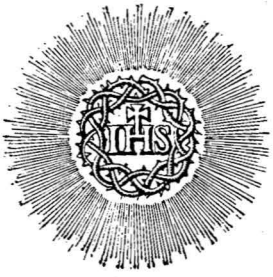
A. M. D. G.

WOODSTOCK LETTERS,

A RECORD

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

VOL. III.



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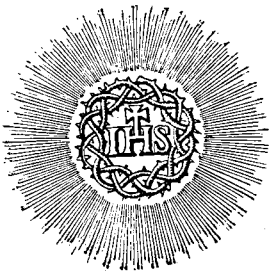

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WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. III., No. 1.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

(Continued.)

The chief difficulty during the administration of Very Rev. Ludovicus Barth was the question of precedence at the meetings of the trustees of St. Mary's Church, which since 1810 had been the Cathedral of the diocese. By the charter granted by the Legislature, there were three clerical and eight lay trustees. The first pastor of St. Mary's was, *ex officio*, President of the Board. During the life of Bishop Egan, he, of course, filled the chair. At his death the question arose as to who was the first pastor. All the priests of St. Joseph's and St. Mary's resided at the St. Joseph's Residence, and did so until after 1830, although Hazzard, in his life of Archbishop Hughes, speaks of the clergy returning from St. Mary's to St. Joseph's. They formed but one parish and the priests performed priestly

duties in both churches. The resident priests were Rev. John Rossiter O. S. A., and Reverend Terrence Mc Girr, with occasional assistance from Rev. Patrick Kenny, and in 1819 from Rev. Enoch Fenwick,* and a short while towards the end of the year from Rev. Doctor Gallagher. †

During the five years that intervened since the death of Bishop Egan, Very Rev. Ludovicus Barth, who visited the City almost every month, when present, presided at the meeting of the trustees of St. Mary's, and in his absence, Rev. Father Rossiter; though many of the trustees would have preferred Father Hurley, although not stationed at St. Joseph's. The churches of St. Joseph, St. Mary and St. Augustine, until this time had given the Archbishop and the Administrator of the diocese very little trouble. It is true the fashionable Catholics of East Fourth Street, Matthew Carey, Richard W. Meade, John Ashley, *et hoc genus omne* complained most bitterly of the want of eloquence among the clergy, and as far as this want of eloquence was to be lamented they had cause to complain. Father Hurley was brusque and unpolished, Father O'Donnell O. S. A., was prolific and dry, and Father Rossiter said: "say your prayers, tell no lies, don't steal, mind your own business, let's go on with the Mass." ‡ Father Mc Girr was equal to a soothing syrup and Father Kenny acted as a counter-irritant.

Unfortunately in the first week of May 1820, a young somewhat clerical-looking gentleman of the name of Wm. Hogan entered the Residence at St. Joseph's and informed Rev. Patrick Kenny that he had come to be one of the pastors of St. Joseph's. When asked who had sent him, he answered in the slang of to-day, "all right." When questioned as to his credentials, he replied that they were on their way from Ireland.

Contrary to his usual custom, Very Rev. Ludovicus Barth did not visit St. Joseph's, until the beginning of July. § In

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* Baptismal Registry, p. 288.
† Bap. Reg. p. 305.
‡ Mrs. O'Donnell's Account.
§ Bap. Reg. p. 323.

the meanwhile Mr. Hogan had not been idle. A few days after his arrival we find him baptizing. * Being of pleasing address he gained much favor with the so-called "first families." A few Sundays after his arrival he occupied the pulpit of St. Mary's, and though a very illiterate man, he was an effective speaker. Slight and dapper in appearance, he paid due respect to all the requirements of dress. An old Quaker relative of mine used to remark: "the price of pomatum must have risen since William's arrival." He soon became a favorite, unhappily too much of a favorite, with the ladies. His manner of acting with them soon went beyond all the bounds of propriety. For four or five years a spirit of independence, or more properly speaking insubordination, was springing up among the purse-proud Catholics of the City of Brotherly Love. They soon discovered that they had a ready tool for their unholy purposes, in the superficial, shallow Wm. Hogan, while their worldly minded and not over prudent daughters were but too ready to second their efforts. "Look at dear Father Hogan. Dear Mrs. J. . . . . , said Miss L. . . . . , isn't he sweet? Old Mc Girr is a perfect scare-crow beside darling Mr. Hogan." Their admiration was not confined to words; night after night, the parlors of East Fourth and West Third Streets were brilliantly illuminated, and the Rev. Wm. would be seen stepping it out on the light fantastic toe, while the "rosy" flowed freely, until long after midnight, and later in the same day, the same guests would be found sitting in the pews of St. Mary's, whilst Mr. Hogan offered the Spotless Lamb.

In the meanwhile the conscientious Catholics were anxiously waiting the arrival of the Very Rev. Administrator, and Fathers Kenny and Mc Girr were not silent in private intercourse, and Father Hurley made the walls of St. Augustine's resound with denunciations of "the fop who had made himself a priest."

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* Baptismal Registry, p. 318.

