrow strip of alluvial formation. In the direction of the Sound itself, the dim outlines and blue hills of Connecticut add the beauty of a distant perspective to the scene. Could his piercing glance have penetrated the gloom of the wooded heights that lay to the east of *Caumsett*, he would have beheld the shaggy groves and headlands of Huntington, mirrored in the spacious harbor of the same name; and, were he ignorant of the narrow neck, uniting the land on which

* Patent of Gov. Nicolls. HIST. OF LONG ISLAND, VOL. I. THOMPSON.

he stood with the main, he would have imagined himself on an island.

Such was the small Indian hamlet of *Caumsett*, our future villa; one of those countless little Edens that gemmed our shores, at a time when the trembling carpet of light and shade that nature had spread over the trackless forest was printed by scarce a single human footstep; when the midnight arch with "golden worlds inlaid" that spanned our continent from sea to sea, rested on a land, where all God's creatures were in their glory, save man alone; and where the voice of nature hymned its song of praise to the great Creator unheard by mortal ears.

But it was not always to be so. Early in the 17th century, the Dutch took possession of the island of Manhattan, which Hendrick Hudson had fallen upon in his search for a north-west passage to China and India; and having erected New Amsterdam, they spread gradually throughout the surrounding country, and crossed the East River to Long Island. Here they purchased land from *Penawitz*, the then great Sachem, and built several forts. The English too had settled, about the same time, in New England, and their relations with their Dutch neighbors were not always of a very friendly nature. They were much tempted to cross over from Connecticut, a distance of no more than ten miles, to the attractive shores of Long Island, which as we read in the remonstrances of the Deputies of the New Netherlands, "they hankered after greatly." * These propensities of their neighbors embittered the days of all the Dutch directors of New Amsterdam. While the kingdoms of Europe were passing from sovereign to sovereign, and empires being

* Remonstrance of New Netherlands to the High and Mighty Lords States General of the United Netherlands, by the people of New Netherland, July 28, 1649. COL. DOC. OF N. Y. STATE., VOL. I. HOLLAND DOC. IV.

bought in a day, the Dutch fought with characteristic stubbornness for every foot of land usurped by the English. Proclamations succeeded each other in quick succession. Time and again were the loyal Dutch burgomasters forced to behold the arms of their High Mightinesses, which had been set up in numerous places, as a sign of possession, torn down, "and a fool's face carved in the place thereof, to the gross disparagement of their High Mightinesses".* The details we have been able to cull of these harrowing scenes, during the reign of Walter Van Twiller, the first director commissioned by the High and Mighty Lords States General of the United Netherlands, though fraught with deep interest, are not connected with our present subject, and must, therefore, be banished without appeal. But no sooner had William Kieft, known in History as the *Testy*, assumed the reins of government than the English singled out the very bay, adjoining *Caumsett*, to which we alluded under the title of "Oyster", as the scene of a great invasion.

Director Kieft, says the historian of N. Y., had determined to raise the sinking finances of the New Netherlands by making the seawant or wampum, which served as a kind of money among the Indians, and consisted of colored beads manufactured from the *Qualaug*, a kind of shell-fish, † the current money of the nation. Now, Long Island, proceeds the historian, was the Ophir of this modern Solomon and abounded in shell-fish. The English hearing of this intended stroke of policy, unparalleled even among modern financiers, determined on the bold policy of establishing a gigantic mint at *Syosset* or Oyster Bay, where, after disposing of the oyster so agreeably, they could lay out the shell too, to such advantage.

But Kieft was roused; he had tried entreaty, and that

* DOC. OF COL. HIST. OF N. Y. STATE, II.

† New York Historical Society, REC. OF 1659.

had failed ; he had tried proclamations, and they had failed ; he had changed the language of his mandates, and published protests in latin.* and they had completely failed. He had done all that the most exact moralist could require, before resorting to open violence, and now felt himself justified in hurling on his enemies the direful thunderbolts of war. He entrusted these weapons of destruction to the valiant Stoffel Brinckerhoff, who lost no time in girding on his armor, and with a handful of sturdy retainers, reached the scene of action by forced marches, completely routed the invaders, drove them from Oyster Bay and seized on quantities of falsely coined oyster-shells.†

This severe lesson was not enough for the English ; their short occupation of the tempting prize only increased their eagerness to call it their own, and under the following director, the famous Peter Stuyvesant, known in history as " the headstrong," they again maintained that Oyster Bay belonged of right to them, as the boundary of their possessions on Long Island. The war of the boundaries continued to agitate the two colonies for years, and it was only in 1656 that their High Mightinesses settled the question by drawing an imaginary line from the western portion of Oyster Bay to the sea, and deciding that all lands, lying to the West should be Dutch, and those to the East, English. How it was that the New Netherlands had been induced to give up so many pretensions, is not very evident from history. All we know is that the English invited the headstrong Peter to a convention at Hartford in 1650 ; and that they took care to receive him with all possible marks of respect. We find, among the Holland documents, a mem-

* N. Y. COL. MSS. HOLLAND DOC. IV.

† *Vertoogh van Nive-Neder-Laud Wegheus de Gheleghentheydtxyz.* 14 ; COL. DOC. I. HIST. N. Y. KNICKERBOCKER, VOL. I.

oir* in which the writer complains bitterly that all the arbitrators, on this occasion, were English or friends of the English, and that, in this affair, they pulled the wool over the director's eyes. Certain it is, that Peter in this instance departed from that manner of acting which has won him his title in history, by so far yielding as to present to their High Mightinesses for ratification the treaty respecting the boundaries, drawn up at this convention. Meanwhile, however, pending the ratification of the treaty, the Governor of New Haven in 1653 made bold to purchase from the Matinecks, and others, about six square miles of the territory adjoining *Syosset*. This included in fact the whole of *Caumsett*, but the Indians denied their having had any intention of thus including their little peninsula, and accordingly, in 1654, they bartered it definitively to a party of Englishmen from Sandwich, who took advantage of the troubles which distracted the country to seize so attractive a spot. With all the usual formalities, the peninsula was handed over by *Ratiocan*, Sagamore of Cow Harbor (now called North Port) to Samuel Mayo, Daniel Whitehead, afterwards representative for Queens Co., and Peter Wright.

Real estate in those days was far from being at so high a premium, as it is now; and the price paid for this neck of over 2849 acres was 3 coats, 3 shirts, 3 cuttoes, 3 hatchets, 3 hoes, 2 fathoms of wampum, 6 knives, 2 pairs of stockings and 2 pairs of shoes. Here, however, the modern historian is bewildered by one of those difficulties which frequently beset his path, viz. : the discrepancy of contemporary writers; for while the author of the History of Long Island affirms the price to have been, as we have stated above, the historian of New Netherland maintains that the consideration

* Memoir on the Boundaries of New Netherland, by Adriaen van der Donck, translated from a notarial copy in the Royal Archives at the Hague, HOLLAND DOC. VI.

paid for this tract, was 6 coats, 6 kettles, 6 fathoms of wampum, 6 hoes, 6 hatchets, 3 pairs of stockings, 30 awl-blades, 20 knives, 3 shirts, and as much *peague* as will amount to £4 sterling. This, too, he claims to have gathered from the General Records of the Court of New Haven. Whilst the second edition of the History of Long Island mentions quite a new catalogue of domestic implements, putting the price, besides 6 coats, at 6 bottles, 6 hatchets, 6 shovels, 10 knives, 6 fathoms of wampum, 30 muxes (eel-spears), and 30 needles. Amid such conflicting testimony, and at this late date, it is hardly possible to arrive at any degree of certainty respecting the point at issue. All we can say is that some coats and some wampum, for in this all agree, formed part of the price; but the rest, all our distinctions of conjunctively, or disjunctively, or distributively have failed to reconcile. But the bargain was not settled yet.

The Grand Sachem of Long Island, *Wyandach*, by name, envying, no doubt the coats, bottles, needles, etc., received by a subordinate chief, denied the right of the *Matinekocks* to dispose of this piece of land, and in 1658, the original buyers, fearing perhaps the validity of their tenure, sold out to one Samuel Andrews; and this time, the Grand Sachem, whom a few trinkets had probably soothed, confirmed the sale on the 14th of May of the same year. There is another item, however, which we must not pass over in speaking of the sale of *Caumsett*, that is the loss of its old Indian name.

The ancient astronomers, we know, leading a pastoral life, as they discovered new wonders in the heavens and appropriated to themselves, so to speak, these starry meadows, very naturally adopted the names of the familiar objects around them to designate their new acquisitions; so that in the words of Chateaubriand: "In the skies were discovered ears of corn, implements of agriculture, virgins, lambs, nay, even the shepherd's dog": in a word they "wrote the an-

nals of their flocks among the constellations of the zodiac."* So it was with the pastoral colonists and early pioneers of the New World. *Caumsett* was far too barbarous an appellation for these simple, matter of fact Englishmen, and as, on account of the fine pastures in which the peninsula abounded, droves of horses were daily led from Huntington to prance and revel amid its luxuries, it came in a short time to be known as Horse Neck, and took its place as such, among the rural districts of Cow Neck, Cow Harbor, Hog Island, Bull Run, &c. The new name in this case, though it might have been more elegant, was certainly appropriate; for besides the circumstance alluded to above, whence, strictly speaking, this favored spot derived its name, it would not require a very strong effort of imagination to discover in the very shape of the peninsula, a resemblance to a horse's head and neck. Thus it was that *Caumsett* disappeared from the geographical charts of those days, and as it had fallen into Christian hands, received also a Christian name.

But it was not destined to retain this happy appellation very long. The neck, after passing through several hands from 1600 to 1678, came on Oct. 17, 1679, into the possession of Mr. James Lloyd of Boston, who being entitled by his wife to a part of this tract of land, purchased the rest from the executors of one of the former owners, and thus became its sole proprietor. Real estate within the short space of twenty-four years, had risen with gigantic strides, and Mr. Lloyd was obliged to count out in hard cash some £200 sterling. Naturally enough, the name of the owner, after a time, became connected with the estate. Horse Neck was heard of less and less frequently, till it gradually died away entirely, and Lloyd's Neck arose in its stead.

* GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY, PART I. B. IV. C. 3.

Meanwhile, the rule of their High Mightinesses had passed away before the grant of King Charles II. to the Duke of York, and the cannon of Governor Nicolls, who compelled the chivalrous Stuyvesant to surrender New Amsterdam and its environs. In evacuating the country, the defeated but not subdued Dutch, went not alone; the very names they had given, many of them at least, were forced to follow them into their exile. As Andromache had bestowed, on a scanty rivulet of Epirus, where fortune had cast her, the name of Simois, the noble river of her own dear Troy, and had built

“Parvam Trojam, et simulata magnis
Pergama,——”*

so our good old Dutch ancestors had lavished on their possessions in the New World, though so far below the mighty originals, the names of their own loved Fatherland, thereby to deaden the pains of voluntary exile, and lull themselves into the sweet deception that they were still among the scenes of their childhood. But they were gone! gone, despite so long a tenure of the soil, and, as is so often the case with office-holders, on the entrance of a new party into power, their places were filled by young pretenders of foreign extraction. Thus New Amsterdam had yielded to New York; New Netherlands became an echo of the past; Long Island was called Yorkshire by Governor Nicolls, “it being the true and undoubted inheritance of His Majesty,” † and even our little peninsula received a new name, when in 1685, it was, during the administration of Governor Dongan, an Irish Catholic, erected into an independent manor, the only one in the county, and honored by the truly English title of Queen’s Village. ‡

* ÆNEID, B. III.

† N. Y. COL. MSS. III LONDON DOC. I.

‡ It is worthy of note that this same Governor Dongan was accused of being under the influence of foreign Jesuits, and of acting, in accordance with their crafty insinuations. LON. DOC. VI. We are not surprised at

The independence it thus acquired, by a stroke of the Governor's pen, was not of long duration. Lloyd's Neck, or Queen's Village, lay on the very borders of two rising towns, Oyster Bay, and Huntington, and of two ambitious counties, Queens, and Suffolk, a tempting prize for both. In 1691, the die was cast. Forego it must its freedom, and henceforth consider itself as belonging to Oyster Bay. Though the privation of its independence was a severe blow, it was compensated, we think, by the fact that it now formed part of Queens Co., so famous for generosity and patriotism. It was only some days ago, that in searching among dusty records and in huge folios for details of the history of Lloyd's Neck, that we came across some of the newspapers, published during the old French war, in which the praises of Queens Co. are recorded. The following is a specimen: "Jamaica, Sept. 5. 1755. This day, 1015 sheep, collected in three days in this county were delivered at New York Ferry, to be sent to Albany by water, which were cheerfully given for the use of the army, now at or near Crown Point. While their husbands at Great Neck were employed in getting sheep, the good mothers in that neighborhood, in a few hours, collected nearly 70 good large cheeses and sent them to New York to be forwarded with the sheep to the army." That the sheep and accompanying cheeses were not the refuse of the farm or dairy, but were selected with truly patriotic feelings, is attested by the acknowledgement dated Oct. 10: "Your sheep," it says, "were seasonable and highly beneficial to the army

this, for, since he had raised into an independent manor, an estate, a part of which was, some two hundred years later, to be occupied by the descendants of these very Jesuits, is it strange that he should be accused of collusion with the members of the Society? There are many charges found in some histories called reliable, and based on much slighter grounds than these.

in general. Your cheeses were highly acceptable and reviving, for, unless amongst some of the officers, it was food scarcely known among us. This generous humanity of Queens Co. is unanimously and gratefully applauded by all here. We pray that your benevolence may be returned to you by the Great Shepherd of human kind, a hundred fold, and may those amiable housewives to whose skill we owe the refreshing cheeses, long continue to shine in their useful and endearing stations,

Your most obd't & obliged Serv't.,"

Wm. Johnson.

Queen's Village, then, might henceforth claim a share in these praises; but Huntington, the rival of Oyster Bay, had not yet given up all thoughts of this flourishing little neck; it hoped still to call it its own, and continued to encroach on its territory until 1734, when the line of demarcation was finally and definitively traced.

Though the winds that rustled so sweetly among the noble trees of Queen's village, were loaded with no evil forebodings of war, and the clouds

"In thousand liveries dight,"

that attended the setting sun, seemed still to speak but of peace and repose, still the storm was fast approaching; those placid waters were to be ploughed up by armed vessels; those peaceful echoes which had heretofore learnt to repeat nought but the sweet notes of the many-kinded warblers of these solitudes, or, at most, the dull surging of the waves on the idle pebbles of the beach below, were to be forced to shout back, from rock to rock, the loud booming of cannon and the groans of the dying and wounded.

At the breaking out of the revolution, many loyalists who found Connecticut and the neighboring colonies too warm for them, had crossed the Sound, landed at Lloyd's Neck, and there built an earthen fort, about 100 feet square, to protect themselves against surprise. Our spot had to

pay dearly for this change of masters, and the noble trees, that grew so luxuriantly on its banks, ceased to cast their shadows on the quiet waters, by being ruthlessly hewn down and sent as fuel to the English army, around New York.

In 1780, the French fleet, under the command of Count de Barras, arrived to infuse new vigor into the American troops, and anchored near Newport. Having received no orders to enter upon the more important field of action, the Count determined to occupy his squadron, by dislodging from Lloyd's Neck the nest of loyalists, who committed many depredations on the surrounding country. Accordingly, he despatched, for this service, three frigates with 250 land troops, the whole, under command of Baron d'Angely. The detachment sailed on the 10th of July, and was joined in the Sound by several boats of American volunteers and pilots from Fairfield. They entered Huntington Harbor and effected a landing on the Neck, on the morning of the 12th.

We searched high and low, among the numerous histories of those times, for a full account of this engagement, but it seemed to have been totally disregarded by contemporary historians. Washington simply alludes to the fact, in a letter to Count de Barras, dated Head Quarters, Dobb's Ferry, 21 July, 1781, in these words: "Although the detachments from your fleet, under the command of the Baron d'Angely did not succeed at Huntington, we are not the less obliged to your Excellency for directing the attempt to be made. If that post is maintained, I think an opportunity of striking it to advantage may still be found, and I doubt not but you will readily embrace it. I have the honor to be etc."

We were on the point of abandoning all hope of obtaining a more detailed account of the affray, when we were favored, by the kindness of the Superintendents of Astor Library, with a sort of scrap-book, presented by one Onderdonck; an aged inhabitant of Long Island, and in which

were carefully arranged cuttings from the newspapers of olden times. Here, to our great pleasure and surprise, we found the most circumstantial description of the battle of Lloyd's Neck, accompanied by an accurate diagram.

We give the extract almost in full, though it repeats something of what we have already said, hoping thus to rescue from oblivion so important and interesting a document of colonial times.

"During the Revolutionary war, the British took possession of Lloyd's Neck, and erected a small fort there, for the protection of wood-cutters, who were mostly refugees from New England. The Neck, at that time, was covered with the finest and largest growth of timber imaginable, some trees growing to the height of 40 or 50 feet, before putting forth a single branch. The refugees gained a livelihood for themselves and their families by cutting down these noble trees for firewood, and sending them to New York, where fuel was in great demand for the use of the King's Army, cantoned there during the idle hours of winter.

"The Americans had made sundry predatorial attacks on this peninsula by night, and carried off some property and prisoners, but on the arrival of the French fleet at Newport, it was concluded to fit out a more formidable expedition, in hopes of exterminating this troublesome nest of refugees.

"The expedition failed as to its main object, from an ignorance of the real strength of the post, and of the localities, but it resulted in alarming the enemy so much that they soon after abandoned the place.

"This affair, on account of its failure, is not described in any history of the revolution, and is barely alluded to in a letter of Washington. Such must be my apology for giving a sketch of it from memory, as it was detailed to me by an eye-witness, William Ludlam of Hog Island, who lately died at a very advanced age.

"Mr. Ludlam was not a Whig, but owing to his quiet dis-

position, continued a loyalist during the Revolution. His goodness of heart, however, would not allow him to harm any human being, friend or foe. He was just grown up, at the time of the American defeat at Brooklyn, Aug. 30, 1776, and out of mere curiosity walked down to the battle-field, saw its dead, lying as yet unburied, and the ground itself covered with the scorched paper of the cartridges.

"But I am digressing from my story. One fine summer day, in 1845 I crossed in a boat from the pleasant village of Oyster Bay to the residence of the venerable man. He was somewhat dull and careless at the first few questions I put to him, but when I spoke of olden times and of the Revolution, the tears came into his mild and somewhat bedimmed eyes; his voice faltered; I had struck a tender chord, had reminded him of the days of his youth—of troublesome times. In a few moments he recovered himself, and as the recollection of times long past came to his mind, his conversation took a cheerful and spirited tone. He related anecdotes and adventures of all kinds. 'Come,' said he, taking his cane and his broad-brimmed hat, 'let us go to the Hill, and I will describe to you the attack by land and water, which the French and Americans made on Lloyd's Neck. I saw it with my own eyes as I was binding wheat sheaves in my harvest field, just sixty-four years ago.'

"When we had reached the top of the hill, 'Here', said he, pointing with his cane across the bay to the heights just opposite, 'here was the fort, built to protect the wood-cutters, and used also as a depot for hay and straw, which was collected from the adjacent country and shipped to New York. The French fleet landed a party of 250 men, on the side of the neck that fronts on Huntington Harbor; these were to attack the post in the rear, but they got bewildered coming up, and when at last they reached the fort, they found it better defended than their spies had led them to expect. In

fact the guns had been mounted, only the day before! So unexpectedly did the refugees discharge their grape shot, that the French, who had neglected to bring any artillery, at once retreated, leaving behind them some surgeon's instruments, lint, bandages, port-fire etc., and the ground, besmeared with blood.

"At the same time with the attack on the rear of the fort, and to draw off the attention of the British refugees, a French sloop of war hove to in front, in Cold Spring Bay, but could bring only one gun to bear on the point of attack.

" 'Meanwhile the main body of the French fleet, after landing the men near the entrance of Huntington Harbor, had sailed further in, and attacked some English vessels that had run for shelter into the small creek which forms the peninsula. A portion of the crews on board the English ships had already landed, and mounted a few guns in battery on a slight rising ground not far from the shore, by which they hoped to keep off the French shipping. In this they succeeded; for as soon as the French Admiral was apprised of the failure of the attack, on the land side of the fort, he, at once, abandoned the attempt, sailed to a preconcerted spot, took on board his defeated marines, and returned to Newport, saying very little about the expedition. Paragraphs were of course put forth in Rivington's Royal Gazette, as a terror to the rebels, and an encouragement to the king's loyal subjects.' "

Thus, we see, that Lloyd's Neck was not after all so unimportant a place as the Historian of the New Netherlands seemed to insinuate, when he remarked that "Oyster Bay was not worth fighting about." In fact one of the officers stationed there shortly after this engagement was Prince William Henry,* son of George III., then in the Royal Navy, and afterwards King William IV.

*Prince William Henry was the first of those royal personages who, either through necessity, when treading the paths of exile, as the royal fam-

Thompson, in his history of Long Island, tells us of another revolutionary episode, connected with Lloyd's Neck: how, in the earlier years of the Revolutionary War, Sir Henry Clinton directed a small party of refugees to start from Lloyd's Neck, cross the Sound, and, if possible, make a prisoner of Major General Silliman, who had just been appointed by the Governor and Council of Connecticut, superintendent of the coast of Fairfield. They set out accordingly, nine in number; one was left in the boat, eight went to the house. About midnight, the inmates were awakened by a violent assault on the door. The General sprang from his bed—attempted to fire upon the assailants, but his musket only flashed. No time was lost; in a few moments, the daring boatmen were once more crossing the Sound, the illustrious prisoner by their side. As may be supposed, Colonel Simcoe, the commanding officer at the Neck, received them with great joy. Such personal thefts were not uncommon, during the war. And soon after this exploit on the part of the British, the Americans crossed over from the Connecticut shore, in one of those stout whaleboats which formed the entire navy of which the Americans

ily of Portugal, or from choice, as Louis Napoleon, the Prince of Wales, and lately, the Grand Duke Alexis, have visited our American shores.

The reception the young prince met with at our hands in 1782 was not indeed so flattering, as that tendered to our last royal guest: the truth is, that a very uncivil plan for capturing him was formed by Capt. Ogden of the 1st New Jersey Regiment, and approved of by Washington. Happily for him, the plan, though very near being successful, did not effect what was intended: but the Royal Midshipman, "the Sailor King," as he was popularly called, on account of his early predilection for the naval profession, knew full well, that the failure of a first attempt would not damp the ardor of the daring Continentals, and hence, after a stay, at New York, of only a few months, he started for the West Indies. In 1789 he was created Duke of Clarence, Earl of Munster; and, at the death of George IV. ascended the throne, as the Fourth William. He died in 1837, and was succeeded by his niece, Victoria.

could then boast, and purloined a certain Hon. Thomas Jones, from his home near by, in order to be able to exchange him for Silliman.

During all this time, the proprietorship of Lloyd's Neck had passed from father to son in the Lloyd family. The grandson of the original purchaser lost his share of the little peninsula, by confiscation, as he espoused the cause of the King during the war. This part, however, was repurchased by his nephew, John Lloyd, and thus kept in the family.

When the storm of war had passed over and peace again smiled on the now independent colonists, John Lloyd returned to his home, on the Neck. But this pleasing spot had, as is generally the case, suffered much by becoming famous. As time wore on, however, the stately trees once more sprang up; the moss began to creep over the foot-worn rocks; the tender blades of grass, little by little, succeeded in blotting out the remaining vestiges of the soldiers' tramp around the Fort; the green ivy, mantle of eternity, began to weave its glossy leaves over the shattered or fallen trees; and even the echoes learnt to forget the jarring sounds of strife, and once more found pleasure in telling of the bleating of sheep and the deep lowing of cattle. One feature, however, was gone: the noble Indian no longer figured among the grand objects around; and even his frail canoe was seldom seen on those waters, where thousands of "winged sea-girt citadels" usurped the peaceful domain of the deep.

Thus Lloyd's Neck remained for years, till in 1871 a part of it, comprising some 44 acres, and known as the "Fort Hill property" again changed hands, we trust for the last time, and became our present Villa.

The fort is exactly in front of our house, and, at this late date, reminds one rather of a peaceful orchard, a quiet retreat for birds, than of a battle-field for contending armies,

as numbers of fruit-trees have grown up, within the enclosure. We have, however, begun to restore it to its former war-like appearance, and all that is wanting now are a few cannon to mount on the parapets. It may not be long before we come across these relics of the revolution, as some excavations we have made, have brought to light old cannon balls, and thus led us to believe that the cannon themselves and other treasures too, may come next.

But be this as it may, one treasure, at least, we have found in our country house, and that is health and repose, after the year's labors. "Hither," in the words of our late lamented and humorous Father Monroe, "may the mathematical and classical teachers, weary of extracting and dissecting square roots, Greek roots and others still more old fashioned, come and find relaxation, in digging parsnips, turnips, and, if it comes to the worst, potatoes. Hither, may the pastors and assistants, after conducting their flocks into healthy pasturage, come and themselves browse on greens and salads. Hither, may the missionary, tired of throwing his net for men, come, and, like St. Peter, returning to his old trade, fish for perch and soles. Hither, in fine, may the Superiors come, and leaving all care behind them, find leisure and relaxation, to prepare for the labors of the ensuing year."

All these visitors, will not, alas! find that variety of rural pastimes, in which the first occupants of our soil were able to indulge. The whales, which used to be taken in numbers, off the Island, in days of yore, abandoned the coast as early as 1717, or have dwindled down in these degenerate days, to tumbling porpoises, which enter our secluded bay by thousands.* The beavers, whose furs formed so valua-

* The departure of the whales is officially announced, in a letter from Governor Hunter to the Lords of Trade, dated, New York, July, 17, 1718, in which he complains, that the perquisites, arising from his patent, "co-

ble an article of trade, became fewer and fewer, as years rolled on, and most probably migrated, in large numbers, with their families to the more congenial climes of Canada.

Had our forefathers been more scrupulous in following the prescriptions enjoined by the act, passed in 1726, by the assembly at New York, "for the more effectual preservation and increase of Deer on the Island of Nassau," we should have such game too, to offer to the aim of the marksman; and perhaps even bears, which paid an occasional visit to Long Island, as late as 1759.*

At present, however, the largest wild animal is the sprightly squirrel, or the rapacious rabbit. But we are far from complaining: nature has left us enough to satisfy the most exacting; and could we but recall to their once secluded haunts the former denizens of these forests, it would not be that we might destroy them, but solely, that we might behold, in the wild grandeur of bygone days, the charms and beauties of Fort Hill.

P.

gnoscendi de Piscibus Regalibus, Sturgeonibus, Balenis, Cætis, etc., are so inconsiderable, that I would not have written one single letter about it, these fish having, in a manner, left the coast." NEW YORK COL. MSS. VOL. V. LONDON Doc. XXI.

* The last one, of which we found any mention, in these parts, is thus spoken of, in the N. Y. Gazette of Nov. 26th 1759: "On Sunday week, last past, a large bear passed the house of Mr. S——, on Long Island, and took to the water, at Red Hook, attempting to swim across the bay; but he was shot by one of the inhabitants." Scrap Book, Astor Library.



INDIAN MISSIONS.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF FATHER F. X.
KUPPENS, S. J.

GRAND RIVER, DAKOTA TERRITORY,

JUNE 18, 1871.

Last Monday, I arrived at the house of two Frenchmen, MM. Louis and Adrian Egat, brothers, who have been some thirty years in this country, are married to Indian women, and speak the Indian tongue with great facility. I was received with all possible marks of respect. On the next day Mr. Louis volunteered to accompany me to the camp of a Great Yancton chief called "Two Bears," where I might stop a few days, to become more familiar with the language and explore the field of future labors. When we approached the camp, we were met by "Two Bears" himself, and two minor chiefs of his tribe. Permission to stay a while with his people to learn the language was politely but coldly granted me, and I was introduced into the lodge of my host. This mansion I saw gaudily decorated with paintings of bears, eagles, buffaloes, tomahawks, pipes, houses, men, etc. After smoking a pipe which passed from mouth to mouth according to the rules of Indian etiquette, the chief deigned to explain to us that all his people had gone forth from the camp to prepare for a solemn dance in honor of the Sun; that there was not a single squaw left to unsaddle my horse: so he proposed that we should all remount and ride together to the scene of the celebration. As the Indian nations are fast disappearing from the land, and in a few years, or at most, a few generations, this peculiar people with its strange

manners and observances will be found only in the history of the past, I think I am rendering a service to students of history by observing and recording whatever strange customs fall within the sphere of my observation.

The scene I was about to witness was one of the strangest I have ever beheld. True it does not contribute much to edification, unless perhaps it should rouse within us fresh sentiments of gratitude to our good Lord, who, by his painful life and death has freed us from the disgusting superstitions, of which these poor savages are still the slaves

After riding about three miles, single file in the woods, all abreast on the prairie, we arrived at the place of the meeting. There we beheld a most motley crowd of gaudily dressed men and women old and young, the decrepit and the sturdy warrior; mothers with babes at their breasts, and on their backs; all adorned with beads, ribbons, strings and feathers. Many were engaged in twisting leaves and branches in their hair, crowning with verdant wreaths, their brows, necks, arms, breasts, waists and legs; others were ornamenting their horses' manes, necks and tails with the most extravagant profusion of green. Medicine men and warriors were meanwhile haranguing in loud tones, but no more than a dozen hearers paid any attention to them.

At length an outburst of universal applause announced the great news that the tree around which the dance was to be performed, had been discovered by certain superstitious signs. It was a crooked tree some thirty feet high, with trunk some six inches in diameter. But soon there appeared a general feeling of embarrassment. It was found difficult to comply with the ceremonies required. For such is the respect which even the savage has preserved for the virtue of virginity, that, for some sacred rites, none but those who have preserved it intact are admitted. Such were to stand by the tree while it was cut down by the warriors. But such is the degradation of these people, who

have never been strengthened by the Sacraments that no young men presented themselves who could claim the honor and the profits attached to it. This condition had to be dispensed with in the case of the young men; the two maidens, however, who were required for the same purpose had been better protected by the modesty, characteristic of their sex even among barbarians.

A speech from a medicine man summoned four braves, one from each of the four winds, to stand with the youths at the side of the tree, each on that side on which he had slain most enemies. Then followed a series of minute details of ceremonies, so scrupulously performed, as to make one ask himself, "Do I practise such exactness in all the sacred rites of our holy religion?" v. g. the medicine man takes the hatchet, raises it to the sun and prays aloud. He gives it to the first maiden, she hands it to the first young man, he to the first warrior, who raises it to the Sun, proclaims his own bravery and invokes new blessings. He raises the hatchet to strike the tree—strikes,—awful crying accompanies the action on the part of the women; but the hatchet is stopped within half an inch of the bark; a second and a third similar stroke are feigned; similar, only more doleful and deafening wailing accompanies each. These ceremonies are repeated at each of the four sides of the tree. Finally the maidens cut it down, the braves carry it to a chosen spot—no others can touch it under pain of death—it is planted in the centre of the camp, a shade is formed around it with green branches. The dance is performed by such warriors as have vowed on previous occasions to go through this extremely painful ordeal. It is offered up in honor of the Sun, but not as if the Sun were the supreme deity; even in the dance the great spirit is invoked before the Sun. From the latter they believe they receive life, health, etc., but how far it is distinct from the Spirit, and how far inferior, I have not been able to learn even from the interpreter.

The dancers now emerge from a blue tent, ten abreast, all attired alike—a curiosity in Indian life. They are dressed in buckskin from their waists down, with the gayest eagle feathers about their heads, beads and tin trinkets about their necks, smeared all over with a kind of blue paint, their cheeks painted red, with a circle of white spots around their eyes. I will not stop to tell you of the various movements and halts made before the tree is reached. At length the dance begins. Some thirty men armed with drumsticks gather round the drum, and all beat together. Sometimes I thought the drum would split, but it held out to the end. The drumming is accompanied with wild singing. Each song lasts about five minutes, during which the dancers keep jumping as if they felt themselves bound to shake every bone in their body: ankles, wrists, waists and necks undergo all sorts of contortions, while the feet keep time to the tones of a bone flute, which each of them holds grasped between his teeth. After each song there is an interval of about three minutes, during which they can sit down and have two or three puffs at the pipe; then up and dancing again. At the time of our visit, this lasted the remainder of the day and through the whole of the following night.

What a pitiful spectacle met my eyes in the morning! There were those poor victims of superstition dancing yet like maniacs, though their legs scarcely supported them through fatigue and exhaustion. From the moment the tree had been found, they had tasted neither food nor drink. Still onward, dance they must for many hours more. Whenever one comes near a prop, he cannot help for a moment hanging his head against it. Still there is no thought of giving up. Now that the sun is risen, they are obliged to come frequently from under the shade, and stand with faces turned to the sun. Heat increases the fatigue, their breasts heave painfully, and their lips are parched. At half

past eleven, one at length falters ; he can stand it no longer but must have a drink. This is brought him, but he is to pay a packhorse for it. Another, a while later, pays three horses for a drink, a morsel of food, and leave to retire.

At length, when noon has come, the most painful operation begins. While the dancers are so exhausted that they seem momentarily on the point of falling down, the chief medicine-man steps forth and with a knife cuts two gashes on the back of each one's shoulder blade, then thrusts his finger into the gashes and passes a string through the flesh, to which he fastens a dried buffalo head, which dangles from the shoulders of the nine remaining dancers. Now they are to dance again till the weight of the heads has caused the strings to cut through the bleeding flesh from which they are suspended. What relief I felt, when at last the heads one after another had fallen to the ground!

But all was not over yet. They are now cut on the upper arm and with a rope ten feet long fastened similarly to the tree. At about 2 o'clock P. M. they had danced themselves loose and the ceremony was concluded. Alas that all this suffering is not undergone to gain an eternal crown! If converted, these men would not shrink back at hearing these words, "*Regnum cœlorum vim patitur et violenti rapiunt illud.*"



LETTER FROM FR. PONZIGLIONE TO VERY
REV. FR. O'NEIL.

OSAGE MISSION, NEOSHO CO., KANSAS,

DECEMBER 31, 1871.

VERY REV. FATHER PROVINCIAL,

P. C.

According to custom I must send you an abridgment of my missionary excursions during the last six months; not that I have anything very interesting to record, but merely because, as the old poet has said, "*forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*"

The 4th of July is wont to be a day of general jollity, especially in these far Western districts, and very frequently it is accompanied by the excesses of intemperance. To prevent these evils we make use of whatever expedients we can devise. Thus, for instance, this year we looked upon the day as a holy one, and announced that we would have mass at one of our missionary stations, 8 miles East of this mission, at the head of a small stream called Hickory, where a little chapel was built one year ago. This chapel, which goes by the name of St. Aloysius, was put up for the convenience of a few French families, who settled around that stream a little over one year ago. The building of this small chapel, in a very short time, drew together a strong Catholic settlement. The chapel was raised on a high ground in the centre of a very extensive prairie, and could be seen for two or three months flowering, as it were, by itself alone, showing to all the cross that stands on its front gable. But very soon a house was built here, and another there, and in a short time, in less than a year, the whole district was taken up by Catholic families, each claim hav-

ing an actual occupant: so that the Luilding, which for a few months was very ample for the congregation, is now too small and hardly sufficient for a school-house. Here we kept the 4th as a holiday. I had a large number of confessions and holy communions. Several good old Frenchmen sang at the High Mass in pure Gregorian style, so nicely, that for a moment I imagined myself back in some parish church of my native Alps.

Some Americans who were roving around, noticing so many people surrounding our Church thought, that no doubt, there must be good dancing going on, and came in with the intention of joining in the feast. You may imagine what was their surprise, when they saw all the people kneeling down and praying most fervently. Just at noon the Mass was over, and half of the day was passed without mischief; the balance of it went on quietly and soberly.

Our Rt. Rev. Bishop, John B. Miede, having at last two new priests at his disposal, sent them to us, that we might station them in some of our missions. So one of them was placed by Father Philip Colleton at Baxter Springs, and charged with the care of Labette, Cherokee and Crawford counties, besides a small part of the adjacent Indian Territory. The other was placed by me at Cottonwood Falls, from which place he will attend all the stations established on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe rail road, from Emporia in Lyon County to Wichita in Sedgewick County. This arrangement was made during this summer, and gives us more time to attend to the great many people still entrusted to our care in the western part of this large state of Kansas.

On the 18th of September, I left for one of my missionary excursions north-west of this place. And first I directed my course to the Verdigris River, visiting all the Catholic settlements I have formed from Greenwood City up to the very sources of this river. According to my custom, having

stopped at one of the stations to have Mass the next morning, I went around inviting all the neighbors to come and assist at it. Among those I visited there was one, who had been, for over a year, on very bad terms with the owner of the house in which I was going to celebrate the divine Sacrifice. I felt quite sure that this man, in all probability, would not comply with my invitation; yet I spoke to him in general, as if I knew nothing about his circumstances, and insisted on the necessity of complying with our Christian duties, and passing over the defects of others. Imagine what a joyful surprise it was for me, to see this very man come with his wife on the next morning, to see him approach Confession and Communion—a thing which he had neglected to do for a good while—to see him stand as God-father for the child of the very one to whom, the day before he would not have spoken!

From the sources of the Verdigris, I passed to those of Eagle Creek, to visit a Catholic settlement not far from Elmondaro in Lyon County. This settlement is composed of Germans. They gave me a cordial reception, and on the next morning all came to their duties. As they are only 15 miles from Emporia, where hereafter there will be a Mass celebrated once in the month, I told them that this was my last visit, and that in future they must depend on the other priest for spiritual attendance.

I now turned my way towards Eureka, the county seat of Greenwood County. I had to travel some 40 long miles, and night overtook me on a very large and high prairie, dividing the waters of the Verdigris and Fall Rivers, and as the nearest house was 6 miles distant, I had to put out on the green grass, which was plentiful and offered excellent food for my horse. The moon was most brilliant, and the stars seemed to be invested with new brightness: no tree, no bush, no rock was in sight, or could be found in the neighborhood of at least 4 miles. Fortunately I had an

iron pin and a long lariat with me ; this enabled me to secure my horse for the night. All was silence around me, and I sat down to eat my supper, which consisted of some dry bread and fruits. I found both very good, and by no means heavy on my stomach ; my mind felt very light and free. Had I been a poet, that would have been a good moment for inspiration. As I was rather fatigued, I lay down wrapped in my blanket, and passed as comfortable a night, as if I had been lying on a feather bed.

At the dawn of day I was up, and seeing that all was right about my horse, I thanked God for it, and having taken my breakfast, which was as frugal as the preceding supper, I was again on the way about sunrise, travelling along through those interminable prairies. Towards noon, I reached Eureka. This is a beautiful little town at the confluence of Spring Creek and Fall River, numbering perhaps 1500 inhabitants : of these only some twenty are Catholics. As it was Saturday, I lost no time, but went around visiting the people and inviting them to Mass for the next morning (the 24th of this month and the xvii. Sunday after Pentecost). I had the pleasure of offering the first Mass that was ever celebrated in Eureka, and commenced a missionary station in this town also.

Hearing that some 7 miles west, there was a girl who was very sick, I went that very day to her house ; and next morning, after reading Mass in her room, I administered to her the last sacraments. The poor girl was so badly off that she could hardly move or speak. Her sickness, however, had not been her greatest trouble. What had caused her most uneasiness was the thought that she was likely to die without receiving the last sacraments ; and she had daily prayed to God not to let her leave this world without the consolations of Religion. God granted her what she had desired. She could not get a messenger to call on me, but God himself sent me to her. Her faith was so great,

that, with the grace of the sacraments, she also received the health of the body. She recovered and in a few days was able to start for the state of Wisconsin, where she is at present.

From her house I took the way that leads to Eldorado in Butler County and stopped on Bird Creek, 3 miles east of that town to say Mass for the few Catholics of that locality. This settlement is very small and poor, but the faith of the people forming it is great. All answered to my call, and went to their duties, including an old woman who, for a long time had been ashamed of professing herself a Catholic. She, at last, came and brought with her a child to be baptized. She acknowledged to me that she never neglected to say some few prayers to our Blessed Lady, and it was to her she attributed the grace received of overcoming herself on this occasion. Nothing is more consoling for the poor missionary, in these wild countries, than to meet with some of these stray sheep coming back to the fold of the Lord.

From Bird Creek I passed without further delay to Eldorado. Here I found some new Catholics, but very few, so I did not stop long, but proceeded to the junction of Walnut and Turkey Creeks. On the 27th I said Mass at the usual station, and from thence descended to the confluence of the Walnut and the Whitewaters, where a small but interesting town, called Augusta, is springing up. No regular station has yet been established here; but I hope that I shall have one next spring; for several Catholic families came of late to settle around this town. Previous appointments did not allow me to see them at this time. Leaving Augusta, I took an old Indian trail going directly east, and after nearly two days of a fatiguing and lonesome journey, through a hilly and rocky prairie, I returned at last to Fall River the last day of this month, and on the next, which was Sunday, I had the pleasure of celebrating the feast of the Rosary in St. Francis Regis' chapel, between New Albany and Coyville.

Some business requiring me to go as far as Burlington, in Coffey County, I directed my route thither; then pressing along the Neosho in a homeward course, I stopped to pass the second Sunday of October at the sources of a small stream called Pecan, where we have a Scotch settlement—all very fervent Catholics. They felt exceedingly rejoiced at having an opportunity of hearing Mass. That very day I returned to this mission.

On the 6th of November, I again got on the western trail and came to New Chicago, a town in the northwest corner of this county. As I had been repeatedly invited by some Catholics of this place to come and pay them a visit, I could not but be well received by all. My visit came quite unexpectedly and at a rather unfavorable time; for it was the evening before the annual state elections, an occasion of general excitement. Yet the next morning, I had a good attendance at Mass. It was the first Mass ever offered in this town, in which we now established a new missionary station.

Though a very heavy rain continued falling almost the whole of that day, I travelled some 20 miles through an immense prairie, which divides the waters of the Neosho from those of the Verdigris; and the next day I reached Fridonia, where, having visited the Catholics scattered here and there, I read Mass for them, and left for New Boston in Howard County. Here, however, I cannot help noticing a most remarkable fact which took place in the Catholic settlement around Fridonia, because it shows how great is the efficacy of prayer and especially of the most holy Sacrifice.

The Catholic settlers of these extensive prairies being few are not seldom abused by their Protestant neighbors. Now it happened that one of our Catholics, having taken a claim whereon to live in peace with his family, his Protestant neighbors determined to rob him of it, and of course to save appearances, they tried to carry their point by intrigue and treachery. For this reason two of the conspirators went to

the land office in Humbolt, to enter the claim of the Catholic — who by the way is a very pious Alsatian. Fortunately he discovered their trick, and started also the same day for the same place, to see whether he could succeed in saving his claim. Both came to camp in the woods near Humbolt that same night, without knowing that one was not very far distant from the other. Morning having come the good Alsatian, hearing the bell of St. Joseph's Church calling for Mass, thought that he never would have good luck that day, unless he first went to Church. So he came to St. Joseph's, and Mass being over went to the land office to see about his claim. Just imagine his surprise, when asking whether anybody had been there that day from Fridonia, he learned that the two men in question had been in early that morning, and had entered and paid for a piece of land. The poor Catholic hearing this, resigned himself to his fate, and concluded that it was useless to talk any longer about the matter. Yet the thought struck him that, perhaps, some error might have happened in the recording; and so he kindly requested the Receiver to let him see the description of the land entered. Upon inquiry it was found that the two conspirators, who wanted to enter the claim of the Alsatian, had made a great mistake and had entered and paid for the land of another man, who was their partner in iniquity! In consequence of this, the claim of our friend was saved. He gave thanks to God in his heart, and without losing time, he entered his own claim, paid for it, and secured it for good! It is useless for me to tell you how happy the man felt on returning to his family. O how glad he was for having followed that inspiration of grace which called him to Church that day!

On the 11th of November, I reached the small town of New Boston, situated in the centre of Howard County. This town which commands a most beautiful position was started last May by a Catholic colony of young men from this mission, and since then has been gradually improving; a small Catholic Church will soon tower over it.

As it was Saturday, I sent word all around to the Catholic settlers to come to Mass the next morning, the 12th instant. Though the day was a very bad one, on account of the rain that came streaming down from heaven, still we had a tolerably good attendance.

About noon on the 13th the rain having stopped, I took up my course on the east bank of the Canis. The wind was very chilling and I suffered a good deal on that account. At last, after two days travelling, I reached the Osage Reservation in the Indian Territory, south of Kansas. The country now occupied by the Osages on Canis, (or little Verdigris) is a very nice one. For this reason the white settlers begin to crowd around it, and a great many claims have already been taken on this land, in spite of the protests made by the Indian Agents. The squatters on Indian lands have long since got used to such protests; and they know well that they amount to nothing.