At this time there was living at a fashionable Boarding-school, in Walnut Street above 3rd, as confidential servant, Honora Mc Glinchy (I am not sure as to the family name). She was very remarkable for her piety and for her honesty. Being captivated by Father Hogan's preaching, Honora became one of his warmest admirers and could not be brought to believe the reports to his discredit. An indiscreet acquaintance to convince her took her to the residence of a wealthy Catholic where she saw her hero waltzing with the eldest daughter of the house. Her conductor received a blow in the face for his thanks, and the next morning the early pedestrians in the neighbourhood of Third and Walnut Streets, began to think that if it was not raining pitchforks, there seemed to be a shower of bricks and other missiles. Honora was on the roof crazy as a March hare. For sometime she was a raving maniac, but afterwards became more quiet, and for more than the third of a century she was one of Philadelphia's celebrities. Poor "Crazy Norah!" many a time I have seen her in her high top-boots and broad Quaker hat, and many a message, quite startling, if not very intelligible, has she delivered to me from my Grandmother or from the Holy-Ghost. When she became less dangerous and was allowed to wander about the streets, she conceived a strong dislike to him whom the Fourth Commandment bids me honor that my days may be long. He, being a leading Bishopite, was, of course, an object of displeasure for Norah. Whenever she met him he got what is called "a good tongue-lashing"—he used to denominate it a complete blackguarding, so that the sight of Norah became for him the signal of inglorious retreat. One morning he was standing in Walnut Street, conversing with some gentlemen, when raising his eyes, whom does he see coming towards him but the dreaded Amazon; his first impulse was to try the fleetness of his legs, but time did not permit, there was the enemy face to face. "Patrick," said she, "Patrick, you are right and

I am wrong. God bless us both!" She passed on to his great relief, and never again annoyed him. For some time she lived on the benevolence of the people, but afterwards she earned a comfortable livelihood, as a collector of bad debts. Her plan was a novel one. After presenting the bill, if it were not honored, she placed herself upon the side-walk, where she soon gathered a crowd,—no Philadelphian ever conceived that Norah was amenable to the police—then after delivering a message from his Grandmother to each passer-by, she would inform him of the nature of the duty she was performing. She seldom remained in any one place more than an hour. One or two would-be-wags undertook to play a trick upon her by giving her false commissions, they did not attempt it a second time, and very willingly paid double commission to escape the caustic messages from their Grandmothers and the cloven-footed gentleman who was supposed to have them in keeping. She attended Mass faithfully on Sundays and holidays and sometimes when it was a work of supererogation. Her favorite place was in the box and seat of our much beloved Father Edward Sourin S. J.; if anyone, by mistake, entered the penitent's cell he was informed that she was a schismatic bishop who had no faculties in this diocese, since the departure of John England, but that she would be happy to carry his kind wishes up to his Grandmother in the North-garret. If not annoyed she was perfectly harmless, and she was seldom annoyed, for the boys of Philadelphia had heard from tradition of the accuracy of her aim and the strength with which she would send a brick flying, report said, "for two squares." She never recovered her reason, but I think had the presence of a priest in her last moments.

Another of our village's celebrities, though her fame was principally among the Catholics, was dear "old Mary Johnson." She too was an admirer of "curley-headed-Hogan," and adhered to him "a poor persecuted martyr," after his suspension by Bishop Conwell. When he could no longer

remain with the other priests in Father Greaton's house, but took up his residence in the small two-story dwelling to which I have referred in Part 1st, of this narrative, as the residence of Mrs. Baker's parents, and which now belonged to St. Mary's Church, Mary Johnson became his housekeeper. I wish I could describe Mary to you as many of our fathers have seen her. She was scarce more than four feet high, lean in proportion, and until old age, active upon her feet, she never walked, she always trotted. If Mr. Swiveler had seen her, he would have declared her a close connection of the Marchioness. I must give you a description of this historical house. It was a two-storied house with attics. From a step on a level with the sidewalk, you entered a box-entry, about four feet by three, which led into Mrs. Baker's "best room." A window on the North side opposite the door of entrance gave you a view of a narrow four foot yard and of the St. Joseph's Residence. To the right of this window was a door leading to the kitchen, or as it was generally called "the living room." As soon as you passed this door, stepping to the right, you might ascend the stairs to the second floor, landing upon a small square entry, between the two rooms and having another flight leading to the attic as it is now styled, then, to the garret. In this entry there was a window from which an easy view might be obtained of all who entered the Bishop's house. It was a favorite occupation of "the Gentleman from Limerick" to sit in this entry pretending to read, but in reality watching the incomings and outgoings at the house of his adversary. One afternoon when engaged in this pastime, a committee of three of the trustees of St. Mary's—John Leamy, Richard W. Meade, and John Ashley, waited upon Mr. Hogan, to obtain his signature to a letter they had prepared as from him in reply to the Bishop's Secretary, Rev. Wm. Vincent Harold, O. S. D. Their knock at the door brought Mary from her classic apartment to answer it. It was necessary that she should