As the Osages were now all after Buffaloes on the far west, I gave all my attention to the half breeds. I remained with them some 7 days. Though the weather was very bad by reason of the continual rain, and the creeks all very high, I nevertheless went around the best way I could through the settlements formed between the junction of the two Canies and the Agency, a distance of about 20 miles. I said Mass in different places to give all an opportunity of approaching the Sacraments. Some, I am happy to say, did comply with their Christian duties, but the majority did not. This made me feel quite bad, for these people almost all have been educated at our mission, and used to be good and practical Christians as long as they lived in our neighborhood. But since they fell under the care of Protestants, they seem to have forgotten all our good advices. Still, as they continue to acknowledge themselves Catholics, and refuse by all means to join the Protestants who govern them, I hope that the good seed which we have sown in their hearts will yet begin to grow and some day produce its fruit.

Since my last visit to this settlement during last summer, several have died, all wishing very much to have a Priest to assist them; but in vain! both on account of the great distance from one settlement to another, and on account of our many engagements in this boundless country, so much settled by Catholics. In the death of one of them God has given a lesson which I hope will produce some good. N. N. had, nearly two months since, been married to a young girl, an Osage half-breed, who had been educated at the Sisters' Convent near this mission. They were married in this town, but not in the church; I do not know for what reason they acted in this way. Now, when last May I went to visit them on the Canis, I told the young man, that he had done wrong, and I wished to settle the matter between him and his wife; for I knew his conscience could not be satisfied. So I advised him to come and have his marriage blessed and put an end to the scandal he was giving to his neighbors. He replied that I certainly was right, but he was not then prepared to follow my advice, but that he would be so when I would return to visit them in the fall. I merely answered that the future was not in our hands; and seeing that I was losing my time with him, I left the place. The poor young man died almost suddenly on the 20th September, without giving any sign of repentance. Had he followed my advice!

The grace denied to this one was, it seems, reserved for another, who according to all appearances, was doomed to die without any assistance of the Church, and who nevertheless, had all that one can wish for in this respect. Peter Chouteau, one of our best Osage half-breeds, had, since the beginning of November, been very sick at his residence on the Verdigris, near Morgan City, Montgomery Co., and feeling that he was getting worse, he sent a messenger to this mission, requesting our Superior, Father John Shoemaker to come to assist him. But the good Father was

not only left alone here at the time, burthened with the care of a large congregation, but was moreover in very bad health, and quite unable to travel so far. So the messenger returned to the Verdigris, telling the sick man that there was no chance of getting a priest. Peter felt very sorry on hearing this; "yet" said he, "give me my prayer-beads, I will hold them till I die!" and after a while he added, "still I hope that the Mother of God will not let me die, without having the consolation of receiving the last Sacraments!" This happened on the 19th of November; and just two days after, late at night, I came to his house. Nobody had called on me; all I knew was that he was very sick and had sent for a Priest; and could only conclude that either Father J. Schoenmakers, or Father Philip Colleton had come to see him. So I did not hurry on the way, neither could I have been able to do so, had I wished; for the creeks around me were all unfordable on account of the great rains we had had of late. It was only on the 21st that I could leave the settlement on the Canis. Peter's mind had now become very weak; he was raving frequently, always asking whether the Priest was coming. I came at last, and when I approached his bed he was in full possession of his mind and recognized me. Think for a moment how happy he felt! He pressed my hand and said, smiling, "I knew I would have the consolation! O the Mother of God has always been good to me!" I told him to have courage, and that next morning I would say Mass for him and administer to him the last Sacraments. To this he replied; "O Father, this is all I want." Next morning very early, I hastened to say Mass, at the end of which I gave him the holy Viaticum, and all being over, I anointed him. It was really edifying to see with what devotion he prayed, and answered to the prayers we recited around his bed. The satisfaction he felt at having received the last Sacraments seemed to help him considerably, and he looked

better. As I had no time to delay, I started as soon as I could for this mission; but the cold was so severe, that after having travelled some 34 miles I had to stop, and so did not reach home till the next day about noon. On the 24th (only two days after) Peter Chouteau died the death of the just. He had always been a good practical Christian, and God did not forsake him in his last hour. May he rest in peace!

This was my last missionary excursion of this year, and it was a very hard one, on account of the bad weather, which accompanied me through the whole of it. During this last month we were delighted with the fervor and devotion shown by the good Catholics who surround this mission, both on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, and on that of Christmas.

Our school is prospering more than ever it did before. The boarders number 50 and the day-scholars over 180. The Sisters of Loretto have also a large number of girls attending their schools. We have indeed a flattering prospect before us. We are only 3 priests and are attending over 5000 Catholics, scattered in this far West, over a territory of more than 200 by 100 miles in extent. Indeed we have reason to say, "*mensis quidem multa, operarii autem pauci.*"

Your humble servant in Christ,

PAUL MARY PONZIGLIONE, S. J.



FATHER J. U. HANIPAUX.

Joseph Urban Hanipaux was born in the parish of St. George de Dougueux, in the diocese of Langres, on the 3rd of May, 1805, the feast of the Invention of the Holy Cross, and was baptized the same day. His truly christian parents brought him up in the love of piety and the practice of virtue. At an early age and whilst engaged in his studies, he felt himself called to the ecclesiastical state. Obeying the divine call, he entered the seminary, and at the close of his theological studies, was raised to the priesthood on the 22nd of April, 1829. During seven years Fr. Hanipaux zealously applied himself to the discharge of the various duties entrusted to him by his bishop; and in their fulfilment deserved and obtained the esteem and confidence of those who were brought in contact with him.

But his aspirations had been to a more apostolic life—to a closer imitation of the divine Model. Again obeying the call of grace, he asked and obtained admission into the Society of Jesus, entering the novitiate on the 20th of February, 1837. In this school of virtue he had for Master the Rev. A. Rubillon, and under the guidance of so enlightened a director he inured himself by the practice of obedience and humility, to walk manfully in his vocation. At the same time that he edified his fellow novices by his virtues, his zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls was developed and perfected. Immediately after taking his first vows, Fr. Hanipaux was sent to Nantes, where he was applied to the work of giving missions. Here as elsewhere, his labors were productive of the most consoling results. Though not possessed of brilliant oratorical powers, Fr.

Hanipaux, by his earnest piety and burning zeal found his way to the hearts and overcame the obstinacy of the most hardened sinners.

But he longed to be sent on the foreign missions, and in 1842 made an application to Rev. Fr. General for that purpose. He was ultimately successful in his request, though thwarted in his first plans. For he was on the point of starting, in the company of Fathers Luiset, Martin, Duranquet and Grimot, for Madagascar, when an unforeseen accident or rather the hand of Providence interposed and led this little band of Missionaries to another and not less fertile field. Fr. Hanipaux and his companions were sent to found a new mission of the Society in Canada. In pursuance of this plan, the first residence was established in Montreal. Fr. Hanipaux now gave himself up to the impulses of his zeal; and when, after two years, he was sent on the Indian mission, his departure was deeply regretted in those parishes which had been the scene of his labors.

About this time Dr. Power, the first Bishop of Toronto, desiring to revive the missions established by Fathers Lallemant and de Brebœuf, but long since abandoned, applied for members of the Society of Jesus to carry out this plan. Fr. Hanipaux was one of those selected for the purpose. Passing through Sandwich in Upper Canada where a residence had just been opened, he proceeded to Great Manitouline Island. In company with Fr. Chone, he established his headquarters at the Mission of Holy Cross, known also by the Indian name of Wilwemikong, a village of the Ottawas, already partly evangelized by the zealous missionary Mr. J. B. Proulx.

Without knowing a word of the language, which resembles no other, but placing his whole confidence in the Sacred Heart of Jesus and in prayer, Fr. Hanipaux, who in two years had been unable to pick up a few words of English, could in a short time instruct, and hear the confessions of the Indians in their own language.

Fr. Hanipaux had now attained the object of his eager longings. His zeal knew no obstacle. In fact, at times, it seemed to border on rashness. But knowing that he was in the hands of the Almighty, he faced every danger, in pursuance of the one object he had in view, the Glory of God and the salvation of souls. Nothing could deter him when there was question of gaining souls to God. Neither the inclemency of the season, nor the difficulties of the way, could impede him in the pursuit of this object so dear to his heart. Whether to penetrate the trackless wilderness, or to navigate lakes and rivers made dangerous by hidden rocks or headlong rapids, or to traverse the same when covered by no less treacherous ice—or to climb rugged mountains, or to pass swollen torrents—his zeal was unabated; he recoiled before no difficulty, but placing his trust on high, sped on his way rejoicing. At times forced to sleep on the snow, being at other times on the point of famishing from want of food, he felt amply repaid, when after a journey of extreme hardships, he was able to announce the glad tidings of the truth to some poor neglected Indians. Then heedless of repose, he applied himself to alleviate the wants of these poor creatures—his time was spent in consoling, baptizing, preparing them for death. Having attended to the spiritual wants of the inhabitants of one village, he hastened off to another to recommence the same labors, or returned to his mission of Holy Cross to take charge of his little congregation and his schools. His return was frequently hastened by the necessity of opposing by his presence and influence the efforts made to destroy the good that God had wrought among these poor Indians. For he had to maintain a continual struggle with those who strove to pervert his neophytes, and to draw them away from the path of duty. His presence and advice strengthened the wavering and consoled the more steadfast. He inspired children with the love of piety, youth with modesty, and the more aged with fidelity to their duties. It was from

the Sacred Heart of Jesus that he drew his strength—it was devotion to this Sacred Heart that enabled him to accomplish so much for the good of souls.

He was beloved both by his Superiors and inferiors. The Sodalists of Holy Cross wrote to him after his departure from among them, testifying their gratitude and filial love. One of his fellow-laborers writing about him, says that Fr. Hanipaux was alone worth two missionaries; another relates the grief and lamentations of his poor Indians and their longings to see him once more among them. But this affection can astonish no one—as he loved them all with the tenderness of a father.

But Fr. Hanipaux was forced to leave his spiritual children, never more to see them on earth. Twenty-seven years of endurance and toil had told on his vigorous frame, and undermined his health. To enable him to enjoy some needful rest, his Superiors called him to the residence of Quebec. He arrived at Montreal last autumn and at Quebec on the 30th of December. The best physicians of these two cities were forced to acknowledge that his sickness admitted of no cure—and their charitable efforts were henceforth employed to lengthen out his life.

For the six months preceding his death there was no decided improvement in his health—nothing but a succession of days of more or less suffering. He gradually lost the last remnants of his once vigorous constitution, until he seemed to be sustained only by his energetic will. He desired to labor up to the last, and for this purpose he at times concealed his sufferings, till it became impossible to do so any longer. Despite his habitual weakness and suffering, he asked, on his arrival at Quebec, to have a confessional assigned him, and there he remained as long as the good of souls required, and his failing strength allowed him. He rose, as a general thing, with the community, made his meditation and said Mass. During the last week of his life he was so feeble that it seemed almost impossible for him

to finish Mass. But his indomitable energy and strength from above bore him through. His devotion prompted him to choose to say Mass in preference at the altars of the Sacred Heart and of St. Joseph. He might be seen several times every day kneeling in presence of the Blessed Sacrament. Being no longer able to work for the good of souls in any other way, he poured out continued and fervent prayers for their conversion. His great zeal became manifest whenever he heard of the good accomplished by others. When told of what was being done for the glory of the Sacred Heart and in honor of St. Joseph by the Archbishop (Taschereau), and the pastors of Notre Dame, St. Roch's and St. John's, of the continual development of the *Apostleship of Prayer*, and of the Association of our Lady of the Sacred Heart, his heart was gladdened and seemed to acquire new vigor. But alas! his ever decreasing bodily strength did not equal the ardor of his zeal—perhaps even this interior fire helped to consume his mortal frame.

But the month of St. Joseph had now come. Three novenas to this great Patriarch and Patron of the Church were begun at the same time; one for Fr. Hanipaux, one for the Society of Jesus and one for the faithful. The good Father united himself to all these intentions—offering up to God through the hands of his holy Patron, the sacrifice of his life.

On the 12th of March he desired to receive the Viaticum during the night. His sufferings were intense up to 7 o'clock P. M., when the prostration of his bodily strength was complete. He told a Father who was by him at the time: "I shall die at midnight." At a quarter to eight, he requested that the prayers for the agonizing should be said, in which the good Father himself joined, making the responses with great piety. An hour later, with his brethren who surrounded his bed, he recited the customary prayers, and finally, those of the novena.

At midnight, March 12th, 1872, Fr. Hanipaux expired without agony—and retaining complete possession of his faculties up to the last. He seemed to have been spared long enough to enjoy the consolation of dying during the month and novena of St. Joseph, his holy Patron—and on a Wednesday, a day consecrated to this great Saint—and as he had ardently desired, in the midst of his brethren. Two weeks before his death, when the good Sisters of Charity offered him a room in the hospital, that he might be better taken care of, he answered: "No. I desire to die in the midst of my brethren."

The mortal remains of Fr. Hanipaux repose in the vault of the Cathedral, near the new chapel of St. Joseph and not far from the tombs of two of his brethren in religion, Fr. Nicholas Point, and Fr. Jno. Bapt. Menet.

MISSION AT ST. IGNATIUS', MOUNTAIN,
ADAMS CO., PA.

None who are familiar with the history of the "Book of the Exercises," need the convincing proof of its present miraculous effects to be persuaded, that rather to the direct inspiration of the Holy Ghost than to the unlettered soldier of Pampeluna does it owe its origin. To the unction diffused by the Spirit of God through every page, must be ascribed the numberless conquests made by this "golden book" from the time when Christ's ministers first wielded so potent an arm in the rescue of souls, down to the days in which we live. Nor has our own land of America, eminently a missionary region, been the last to feel its benefi-

cial influence. The tendency to materialism more strongly developed here than elsewhere, the want of a sufficient number of priests to break the bread of life for Christ's little ones; the scarcity of churches, especially in rural districts; the distance of Catholic families from those who can administer the Sacraments; the unchristian and infidel surroundings, as well as the immoral tendency of literature, have all served to weaken Catholics in their faith, to wean them from the practice of their duties, and, in not a few cases, have even led to an entire renunciation of religion. But when a mission is announced, grace seems to invade the souls of many of these wanderers. Great efforts are made to be present, and daily experience shows that this correspondence to grace, joined with a faithful attendance, have resulted in a return to the path of salvation, so long neglected. The following details concerning one of these missions given by a Father of the Novitiate, Frederick, Md, at the little church of St. Ignatius, half way between Chambersburg and Gettysburg, Pa., although they cannot engage the attention by reason of any miraculous events, will, at least, prove the all-fostering care of that Heavenly Father, who loves his "little ones" as the "apple of his eye."

The church was built in 1817, by Fr. Marshall, who, shortly after its completion, died on the Atlantic, during a voyage undertaken for the recovery of his health. The site of the church, perched as it is on the top of the Blue Ridge, seemed one but little favorable for the success of any mission which might be given there. The rough mountain roads, which lead to it, in themselves sufficiently wearying, are rendered doubly fatiguing on account of the constant ascent, an ascent which has to be conquered by parishioners who live at a distance of from one to ten miles. These difficulties however did not prevent the little edifice from being filled every morning by a crowd which remained the whole day, the exercises closing at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. At about 6 A. M., you might have seen from twelve to fifteen mothers with their little ones, gathered around

the stove in a little room adjoining the church, having set a praiseworthy example to the stronger residents of the place, by walking three or four miles before sunrise (for the mission takes place about the middle of October!) in order to be in due time to commence the exercise. On the very day the mission was opened, several young men presented themselves to the Father who was to give the retreat in order to ask his advice. "If we come to the mission," said they, "we'll lose our employment, and if we go to our work, we won't be able to attend the retreat!" The Father recited the rosary with them to obtain light from heaven in regard to their course of action. Enlightened and strengthened by their prayer, the young men unanimously agreed that no temporal interest should prevent them from attending to what had so important a bearing on the more important one of eternity. They resolve, for that week, to discontinue their ordinary employments, in order to engage in the exercises of the retreat. I ought to remark in this place, that the felling, sawing and transportation of timber furnishes the laborers of this vicinity with their principal means of employment. The Father having learnt that work was not pressing at the time, since the saw-mills had been obliged to suspend operations on account of the dearth of water, no rain having fallen for four months, told the young men to promise their employers, that they would "*pray for rain.*" This they did, and although, on informing those for whom they worked of their determination of attending the mission, they were allowed to withdraw, their promise to "*pray for rain*" was received with not a few incredulous smiles. God, however, who is so ready to reward any act of simple faith or self-sacrifice on the part of his creature, was not deaf to the petition of those who had shown so generous a compliance to his own interior call. On the 4th day the rain-clouds discharged their wished-for contents in abundance! Nor should one circumstance connected with this answer to their prayer be passed over in silence. The shower did not commence until all were in the church, and

the rain continued until 4 o'clock, P. M., when the sun breaking forth with all his wonted warmth and splendor, enabled those in attendance at the church to reach their respective homes without any great inconvenience.

On the evening of the 2nd day, it was the parish priest who expressed his fears to the father that the mission would have to be interrupted by some. "To-morrow is election-day," said he, "and the men are anxious to cast their votes, although they do not like having to lose the instructions. But they cannot help doing so, since the polls are eight miles from here." Matters, however, were soon arranged. The men were enabled to fulfil their duty as citizens, without neglecting their more important one of Christians. Instructions for that day were anticipated by nearly an hour and a half. At about 10 o'clock A. M., one hundred men march in procession from the church to the polls; cast the momentous vote; dispose of the light meal they had brought with them; and once more formed into rank, march back to the mountain church, and assist at the remaining duties of the day—beads, a sermon and benediction. There are some things certainly remarkable in this little mission, which proved so perfect a success. Not a single individual belonging to the church of St. Ignatius failed to present him or herself at the tribunal of penance, and afterwards to receive the holy Sacrament of the Eucharist. In the beginning of the exercises great doubts were entertained of some seven or eight who had not passed the threshold of the Church for years, and who were generally regarded as having outlived their time of conversion. The father, having been apprised of the deplorable condition of these hardened sinners, recited the beads twice a day with the congregation, that the blood of Jesus Christ might obtain for these unfortunates the grace of awakening to a sense of their dangerous condition. *At the end of the third day, not a soul was wanting.* All repaired their past misdemeanors by a contrite confession, and received the pledge of salvation at the Holy Table. During the course of the mission, all who had made their

first communion were placed under the immediate care of our Blessed Lady by being invested with the Scapular of Mt. Carmel. At the close of the retreat, a mission cross of solid oak, 20 feet in height, was erected in front of the Church. After the ropes and pullies, which were to raise it to its station, had been adjusted, the father would not allow any man to take part in this performance, but, by his orders, the boys of the congregation, seizing the ropes, hoisted the cross into its proper place. Thus in after years they can direct the attention of their own children to the "Cross of the Mission", which they themselves had raised as boys. Perhaps I have, already, taken more of your space than I can justly claim for these simple facts, and I will not add to them some others regarding the mission, which can serve to swell the contents of another No. of the "Woodstock Letters." Certainly, it can not be unprofitable for those who are yet young in the Society to learn to look at the labors of those already bearing "the heat of the day"; and to see with what blessings God crowns their efforts for his Glory; whilst those who are girded to toil of a kindred nature in other portions of the Lord's vineyard, cannot view without interest the exertions of their brothers in Xt., who are animated with the same spirit as themselves.

J. B.



LENTEN MISSIONS, BY THE FATHERS OF
THE NOVITIATE, FREDERICK, MD.

NOVITIATE, FREDERICK CITY, MD.

APRIL, 7, 1872.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

Our missionaries have at length returned "portantes manipulos suos" and your request is to be complied with. But first let it be said in extenuation of the somewhat meagre account that ours are not accustomed to notice many things, which would be noticed by others, either because they are the natural accompaniments of a mission, or because, looking to the main purpose, that is, the confession and communion, they regard all other things of minor importance and hence lose sight of them altogether. Again, the usual result of all missions, which is the triumph of God's grace in the conversion of the sinner and the return of many who had, Prodigal-like been long away from their Father's house, is so much the same that when one mission is recorded, the others may be easily known; the only difference being in the number of the congregation to which it is given. This premised will give you some consolation in your possible disappointment.

The first mission was in our Church here. There was much apprehension that this would prove a failure, as not a long time had elapsed since the last mission and our Fathers thought there would be somewhat of apathy, especially as the court was being held at the same time and a most important case was to come up for trial, in which the sympathies of almost the whole County was enlisted. The inclement weather also threatened to keep many away. But this our good God turned aside until the close, and it

was noticed as strange for the season that so many comparatively good days succeeded one another. There were about 450 communions with a little over 100 confessions of children who had not yet made their communion, but were instructed daily by one of the Fathers, who had chosen that as his special part of the mission. Many miracles of grace were among this number, and even after all was over it continued to act: "my word shall not return to me empty." One instance of divine Providence must not however be omitted. It was of a cold Catholic, immersed in temporal business, who did not think he had time even to go once a day to the instruction. He had been many years away from his duty, and had in consequence of his affairs no inclination for the ordinary duties even of a Catholic. It was however so ordained by God that his business took him one night just by the church, and hearing the preacher, he felt induced to go in for a few moments. The subject was the return of the prodigal. So apposite to his own condition was the parable; that the application, aided by grace, changed him entirely, and he immediately hastened to go to his father and recover the stole of innocence he had lost. Since then he makes up for the wasted time by a faithful and constant attendance. Only two of the missions dependent on Frederick were evangelized this lent and nothing specially worthy of note happened. As usual a number of prodigals returned and the good were confirmed in the way of salvation. They are particularly noted for their regularity. In one however where no mission was given we have to record the conversion, baptism and first communion of two estimable protestant ladies, who married to Catholics and attending Church, whenever it was given, had for many years kept back from professing the faith of their husbands. Touched at last by grace they abjured in the hands of the venerable Fr. McElroy their errors and made their first communion on Easter Sunday.