pass the Reverend gentleman, who, not knowing who was about to visit him, thought he might take a liberty with his little "Dame Durden," he had often taken with the proud damsels of Penn's City.—Noble Mary Johnson! She had clung to Mr. Hogan through good report and ill, for she thought he was a true priest of God; she had heard the current stories, but, to her, these were the inventions of enemies; she knew he was censured by his Bishop, but she had been led to believe the Bishop "an obstinate, ill-informed tyrannical, old dotard." * It is true he had kept very late hours, but Mary was an industrious, cleanly body, and after a day's hard labor, when she ascended to her garret and had said her prayers, she recked but little of sublunary affairs. Mr. Hogan did not attend the sick, so she had no dread of night calls hovering over her innocent slumbers. But, Mr. Hogan, this time, had made a mistake—the blood of purity suffused her face, the light of insulted virtue flashed from her eye, and with the strength of an Agnes or a Lucy, she gave the chair a push, which sent it and its sacrilegious occupant heels over head down the stairs. Crash went the door, and there lay William and the chair, and "who could say which was which?" The gentlemen in waiting hearing the noise, entered, and what was their amazement to behold their chosen pastor, lying upon the floor of the kitchen, his well greased locks disheveled, and bruised more severely than he chose to acknowledge, and the little Heroine of Willing's Alley standing dishcloth in hand ready to defend herself and honor. "That woman's crazy," said Mr. H. rising, "without the least provocation, she threw me down stairs, she's an emissary of Cooper's." "She's little in size," said John Ashley with a peculiar smile, but she's big in strength." From that day poor Mary Johnson was never perfectly "right in mind." Her self-imposed mission was to drive all dogs out of Church. Mass or

* Philadelphia Aurora.

Vespers, or Lenten Service, there was Mary with her stool, which she placed in the middle of the aisle. Infatuated animal of the canine species, you made a mistake in entering St. Joseph's Church, if you thought you would there find a haven of repose for your weary members.—Mary Johnson is there; think not because she is so quiet, telling her beads, or gazing at the Holy Tabernacle, you can enter unperceived; you have not crossed the threshold, no one else may have perceived you, when up jumps Mary. Now, doggy, doggy, you had better go out—take the word of a friend and go at once. You need not think to frighten her by your "bark;" why, Lion, she's not afraid of your "bite." Rover, none of your tricks, skip and jump, yes, flourish your interesting *narrative*, you cannot blarney Mary; that's as trite as a twice-told tale to her. Juno, poor pet, suppose not that your mistress' skirts shall prove a "Fairy-God-mother's cloak," to render you invisible. Doggies, Mary has said that you shall leave the Church, and Mary's *fiat* is irrevocable. Come, nice fellows, come now, come, go out. Is there any rule without an exception? This exterminating statute had one solitary reservation. Every day before first Mass, a tan-colored quadruped walked serenely and stately up the middle aisle, until he arrived at the ten-plate piece of furniture so useful for imparting warmth to man and brute, and there he laid him down and slept till service was over, when he rejoined his master at the door. Many wondered why this privilege. No reliable data can be found to show when and how or what he did to propitiate the lady of the stool.

For many years, Mary made her home, as a kind of domestic and a kind of protégé, with the family of Mr. Philip Smith. She died a few years since, when an inmate of St. Ann's Widow's Asylum.

It is sad to state that Norah and Mary were not the only persons whose reason was affected by Mr. Hogan's misconduct—happy it would be if the faith of none had been

darkened. All who favored him came to an unfortunate end. It used to be a common remark: "So and so is dead —wasn't it a fearful death? "No wonder" would be the response, "they were Hoganites." I know of but two remaining, a very aged lady and her son; and I must confess I wait with not a little curiosity to hear of their death. The ancient dame I have not seen for years; the son is a penitent of one of Ours, and daily visits the Church and devoutly prays before Him, Who has never been petitioned in vain for pardon; and if humble prayer can avert the temporal punishment due to certain sins, I hope his death will be a proof of it. It is also sad to notice that the son of one of the leaders of that unholy schism—whose memory his Country will cherish for ages, if she lasts so long, as her savior—died yesterday, Nov. 6th, 1872, outside of the pale of the Church, and his funeral services are to take place at St. Mark's Protestant Episcopal Church—Truly the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children to many generations.

Upon the arrival of Very Rev. Ludovicus Barth in July, the general expectation of clerks and laity was that Mr. Hogan would be dismissed from St. Joseph's, but in this they were sadly mistaken. The very day of his arrival visiting the School-house, one very dear to me related to him the reports concerning "the new priest," for the truth of some of which she could vouch, having seen them. "Susan," said the Very Reverend Administrator, "he's Irish and the new Bishop is Irish, let the Irish settle it among themselves." On returning to Conewago, towards the end of the month, he appointed Mr. Hogan, an unknown young man, with no papers to show that he had ever been ordained, to preside at the meeting of the trustees of St. Mary's, over the Rev. Patrick Kenny and Terence Mc Girr, who had for years officiated at St. Joseph's. They, together with Rev. Michael Hurley O. S. A., immediately sent a protest to most Rev. Ambrose Maréchal, D. D., Archbishop

of Baltimore. This act of Very Rev. Ludovicus Barth was the proximate beginning of the troubles that distracted the Church of Philadelphia for over twelve years.

At the latter part of August, and again towards the close of September, Rev. Ludovicus Barth was at St. Joseph's, and again and again the misconduct of Mr. Hogan was reported to him, and his invariable answer was "the new Bishop will soon be here." Rev. Fathers McGirr and Kenny having to live in the same house with the person, could say but little, but Father Hurley, who made the "Limerick boy," the staple of each Sunday's discourse, remarking upon this answer of the Very Rev. Administrator said: "St. Michael may be here to-morrow and St. Michael may be here the next day, but Lucifer is here to-day."

In the Baptismal Registry, at this time, we find these records: "1820, Sept. 27 a Rev. D. Josepho Correa de Sorra. Legato extraordinario et plenipotentiario Regis fidelissimi etc. etc. Maria Anna nata 21 Junii 1817 in Camden N. J. de Thoma Cooper et Elizabeth Cooper L. c. Sponsor Edwardus Joseph Correa. Ab Eod. Helena nata Pphiae die 15 Januarii 1820 de Thoma Cooper et Elizabeth Cooper L. c. Sponsor fuit Edwardus Cooper." *

At the beginning of December, Right Rev. Henry Conwell, D. D., second Bishop of Philadelphia, arrived at St. Joseph's, and immediately began his pastoral duties. His first record reads:

"die 5 10bris a. R. R. H. Conwell, Epo. Phae. } Cornelius Steel, filius Jac. et Elizae. natus Philadae. Septembris die 20. Susceptus fuit a Sara Bowles Sola. †

Poor Bishop Conwell! his was an eventful life. When he was appointed Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Armagh, he thought his ambition satisfied, but when offered the Bishopric of Philadelphia, though at an age when most

* Baptismal Registry, p. 330. † Bap. Reg. p, 332.

men are thinking to retire and prepare for death, he was ready to say: "Lo, here I am; send me." One of his first acts, upon receiving the announcement of his appointment, was to write to his eldest niece to accompany him to America, saying that she had been servant long enough to her brothers and sisters, now she should be mistress in the palace of her uncle, the Lord Bishop. One of Bishop Conwell's greatest mistakes was the surrounding himself with so many nieces and nephews. But the estimable lady of whom I have written above, * was destined, as I shall probably be called upon to explain in Part Third, with her saintly husband to become a martyr to justice for the sake of St. Joseph's. She is still living, at a very advanced age. She may cry out with the Royal Singer of Israel: "Wo is me, that my sojourning is prolonged. I have dwelt with the inhabitants of Cedar. With them that hated peace, I was peaceable: when I spake to them, they fought against me without cause." Surely "old age is a crown of dignity when it is found in the ways of justice," and every day is but keeping her from "that crown of life which God has promised to those that fear him."

Bishop Conwell was a man of no mean ability; his latinity was classical, and especially his ecclesiastical Latin was much admired. He was a Greek scholar, spoke French fluently and Spanish and Italian with but little difficulty. His knowledge of theology, moral and dogmatic, was solid, and he had not neglected the study of Canon Law. Unfortunately he was not a fluent preacher in his native language; —but it must not be supposed that he was an ungrammatical or inelegant speaker. Those pamphlets that were so numerous some years ago, purporting to be reports of his sermons at St. Mary's, were the productions of his enemies, —of John T. Sullivan and John Ashley, or it was supposed so at the time. The Bishop's personal appearance was not

* Mrs. Nicholas Donnelly.

unpleasing. When he arrived he was over seventy, tall, straight, muscular, and, when occasion required, not deficient in dignity. Though of uncertain temper, he was kind-hearted, forgiving, and a bountiful giver. Had he possessed the eloquence, or even the polished manner of Wm. Vincent Harold, the misstep of Very Rev. Ludovicus Barth would not have been so prolific in evil.

Upon his arrival, he found domiciled in his own family a young man, of whose misconduct he had heard reports in Ireland; and a few days after his arrival he received a letter from Bishop Connelly of New York, stating in full his disobedience to him. When questioned as to his *exeat*, his answer was the same given some months before to Father Kenny, that his papers would soon arrive. Being a stranger in the country and not wishing to disapprove of the acts of the Very Rev. Father Administrator, Bishop Conwell wrote for advice to his superior, Most Rev. Ambrose Maréchal, D. D., and on the 20th of December, publicly withdrew from Wm. Hogan, all faculties he might seem to have derived from the *quasi* approval of Very Rev. Ludovicus Barth. This was the signal for revolt, and a sad, sad revolt it proved.

The beginning of 1821 finds Bishop Conwell officiating at St. Mary's, without any trouble from Mr. Hogan or the trustees; his Assistant being Rev. George Sheufelter, * and Rev. James Cummiskey, † whom the Bishop afterwards surnamed the "Reverend Pedler," from the fact of his employing agents, and himself travelling at times, to sell Catholic books, especially "Christian Perfection" by Fr. Rodriguez, S. J. He was an elder brother of Eugene Cummiskey, for many years the Catholic bookseller of Philadelphia.