Two missionaries were sent to the neighboring missions of Winchester and Harper's Ferry in Virginia. The grace

awakened many Catholics from their torpor and the good pastor was gratified far beyond his expectations, as he found he had more souls under his care than he was aware. In Winchester over 150 and in Harper's Ferry over 250 went to communion. Two circumstances in these places deserve to be noted. The first was that all, but especially the children were invited to pray every day in common for those who through long resistance to grace had rendered themselves unworthy of favor. The result of this, we may justly ascribe, was the great number of those who had been for years away from the Sacraments now returning. Many indeed were not known to be Catholics even by their most intimate acquaintances. The second was the holy pride which seemed to animate them with respect to their religion. For among the crowd gathered to hear the word of God, there were many protestants and even ministers of various denominations, to whom by their attention and eagerness to avail themselves of the benefits offered, the Catholics seemed to show how much superior in everything was their religion. Indeed such was their fear of losing anything that was said, that they did not notice the cold that was streaming through the open doors of the Church, and the pastor had frequently to advise them to close the doors for the benefit of all.

The crowds came from ten and twenty miles around ; although there was snow and frost sometimes so deep and bitter that it was a real work to get to the Church. It was a great consolation to the Fathers in their labors to see the eagerness of those who wished to be reconciled to God.

The same consolation awaited the three Fathers who were sent to Martinsburg, where the number of Catholics was much greater. The eagerness of the people to hear continued unabated the whole week and the consequence was that over 900 confessions were heard and more than 800 approached holy communion. Although no controversial sermons were preached, there were 8 converts, of whom two were baptized and the remainder left for instruc-



C I R C U L A R :

To the Patrons of the "Woodstock Letters":

REVEREND FATHER:

P. C.

The favorable reception which the first number of our domestic publication has met with, is to us an encouragement which we hardly expected, but for which we are most sincerely grateful. Our young printers will therefore cheerfully continue to devote a portion of their leisure moments to a task which has now become doubly a pleasure; and while they hope that interesting materials will be sent them to enrich the pages of the "Letters," they will endeavor to perform their share of the work in such a manner as to merit the continued approbation of our Patrons.

But as the mechanical execution of this task requires some outlay for the purchase of type, paper and other materials, it is hoped that the Reverend Superiors of the Colleges and Houses to which the "Letters" are sent, will kindly assist us to meet the expenses.

We confidently leave the determination of the amount of their contribution to their own well-known liberality, and will merely add that the real cost of the publication, as it is our intention to issue it, will hardly be less than \$2.00 a year (for foreign countries, 10s. or 13fr.) postage included.

THE EDITOR.

*Woodstock College,
Howard Co., Md.,
May, 1872.*



tion to be baptized in the beginning of May. The number of those who returned after long years to their Mother, was very great, and in some there was a generosity that bordered on heroism. Some scandals of long standing were repaired, and some who had seemed to lose all faith, were recalled again to a new life. One of the Fathers who had preached strenuously and whose voice was weakened and throat ulcerated had to begin another mission immediately. Fearful of the consequences he promised a novena for the souls in purgatory, if he should be able to go successfully through the second mission, and his prayer was granted; for his throat seemed to be in suspense until he had finished, when the soreness again returned and gave him an opportunity to confirm in himself the good advice he had given to others.

Two others, all we had to spare, were sent to St. Paul's Church, Worcester, Mass., the result of whose labors after ten days was 3805 confessions, which were no doubt increased to 4000 and more before the close of the week. The same eager desire to avail themselves of the mission was manifested here, and a great many were brought to confession, who had been away for a long time. What perhaps made this superior to the others was that the winter was at its height still while the mission was going on and yet there was not the slightest diminution of attendance. Unfortunately the Fathers were too busily occupied in reconciling the adults to find time to do any thing particular for the young. All they could do was to represent to the parents the necessity of fulfilling their obligations and to impress upon all the duty of working well for their salvation.

This includes only the missions given during lent. There were other missions to congregations, students in colleges and academies, monasteries and priests, during the year, in which much good was done. Our good Fr. McElroy, old as he is, is not idle in this good work, having given ten retreats to religious houses, besides preaching single sermons to congregations, wherever he chanced to be.

LETTER FROM FLORISSANT.

NOVITIATE OF ST. STANISLAS,
NEAR FLORISSANT, MO.

FEB. 19th, 1872.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

In the first number of the Woodstock Letters reference is made to a church in course of erection on our premises. It is completed now, and furnishes a few items which may prove interesting.

For thirty years back and more, this neighborhood has been inhabited by a class of old Canadian settlers or Creoles, harmless indeed;—for violence and theft, and even drunkenness, are almost unknown among them, and no police is ever required;—but they are rarely seen in any Church, except on occasion of a funeral, a baptism, a marriage or the yearly first communion of the children. These are what some call the four sacraments of the Creoles. This however is scarcely fair; for they have a lively faith in the last sacraments too; and come galloping in the middle of the night, just in time to get a priest before the patient expires, except when they happen to come too late.

The chapel to which we used to invite them, had few attractions, it being the second story of an old frame building, while the village church of Florissant was between three and six miles distant from most of their dwellings, rather far for their slumbering piety.

Such was the population, for which some of our most zealous Fathers had labored assiduously for many years, whether as novices, as tertians, or in other capacities. It would have been quite appropriate to ask, "Can any good come from Stringtown?" for this was the euphonious name of the locality.

Meanwhile the Messenger of the S. Heart used to come month after month to tell us of the constant stream of graces flowing from that loving Heart, especially when cases seemed desperate before. Our confidence was awakened, and many a month this neighborhood was recommended in the pages of that esteemed publication. Then there occurred an unexpected change for the better. Kind Providence sent us one of our Fathers, who succeeded in gathering an unusually large audience at the devotions of the Month of May, A. D. 1869. Fervor was enkindled. To perpetuate it, a Society of the Rosary was established, which more than doubled the number of monthly communions. The next year the Apostleship of Prayer was added, bringing down a new shower of graces. Soon a desire was felt to build a little church. But where was the money to come from? The neighbors were mostly poor, and spoiled in this particular; for they had never been called upon to contribute for religious purposes. It was not supposed that \$500 could be collected from the faithful.

However, during the last months of May and June, prayers were asked in the chapel, and the subject was recommended among the intentions of the Messenger, that our good Lord and His holy Mother might provide the funds. We were immediately and abundantly heard. In June a subscription list was opened, a somewhat larger circle than the immediate neighborhood being taken in, and, in a few months, a very neat country church has been built, furnished and paid for, costing over three thousand dollars. Protestants and Catholics have shown equal good will on the occasion. Every one is both surprised and delighted.

The church was dedicated to Our Lady of the Rosary. The next point was to fill it with worshippers. This blessing, too, its Holy Patroness has obtained. A mission, though preached under disadvantages, has made the people familiar with their house of prayer: its forty-six pews are all rented, and attendance on Sundays is very satisfactory. Some fathers of families, who, it was generally known, had

not frequented the holy sacraments for many years, have done so now, and have become edifying Christians. In fact, the enthusiasm at the concluding ceremony of the mission was so great, that the unedifying name of "Stringtown" was, in honor of the church's patroness, Our Lady of the Rosary, changed to that of "Rosarytown," which is now the received appellation of this locality. As soon as a post-office will be established here, it will be Rosary P. O.

I am, Rev. and Dear Father,

Yours in the Sacred Hearts,

C. COPPENS, S. J.

ST. JOSEPH HEARS THE PRAYER OF THE POOR.

CINCINNATI, MARCH 12th, 1872.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,

In times of scarcity and dearth, the Little Sisters of the Poor are often among the first to feel the effects of want. And, when these generous givers are themselves needy and empty-handed, what must become of the aged beings who depend upon them, unless they be furnished with food and raiment by the same kind providence that feeds the birds of the air and clothes the lilies of the field?

But God delights to extend the mantle of His solicitude over His little ones and to reward their child-like confidence in Him. The following is one instance among many, that He has made them His special charge. Though but indirectly connected with the labors of the Society, this little

incident may, perhaps, find a suitable place in the "Woodstock Letters." For the favor was dispensed by the hands of St. Joseph and cannot fail to increase our devotion to him.

Coal has been very scarce here this winter. Owing to the low water in the Ohio River, the supplies from Pittsburgh were cut off for a time; moreover, several barges, after arriving safely at the levee, snapped their moorings and were sunk or dashed down the stream by the floating mass of ice. This soon came home to the hearths of many a family. For fuel became very dear, and the cold meanwhile was uncommonly severe. The poor might be seen along the newly-raised roads and highways picking up the stray cinders scattered here and there upon the ground.

Towards the end of February the "Little Sisters" had also exhausted their supply of coal; and having no earthly resource, they addressed themselves to St. Joseph, the Treasurer and chief Procurator of the poor. On the 26th of Feb. they began to offer up prayers, prefaced with the intention "To St. Joseph for some coal." The Father who attended them, had listened to this petition which was read out aloud every day at Mass; and, not hearing it the succeeding week he inquired of the Mother Superior: "Why have you discontinued your prayers for coal? have you lost courage?" He was answered by the recital of the following facts:

On the previous Thursday (Feb. 29th), after praying so fervently to St. Joseph for four days, they were reduced to extreme distress. There was only a mere coating of slack and broken coals on the floor of the cellar, and the fires could not be kept up sufficiently to warm the shivering limbs of age. The Superioress, finding herself forced to seek instant relief for her little community, summoned all its members together to recite the Rosary in common. They did so with great piety. And, when afterwards the Sisters conversed with the aged inmates, it was edifying to witness the good spirits manifested in the countenances and good-

humored jests of all. "Maybe", said one, "St. Joseph knows that it is the 29th of February, and he don't wish to help us on a leap year day." "That's very true," chimed in an old woman, "and to-morrow is the first day of the month of St. Joseph: let us have patience till to-morrow at all events." "Sure and we will; nobody would refuse to humor St. Joseph that much," added an old Irishman in a shrill-toned voice; "but," said he, "if he don't help us to-morrow, he deserves to be lodged in the cellar himself." This outburst of geniality satisfied all, and they separated quite contented.

But Friday passed away; and in spite of their fervent Novena the coal-cellar remained as empty as before. But they were determined to overcome St. Joseph at all hazards, and in their simplicity they carried out the suggestion made the day before. They took the statue of St. Joseph to the cellar and left it there as a pledge, insisting that the saint would surely redeem it. And so the statue spent Friday-night in the coal-cellar. Yet St. Joseph did not mind that either; for Saturday morning came, but no coal. It was the 2nd of March, and the Superioress took a surer means of prevailing on the Saint.

One of the inmates is an old blind woman, who is very pious and constantly engaged in prayer. This good creature was told to go to the Chapel and pray for the Community all day, with the injunction that, if she did not obtain some coal from St. Joseph, she would have to keep him company in the cellar on Monday. She did as she was ordered: she prayed hard and overcame St. Joseph, who appeared, up to this time, to have been deaf to all appeals. When called for dinner to report on the prospects of success, she replied: "'Tis all right;—we'll get coal." That same evening a boy came with the message; "Mr. Spencer will bring you a *hundred bushels* of coal; he wants you to make ready to receive it".

The trap-door of the cellar was opened, and from above the coal-cobs poured down on the floor in abundance, while from the door opposite the old folk bore off the statue of

St. Joseph in triumph to the Chapel. No doubt they must have consoled their Protector for his imprisonment, by lighting a lamp in his honor and offering him the tribute of their innocent hearts.



EXTRACTS OF LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

We are indebted to Rev. Father Healy, S. J., of Georgetown College, D. C., for the following interesting and edifying details extracted from private letters kindly placed by him at our disposal :

NEGAPATAM, DEC. 4th, 1871.

* * I received your letter two days ago. How many old memories it stirred up! * * * Our dear noble-hearted Du Coudray! What frightful things—what pages for history! And still the tragedy has not drawn to a close yet; but it may perhaps be ended before these lines reach you. But our hopes are with the Church and with God. And you of the New World, do you always go on with gigantic strides? * * * Here in India, Protestants were loudly proclaiming the downfall of the Church, especially after the humiliation of France. But, in fact, we are making steady, not perhaps very rapid progress, and practically Protestantism itself finds out every day more and more that Catholicity is advancing. This is shown by new foundations springing up everywhere, by the more prominent position of our Vicars-Apostolic, and by a growing liberality and respect on the part of Government. At Calcutta our Belgian Fathers have a college which can successfully cope with the most flourishing of their schools. At Bombay they are fast getting the upperhand. * * * We, though somewhat out of the way, are *the* Catholic Institution of the Presidency; and

yet we have nothing but natives and have to contend with many difficulties. * * * * In the latter part of October we had a visit from the Governor of Madras, Lord Napier, a Puritan, as he remarked with a smile, who has been treating us as even a Catholic would have done. * * * On that occasion we gave him an evening entertainment; the comedy and music especially were good. To see the natives act their parts in the play, and sing European music as they did, took all by surprise; and the whole affair was a real triumph for the college.

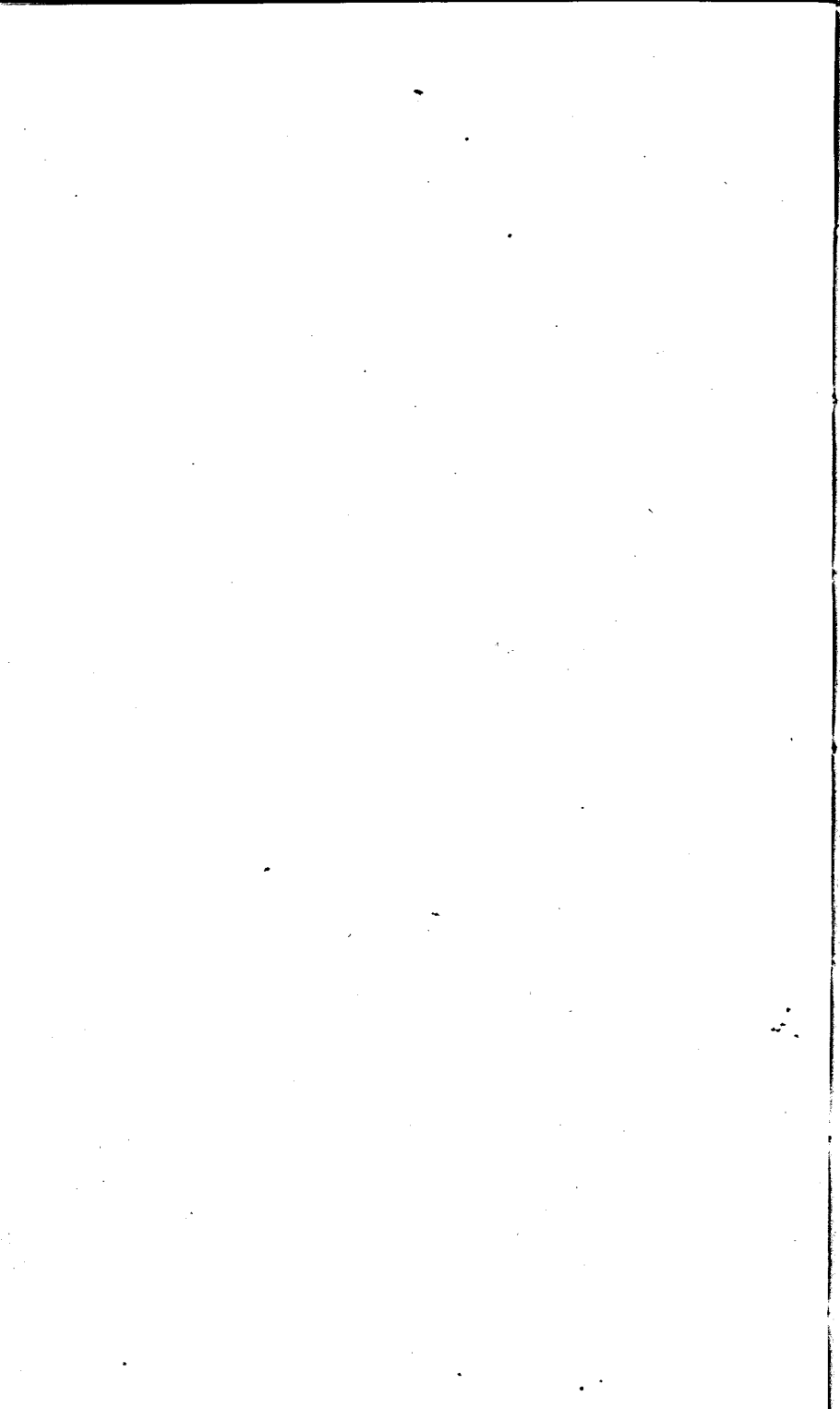
* * * * But let me tell you something worthy of note which happened here lately. As I was walking through one of the streets my attention was attracted by a crowd which had gathered around a large man holding in his arms a little girl under ten years of age. The poor little creature had just been bitten by a cobra; from her mouth a long gluey drivel was oozing which hung in strings or meshes down to the very ground—it was evident that she had but a few moments to live. I asked them if they wished me to do anything. Yes, they said, to cure her. I told them that I had no other remedy at hand than to bless her; should I do so? Yes, by all means. The snake, they said, had bitten her hand; they wished me to bless the hand. I called for fresh water. A Turk ran into his house near by and brought a basin of water. I took the child's hand, washed it thrice in the form of a cross, pronouncing meanwhile the prescribed formula!—*Quid de Baptismo?*—Unfortunately, perhaps, the child recovered soon after, and the people attributed it to the blessing. I must now see to her being brought up a Catholic.

NAMUR, MARCH, 16, 1872.

* * * I must now tell you of an event which has given us much consolation here, and which ought to be made known for the honor of our Blessed Lady. One of our young students, about fifteen years of age, had been suffering from a putrid sore throat; the gangrene had gradually poisoned all the blood in his system, and the physicians pronounced

the case hopeless. In fact the poor boy was at the point of death ; all remedies were powerless and no hope was entertained of preserving life until even the close of the day. At about two o'clock we brought him some water of our Lady of Lourdes, which he drank. Almost immediately a copious discharge of gangrened matter found vent through the nostrils. A marked improvement in the patient's condition resulted ; he grew better rapidly and in a short time completely recovered. We had offered fervent vows, and all the students had prayed earnestly for this favor ; their gratitude was expressed by a general and fervent communion on the following Sunday.

D. O. M.



WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. I., No. 3.

FATHER WHITE'S RELATION.

[*Continued.*]

During the voyage many singular things happened. In the first place, we met with *flying-fish*, which at one time cut the sea with their wings, and again the high air. They are of the size of flounders, or the larger ray, which also they greatly resemble in taste. They poise themselves in the air, in flocks of a hundred, when they are trying to escape from the dolphins that pursue them. Some of these, when their wings failed them, dropped into our ship; for, at one effort, they do not fly over a space of more than two or three acres; then they dip in the water their wings that have been dried by the air and again commit themselves to the sky.

Inter navigandum multa occurrebant curiosa. In primis *pisces volantes*, qui modo aequor modo aera sublime pennis secabant, passerum magnitudine vel majorum sparulorum quos valde etiam gustu praegrato referunt. Centeni gregatim se in aere librant delphinos cum fugiunt insequentes. Eorum aliqui deficiente pennarum remigio in nostram navim deciderunt; nam uno impetu non amplius quam duorum vel trium jugerum spatium pervolant; tunc pinnas aere exsiccatas aquis rursus immergunt, et se iterum coelo committunt.

When we were distant twenty-one degrees and some minutes from the equator, where the tropic commences, we were permitted to see floating in the air the birds which from their locality they call *tropic* birds. It is uncertain whether these birds, which equal the falcon in size, and are conspicuous for two very long white feathers in the tail, are continually in the air; or rest themselves at times on the water. Other things I omit which are learned from the letters of others.

When we had passed the Fortunate Islands, Lord Leonard Calvert, the commander of the fleet, began to consult with what merchandise to load the ship when about to return and where to obtain it, so that he might lighten the expenses of his brother, the Baron of Baltimore; for the entire burden fell upon him as the chief one of the whole expedition. In Virginia, no advantage was expected from our countrymen, for they are hostile to this new plantation. Therefore, we were steering for the island of St. Christopher, when, after consultation, fearing lest at that late season of the year, others might have anticipated us, we turned our prow towards the south, that we might reach Bonavista, which island is opposite Angola, on the coast of Africa, fourteen degrees from the equator. It is a station of

Cum ab Aequatore uno et viginti gradibus et aliquot minutis abessemus, ubi Tropicus incipit, videre erat aves, quas a loco *tropicas* vocant, in aere pendulas; illae cum falconem mole adaequent, duabus praelongis et albetibus plumis in cauda conspicuae, incertum est an aeri perpetuo insideant, an quandoque aquis se sustentent. Caetera ut aliorum literis nota omitto.

Cum Insulas Fortunatas essemus praetervecti Dominus Leonardus Calvert, Praefectus Classis, agitare coepit quas merces et unde comparare posset navi reduci onerandae quo fratris sui Baronis de Baltimore sumptibus caveret. Illi enim ut totius navigationis Principi onus integrum incumberebat. In Virginia a nostratibus nihil commodi sperabatur, sunt enim huic novae plantationi infensi. Itaque ad insulam Sti. Christophori tendebamus, cum, consilio adhibito, verentes ne ea anni sera tempestate alii nos praevenissent, proras obvertimus ad Austrum ut Bonaevistae poteremur; quae insula, Angolae opposita in littore Africano, gradibus 14 ab Aequatore, statio est Hollandorum salem conquirentium quem deinde vel

the Hollanders for obtaining salt, which they take thence either to their own country or to Greenland to cure fish. The abundance of salt, also of the wild goats with which the island is well supplied, invited us thither; for it is used by no one as a habitation. Only a few Portuguese, exiled from their country on account of their crimes, drag out their lives as best they can.

Scarcely had we gone two hundred miles, when our counsel being changed, at the suggestion of some, lest provisions might fail us in so great a compass, we turned our course towards Barbadoes. It is the remotest of the Caribbee or Antilles Islands, thirteen degrees distant from the equator, and the storehouse of the other islands, which after the shape of a bow, are extended in a long tract even to the Gulf of Mexico. When we arrived at this Island, on the 3d of January, we were in hope of receiving many articles of trade from the English inhabitants and Governor of the same blood; but a conspiracy being made, they determined not to sell us a bushel of wheat, the price of which in the Island was half a Belgic florin, except at five times its market value, for two florins and a half. For a shote they demanded fifty florins; for a turkey, twenty-five florins; for other smaller fatted fowls of this kind, three florins. Beef

domum vel ad piscem in Groenlandia condiendum conferunt. Copia salis atque etiam caprarum, quarum insula ferax est, eo nos invitabat; nam alioqui habitatore nullo utitur. Pauci tantum Lusitani exilio propter scelera pulsus, vitam ut possunt trahunt. Vix ducenta milliaria confeceramus cum mutatis iterum quorundam suggestionibus consiliis ne commeatu in tanto circuitu nos deficeret, deflectimus ad Barbados.

Est ea Carebum seu Antillarum Insularum infima ab Aequatore 13 gradibus distans, caeterarumque quae in modum arcus ad usque sinum Mexicanum longo tractu protenduntur granarium. Ad hanc ut appulimus tertio Januarii in spem venimus multarum commoditatum ab incolis Anglis et consanguineo Governatore; sed conspiratione facta, modium tritici, qui in Insula medio floreno Belgico veniebat, nobis nonnisi quintupla proportione duobus florenis cum dimidio vendere decreverunt. Nefrendem unum quinquaginta florenis licitabant: pullum indicum viginquinque, caetera ejus generis altilia minora tribus florenis. Bovinam

or mutton they had none ; for they live daily on corn-bread and potatoes, which kind of root grows in such abundance, that you may take away whole wagon loads without charge.

Reflection upon the Divine Providence mitigated the cruel treatment of men ; for we understood that a Spanish fleet was lying at the isle of Bonavista for the purpose of prohibiting all foreigners from trading in salt. Moreover, if we had proceeded on our voyage, we should have fallen into the snare and become a prey to them. In the meantime we were rescued from a greater danger at Barbadoes ; for the slaves through the whole Island conspired for the slaughter of their masters, and when they could assert their liberty successfully, resolved to seize the first ship which should arrive and put out to sea. The conspiracy having been disclosed by one whom the atrocity of the deed deterred, the execution of one of the leaders served for the security of the Island and for our safety ; for our ship, as it was the first which reached the shore, had been destined for their prey ; and on the very day on which we landed we found eight hundred men under arms in order to prevent this most imminent crime.

The length of the Island of Barbadoes is thirty miles, its breadth fifteen miles ; it is thirteen degrees from the equator,

seu vervecinam nullam habebant ; vivunt enim pane indico et patatis, quod radicum genus tanta affluentia provenit, ut plaustra integra gratis auferre liceat.

Hominum acerbam severitatem Divinae Providentiae consideratio mitigavit. Intelleximus enim ad Insulam Bonaevistae stare classem hispanicam quae exteros omnes salis commercio prohiberet ; illo si porro contendissemus itinere constituto in casses praeda facti decidissemus. Majori interim periculo ad Barbados erepti. Fanuli per totam Insulam in necem dominorum conspirarunt, tum scilicet in libertatem asserti navi quae prima appelleret potiri statuerunt et tentare maria. Conjuratone patefacta per quemdam quem facti atrocitas deterrebat, supplicium unius ex praecipuis, et Insulae securitati et nobis salutis fuit. Nostra enim navis, ut quae prima littori applicuit, praedae destinata fuerat, et eo ipso die quo appulimus octingentos in armis reperimus, quo recentissimo sceleri obviarent. Insulae Barbadorum 30 milliaria continet longitudo, latitudo 15, gradibus 13 ab Aequatore, calore tanto ut hibernis mensibus incolae

of so excessive a temperature, that in the winter months the inhabitants are clothed in linen, and often bathe themselves in the streams. At the time we arrived it was harvest. Unless the constant winds tempered the heat it would be impossible to live there. Their beds are coverlets woven artfully together out of cotton. When it is time to rest, they sleep in these, stretched by ropes to a couple of posts on each side. In day time again, they put them wherever they please. Their principal merchandise is corn and cotton. It is pleasant to see the manner in which the cotton hangs from the stalk and the abundance of it. The shrub from which it grows is not larger than the prickly Bear's foot, which the vulgar call *barberin* though more like a tree than a thorn. It bears a pod of the size of a walnut, but of a sharper form, which cleft into four parts gives forth the cotton, rolled together in the form of a nut, whiter than snow and softer than down. There are six small seeds, the size of a vetch in the cotton, which, gathered at its time, and freed by a kind of wheel from the seed, they place in sacks and put away.

There is a wonderful kind of cabbage, which has a stalk that grows to the height of one hundred and eighty feet; it is eaten either raw or boiled; the stalk itself of the length

lineis vestiantur, et aquis se saepius immergant. Messis tum erat cum appulimus. Nisi frequentes venti aestum temperarent impossibilis esset habitatio. Lecti sunt stragula vestis ex gossipio affabre texta; in hoc cum est quiescendi tempus, funibus appenso ad duos hinc inde palos dormiunt, de die iterum quocumque libet auferunt. Merces praecipuae sunt frumentum et gossipium. Jucundum est videre modum et copiam pendens ex arbore gossipii. Arbor ex qua nascitur major non est oxycanthero (quam vulgus Berberia vocat) quamquam arbori quam spinae similior; haec nodum fert magnitudine juglandis, forma acutiori, qui in quatuor partes dissectus, gossipium nive candidius et pluma mollius, in speciem nucis convolutum fundit. Gossipio sex parva semina insident, viciae aequalia, quod tempore suo collectum et rota quadam a semine expeditum condunt in saccos et asservant.

Brassicae genus admirandum est, quae cum caulem habeat in centum et octoginta pedum altitudinem excrescentem vel cruda editur, vel elixa: caulis ipse ad unius ulnae mensuram, sub fructu habetur in deliciis; cru-

of an ell below the fruit, is considered a great delicacy. When raw, a little pepper being mixed with it, in taste it far surpasses the Spanish artichoke; and the huge stalk, more like a peeled walnut, and well equalling the trunk of a great tree, though not a tree however, but a vegetable, bears but a single cabbage. There you may see a very tall tree which they call the *soap tree*. The grains of the soap tree do not exceed in size a filbert nut. The fatty covering of these cleanses and scours after the manner of soap, although they say that it is injurious to the finer sort of linen. Many of these grains brought by me to Maryland I have planted—the hope of future trees. Among the trees, they also number the *Palma Christi*. Although it has a trunk porous and like a bean, it bears a large cluster of berries somewhat of an ashy color; it is covered with thorns and speckled with black spots. From these berries an excellent oil is pressed. Lemons of a golden color, citrons, pomegranates, nuts which the Spaniards call *Cocoas*, and other fruits of the warm regions, grow here in abundance.

There is a fruit which they call *guaccar*, of a gold color, and of the form of a lime; in taste, however, it resembles a quince. The *pupais*, in color and form, is not unlike it, but, as it is very sweet, it is used in preserves.

dus admixto pipere sapore cardum hispanicum superat; et juglandi nudatae propior, ingens caulis arboris bene magnae truncum adaequans neque tamen arbor sed legumen, brassicam fert non amplius unam. Ibidem videre est arborem satis proceram quam *saponem* vocant. Grana saponi nucem avellanam non excedunt magnitudine; horum pinguis tunica, saponis instar, purgat et deterget, quamquam, ut aiunt, lino tenuiori inimica. Ex iis granis multa mecum ablata in Marylandiam mandavi terrae futurarum arborum semina. Inter arbores etiam numerant *Palma Christi*. Quamquam, truncum illa habeat porosum et legumini similem racemum fert ingentem seminum coloris subcinericei, spinis armatum et nigris maculis inspersum. Ex his praestans oleum exprimitur. Mala aurea, citrina, granata, nuces etiam quas Hispani *cocos* vocant, caeterique calidarum regionum fructus ubertim proveniunt.

Est fructus qui *guaccar* dicitur, coloris aurei, forma citri minoris, gustu tamen referens cydonium. *Pupais* colore est et forma non absimilis, sed praedulcis cum sit, condiendis tantum cibis adhibetur.

But the pine-apple excels all other fruits in the world which I have tasted; it is of a golden color, and very pleasant when mixed with wine—in size it is equal to two or three European nuts of the same name, of form not unlike them, but in construction not marked with so many little divisions and protuberances, which, when put to the fire, yield their nucleus, but soft and tender, enveloped in a little membrane. It is very agreeable to the taste, not having a bitter kernel, but throughout equally pleasant to the palate. Nor is the crown wanting which it deserves, for without doubt it may be called the queen of fruits. It has a spicy taste, and, as far as I can judge, resembling strawberries mixed with wine and sugar. It contributes much to the preservation of health, agreeing so well with the constitution of the body, that although it corrodes iron, it is beyond aught else nourishing to man; nor do you pluck it from a high tree, but there is one for each root, standing out from the root like Spanish card. I was desirous of putting one of them with these letters into the hands of Your Reverence, for nothing but the fruit itself can give an idea of it.

On the 24th of January, at night, having weighed anchor, and about noon of the following day, having passed the Is-

Praecellit autem caeteros, quos alibi terrarum gustavi fructus *Nux Pinea*. Est ea coloris aurei, vinoque mixta gratissima, tres vel quatuor ejusdem nominis nuces europeas mole adaequat, figura non admodum dissimili, sed operiosiore, non tot distincta loculamentis et modulis, qui, adhibiti ad ignem, nucleum reddant, sed mollis et tenella involuta membranula, gustui jucundissima, nullo aspera acino, sed a summo deorsum aequaliter palato arridens: neque deest quam meretur corona, haud dubio enim regina fructuum appellari potest. Gustum habet aromaticum, et quantum conjectura assequor, fraga, vino saccharoque mixta referentem. Sanitati conservandae plurimum confert, corporum constitutioni tam apte consentiens, ut licet ferrum exedat, hominem tamen, si qua res alia, quam maxime corroborat: neque praecelsa hanc quaeras in arbore, sed unam una ex radice, quasi cardui Hispanici prominentem. Optabam me nucem unam Paternitati Vestrae cum hisce literis tradere potuisse in manus, nihil enim illam praeter ipsam pro dignitate potest describere.

Vigesimoquarto Januarii de nocte subductis anchoris, et circa meridiem

land of St. Lucia on our left, by evening we reached *Matalina*. At this place two boats of naked men, who were afraid of the bulk of our ship, held up to our sight from a distance, pumpkins, cucumbers, fruit of the plane tree, and parrots for traffic. They are a wild race, corpulent, and daubed with purple paint, ignorant of a God, greedy of human flesh; having a little while before eaten up some English interpreters. The country which they inhabit is very fertile, but altogether a forest, without any open plains. A white flag being hoisted in token of peace, we invited those who were keeping aloof in the distance to come and trade; but disregarding the indication, they set up their own usual signals. After showing them and learning who we were, they took courage and approached nearer. But only a few bells and knives being exchanged, not trusting too much to so powerful a ship, they went to the pinnace, promising to bring better articles of trade the next day, if we should determine to remain. I hope some one's heart will be touched with commiseration for this abandoned race. A rumor set afloat by some shipwrecked Frenchmen excited interest among the sailors, that an animal is found in this island, on whose forehead there is a stone of uncommon splendor, like a fire-coal or burning

sequentis diei relicta ad laevam insula S. Luciae, sub vesperam tenuimus *Matalinam*. Hic duo lintres nudorum hominum molem nostrae navis veriti, pepones, cucurbitas, fructus platani et psittacos de longe ostentabant commutandos. Gens effera, obesa, pigmentis purpureis nitens, ignara Numinis, carniū humanarum avida, et quae Anglorum interpretes aliquot pridem absumperat, regionem colit imprimis fertilem, sed quae tota lucus sit, nulla planitie pervia. Aplustro albo in signum pacis proposito, eos qui se a longe ostentabant, invitavimus ad commercia, sed indicium aversati, insignia consueta proposuerunt. Cum, his ostensis quinam essemus intellexissent, animis assumptis, accessere propius, sed paucis tantum tintinnabulis, et cultellis acceptis praepotenti navi non nimium fidentes, celocem adeunt, promittentes se, si consistere decernemus, sequenti die meliores merces allaturos. Capiat olim, aliquem uti spero, derelicti hujus populi miseratio. Apud nautas increbuit rumor (ortus a quibusdam Gallis naufragis) reperiri in hac insula animal cujus fronti lapis inusitati splendoris insidet, prunae vel candelae ardenti similis.

brand. To this animal they have given the name of the *carbuncle*. Let the authors of the report believe their own story.

At the dawn of the day following, we reached another of the Caribbee Islands which they have named after Guadaloupe, because of a certain likeness between their mountains: and I trust it is no less under the protection of the most holy Virgin Mother of Guadaloupe. From that we reached Montserrat about noon, where we understood from a French galley that we were not yet safe from the Spanish fleet. Montserrat is inhabited by Irishmen who have been expelled by the English of Virginia, on account of their Catholic faith. Having spent a day we set sail for St. Christopher's, where we stopped for ten days, being invited to do so in a friendly way by the English Governor and two Catholic Captains. The Governor of the French colony, in the same island, treated me with the most marked kindness.

Whatever rare things are seen in Barbadoes I found here and in addition to them, a volcanic mountain, and, what you will wonder at still more, *the virgin plant*; so called, because on the slightest touch of the finger it immediately withers and falls, though reviving after a little while, it rises

Hic animali *carbuncæ* nomen indiderunt. Rei fides sit penes auctorem.

Die proximo illucescente alteram Carebum Insularum attigimus, quam asperorum montium similitudo hispanice Guadalupæ fecit cognomen, estque uti confido sub tutela ejusdem SSæ. Virginis Matris. Inde Montserratem tenuimus circa meridiem, ubi ex lenbo gallico intelleximus nondum nos ab Hispanorum classe tutos esse. Habet Monserrate incolas Hibernos pulsos ab Anglis Virginæ ob fidei Catholicæ professionem. Tunc ad Moerium pestilenti aere et febribus infamem. Uno die absumpto vela fecimus ad sancti Christophori, ubi decem dies substitimus, a Gubernatore Anglo et Capitaneis duobus Catholicis amice invitati. Me in primis benigne accepit Coloniae Gallicæ in eadem Insula Praefectus.

Quaecumque apud Barbados rara visuntur, hic etiam reperi et praeterea non procul a Praefecti sede *montem sulphureum*. Et quod admireris magis, *Plantam Virginem*, sic dictam quod minimo digiti contactu confestim marescat et concidat, quamquam data mora reviviscens iterum asurgat. Placuit mihi in primis *locusta arbor*, quam suspicio est praeuisse

again. The locust tree especially pleased us, which, tradition says, afforded sustenance to St. John the Baptist. It equals the elm in size, and is so grateful to the bees, that they are most ready to make their hive in it. The honey, if you take away the name of "wild" neither in color nor in taste differs from the purest honey I have tasted. The fruit, also retaining the name of locust, consists of six beans within a hard shell, in taste resembling flour mixed with honey. It bears for seed four or five nuts somewhat larger. I have brought some of them to plant in the earth.

At length, sailing from this we reached what they call Point Comfort in Virginia, on the 27th of February, full of fear lest the English inhabitants, to whom our plantation is very objectionable, should plot some evil against us. Letters, however, which we brought from the King and the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the Governor of these regions served to conciliate their minds, and to obtain those things which were useful to us. For the Governor of Virginia hoped, by this kindness to us to recover the more easily from the royal treasury a great amount of money due to him. They announced only a vague rumor, that six ships were approaching, which would reduce all things under the power of the Spanish. For this reason all the in-

victum S. Joanni Baptistae; ulmum adaequat altitudine, apibus tam grata ut libentissime illi favos suos implicent: mel si nomen sylvestris demas, neque colore, neque sapore a purissimo quod gustavi melle differt. Fructus etiam, locustae nomen retinens, in duriori cortice sex fabarum siliquis pari, medullam continet mollem, sed tenacem, gustu farinae similem melle mixtae; semina fert grandiuscula quatuor vel quinque coloris castanei. Horum aliqua terrae inserenda asportavi.

Ac tandem hinc solventes, caput quod vocant Consolationis in Virginia tenuimus 27 Februarii pleni metu ne quid mali nobis machinarentur Angli incolae, quibus nostra plantatio ingrata admodum erat. Literae tamen quas a Rege et a summo Angliae Quaestore ad earum regionum Praefectum ferebamus, valere ad placandos animos, et ea quae nobis porro usui futura erant impetranda: sperabat enim Praefectus Virginiae hac benevolentia erga nos facilius a fisco Regio magnam vim pecuniae sibi debitaе recuperaturum. Sparsum tantum rumore nunciabant adventare sex naves quae omnia sub Hispanorum potestatem redigerent: indignas

habitants were under arms. The thing afterwards proved to be in a measure true.

After a kind entertainment for eight or nine days, making sail on the 3d of March, and carried into Chesapeake bay, we bent our course to the north, that we might reach the Potomac river. The Chesapeake, ten leagues broad, and four, five, six, and even seven fathoms deep, flows gently between its shores; it abounds in fish when the season of the year is favorable. A more beautiful expanse of water you can hardly find. It is inferior, however, to the Potomac, to which we gave the name of St. Gregory.

ea propter omnes in armis esse, quod verum postea experti sumus. Rumor tamen vereor ab Anglis ortum habuit.

Post octo vel novem dierum benignam tractationem tertio Martii vela facientes, et in sinum Caesopeach inrecti cursum ad Aquilonem defleximus, ut fluvio *Patomeach* potiremur. Sinus Caesopeach latus decem leucas placide inter littora labitur, profundus quatuor, quinque, sex et septem orygis, piscibus cum favet annus scatens; jucundiorum aquae lapsum vix invenies. Cedit tamen fluvio *Patomeach*, cui nomen a S. Gregorio indidimus.

[*To be continued.*]

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, D. C.

APRIL 14th, 1872.

An intimation reaches us here that a communication from this eldest of American Catholic colleges would be welcome to your pages. Far be it from us to decline acceptance of the courtesy proffered. Our venerableness does not make us shrink from contact with those younger sisters of ours who will claim to be represented side by side with us in your journal.

The number of our students has not varied much from year to year since the recent war. At the breaking out of that war, the return of many northern students to their homes, and the departure of almost every southern student who was old enough to bear arms, reduced the numbers in attendance to a very low ebb. The subsequent occupation of a large portion of the buildings by the government as a military hospital, and of the grounds by its soldiers, necessarily kept our numbers within the same narrow limits, and made us, moreover, unpleasantly familiar with the exigencies of military routine, since we could neither go out nor in anywhere without the password of the day. With the restoration of our normal condition, came an increase in the number of our students, and since the close of the war, the average attendance, including a few day-scholars, has been about 160. The catalogue contains usually a list of over 200 names, but this includes all who have attended for any portion of the year. Before the war, we accommodated 300. Whenever the condition of the Southern people (for the North is amply provided with Catholic Colleges) shall have improved, we may expect a return to our former numbers.

Those who are ignorant of the facts, might suppose that our College—since I speak of *Catholic* Colleges—was resorted to by Catholics alone, but it is a fact that many Protestant parents prefer to have their children educated in Catholic institutions, partly for the greater security of their morals, partly on account of the more thorough, or at least better grounded course of instruction they impart. Hence, we have all sects represented among our students, not excluding Jews, of whom we have four. Probably one fourth of our students of the present year are non-Catholics. One of our graduates of last year was the son of a Lutheran minister: another of a few years previous is a devout Methodist preacher and has erected a meeting house to officiate in at the Little falls of the Potomac, close by. None of the Catholic students hesitates in the least, from motives of human respect, to resort to the confessional in the presence of all the others, or to present himself at the communion rail in the morning. About one fourth of all who have made their first communion go weekly. On festivals, of course, the number is larger. Many go to confession weekly as a matter of self discipline. Among the Protestants who have sojourned with us for a reasonable period, none can leave us to swell the ranks of the enemies of the church, which might have been the case had they gathered no knowledge of Catholicism other than that afforded them at home. A few, probably two a year, apply for Baptism. In some years, this number has been exceeded. In the time of the annual retreat to the students, the Protestants are exempted from attendance (though a few request the privilege to be present), but good-humoredly bear the . . . of “Black Sheep” and fraternize as cordially with the Catholics in recreation as if there were no division of any kind between them. Of five members of Congress who send their sons or wards here, only one is a Catholic. All these particulars are so well known that I hesitate to repeat them; but you may have readers to whom the in-

formation is novel, either because they reside abroad and do not know the country, or, because living in this country, they have never visited this portion of it. To these, statements of this kind are not without interest.

The retreat was preached in March last by F. Wm. Francis Clarke, one of our graduates of forty years ago, and by F. Wm. B. Cleary, and was in every respect a success. Not a single Catholic failed to comply with his duty. There are every year among the younger students, and occasionally among the more advanced, some who have not made their first communion. All, except the very youngest, receive suitable instructions, and make their first communion before the close of the year.

The two sodalities, one for the younger, the other for the older students, are flourishing, and embrace, it is believed, all the Catholic students who have made their first communion. Each has its grand reception of new members annually, to which all the solemnity possible is given. That of the older students has already been held: that of the younger is shortly to take place; the reception being deferred longer in this case, on account of the necessity of giving the young Postulants a prudently long probation. The conduct of our boys is in general exemplary. Gross immorality, or such a violation of the more important rules of the College as involves expulsion, is extremely rare. We seldom hear any but favorable accounts of our students of past years, and our graduates, especially, fill places of honor and usefulness. We send one or two subjects a year to the Novitiate.

In conclusion, of the religious statistics appertaining to our establishment, it might be added that the weekly Catechetical lecture is in the hands of the Professor of Rhetoric, and that four other Fathers take turns in preaching the short Sunday sermon to the students.

There is a laudable emulation in the classes, and the "roll of honor" every month embraces a number who receive

two and three "tickets" as heads of their respective classes. On the other hand, the number of those who fall below the point of toleration in the monthly marks, as read out, rarely exceeds three. As this is a risk equally incurred in the Classical, Mathematical, French, and, perhaps, other classes, this number may be considered infinitesimally small. The Philosophers now occupy the rooms formerly appropriated to Scholastic students. They have changed the name of the locality to Mt. Aquin.

Our religious family is composed of twelve Fathers, five Scholastics and nineteen Brothers. Of the former, besides Fr. Rector and Fr. Minister (who is also Prefect of Studies), one teaches Theology to the three who are here engaged in that study, and is Spiritual Father; the students in Philosophy and Rhetoric absorb three more; Chemistry and Physics, another: our ex-Professor in these branches, (and, as every body who has been to the College within the last thirty-five years knows, this means Father Curley,) is still as devoted as ever to his green-house, so that green-house and Fr. Curley are correlative terms. Two other Fathers are head prefects, one on the large, the other on the small boys' side: another conducts the financial and agricultural departments (our grounds, including the Villa, embracing about two hundred acres), and is Pastor of St. Anne's Church, Tenalley town: the twelfth delves in the library, and is amanuensis for odd occasions. Two Scholastics are Prefects and students of Theology; two others, Prefects and teachers; the fifth (whilom with you) takes care of his health and of his progress in Theology. A Scholastic novice also assists in the Prefectship and in the infirmary. We have besides three secular teachers and a music teacher who reside within the College grounds, and a teacher of drawing and another of Spanish, who come from without. French and Mathematics are impartially distributed among the Fathers and teachers mentioned above. German is taught by one of the Scholastics. A large number of hired

men and boys, among the former of whom are some who have grown old in the service of the house, are in regular employ for in-door and out-door needs.