Another very embarrassing circumstance in the early history of the Church in this Diocese was the visit of the

* Bap. Reg. p. 339. † Do. p. 340.

Right Reverend John England, D. D., first Bishop of Charleston, to the City of Philadelphia. Before this time, the trustees knew they were insubordinate, but when they gathered from the Bishop that they were on an equality with their diocesan and ought to, not *might* or *could*, appeal to Rome, offering himself, to be appointed their agent,* their conduct became insupportable. The Bishop, i. e. the Bishop of Philadelphia, remained at home at St. Joseph's, which Church he now made his Cathedral, and the faithful Catholics flocked around him. Shortly after he enlarged the Church to almost its present dimensions, that it might accommodate the crowds. In June he added to the number of his assistants, Rev. Samuel Cooper, of happy memory, and in the latter part of the month ordained Rev. Thomas Heyden.

Of Rev. Samuel Cooper many traditions were current some years since. He was an accomplished convert, of noble appearance, and at the time of his conversion was the Captain of a Merchantman. Hearing a young lady admire his beautiful teeth, it is related, he returned to his ship, drove a large spike into the mast and against it dashed out his teeth, declaring that nothing about him should be occasion of sin to another. He was frequently tempted against faith in the Sacrament of Sacraments: one day when saying Mass, he prayed God to give him some sign by which he would be freed forever after from doubts; as he pronounced the omnipotent words, the host was changed into a lump of bleeding flesh. My informant, the father of two of Ours, said that he and many in the Church witnessed the miracle. He was unquestionably a man of more than ordinary virtue, and had the honor of enjoying Wm. Hogan's particular enmity, which I consider a very high panegyric.

The year 1822, in Philadelphia, is ever memorable with an unhappy remembrance. The early part of the year was

* Vide Bishop England's Works. Vol. 5. p. 109 to 213.

employed by the trustees in building new pews and renting them to their partisans to influence the vote at the coming elections. The trustees took possession of the Church and lest any bishopite should enter,—a great maxim at the time was "possession is nine-tenths of the law"—it was kept barricaded with a watchman constantly on guard. My father with other hot-headed young Irishmen determined that get possession of the Church before the day of election, they *would*, if they had to sacrifice a limb, yea, life for it. Good Father Cooper was taken into confidence but he disapproved of the plot. "No matter," said they, "that was because he was not an Irishman and only half a Catholic." Such of our family as were living at that time resided in Marshall's Court, now called Landis Street. The windows of the house overlooking St. Mary's graveyard, it was a very favorable spot for observing the enemy's manœuvres, but there was a difficulty in the way, my mother, like Father Cooper, was not an Irishman and only half a Catholic. The house where, I think, Bishop Wood was born, but however that may be, the house where Bishop Kenrick afterwards took up his residence and began his Seminary, was chosen as a "*point d'appui*," whilst the tomb-stones made many a convenient *cachette* for watching the movements of the besieged. Many a mysterious bundle was seen carried by strong men into the house of the God of peace, the Church built with Father Greaton's money, but try as they would the watchman could never be caught napping. I hope our good bishopites never suffered from rheumatism from the many hours they spent on the damp ground of early Spring, behind the eulogistic monuments of the dead. The Monday of Holy Week came, time was growing short. It was well nigh noon, the daughter of the vigilant watchman is seen approaching, forty of the forty-six days of abstinence are passed,—what's that which smells so savory? never mind, John M . . . . ., hidden behind the tomb of Bishop Egan, you have tasted nothing for eighteen hours save

water and a drop, just a little drop, of American wine, what does it concern you what a Hoganite has for dinner? Hark! was that a whistle? no it cannot be, it sounded as but an echo. What's the matter? From the *point d'appui* creeps like a serpent a man of forty—from a second-story window leaps like a hare a stalwart youth of twenty. What! are they going to burst as burglars into the holy Church! No, they intend to enter through the principal exit, if not entrance. For once the hungry watchman has been caught off his guard. The nicely-browned catties with fragrant mocha, and hot biscuits were too much for hungry Barney B . . . ., he forgot to bolt and bar the door. The citadel is taken and Barney B . . . ., almost before he had done away with one luscious catty, is a prisoner, elbow bound to elbow. The schoolmaster writes a hasty note to my Lord, the Bishop, announcing the capture. The "female daughter" of the captive was deputed to carry the important document to Willing's Alley. In the meanwhile the victors scoured the field of victory; the galleries were found lined with bricks and stones, and when Father Mc Girr came, the unwilling bearer of a brief but explicit despatch from the Commander-in-General, he found more than one pistol in the holy tabernacle. The despatch read thus: "Go home and mind your own business. ✠ Henry Conwell, Epius. Philaae". Just think of this hapless triumvirate, for nearly a month they and others had risked so many dangers to obtain for their Bishop his own Church, and now when success was theirs, their thanks were, "Go home and mind your own business." Father Mc Girr released Barney B . . . ., and John, Pat and . . . . with spoiled appetites, hastened home to their catfish, coffee and biscuits.