The severity of the past winter occasioned an unusual amount of sickness among our students, and the persistent inclemency of the weather so greatly restricted out-door sports, except skating and snow-balling, that doubtless pure *ennui* lent its aggravating force to the existing cause of indisposition. But when the first symptoms of spring appeared, a general exodus from the infirmary took place and the brother infirmarian is enabled to devote himself anew to the cultivation of the little garden which the ordinary prevalence of good health left him time to develop in the grounds fronting on the infirmary: and this little spot is now radiant with blooming bulbs and in its setting of polished shells (of the *Venus Mercenaria* and *Ostrea Virginia-na*).

Those who have not visited the College within a few years past will remember that this space was occupied with high ground, all of which has since been removed to a level with the small boys' grounds beyond. The latter have been enlarged and improved at the expense of many thousands of dollars. All the grounds forming our Southern boundary, a portion of which was recently a series of grassy hillocks interspersed with rocks and dwarf cedars, are now terraced and under cultivation, and one looks down upon the broad Potomac just below, and the busy canal beside it which transports the coal from the mountains of Western Maryland to this little fleet of vessels to the left, or carries it over the great aqueduct which bestrides the river, winds on past the heights of Arlington and terminates at Alexandria, dimly visible in the distance,—one looks down on all this, and eastward, over the roofs of Washington to the vast pile of the Capitol beyond, from amidst the varied and luxuriant plants, vegetables and flowers of our garden.

The celebration of St. Cecilia's day by the students, was, as to its music, a creditable exhibition of the proficiency of our young instrumental and vocal performers. The addresses on the occasion were exclusively by the Rhetoricians, and were of far more than ordinary merit. The celebration of Washington's birth-day (Feb. 22nd) was, as usual, in the hands of the Philodemic Society, who did ample justice to the occasion and won many praises from the judicious audience.

Our young vocalists supply our choir with fair success. Our instrumentalists are not only able to furnish festive music, but have expanded into a band, which wakes the echoes of Georgetown. Their diligence in practice is above all praise. The cadets have lately reorganized, drill frequently, and will probably go upon a target excursion. The hope is entertained that base ball will not monopolize this year as it has done for two or three years, all the muscular energy of our boys, but that a place will be found for military exercises as well.

The Law Department will hold its commencement in June. For a new institution, in its first year, it is doing extremely well. From the high character of its Professors, one of whom is a Judge of the Supreme Court, the result is not unexpected. The address on the occasion will be delivered by U. S. Attorney General Williams. The Medical Department has closed its course for the present year, with the graduation of 23. This institution continues to hold its high position. The great numbers who attend the commencement exercises make it necessary always to select the largest audience room in Washington.

I have thus run over hastily (though not perhaps as succinctly as I ought) the prominent points of interest in connexion with the college, leaving perhaps much unsaid that ought to find a place, and inserting some things that will probably entertain nobody but myself, and I must now close with a short reference to some recent distinguished visitors of ours:—Yes, close without having said a word about our

beautiful "Walks", the surprise of all who visit them, and the delight of those who frequent them habitually. But your faithful recollection will supply this omission, and to all others, it is easier to say "come and see" than it is to describe.

The visitors I allude to, were Iwakura, the chief of the Japanese embassy and six of his attendants. They were accompanied by Minister De Long, Mr. Rice, interpreter, and by Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren and Mrs. De Long, both Catholic ladies. The first visit was to the library, where many Japanese and Chinese books, or works bearing upon the history of Japan were exhibited. Among the latter, Charlevoix's History attracted especial attention, and the title was duly noted, that a copy might be procured. After quite a stay here, they visited the museum, which was carefully inspected. The only one of the Japanese who spoke English recognized and called by name the Mastodon, the great bone of which you will remember.

Hence they proceeded to the Cabinet, and here, as elsewhere, were greatly interested and asked many questions. They seem not to have seen an Electrical Machine before, and Iwakura and all the rest, with the greatest good nature formed a ring to receive shocks from this as well as from the hand battery. An exhibition of the Solar Microscope was also given. After being conducted over other portions of the house, and admiring the magnificent view from the upper windows, the whole party were invited to a collation. As they were proceeding to their carriages, after a stay of about two hours, the cadets drew up in line before them, presented arms, and requested one of the students to address the visitors, which was done by J. E. Washington in complimentary terms, and Iwakura replied courteously. The address of the boys, of course, concluded with the request that the Japanese prince would procure them a holiday for the remainder of the day, which F. Early kindly assented to, and the visitors drove away, followed by enthusiastic cheers. They next called at the Visitation Academy

where they made as long a visit as they had made with us and seemed equally delighted. The Japanese were dressed in American style. Iwakura presents the appearance of a man of firmness and dignity. Mr. De Long states that the persecution of Christians attributed to Iwakura did not take place as described, or was political in character.

FOUNDATION OF THE COLLEGE OF BELEN AT HAVANA.

The Royal College of Belen (*Bethlehem*) in the city of Havana traces back its origin to beginnings which, though unpretending in themselves, were, nevertheless, not unattended by such difficulties as are wont to embarrass undertakings of some moment. As the Spanish Government was anxious to lay firm and solid foundations for the education of youth in its possessions beyond the seas, and as for a long time back it had been contemplating the erection of a central college in the Island of Cuba, under the title of Royal College of Havana, after mature deliberation it resolved to carry out so praiseworthy a design, and to confide the Institution to the charge of the Society, which had been banished from the kingdom since 1835. In furtherance of this plan, P. Domingo Olascoaga, who was afterwards appointed Provincial, set out from Belgium for Spain in 1851, and thanks to his zeal and activity, it came to pass after a short time, that the Government of Her Majesty threw open the gates of the Peninsula to the Society, founded at Loyola a mission-house and novitiate, and

charged itself with the support of thirty novices who would furnish subjects for the houses to be founded in the colonies.

At that time the Most Excellent Sr. D. Francisco Fleix y Solans was Bishop of Havana, and at his solicitations, the first three subjects whom the Society sent to Cuba, embarked for that Island. These were F. Bartolome Munar, Superior, F. Cipriano Sevillano, and Br. Manuel Rubia. On their arrival at the port of Havana, April 29, 1853, they were welcomed with every mark of esteem by the civil and military authorities, as well as by the principal inhabitants, but especially by the Rt. Rev. Bishop, in whom they ever found a most tender father and generous protector.

Many were those who claimed the honor, as they called it, of showing hospitality to the Fathers; but they yielded to the entreaties of D. Bonifacio Quintin de Villaescusa, Rector of the Collegiate Seminary of San Carlos, who had prepared accommodations for them. Several reasons impelled the Fathers to prefer this dwelling-place; but the chief one was that this very Seminary had been a house, founded by the old Society, and possessed by it for more than fifty years, under the title of St. Ignatius' College. Thus by a special and loving disposition of Divine Providence, it was brought about that after nearly a century of interruption, the Fathers of the Society commenced their apostolic labors in the same church and residence, which had witnessed the glorious toils of our forefathers in religion.

After a few days had gone by, as it did not seem prudent to detain the Fathers in Havana, exposed to the dangers of yellow fever during the sultry heats of summer, they were sent by the Bishop to the beautiful country seat of San Antonio de los Baños, twenty-three miles distant from the Capital, and one of the most healthy and picturesque spots on the Island. Here they remained for five months, during which time they devoted themselves to preaching, hearing confessions, preparing the children for first confession and communion; and then terminated their stay at the villa

with a nine days mission, an exercise then almost forgotten in those regions, and from which they gathered most abundant fruits.

Meanwhile, excavations were being made for the erection of the new college at Havana, in the field called Penalvar. The Fathers having received timely notice from His Excellency, the Captain General, Don Valentin Cañedo, presented themselves anew in the city, on the 10th of October, of the same year, 1853. This was the day appointed for laying the first stone; the solemnity took place in presence of the authorities, and of the most prominent inhabitants: there was besides a vast assemblage of people, and all were filled with joy on beholding the reestablishment of the Society in their midst. The work then went on with great speed, so that at the end of a few days, three or four feet of solid masonry arose above the deep foundations; but it was not carried on with equal earnestness after this, and when a few months had gone by, the work was entirely suspended, under the pretext that it would cost too much to carry out the original plan.

As the hot season was now over, the Fathers established themselves permanently in Havana. They occupied in the Calle de las Virtudes a modest dwelling house, rented and furnished at the expense of the Government. They applied themselves to the labors of the ministry and to the spiritual direction of the students in the Episcopal Seminary, and patiently awaited the decision of the authorities in regard to the College. Deterred by the obstacles encountered in the prosecution of the work which had been undertaken, the Government renewed a proposition which had previously been made, to open the classes in the old Convent of Mercy: but the Fathers, who already understood the wants and the desires of the Cuban people, firmly declined to accept the offer. And it was not without good reasons. For, in the first place, this building was in so ruinous a state, and the rooms were so few, narrow, low and damp, that it was use-

less to think of lodging there the staff that would be required for a College. In the second place, the house was tenanted by some venerable old men, survivors of the ancient community of the Order of Mercy, who had no desire for any thing else in this world, except to end their days, and to be buried in the peace of the just, beneath the shadows of the sanctuary which had witnessed their birth in the religious life; and it is clear, that it was neither just nor becoming to deprive them of this last and natural consolation, by wresting away from them this cherished home. Finally, the people of Havana, who justly valued the merits of these holy religious, and who as yet did not know the Fathers of the Society, would have become ill-affected towards the College, were it established in the Mercy Convent, to the prejudice of the ancient and lawful-occupants. These and other weighty reasons the Fathers laid before Her Majesty's Government, which deemed it proper to take them into consideration.

But in spite of the favorable attitude of the Government at Madrid, it is very probable that matters would have remained at a stand-still, had not the reply of the Cortes coincided with the appointment of a new Captain General, the Marquis de la Pezuela. This nobleman reached Havana towards the end of the same year, 1853, and on his arrival, the aspect of things changed on all sides. He forthwith set enquiries on foot so as to find out which of the public buildings could be most conveniently transformed into a good college; and as the Fathers showed a preference for the Convent of Our Lady of Bethlehem, in which Gen. Segundo Cabo with a battalion of troops was then quartered, he issued a command for the immediate cession of a portion of the building to the Fathers, promising to place the whole of it at their disposal, as soon as accommodations could be provided elsewhere for the soldiers who were then stationed at Belen. In this manner every obstacle was overcome, and thus the Society entered

into possession of the spacious, beautiful and solid building of *Nuestra Senora de Belen*, at present a Royal College for Secondary Instruction.

The year 1854 began under these favorable auspices. On the 17th of January, FF. Munar and Sevillano, and Br. Rubia removed to the unoccupied portion of the building, along with FF. Jose Cotanilla and Nicasio Eguilioz lately arrived from Guatemala.

Hereupon, so urgent were the requests of many parents, that it was necessary to open several classes without delay, and to admit some pupils as day-scholars, until such time as they and other students could be transferred to the class of boarders, after such alterations had been effected as were required for carrying out the plan of studies.

As the intention was to found in the Convent of Belen a complete system of secondary instruction, both in the elementary and higher branches, and to raise the standard of studies step by step up to the grade of those systems which prevail in the European schools of highest repute, and to establish a College that would reflect honor on the Island of Cuba, and which might vie with any houses of instruction whether at home or abroad, it was indispensable to enlarge the capacity of the building to the utmost of its powers, and to introduce all the improvements of which it happened to be susceptible. Various changes had to be made in its internal arrangements; rooms had to be widened; vigilance, good order and discipline had to be facilitated by giving more openness to some of the yards and passages, and by constructing commodious and spacious dormitories. All these improvements were brought in as soon as the Convent was evacuated by the military troop which had been holding it. The Fathers took possession of the whole edifice on the 10th of August, 1854. Before this time, at the end of May of the same year, they had been put in charge of the Church of the Convent, which till then had been under the direction of an ex-cloistered

religious congregation, to whom another Church and residence not far from Belen were now assigned.

At this point, we cannot refrain from offering a testimony of our most affectionate gratitude to the noble Marquis de la Pezuela, from whom the Society received such great marks of esteem, and who, in so providential a manner, assumed the Government of the Island of Cuba, at a time when his full support and protection were essential for the College of Belen. The Society of Jesus and the whole Island will be forever grateful to this worthy gentleman and gallant soldier, who, after overcoming innumerable obstacles, brought it to pass during his short term of office, that so magnificent an educational establishment, should be thrown open to the Cuban youth.

It also seems opportune here, as an historical remembrance and as a testimony of love for our brethren, to give some brief account of what the Convent of Belen was, of its foundation and of the Religious of Bethlehem who bequeathed to us so splendid a residence.

This edifice so firmly built, so vast in its proportions, was erected towards the end of the seventeenth century by that renowned benefactor of mankind, D. Juan Francisco de Carvallo, who died Jan. 16th, 1718. It was meant to be a hospital for convalescents, under the patronage and protection of Our Lady of Bethlehem and of St. James. The East wing of the building, which is entirely of cut stone, is divided off into immense, vaulted halls; it has besides several inner court-yards surrounded by galleries and arches, an elegant cloister, and three stairways of great artistic merit. That all might admire, and that the intelligent might understand, the structure and disposition of these staircases, and of a plain stone arch which is above the porch, the Corps of Royal Engineers gave orders that the plaster which covered them should be removed, and forbade that they should ever in future be covered up. This is attested by a marble tablet let into one of the arches. The Church which fronts eastward terminates the structure on the north-

ern side. It is Greco-Romanesque in style, with a single nave in the form of a Latin cross, and although not very large, still it is finely finished with heavy pointed arches, and has a majestic and elegant cupola,—the whole being made of very good stone. Its construction dates from 1687, and is due to the illustrious bishop of Cuba, Dr. D. Diego Evelino de Compostella, who dedicated it to St. James of Alcalá, as is testified by two statues of this Saint, one of stone on the second story of the front, and another finely carved in wood, which is venerated at the high altar. The date of erection and the founder's name are marked by the following inscription above the sacristy door:—

HANC . BASILICAM
IN . EXTREMO . CIVITATIS . POSITAM
A . FUNDAMENTIS . EREXIT
DIDACUS . EVELINUS . DE . COMPOSTELLA
ANNO . DÑI . MDCLXXXVII

Beneath the large chapel or presbyterium is the Pantheon around the sides of which are ranged the last resting places of the Bethlehemite Brethren, and in the middle fronting the altar rises a modest but neatly carved sarcophagus in which repose the remains of the chief patron of the house, D. Juan Francisco de Carvallo.

For our own Society this beautiful church is not wanting in sweet memories which make it still more worthy of our love and veneration. Here rest the ashes of nine of our ancient brothers in religion, who in their passage through Havana, as they were proceeding to Europe from different provinces of America, on the general expulsion from all the dominions of Spain in the time of King Charles III., were received and ministered to in the Hospital of Ntra. Sra. de Belen and of San Diego, and thence passed to a better life. Their names are written on a tablet, which in

remembrance of Our Brethren and for our example was inserted in one of the walls of the temple.

A. (VP.) Ω.

CINERIBUS

NOVEM . E . SOCIETATE . JESU . SODALIUM
ANTONII . CEPEDA . FRANCISCI . IGUARRATEGUI
JOSEPHI . MUÑOS . MARTINI . ALCOGER
MICHAELIS . BENJUMEA . FRANCISCI . LARRETA

SACERDOTUM

JOSEPHI . BARROTE . FRANCISCI . VILLAR
ANTONII . ORREZ

SACERDOTII . EXPERTUM

QUI . EXEUNTE . AN . MDCCLXVII

EX . DIVERSIS . AMERICAE . PLAGIS

CUM . SOCIIS . EXULANTES

MATURIOREM . ET . FELICIOREM

AERUMNOSAE . PEREGRINATIONIS . EXITUM

INVIDENDA . MORTE . OBIERUNT

ET . HEIC . A . BETHLEMITICI . ORDINIS

FRATRIBUS

HONORIFICE . CONDITI . SUNT

SOCIETAS . JESU POST . LXXXVI . ANNOS

IN . SODALIUM . BENE . MERITORUM

SEPULCHRUM . SUCCEDENS

AD . POSTERITATIS . MEMORIAM

PONENDUM . CURAVIT

Not less worthy of special mention is the Venerable Father, Manuel del Rincon, Superior of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri at Havana, who was a man remarkable alike for virtue and learning, enriched during life with wondrous gifts of God, and after death renowned for prodigies; our Church has the honor of possessing his body, which is buried at the foot of St. Anthony's altar. This venerable servant of God did not belong to the Bethlehemite community, but being persecuted and calumniated by envious men when there was question of elevating him to the episcopal see of Santiago de Cuba, he was by royal orders sent as a prisoner to the Convent of Belen. There, after enduring many sore afflictions with heroic patience and magnanimity, after giving striking proofs of virtue and sanctity, he was overtaken by death, whilst waiting for the decision in the suit which his enemies had preferred against him before the Supreme Council of Castile. The case was decided in favor of Father Rincon, but it was then too late. In atonement for whatever obloquy might chance to rest upon his memory on account of the imprisonment, the Council ordered that his funeral obsequies should be celebrated with the most imposing display, and at the public expense, that all the Government officials should honor them by their presence, and that a monument should be erected to his memory in the church of Belen.

Directing now our attention to the Bethlehemite Religious for whom the building which the Society now possesses was originally erected, we know that they remained in it until 1845, constantly devoted to the care of the sick and the gratuitous instruction of youth. In the above-mentioned year, their number having become greatly reduced, the Community was dissolved, and the few remaining members were thenceforward pensioned by the State.

There is now but one survivor of those who formerly belonged to this Convent; five have died since 1853, and the funeral ceremonies of all these took place in our Church, in accordance with a resolution of the Fathers who took

possession of the College. *Ours* always took great pains to visit them frequently and help them in sickness; they on their part always came with pleasure to the College, being delighted that it had been granted to the Society, instead of being converted to profane uses, or perhaps destroyed.

The Founder of the Mendicant Order of the Bethlehemites was the Venerable Pedro de Bethencourt, who was born May 21st, 1626, at Villafior, a town of the Island of Teneriffe, and he established his first house in the ancient city of Guatemala, to which place he came in 1650. In 1655, having assumed the habit of the Third Order of St. Francis, he hired a small house in a retired quarter of the city, and dedicated himself to the teaching of children, instructing them chiefly in the Christian Doctrine. Shortly afterwards, the owner of the house having made him a gift of it, he converted it into a hospital for the poor, and built alongside of it an infirmary of boards, thatched with straw, so that he might be able to receive a greater number of the destitute and needy. He himself waited on them in their sickness, and allowed them to want for nothing, as he collected plentiful alms to supply all their necessities.

As the reputation of Bethencourt gradually spread, the civil and ecclesiastical authorities looked favorably upon his enterprise, charitable persons aided him with their means, and enabled him to erect a large hospital, at the building of which he labored with his own hands along with the workmen. A stately edifice quickly arose, with wards, cloister and oratory, and after it was completed, Pedro admitted some companions who had offered themselves, and formed with them the Bethlehemite Congregation, so called from the name of the hospital which was dedicated to Our Lady of Bethlehem. The care of the sick did not make Pedro forget the instruction of children, for he founded a school for them in the hospital. After his death, which happened in 1667, the constitutions drawn up by the founder were adopted by the congregation, some slight modifications being introduced by his immediate suc-

cessor. Houses of the same institute for female religious were afterwards established in order to take care of sick women. These Hospitallers of Bethlehem subsequently spread through Mexico and Peru, and in conformity with the founder's instructions, a school for boys was established in every hospital. The Institute received the confirmation of King Charles II., and was approved by Pope Innocent XI., in a Bull dated March 26, 1687, which placed it under the rule of St. Augustine.

Clement XI., in 1707, granted to it all the privileges of the Mendicant Orders. These religious added to the three essential vows a fourth, by which they bound themselves to the care of the sick, and also to the instruction of children in catechism, reading, writing and arithmetic.

There is a large oil painting which fills the entire front wall of the choir in our church of Belen, in which are depicted these duties of the Bethlehemites; namely to teach youth, to wait upon the sick, to transport them on their shoulders to the Convent Hospital, and the religious women are seen fulfilling the same duties towards girls and the sick of their own sex.

Although in the beginning, they employed the services of secular priests, they afterwards obtained faculties to have two priests of religious orders attached to each convent, and three priests as chaplains for each of the mother-houses at Guatemala, Mexico, Havana and Buenos Ayres. In these four houses the novices were formed, the principal house always being that of Guatemala, as it ranked first of the Order in time of foundation. In the kingdom of Mexico, or New Spain, they had ten houses, and seventeen in Peru; and, although attempts were made to plant the order at Madrid and at Rome, still the institute never passed beyond the limits of America.

LETTER FROM ST. LOUIS.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., JUNE 8th, 1872.

REV. FATHER IN CHRIST;

The enclosed letter was written by the late Dr. M. L. Linton, a few days before his death, with a view to leave on record his estimate of the Society. The Doctor was a convert to our faith, and was one of the most prominent Catholic laymen of our city. He had been for twenty-eight years attending physician of the St. Louis University, and during that period he had become intimately acquainted with nearly all the members of the Missouri Province. He died in the peace of the Lord on the first day of June. The following extracts from the editorial notices of some of our leading journals, show how much he was esteemed by his fellow citizens :

“By a very large circle of friends and acquaintances the announcement of the death of Dr. M. L. Linton will be read with surprise and sincere regret. For thirty years a resident of our city, he was thoroughly identified with its interests, its growth and its prosperity. A prominent physician in active practice, a medical professor, and at times taking an active part in political matters, Dr. Linton was constantly thrown in contact with great multitudes of people, and there were but few men in the city more extensively known than was the subject of this sketch.”

* * * * *

“This eminent man was the son of a Methodist preacher. His father died a few years since in Kentucky. Having to be the artificer of his own fortune, he left home, and went to Springfield, Kentucky. There after some time he be-

came a teacher, and got acquainted with an Irish gentleman, Dr. Poling. Receiving instructions from him he became a good classical scholar, and got also his first inclinations to Catholicity. The Doctor perceiving that young Linton was a youth of talent and capacity, enabled him to prosecute his studies in medicine, so that he got after a time, a Diploma from Transylvania University, Lexington, Ky. After a few years practice, aided by his father-in-law—the Hon. Judge Booker, Springfield—Doctor Linton went to Paris, and there made himself an adept in his profession.

“About this time he became a Catholic, which provoked a preacher in Springfield, the Rev. Robert Grundy to come out in a pamphlet against him. Linton replied with much ability, which called forth, a second pamphlet; and this led to a rejoinder which satisfied the public that Grundy had met more than his match in learning and ability. We may add, that the Doctor signalized himself subsequently on several occasions in the same line.

“In 1842, induced by the late Doctor Prather, he removed to St. Louis and became Medical Professor to the St. Louis University. For nearly thirty years Dr. Linton was visiting Physician at the University, and was in the best practice in the city whilst health remained.

“Though the Doctor knew what it was to want money in his youth, yet the nobility of his soul was such, that to the rich he was moderate in his charges, and the working man he treated gratuitously. We lately heard of a patient of his who had been treated successfully, and though an economist, yet thought that his Doctor being eminent would have a heavy charge against him, and therefore took a good round sum to meet it. He asked the Doctor’s demand. The latter, looking at him, inquired whether he was not a working man. The patient said he was. “Very well,” said the Doctor, “when I want the money I shall send to you for it,” asking however neither his name nor address. Who can wonder, then, that crowds attended his obse-

quies at St. Francis Xavier's, to offer up prayers for his eternal rest, and that "troops of friends" followed the remains to the grave."

* * * * *

"During his residence in St. Louis, Dr. Linton was also engaged in the active practice of his profession, in which he had marked success. As a teacher he was distinguished for faithfulness and ability, and as a practitioner for conscientiousness and great professional skill.

"He was a man of decided opinions and strong convictions, and ever maintained them with boldness and firmness, but always with courtesy. He wrote largely on professional and other subjects, and was no mean poet when he chose to unbend himself in that way. He published a work on pathology, which is remarked for its accuracy and originality.

"While Dr. Linton was master of the learning of his own profession, he still had time to devote to the study of general literature, politics and religion, in all of which he had matured views and opinions. He avoided any public participation in affairs of politics or State, except in great emergencies; but on one or two extraordinary occasions when forced into the public service, the State profited greatly by his ability and large-hearted patriotism. At the time of his decease, he was in the sixty-fifth year of his age. He leaves a widow and six sons and daughters to mourn his loss."

* * * * *

"A great and good man has fallen. Our friend of a quarter of a century is dead. It has been the writer's pride that he had such a friend; a friend with a great head and a great heart, a noble Christian friend, a generous, self-sacrificing, devoted friend. Who does not know Dr. Linton in this great city? His name has been heard throughout the valley; the productions of his pen have been read and praised across the ocean. He was a philosopher and a poet.

Dr. Linton was an invalid for forty years; his body moved slowly and frequently required a long rest; his mind was restless, resistless, quick, vigorous and brilliant; his wit was sharp and his repartee unrivalled. Dr. Linton's limited early advantages were only known to the associates of his youth. He had by the force of intellect and untiring mental industry become a polished scholar, learned in the ancient and modern languages. It is unnecessary to refer to his distinction as a physician and professor; thousands of the rising and established medical men of the country are daily sounding his praises, and his name must pass beyond the present generation."

RESOLUTIONS OF THE ST. LOUIS MEDICAL SOCIETY:

"The members of the St. Louis Medical Society, and of the medical profession of the city, having been called together to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of their late distinguished and honored fellow-member, Dr. M. L. Linton, whose death is justly regarded as a public, not less than a professional loss:—Therefore be it resolved:

1. That in Dr. M. L. Linton we acknowledge a man of high intellectual and moral endowments. That in the greatness of his intellect he was ever enabled to discern the path of truth, and in his firmness of purpose to avoid the devious ways which lead to error.

2. That over his life there shone the truly Christian spirit, which humbled all pretensions and pervaded him with the highest of all the virtues, charity.

3. That we will ever hold his memory dear and exalt his image to the esteem and affection of the profession.

4. That we tender our sincere sympathies to the family of the deceased in this their great bereavement, and as a mark of our respect will attend his funeral in a body.

5. That a copy of these resolutions be enclosed to the family, and also that they be spread on the records of the

St. Louis Medical Society, and be published in the daily papers and medical journals of this city."

The following is the letter above referred to:

ST. LOUIS, MO. MAY 14th, 1872.

DEAR FATHER O'NEIL:

I wish to say a few things to the Jesuit Fathers of St. Louis. Since I entered their hospitable doors thirty years ago up to the present hour, I have been the recipient of their kindness and benefactions. I cannot express my gratitude and therefore shall not attempt it; I wish merely to record it. If Almighty God has an heroic and faithful vanguard in the church militant, it is most surely constituted by the Society of Jesus. The more I think about this organization, the more I am convinced that there is something miraculous about it. Contemplate the life of St. Francis Xavier whose canonized relics are religiously guarded at Goa, who wrought more miracles than the adored man-God Himself and all His Apostles.* This assertion was made by one of Mr. Seward's party in their recent visit to the shrine of the Saint, and it is the general belief in that part of India of those of all creeds. This Order checked, hurled back and forever crippled the confident and advancing hordes of Protestantism. A. M. D. G. Who invented this motto, I should like to know?—The grandest four words, the greatest thought that mortal language affords. They embrace Heaven and Earth, they apply equally to the most august Hierarchs in the presence of God, and the humblest denizen of our globe,—they include what is sublimest in eloquence and song, they indicate what is holiest, worthiest and best in eternity as well as in

* We suppose, the writer meant this as an expression of the traditional belief, to which he refers in the next sentence. It is in this sense that we accept the statement.

time. Please do not call this *raving*; for if it be, then I have been a lunatic without lucid intervals for several years.

I am very thankful to God for my long acquaintance—I may say my intimate association with the Jesuit Fathers. Most of them whom I first knew, have preceded me to the grave—tho' much younger than I am now. How often do I recall and gaze upon their familiar faces, and ask myself why such men should die so soon. I believe in the Catholic Church—every article of her creed from the divinity of Christ to the infallibility of the Pope. I want a firm faith now as the time for my going hence approaches; I beg of all the Jesuit Fathers, and the Brothers too, an occasional prayer. If I live, I shall go to my country residence this week; and I never expect to leave it, until I am removed to another residence, which I have provided for myself and family near the foot of the cross in Calvary. And now, my dear Fathers and friends, with a heart full of gratitude, yea, deep and abiding love for you all, I bid you adieu.

M. L. LINTON.

The following lines were written by him on another occasion:

THE JESUITS.

DEDICATED TO FATHER DE SMET.

In every clime beneath the sun,
Toil their heroic bands—
They brave alike the stormy seas
And wild barbarian lands;
Their tents are spread 'mid arctic snows,
And burning tropic sands.

They mingle with the savage throng;
They build the halls of lore;
Their temples to the Living God
Are seen on every shore;
They teach and guide the kings of men,
They teach and guide the poor.

Letter from St. Louis:

All truth, all science is their theme—
Whatever man can know.
They scan the starry heavens above
And everything below.
To bring to God a fallen race
Earth's pleasures they forego.

They seek no honors from the world—
Enough that their record
Is filled with good works done for man :
They look for their reward,
Only as tireless champions of
The glory of the Lord.

Talk of your heroes of an hour,
Your men of science name—
Your Sages, Poets, Orators
May human homage claim—
But only God's true servants rise
To everlasting Fame.

LINTON.



FATHER WENINGER ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

REV. AND VERY DEAR FATHER:

P. C.

Having devoted myself, in a particular manner, to the spiritual interests of the Germans all over the United States, I had long cherished a wish to extend the sphere of my labors to the western shores. But I was obliged to defer the execution of this project from year to year, because the harvest was not yet ripe for the reaper's sickle. I did not wish to descend into the burrows and caverns of the gold-seeker, where but little notice would have been taken of the missionary and his work. The image of the Crucified would have seemed strangely out of place in those underground temples of mammon. I concluded, therefore, to wait until the gold fever would abate somewhat, and congregations would be formed, to which I might give a mission *in forma*.

The auspicious moment arrived at last. Hardly had the Pacific Railway been opened, when I was beset with invitations from all sides to come at once to California. The request of the Most Rev. Archbishop Alemany, in particular, was very pressing. But just then new obstacles of another kind arose.

It was the year 1869. The Vatican Council was about to open its first memorable sessions, already so fruitful in mighty results. I had anticipated the movement in favor of Papal Infallibility, and was intensely busy preparing three batteries for the ensuing campaign. I had been making ready to publish a work on that question in three different languages in America, Switzerland and France. Wishing to spread it broadcast over the globe, I had made a

present of a copy to each one of the Anglican Bishops, and I was just then holding a correspondence, by the Atlantic cable, with the Abbé Bellet, to make arrangements for the French edition. Under such circumstances, it seemed advisable not to embark in new enterprises far away and to separate myself still more from Europe, by withdrawing to the farthest extremity of the American continent. I was not a little perplexed what course to take. Happily I was a religious; what reasoning could not do, the word of my superior did at once. Father Provincial, to whom I referred the matter, cut the Gordian knot. "Go to California" was his advice. And *go* I did, without any detriment to my activity in Germany and France. Thanks to the electric wires and to the magic power of steam, which have annihilated time and space, I did my share of fighting for the cause of Christ and of His Vicar even on the other side of the ocean, and kept up a constant fire, until the battle was won and the foe lay gnashing his teeth in harmless fury.

But how was I to go?—by sea or by land? Such alarming accounts were afloat concerning the pretended perils of the new inland route, that it looked at least akin to rashness to risk one's life upon it. It was asserted that even engineers had refused their services at a salary of \$500.00 a month, and that the road was already covered with all sorts of fragments. Moreover, if an accident should occur, whence was relief to come in those homeless regions far beyond the Ultima Thule of Western civilization? For a thousand miles the road is laid over untenanted plains, in the arid sands of the desert or through the endless passes of the Rocky Mountains. Again I applied to Father Provincial, to learn what way I was to go. His answer was: "By Rail". There was a mysterious charm in these words that smoothed every difficulty away. I had to go to San Francisco, without delay and by Rail.

I started from Cincinnati early in July; but I did not travel through the whole length of the road at once. I halted to say Mass every day until we reached Omaha. Tor-

rents of rain were meanwhile falling; the trains were behind, and the rumor prevailed that the Railroad track had been greatly damaged and partly washed away. Even the priests at the Cathedral advised me not to expose my life, but to wait for better weather. I replied, that I was expected in San Francisco, that nobody could tell when the rain would cease, and that, if others could run a little risk for the sake of temporal gain, I could afford to do as much for higher motives. Finally, I added jestingly that, after all, I had rather go to heaven by steam, than take a canal boat and get there too late. I have not regretted the step I then took. For some hundred miles we travelled slowly and almost felt our way; but farther west the weather and the road gradually became better—much better than I had anticipated. After we had passed the damaged places, the journey was really delightful. I had not, indeed, credited all the exaggerated reports of dangers, evidently fabricated by party spirit, jealousy and hatred; yet I certainly could never have believed that the new road would be as smooth as if it had been used for years.

For six hundred miles west of Omaha you are sped along over the smoothest prairies, boundless as the waters of the ocean. Nothing but the green sward below, and the blue sky above, ever meets your gaze; it is like travelling on a sea of grass. At the same time the ground is slowly rising, until the cars have reached an elevation of well nigh eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. Then, in the dim, hazy distance, the Rocky Mountains rise into view, and, like so many little sand-hills, serve to diversify the monotony of the interminable table-lands. As you advance, they unfold their giant forms before you in their full proportion, and even in July shroud their snow-capped summits in the clouds. It was the first time I had seen snow-peaks since I left the Tyrol, twenty-three years ago. I like the sight of mountains; they are such a beautiful emblem of firmness, grandeur and contemplative quiet.

The farther we rolled on, the better I understood how the Pacific Rail road could have been built in so short a time. All the ground from Omaha to the Sierra Nevada seems to have been laid out by the hand of nature itself for the purpose. There is scarcely a creek or run to cross—all is smooth and level as a threshing-floor. Where the mountain ranges begin to traverse the prairies, ravines always open at the proper places to allow the road to pass. Even the great Western Desert presents no barrier to the enterprise of thrifty man. This blighted spot of earth extends mainly from Salt Lake for many hundred miles to the westward. The soil is alkaline, and the prospect sad and cheerless in the extreme. The sterile monotony is interrupted only for a while as you pass Utah, where the Mormons have changed the face of the earth, and forced chary nature to pay an unwilling tribute to their industry. Like the children of the earth generally, they enjoy here below the blessings of Esau—the fat of the land—in which they must soon be buried with all their grovelling desires and sensual gratifications. Poor, blinded, fanatical wren! How the Catholic heart feels and bleeds for them! Nevertheless, I had the consolation of receiving some Mormons, who reside in California, into the pale of Holy Church.

On the eastern side of the Sierra Nevada there are some highly picturesque scenes, and an "observation-car" is attached to the train, for the convenience of such as love to study nature in all its weird, fantastic grandeur. They certainly have an occasion to gratify this passion to the full. Here solid ledges of stone—nature's own matchless architecture—tower aloft in massive strength, like columns that support the blue canopy above; there a solitary and apparently detached rock stands beetling in chilling sublimity above the rest, and seems ready at every instant to topple down from its untenable position and crush the passing cars below. But, until now, no such accident has been so much as heard of. Many other interesting objects arrest the trav-

eller's attention as he darts along heedless of time and distance. At one time, he learns that he is crossing the meridian which divides the western continent in twain, and that he is midway between the Atlantic and the Pacific; at another time, he is shown an enormous tree with the inscription—"1000 miles from Omaha."

I have already mentioned that, even where the mountains cross the plains, passes always open, through which the tracks are laid. The only exception east of California is at the so-called "Devil's Gate", where bridges had to be suspended on high, closely lined by mountain-cliffs. But, when once you reach the land of gold, nature seems to say to man "So far, and no farther, shalt thou go." Yet man, conscious of his genius and his strength, when first he heard these defiant accents, only smiled and by his actions replied: "I shall, I will, I must go through." He addressed himself resolutely to his task, and already has he accomplished it.

I like this untiring energy, this indomitable courage, which stops short of no labor, which is appalled by no difficulty. It is a refreshing thought that, even in this effeminate age of ours, men can be found to start and carry out an enterprise so arduous and heroic as the laying of the Atlantic Cable or the crossing of the Sierra Nevada by cars. It is a powerful sermon to me; for it proves what man can do, if he is only in earnest. What wonders we might ourselves achieve, if we did half as much for God, as worldlings do for pleasure, money and renown! In this respect we may learn many a useful lesson from the children of men, and say to ourselves when we consider their deeds, as St. Augustin did when he meditated on the lives of the Saints: "Potuerunt hi et hæ; cur non ego?" They could do it for earth, and why should not I for heaven? They could do it for evil, and why should not I for good? They could do it for the devil, and why should not I for God?

For the last three or four hundred miles of the journey, the cars continually dash along precipices at times a thousand feet deep, or roll over trembling trestlework more than

a hundred feet high. In several different places they pass for many miles under snow-sheds ; but experience has already proved, that even these are not always able to keep the road sufficiently clear for use in winter. The route lies through the gold region, to which the first adventurers came to dig in search of the glittering treasure at the surface of the earth. It is really disgusting to see with what 'greed they have stirred up the country all around, forgetful of the words of the Holy Ghost: "Beatus vir qui post aurum non abiit." Strange to say, even the most fortunate of those first gold-hunters, who now remain in California, are poor and only live to verify another saying of the Holy Ghost: "Pro mensura peccati erit et plagarum modus."

Though the journey from Omaha to Sacramento City lasts four days and nights, it is anything but fatiguing. One day's ride on an eastern road is often more annoying. The cause of this may be, that the cars are furnished with all the latest improvements and with all appliances that can minister to the comfort of this over-delicate body of ours. Besides, the Pacific is the only road that keeps time exactly. On inquiring in Omaha, when the cars would arrive at Sacramento, I was told "on such a day at 2 o'clock in the afternoon." At 2 o'clock P. M. on that very day, the conductor entered the cars with the cry "Sacramento!" The reason of this exactness is very plain: there are no crossings, and so the cars keep on at full speed all the way, without that endless loss of time caused by the hundred and one connections that you must inevitably make on every other line.

At Sacramento I changed the cars for a steamer, and arrived that same evening in San Francisco, where I put up at our college of St. Ignatius on Market Street. Our Fathers there are doing a good work. Though they have no Parish Church, their sphere of usefulness is none the less extensive. In fact, I do not recollect having been in any other church of ours in this country, where I have seen a

greater throng of worshippers than in this. The building is about 180 or 200 feet long by 60 or 70 feet wide, with spacious galleries all around. From 5 o'clock on Sunday morning until 10 o'clock, when the High Mass begins, one mass follows another in quick succession, and at every one the church is filled to its utmost capacity. Our church in Chicago must have presented a similar scene after the late disastrous conflagration.

The whole property, including the church and the college building, is now valued at about half a million. Yet the Fathers are desirous to sell the place and buy a cheaper plot of ground in another quarter of the city. This would enable them to start both church and college on a grander scale, and at the same time clear them of the debt with which they are still encumbered. But circumstances, over which they have no control, prevent them from carrying out this plan at present.

The city of San Francisco itself far surpassed all my expectations. I had pictured to myself a motley collection of houses, loosely spread out over a sandy bottom, with a sparse population like that of Chicago along lake Michigan some years ago. But this is by no means the case. The old quarter of the city is built on very uneven ground; indeed some portions of it climb over such enormous hills, that it is a simple impossibility for heavily-laden wagons to scale the streets. The streets are well paved, and cars are constantly running in every direction. Indeed they are more systematically connected in San Francisco than anywhere else except in Philadelphia. Elegant buildings are springing up on all sides, and every thoroughfare is thronged with a restless crowd rushing wildly to and fro on business. Do what you will, you must submit to be borne along by the current. Unless you are very firm of limb, you are in momentary danger of losing your foothold and of being landed rather unpleasantly upon the uncushioned sidewalk. The very appearance of the people struck me

as singular. In other cities of the Union the looks of men tell of their love of money, but in San Francisco every trace of the countenance seems to cry: "gold! gold! gold! honestly or dishonestly; for, gold must I have, though the demon of gold himself should presently take me in charge and check my baggage for his own country."

In my next, I purpose giving a sketch of my missionary movements in this quarter of the globe.

Respectfully &c.

F. X. WENINGER, S. J.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF FATHER PETER KENNY.

The memory of Father Peter Kenny, whose rare virtue the incident given below so touchingly portrays, is fondly cherished by the Jesuits of Ireland and Maryland.—When the Brief of Suppression reached Ireland, it found the Society in that persecuted land poor in earthly goods, but rich in zeal for souls and charity to their neighbor. To use the words of Cretineau-Joly, "making common capital of their poverty, the members of the suppressed order generously worked the field committed to their zeal and awaited better days." Father Richard Callaghan, an old missionary in the Philippines, whose hands and tongue bore the scars of torture undergone for the faith, directed the secularized Jesuits. Later on, about the year 1807, these holy men began to make efforts for the restoration of the Society in Ireland, but the subjects received were, for want of opportunities at home, sent abroad to make the necessary studies.

The death of Father Callaghan in 1807 and that of Father Thomas Betagh in 1811 broke the last link that bound the new subjects to the old Society.

Father Kenny, who succeeded Father Betagh in November 1811, took up the traditions of the venerable men who had gone to their reward, and became in fact the founder of the restored mission in Ireland. Under his auspices, a college was opened, in 1814, at Clongowes Wood in the county of Kildare, and, later on, a Seminary at Tullabeg in King's County.

Twice, once in 1819 and again in 1829, Father Kenny came as Visitor to the Maryland Province. After his return to Ireland, he went to Rome in 1833 as Procurator for his province, and died in the Eternal City that same year.

The venerable Father Mc Elroy, to whose interest in our periodical we are indebted for the subjoined incident, endorses it in the following terms :

"The following was written many years ago, at my request, by a Sister of Charity at Mt. St. Vincent's Convent, near Yonkers, N. Y. This Sister (Cecilia), remembers to have seen Fr. Kenny in Dublin, when she was quite young, but the incident subjoined she learned from her mother.


"One morning, many years ago, a large concourse of people had assembled in and around the Jesuits' Church, Gardiner St., Dublin. The most devout were occupied with their prayers, while all were in expectation of a fine sermon from the well-known and eloquent Dr. Kenny. His name had been pretty freely passed from mouth to mouth outside the church door, and his merits pretty freely discussed; but no one ever dreamed of the display of virtue, great as it is rare, which they were to witness in Dr. Kenny.

At length the Holy Sacrifice was begun, and curiosity was for a while forgotten in devotion, when the preacher made his appearance and commenced as follows: "Who is this great Dr. Kenny? A moment's attention, my beloved brethren, and I shall inform you. He was simply a poor

barefooted Irish boy, the only son of a poor widow who lived in a cellar on Michael's hill, and sold turf. The poor old widow sent her boy to school, but often found him during study hours in the street playing ball or marbles with boys of his own age. Sometimes the poor woman would follow him all the way to school:—but this she could not do every day, so that he was much of his time in the street. On one occasion his play was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of his mother with a rod in her hand, ready to make him feel the effects of it: of course the boy ran with all possible speed, and the poor woman would soon have lost sight of him had he not been arrested by venerable Father Betagh, who held him till the poor woman reached the spot. Then Father Betagh accosted her: "My good woman, what has the boy done?" "Your reverence" replied she, "he has my heart nearly *broke*. I am trying to pay two pence a week out of my hard earnings to keep him to school, and here he is, day after day, idling in the streets" "Don't touch the boy", said the good old priest. Here the poor woman wept, exclaiming: "He'll break my heart!" "Not so," replied Father Betagh, "not so! Bring him to me to-morrow at 11 o'clock and I shall see what can be done with him".

The next day at the appointed hour he was received with more than fatherly affection into the house of Father Betagh. Here he was sent every day to the free school at Sts. Michael and John's, and after school, was employed in cleaning the knives and blacking boots. After a time he was sent to a Latin school by the same kind Father Betagh, was educated for the church, and is to-day a priest here in this pulpit.

And this is the great Dr. Kenny".



A FAVOR OF OUR BLESSED LADY.