On Tuesday of Easter week, the annual election of trustees of St. Mary's Church took place. The Bishopites might as well have let it pass unnoticed, it was already determined that the Leamy, Meade party should be the elected. But no, if they did not get the election they should, at least,

have the fight. Sunrise saw young men and buxom maids, who had no vote, trudging in from Germantown, Manayunk, and Chester, and Darby, aud even from over the waters, to do and die, for Bishop and for Church. It was on this day of days, that an aged gentleman uttered the memorable threat: "if they do not treat the Bishop better I'll go over till Jarsey and niver come back till Americay agin." But this is no joking matter, it was no comedy, it was in more respects than one a tragedy. Persons at this day can tell you, how bricks were thrown from the windows of the Church upon the head of the hapless Bishopites whilst striving to vote,* how young men would stand in Indian file and the backmost would ascend a cellar door, so as to give greater impetus, whilst the head of the foremost made a most convenient battering-ram to butt between the kidneys of some thoughtless Hoganite, who was laughing at the funny sight of some Bishopite rendered *hors de combat* and hastening home with bloody head or crippled limb. Both parties can tell you how the iron rail swayed backwards and forwards, like a reed shaken by the wind, and at last fell with a crash, that caused a piercing shriek of anguish from many a wife and mother, kneeling in the corner of her room, with her little ones, praying for the dear ones. "O God, save the father of my children," was the cry of one most dear to me, as she heard the crash. "Susan," was the stoical remark of her Quaker ancestress "thou seest now what these Catholics are." That carping Quakeress, some years after, became a Catholic, and her bones repose beneath the altar of St. Mary's Church, Lebanon. Yes! that iron railing fell with a crash, and many a heart that beat loyally for Catholicity, for a time, was stilled in anguish, and the casket of many a whole-souled Catholic was mangled and

* Henry Smith M. D., son-in-law of Dr. Horner who sometime afterwards became a Catholic. The house of Dr. Smith's father, was directly opposite to St. Mary's. The Doctor was at that time a lad of fifteen, but his description of events is very graphic.

disfigured for life. And some of those, who then left the Church of their Baptism, might tell you how while Rt. Rev. Henry Conwell, D. D, and Rev. Samuel Cooper, and Rev. Terence Mc Girr and Rev. Patrick Kenny, yea, and Rev. Wm. Vincent Harold, O. S. D., stood at the N. E. Corner of 4th street and Willing's Alley, *oil-stock* in hand and *pixis* near the trembling heart, to follow the bleeding forms of the wounded into the house of Charles Johnson, Sr., and other good Samaritans, Mr. Wm. Hogan, in concert with the delicate, lady-like daughters of rebel Catholics raised shouts of laughter that could be heard above the shrieks of the wounded;—which unnatural cachinnations, thanks be to a God, who can draw good out of evil! has brought more than one Protestant who heard it, into the happy fold of Christ's Church. It was truly a fearful day, still with all the odds against them, Joseph Synder, John Carrell Sr., Cornelius Tiers, Dennis Mc Cready, Nicholas Stafford, William Myers, Nicholas Esling, and James Enen, Sr., were elected trustees of St. Mary's Church receiving 437 votes, although J. Cadwalader, Esq. decided that John Leamy, John Ashley and their party received 497. It may be true that they did, but the excess came from the votes of the occupants of those pews which had been erected after the withdrawal of the Bishop, whose consent was necessary, as President, according to the charter. Unhappy day! The difficulty still remained.

Shortly before this fracas, Rev. Wm. Vincent Harold had returned to Philadelphia, at the request of Bishop Conwell. Between the time of the invitation and his arrival, slanderous tongues had been at work, and the sleeping jealousy of "my Lord" had been awakened, so that when Father Harold arrived he was coldly received, which to him was a new style of reception, and which his natural pride never forgot, but, I hope, forgave. In the meanwhile the interposition of the civil authorities had been invoked, and Mayor Waterman standing upon the tomb of Bishop

Egan proclaimed Right Reverend Henry Conwell, Second Roman Catholic Bishop of Philadelphia, the legal pastor of St. Mary's Church.

For a short while there was peace, and Rev. Wm. Vincent Harold acted as pastor, but the truce was of short duration and the sacrilegious Hogan again officiated at the altar of St. Mary's.

In the early part of 1823, Rev. John Walsh was stationed at St. Joseph's,* and a little later a French priest who signed himself L'atheley. † In October, Rev. John Ryan, another uncle of Rev. Wm. Vincent Harold, appears upon the stage. Poor Father Harold! as Bishop Conwell had too many nephews and nieces, so he had too, too many uncles. In 1825, Rev. C. Ferry becomes, for a short while, one of the canons or prebendaries of St. Joseph's Cathedral. ‡

On the 9th of January of the following year, we find this record; "A Rev. G. Hogan Josephus Thompson Desmond in statu N. Jersey, natus die 16 Oct. 1822 de Jacobo O'Desmond et Clementina Lloyd Thompson. Sponsores fuerunt Archibaldus Randall et Agnes Barcley." § This record shows that even after the appointment of Rev. Wm. Vincent Harold as pastor of St. Mary's, the infamous Hogan still enjoyed a quasi recognition by the Bishop, and from the fact of Judge Randall's being God-father, that he still had a standing in respectable society.

In the year 1827, ex-Father Baxter was stationed at St. Joseph's where he died, somewhat unexpectedly on May 23rd, 1827. Rev. John Hughes, who had been ordained October 15th, 1826, writing of this death to his great confidant, Rev. Thomas Heyden, indulges in some very forcible, if extremely trite, remarks. He writes: "What does it now matter for him that he was persecuted or applauded, if he has merited the reception which the good and faithful ser-

* Bap. Reg. p. 390. † Do. p. 2. ‡ Do. p. 81. § Do. p. 86.

vant, shall receive from his Lord! The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared to that eternal weight of glory that shall be revealed hereafter." *

In the beginning of 1827, Rev. James Smith was, for a very short while, stationed at St. Joseph's.

As early as February, trouble had been made between Father Harold and the Bishop. Father Harold, influenced as his friends supposed, by his uncle Fr. John Ryan O. P., had imbibed some of the lax ideas of the trustee system. He had rendered good service to the venerable Bishop during the Hogan and T. J. O'Mealley scandals; some of his replies to the effusions, which Leamy, Ashley, and the Heaven-stricken Fagan made in behalf of Mr. Hogan, further displayed his clear logic and scholarly knowledge of the English language, and his answers to Hon. Joseph Ingersoll show that he had a considerable knowledge of law. Still he was high tempered and my Lord of Philadelphia was not a little arbitrary, and when two hard bodies strike with sufficient force, there are generally some sparks to be seen. This disagreement between the Bishop and his Secretary became so serious that on the 3rd of April, 1827, Bishop Conwell suspended the Rev. Wm. Vincent Harold, who however continued to reside in his house and sit at his table. Three weeks after, the trustees of St. Mary's protested against this suspension, stating that they had "known the Rev. Wm. Vincent Harold for a period approaching twenty years, and that he had been always esteemed not only by the congregation, but by the citizens of Philadelphia, of every religious persuasion, as a clergyman of irreproachable morals, eminent zeal in the discharge of his pastoral duties, and of talents which have reflected singular honor on the Church." Whilst I do not acknowledge the right of laics to protest in cases of suspension, still the fact that such names as Jerome Keating, Edward Barry,

* Hazzard's Life of Archbishop Hughes, p. 75.

John Keating, John Carrell, Dennis Mc Cready, Cornelius Tiers, John Diamond, Joseph Donath, Lewis Ryan, Charles Johnson, Patrick Hayes, Joseph Nancrede, M. D., and Timothy Desmond were signed to the protest, shows that Father Harold was held in high esteem by very worthy Catholics. On October 17th, of the same year, Rt. Reverend Henry Conwell writes a note to Archibald Randall, Esq., Secretary of the Board of Trustees of St. Mary's Church, appointing the Rev. Wm. Vincent Harold and the Rev. John Ryan to the pastoral charge of St. Mary's Church. Still the Bishop and the Pastors of St. Mary's never afterwards lived amicably together; and early in 1827, the two Dominicans took up their residence in the house formerly occupied by the amorous Hogan, where they continued to reside until after their puerile and scandalous appeal to the government for protection from their religious superiors. Dear Father Wm. Vincent Harold! what an example art thou of the dangers of brilliant talents when not guarded by the spirit of humility! Louis Clapier could write of thee to a friend, "he is *homo factus ad unguem*;"—that friend could write to his wife: "if Father Harold does not abstain more from the company of some of our acquaintances, I fear he will become *un sot a triple etage*." Poor Father Harold! he erred most egregiously, but thanks to Him, the Father of all good gifts, he sincerely repented and shortly before his death, when Superior of the Dominicans of Ireland, he wrote to a lady friend: "If I only could cancel those unfortunate days, or make proper reparation! how my heart bleeds and my cheek crimsons when I think of them!"

In the beginning of this year, Rev. Terence Donaghue was stationed at St. Joseph's, where he remained until he built St. Michael's Church, in Kensington, and went to reside there, on the return of our Fathers to St. Joseph's. This Reverend gentleman, "whose memory is still with praise," was a man of erudition; it is said by those who had an opportunity of

knowing, that he furnished to the Rev. John Hughes most of his matter in his famous controversy with the bitter bigoted Breckenridge. How that may have been I cannot say, but this I remember of him, that he was a hard-working mortified priest. For some time after he had built St. Michael's Church, whose present congregation is one of the most numerous, wealthy and liberal of the diocese, he resided in the basement of that Church, and many a weary Friday, have I, a child of five winters and summers, trudged over two miles, to carry him his dinner; because he happened to express approval of my sister's potato-cakes; while Saturday's holiday was passed in collecting the weekly "fip-penny-bit" contributions, which another sister had promised to attend to, but had left to "bub." Among the contributors were the Mother and Aunt of Commodore Mc Donough of Lake-Champlain-glory, who never allowed the infant collector to depart without receiving viaticum, in the form of sugar-crackers and a bunch of raisins.