By not a few, it was thought a good presage for the future of our periodical, that the first and second issues should each contain a notice of miraculous effects wrought by the use of the Water of Lourdes. The remarkable favors conferred on two members of our own community of Woodstock would lead us to entertain the consoling belief, that Our Lady of Lourdes has received with benignant love the poor efforts which we have made to increase the honor of her new shrine. It is not for us to characterize the two occurrences given below as miracles,; but so far removed are they from the ordinary course of nature, that we prefer to sin rather on the side of credulity, than by timid silence to fail in manifesting the gratitude which thrilled the whole community at the time these favors were bestowed.

On May 23rd, one of the coadjutor brothers, who had been working all morning in the kitchen, left it about 12 M. to prepare for Examen and Dinner. He did not make his appearance at table however, and after the visit to the Blessed Sacrament, he was found lying in a speechless and unconscious condition on the floor of the Brothers' Asce-tory. The Infirmarian was called and, as soon as possible, medical aid from the village was in attendance. The Physician could not determine the nature of the attack, but thought prudent to treat the sufferer for apoplexy, although many of the usual symptoms were wanting. Bleeding was first resorted to, and quite a quantity of blood was taken from the patient without effecting any apparent change in his condition. Numerous applications of strong mustard plasters followed, but failed to relieve the unconscious sufferer. More violent remedies were then tried. A strong

electric current from a powerful battery was induced in the body of the patient with no better results. As the last means, a slight quantity of croton oil was administered, with a view of producing a change in the internal system, and at the same time a powerful fly-blister was applied behind the ear. No desired change resulted from these efforts of the Physician and he was obliged to acknowledge his inability to do any thing more for the patient. From about half past twelve o'clock, when the stroke must have fallen upon him, until nearly nine P. M., the brother remained speechless and unconscious. When all means used to restore him had failed, a few attendants watched beside him for the first gleam of consciousness, that he might prepare for death, which seemed inevitable.

But two days previously, some new Professors for the Scholasticate had arrived, bringing with them, at the request of our Rev. F. Rector, some water from the Grotto of Lourdes. Strangely enough, during the many hours of our brother's illness, the presence of this miraculous water had escaped the remembrance of every one. About supper time the thought of making an application of this far-famed water occurred to one of the community. During the evening recreation the original package containing it was opened, and R. F. Rector took a small portion to the bed-side of the unconscious man. Kneeling, he recited with the attendants a short prayer to Our Lady, and then forced into the mouth of the brother a few drops of the water. *Instantly* the sick man recovered sense and speech. The Rector asked him how he felt, and he answered that he felt quite well; at the same time he sat up in the bed and seemed ready to rise and walk about as usual. By the direction of the Superior he composed himself to sleep for the night, and, excepting the natural weakness consequent on the loss of blood and the violence of the other remedies used, he suffered no further from his severe attack.

As we premised, it is not our province to pronounce authoritatively the supernatural character of this happy

change; but the instantaneous restoration of one who had lain unconscious for hours, under the most severe remedies, cannot fail to excite languid faith and awaken gratitude to the Mother of God, who seems to have drawn so near us. Such at least was the effect produced in our community. After Mass on the following morning, R. F. Rector announced to the community the circumstances of the singular favor which had been accorded to our brother, and all united in reciting in thanksgiving the Litany of the B. V. Mary.

Three weeks later, the same brother was again stricken with a slight attack of like nature, and the attendants taught by the experience of the previous case, made another application of the Water of Lourdes, and relief instantly followed.

With a few lines respecting still another favor attributable, we are convinced, to the use of this same miraculous water, we close this feeble tribute of gratitude to the Mother of God for the merciful interposition wherewith she has blessed our community, trusting that devotion and love towards Our dear Lady may be renewed in all hearts.

One night during the early part of June, one of the scholastics was seized with violent pains in the groin and about the kidneys. The infirmarian was called and applied some remedies which failed to give any relief. The pain continued unabated for three hours, when some Water of Lourdes was applied and the cessation of the suffering was instantaneous. It returned no more; and in the course of the day the scholastic was enabled to resume his ordinary duties.



THE LATE FATHER MALDONADO.

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.

The amiable and devoted life of Father Maldonado, whose last days were spent in Woodstock College, is so closely connected with the interests and the destinies of the Society in other places, that we should be wanting in charity towards our brethren at a distance, did we not give such expression to our sympathy with them, as our own feelings will allow, while the roses that we have scattered on his grave are not yet withered. France and Italy, England and America have shared with his native Spain the pleasure of his presence; he still remains embalmed in the hearts of his friends, and his memory only grows sweeter with time. We feel called upon to give an account of the charge which we have held in trust these three years, to touch in passing upon the principal events of his humble yet instructive career, and in particular to chronicle the circumstances of his happy departure, for our mutual comfort and edification.

Father Charles M. Maldonado was born at Quintanar de la Orden, a village of La Mancha, in Spain, on the 21st of September, 1816. A few days after his birth, his pious parents took him to Valencia, their usual place of residence, where they implanted in his infant heart the first germs of virtue, destined soon to produce abundant fruits. Yielding to the attractions of grace, which called him to the Society, he forsook his father's house at the early age of fifteen, and set out for Madrid, where he was admitted into the Novitiate on the 27th of October, 1831.

In the very cradle of his religious life he was rudely rocked by the hand of persecution, and made to taste the bitter cup of exile for the love of justice. In 1834, he escaped the fate of some of the Jesuits, who were killed by the mob in our College of St. Isidore, Madrid, during one of the many revolutionary movements subsequent to the death of Ferdinand VII. And when, after eighteen months of incessant troubles and vexations, the Jesuits were finally expelled from the kingdom, young Maldonado, then a student of Rhetoric, was sent by his superiors to Naples. After studying Philosophy there for two years and teaching the Mathematics for four, he commenced his course of Theology. In September, 1845, he was raised to the holy priesthood, and a year later he passed his examination *ad gradum*.

Just then the Rt. Rev. Archbishop Hughes, of New York, had erected the Ecclesiastical Seminary of St. Joseph's, at Fordham, and placed it under the direction of the Society. The Jesuits applied to Europe for Professors; and, on the 14th of December, 1846, Father Maldonado arrived in answer to their request to fill the chair of Dogmatic Theology. In November, 1850, he went to Mexico in the interest of the mission of New York and Canada, and after his return, January 6th, 1852, he entered upon his third year of probation at Frederick, Maryland. But he remained there only till the following August, when he resumed his duties of Professor at Fordham.

In June, 1853, the Society was allowed to reenter the land of Ignatius, and, in October, Father Maldonado, who had been called home, left this country to teach Theology in the College of Loyola. In the course of a single year, the Society in Spain had largely recruited its decimated ranks by new enlistments; and, as the government would allow no other house but that of Loyola in the whole kingdom, the Scholastics were sent to the Seminary of Laval, in France. Father Maldonado accompanied them in his capacity of Professor, and by his genial manners beguiled

the hours of their exile. During the last vacation which he spent in France, he was appointed superior at the villa, placed at the disposal of the Society by Madame Ducoudray, whose martyred son was then himself a scholastic, and acted as minister. As usual, Father Maldonado endeared himself to all hearts, and received the thanks of his youthful community in the form of a neatly-conceived little French poem.

In 1857, at the request of Bishop La Puente (afterwards Cardinal Archbishop of Burgos), the Jesuits took charge of the Central Seminary in Salamanca, whither Father Maldonado now removed with his Spanish Scholastics, and where he filled, for eleven years, the same chair of Theology once so famous for the learning of Suarez and other lights of the old Society. At the end of the first three years, he was also made Rector of the Seminary, and, besides continuing to teach his class, assumed the government of a very large community.

In the fall of 1868, he went to Rome as Procurator of the Spanish Jesuits—never more to return to the land of his birth. The revolutionists, who were again up in arms, seized the reins of government; and the Jesuits, always the first victims of rebellion, were outlawed on the soil of Spain. Father Maldonado, once more an exile, sojourned a few months in France and England, in the hope of being assigned to some quiet and secluded place, where he might continue teaching or studying, and prepare his copious theological writings for the press. Providence had already prepared this place for him. Woodstock College was about to open its classes, and judged itself only too happy in securing the services of such a theologian.

Accordingly Father Maldonado landed a second time on our shores, and spent three happy years in our midst—far removed from the storms and upheavings of the old world, and waited upon by the affection of all who knew him. He was devotedly attached to his new home, and it was

only at the repeated instances of his superiors, that he consented, in the beginning of last July, to make a short trip to New York. He was received by his former friends there with such cordiality, that he seemed actually to have forgotten the settled habits of a life-time. At home, he left his room but seldom, and was exceedingly careful not to expose himself to the summer sun or become overheated. In New York, he often spent a great portion of the day in the sun, and by his presence encouraged the innocent diversions of the Scholastics.

He returned to Woodstock on Friday, the 19th of July, apparently in better health and spirits than ever; but on Saturday night, he was taken with a slight bilious attack, which continued over Sunday and Monday without any alarming symptoms. The attending physician of the house visited him, and some of the Scholastics waited on him day and night, more from affection than from necessity. On Monday night, however, the features of the disease began suddenly to change. Inflammation and mortification of the bowels set in, and an icy coldness came over his extremities. Early on Tuesday morning, two messengers were despatched to Baltimore for a second physician, who arrived towards evening, and agreed with the other that, unless the sick man rallied during the night, there was no hope.—The bell that roused us from our slumbers next morning, also tolled the “*De profundis*” for his repose.

The strongest stimulants had failed to produce any effect, and towards midnight it had become painfully evident that nature must soon give way. Rev. Father Rector was at his side, and with difficulty succeeded in persuading him that his dissolution was so near at hand. He felt the same strength and vigor of mind as ever, and could not believe that this was death. He wished to wait till the following day to prepare himself the better for the last visit of his Lord. When that was refused, he asked for at least one hour to make ready for confession. But, as his last

moments were fast approaching, it was not deemed advisable to grant even so much. He acquiesced, made his preparation immediately, and after confessing with the greatest edification to Father Rector himself, requested that, when he would have died, his writings might be burned.

He became, at once, unusually gay and cheerful, and even indulged in some of his accustomed, innocent pleantry with the assistants who were arranging his room for the administration of the last sacraments. At one o'clock, A. M., he received the Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction. He answered distinctly to all the prayers of the Church, and tried, though unsuccessfully, to make the sign of the cross. After this he spoke but little more to men. He appeared to be absorbed in sweet communion with God and resigned to the divine will. At five minutes of four, he desired to be raised up in bed; but a film covered his eyes immediately, and he lost his sight. His assistants, who had been supporting him, replaced his head upon the pillow, and one of them remarked: "You are going, Father, and happily too—during the Novena to St. Ignatius." "That is true," replied he, smiling, and fell calmly to rest. There was no agony, no struggle. The same placid look as always upon his countenance; but before the recommendation of the departing was finished, his soul had returned to its maker,—and Father Maldonado was no more. "Obdormivit in domino." It was four o'clock, A. M., and one of the Fathers, who was just preparing to say mass for his recovery, changed his vestments to black, and offered the Holy Sacrifice for the repose of his soul.

Could he have chosen his own death, it had been such as this. He had always shuddered at the thought of death; and it came so gently that he hardly felt its touch. He was afraid of ever incommoding his brethren in anything; and he passed away from among them so noiselessly and stealthily, that they were scarcely aware of it. He was away from home: yet some of his own country-

men were present to solace him in his last moments ; and a Father, in whom above all others he confided, and whom a life-long acquaintance had linked to him in holy friendship, was near to administer the last consolations of religion.

Very Rev. Father Provincial arrived towards evening, and himself performed the last rites after mass on the following day, which was the feast of St. James, the Apostle and patron of Spain. The Fathers and Scholastics accompanied the venerated remains in surplices, and laid them to rest in the shade of our silent groves, with feelings which only they can share or fully appreciate who knew Father Maldonado intimately during life.

"Hidden with Christ in God," his life was for us all a school of those virtues which are often the most difficult to learn. He was, in many respects, the counterpart of Venerable Bede. The same studious industry, the same untiring devotedness as a guide throughout a laborious and bewildering task, the same strong, unconquerable faith, the same humility united to a vast erudition, the same unruffled serenity and generous fervor, the same harmonious blending of religious virtues with an intense, unquenchable thirst for knowledge, were distinguishing characteristics of the Jesuit Theologian in the nineteenth century, as well as of the Benedictine monk in the seventh.

Father Maldonado plunged into Theology with a holy, intelligent ardor. Study had grown into a sort of passion with him. He pursued it almost as much from pleasure as from duty, and made it his daily food and drink. He loved to hold a long, familiar converse with the greatest minds of the past. In the beginning of vacation, he would surround himself with the learned tomes of such authors as had written best on the matter of the next year's treatise ; and, closeted in his room, he would draw from them streams of knowledge, in order to impart to us from his own fulness during the ensuing session. Suarez was his favorite author. He was wont to call him "eximius," or "egregius noster," and never departed from him without great diffidence or

without a short apology. Though he had taught theology for a quarter of a century, and had every lecture written out with the greatest care, he would, year after year, go over the same ground again, revising and correcting, adding and improving with the fervor of a beginner. During the eight years that he was Rector at Salamanca, where every one was at liberty to trespass on his leisure moments, and even on his night's rest, he had set apart a full hour just before class, for the immediate preparation of his lecture; and, during that time only, there was no access to his room.

He had analyzed and sifted, divided and subdivided every subject, perhaps with almost too great minuteness. He loved to multiply his arguments and to pile them on one another, until from their number alone they became truly overwhelming. He had a magic power of riveting the attention of his hearers; when he spoke, interest rarely flagged. He knew how to clothe even the staidest reasoning in the gayest and most attractive robes of style. His pupils were charmed, even when they found it difficult to follow him in his flights. His eyes, his hands, his whole person spoke. If the abstruseness of the matter were calculated to cause discouragement, a look at him was sufficient to quicken the drooping spirit.

At times he would set aside the logical severity of formal argument, and allow his mind and heart to overflow with those thoughts and emotions, which the subject matter naturally called forth. On such occasions, he was more than ever admirable. It was not merely a theological lecture that he was giving us; it was more, it was an exhortation too, and it taught us practically what he insisted on very often—how to turn to account the teachings of dogmatic Theology in moral sermons to the people. It was his faith that spoke to us; and his faith was really sublime. It showed itself in all his theological views. He never gave quarter to an opinion that was ever so little suspected or hazardous. He had a singular veneration for the teach-

ings of the Fathers, and would seldom, if ever, allow that any of them had differed, in a single point, from the received opinions of the schools. Even arguments from reason were generally backed by the authority of some ancient ecclesiastical writer, and so were informed with an element of tradition and faith. No one was more cautious than he to keep reason within its own sphere. He respected it, but only as the handmaid of revelation, who must guard against extolling herself above her mistress. He felt how liable the human intellect is to go astray, and drew from his studies and acquirements perpetual lessons of humility.

He was commonly reputed one of the most learned theologians of Spain; he was held in the highest esteem by some of the dignitaries of his own country, and the many prelates and other eminent men who had attended his lectures; he was recommended to the special consideration of the superiors in this country by Father General himself, and had been offered, a little before his death, to choose any place of residence he might wish, in order to prepare his theological works for immediate publication. Yet he alone seemed to be ignorant of his own merits; he loved to bury himself in obscurity and to be forgotten. He had a holy horror for superiorships; and one of the reasons for which he tried to escape to the shades of Woodstock, was the fear which he had of being made Provincial, had he remained in Europe after finishing his mission as Procurator of the Province of Castile. He found his delight in the company of the young, and, with charming simplicity, descended to their level.

He was the very type of gentleness and charity. No harsh word or unkind remark was ever heard to cross his lips. He never dealt severely, even with an antagonist in the arena of Philosophy and Theology, unless the theories advanced were found to conflict with the utterances of faith or the plainest principles of reason. He inculcated nothing so earnestly and repeatedly on us as moderation of views, and taught us to hesitate before pronouncing dogmatically

upon a question still open in the schools, or hastily condemning the opinions of others as pernicious and unsound.

Yet it certainly was not indecision or want of firmness that made him so extremely tolerant and forbearing; for nothing was more marked and defined in him than his Spanish strength of character. It was his exquisite sensibility which taught him to respect the feelings and condescend to the weaknesses of others. It was his high-minded gentility of manner which accommodated itself to their inclinations and way of thinking. It was his child-like simplicity and guileless heart which made him a universal favorite.

We have witnessed the happy close of his career—the soft, cloudless sunset of a glorious day. He still retained the light, elastic step, the innocent playfulness and the buoyant spirit of youth, chastened and mellowed by years. He had the key to the heart; he could enter it at pleasure and hold it captive to his influence. All looked upon him as a father and consoler, to whom they would not appeal in vain for advice and comfort; and, when he exchanged this world for a better one, they grieved at his loss with an affection which was, perhaps, too natural, and, therefore, all the harder to control. More than one have burst into tears at the thought of him—have stood looking into his vacant room—have knocked through abstraction at his door, as though he were still within—or gazed up at the open window, from which he used to smile approval on those laboring in the flower-garden below.

His disappearance from among us seems like a dream; and it will be long before we have fully waked up to the reality. He is no longer in our midst: but his memory will always remain fresh among us and serve to remind us of what is expected from the Jesuit. For Father Maldonado was eminently the child of the Society. What he knew of science, of the world and of men, he had learned from her. He judged everything by her standard, viewed everything in her light. He personally felt her reverses, rejoiced at her successes, and, forgetful of self, labored in-

defatigably and quietly in her cause. She can never forget him, because a mother cannot forget the child of her bosom. It shall be our aim to solace her in her affliction, as best we may, by following at least from afar in the foot-prints which he has left, and reproducing in ourselves some of the many noble qualities which we have long since learned to admire in him. "In memoria aeterna erit justus."

FATHER OLIVAINI AND HIS COMPANIONS.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER OF REV. FATHER PEULTIER.

Laval, June 8th, 1872.

I was prevented by a press of duties from writing to you when our Italian fathers were leaving for America; but I suppose you received the promise which I now fulfil and the souvenirs which I entrusted to one of them for you—I mean the photograph and relic of Père Olivaint. I hope you will appreciate them; they are very precious, and late occurrences have made them doubly so. Of course you understand me to refer to the miracles* which have been wrought through the intercession of our five martyred brethren, and particularly of Père Olivaint. They are very remarkable—so remarkable indeed that two or three of them seemed to absorb the entire attention of the Paris press, and were the occasion of many a wordy conflict between the Catholic and free-thinking journals. I think I have told you of the first of them; the instantaneous cure

* We wish to apply the word *miracle* under the restrictions placed upon the use of this term by Pope Urban VIII.

of a young person whom the physicians declared to be beyond hope of recovery. While the coffins of the martyrs were being transferred from the burial-place to our Church in the Rue de Sèvres, she asked her friends to carry her to that of Père Olivaint. They acceded to her request, and when in the court in front of the Church she was laid upon the coffin, and immediately rose from it in perfect health! This cure was witnessed by a large number of persons who assisted at the transfer; it caused a profound sensation throughout Paris, and has made the Mortuary Chapel a constant resort of pious pilgrims.

A few days ago, on the 28th of May I think, another miracle occurred to bother the heads of M. Renan and his brethren. The subject this time was a boy of ten, afflicted with a nervous affection which made him unable to walk or even to stand, and deprived him of sight and hearing. Medical and surgical aid was unavailing, and his life was despaired of. In this extremity, the thought of imploring the intercession of our fathers occurred to some one, and a Novena of prayers and masses was begun accordingly. On Sunday, May 28th, little Andrew expressed a desire to assist at the Mass to be said for his recovery. In vain his friends objected that he was tempting God, that at least he should wait for the last day of the Novena, etc.; they could not resist his pleadings, and carried him to our Church where he was laid on two chairs before the altar and propped up with cushions. His brother, two years older than himself, served the Mass, at which the whole family assisted and which was celebrated by a priest who was either a relative or a friend of the family. When the priest ascended the altar after the Confiteor, kissed the altar stone and said the words, *Oramus te, Domine, per merita sanctorum tuorum quorum reliquiae hic sunt, etc.*, he felt a strange commotion within himself and knew that a miracle was being wrought. The boy too felt that an unusual change had taken place in him, and that his legs were perfectly freed and cured. Still doubting and hesitating he waited a few minutes longer,

but at the Gospel he summoned courage to throw off the covering from his limbs and stood upright. You may imagine the astonishment and emotion of his parents. They extended their arms to support him, but he smilingly refused their assistance and told them that he was cured. Throughout the remainder of the Mass he followed the movements of the Congregation, prostrating at the Elevation, standing up, kneeling, etc. Every trace of his disease had disappeared. He heard a mass of thanksgiving, and at its conclusion, disengaging himself from the arms of his parents who were still doubting and wished to support him, he ran out to the street and absolutely refused to return home in any conveyance. He walked home, spent the rest of the day in frolicking and running about in the house and gardens, and when the members of his family or friends, who had been attracted by the report of the cure, reproached him with imprudence, he answered them; "Take care, if you do not believe, Père Olivaint may send my sickness back again."

Here is another interesting fact connected with the same child. The little fellow was not content with being the recipient of supernatural favors himself, he must obtain them for others; and so he prevailed upon some friends of the family who reside at Carpentras and who doubted the efficacy of our father's intercession, to select from among the patients of a hospital one whose case should be pronounced hopeless by the doctors. "Make a Novena with him," said he, "and you will see."—They accordingly visited the sick man together with a number of physicians from the faculty of Montpellier, and without telling them the reason why, obtained from them a written attestation of the impossibility of the man's recovery. Then they began the Novena, and on the ninth day the patient was cured!

Still another miracle for the glory of the martyrs. A religious of Abbeville in the diocese of Amiens, was told by her medical attendant to prepare for death, and her dissolution was expected daily. But one morning, so she relates,

Père Olivaint appeared to her together with another father whose brow was encircled by a halo and who carried in his hand the martyr's palm. Père Olivaint said to her, "My daughter, make a Novena and at four o'clock on the afternoon of the last day you shall be cured." His miracles were not known to the Community, and, as you may suppose, her account was not credited, and the apparition was attributed to the diseased imagination of the poor religious.

Nevertheless they began the Novena, though without any great hopes of success. On the seventh day the doctor declared that she was failing rapidly and on the ninth she received the last sacraments. At three o'clock in the afternoon she called for her habit, rose from her bed, and went with the Community to return thanksgiving to God and Père Olivaint!

Since I am speaking of Père Olivaint I may tell you that it is rumored that Father Boero, Postulator for the Saints and Blessed of the Society, will soon come to Paris to inquire into the matter. Who knows but we may one day celebrate the feast of *Blessed Peter and his Companions*.

D. O. M.