In the middle of February of this year, Rev. John Hughes, who since his ordination had been chiefly occupied in preaching and instructing converts, began other pastoral duties at St. Joseph's; his first baptism was on the 14th of this month. * In May, Rev. John Reilley filled one of the places at his Lordship's table, left vacant by the seceding Dominicans. He remained but a short while.

The year 1828, a year truly suited *infandum renovare dolorem*, was the year of the lamentable misstep of Father Harold, referred to above, but as he had at that time segregated himself from St. Joseph's, an account of that deplorable insubordination does not properly belong to "What I know about St. Joseph's." †

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*Bap. Reg. p. 14.

†On the the 30th day of the year, as it appears from the Marriage Registry, p. 262, the Right Rev. Ordinary of the Diocese witnessed and blessed a matrimonial contract, the form of which, for brevity sake, I would recommend to missionaries:

"Anno Domini millesimo octingentesimo vigesimo octavo, Die 30 Januarii, Conjuncti sunt in Matrimonio, Dispensatione Concessa in tribus Bannis . . . Andreas Maria Ignatius Caravadossy

I have already stated that upon the appointment of Rev. Henry Conwell, as Bishop of Philadelphia, he wrote for his eldest niece to accompany him to his new diocese—his was a numerous family, and as long as he lived he had plenty, perhaps too many, nephews and nieces disporting themselves about the Episcopal mansion. This young lady, however, soon changed her name and residence, becoming Mrs. Nicholas Donnelly. She had married a teacher of the classics, one who had the honor of teaching Latin and Greek to many who afterwards became priests, and to some who afterwards by the imposition of hands conferred on others the same high dignity of the priesthood. This saintly gentleman, I use the word after reflection, was willing, yes desirous, to pass his Classical Academy, numbering over two hundred pupils, to the Society. And he did this not from a desire of worldly lucre. He was a man who could act from holy motives, a man who was not only willing to, but actually did "suffer persecution for justice sake." "Hands were laid upon him, he was persecuted and delivered up to prisons," because, as the husband of the chief heiress of the Rt. Rev. Henry Conwell, he would not claim as personal property "the place of many graves."

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de Thoet Eques Auratus ordinis Regalis et Militaris SS. Mauritii et Lazari et ordinis quoque de Soroce, etc., etc. Major Equitum et Consul Generalis Regis Sardiniae pro Faederatis Americae Provinciis Nicaea oriundus, Filius legitimus Baronis Victoris Andreae Caravadossy de Thoet Equitis Aurati ordinis Regalis et Militaris S. S. Mauritii et Lazari .... et Mariae Genovesae Grimaldi de Sauze defunctae, qui fuerunt ambo Nicaea oriundi .... Et Maria Antonietta Herzilia D'Aurainville Filia legitima Ludovici Nicholai D'Aurainville Equitis ordinis Sti. Ludovici et Joannae Clarae Elizabethae Lecurieux Chalon, apud Insulam Martinique oriundae.

"Testes adfuerunt Joachim Barroza Pereira Equitis ordinis Christi Consul Generalis Regis Portugalliae pro Faederatis Americae Provinciis et Severinus Loritz Consul Generalis Regis Sueviae, etc., etc., etc. Item H. D'Aurainville, N. Garibaldi vice Consul et Cancellarius Sardiniae.

"CHALON KLOSSER, J. H. ROBERJOT, ANTONIUS TESSEIRE.

"Qui omnes mecum subsignarunt apud Ecclesiam Sti. Josephi Philadelphia Die et Anno quibus supra.

JOACHIM BARROZA PEREIRA, SEVERINUS LORITZ, J. H. ROBERJOT, A. TESSEIRE, HENRY VILOISE CARAVADOSSY DE THOET, H. D'AURAINVILLE, CHALON KLOSSER, H. D'AURAINVILLE, J. D'AURAINVILLE, A. D'AURAINVILLE, N. GARIBALDI, Vice Consul et Chancelier de Sardaigne.

In cujus rei fidem subscripsi.

✠ HENRICUS CONWELL,
EPISCOPUS PHILADELPHIAE.

He gave with a willing and liberal hand of his means to the poor, he gave from a well-regulated mind and heart to young men about to consecrate themselves to the service of God "the good counsels of a friend—sweet to the soul," and the Lord blessed him, "his heart, like that of Asa, was perfect with the Lord all his days," and when standing by his deathbed, the cry went silently up from my heart of hearts: "Let my soul die the death of the just and my last end be like to his." The body of the second Bishop of Philadelphia has been removed to the noble Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul, and the bones of Nicholas Donnelly lie in the former tomb of his Episcopal uncle-in-law, in the principal tomb of that cemetery, which his fortitude and sense of justice secured to its proper owners, the pastors of St. Joseph's. "When I am dead, bury me in the sepulchre wherein the man of God is buried: lay my bones beside his bones."

It was at his house in Lombard street, above Third, that some lady members of St. Joseph's congregation, of whom the chief spirit was Miss Catharine Whelan, met in the beginning of October, 1829, and formed a society for the support of Catholic orphans. The number of orphans was small, only four, but this meeting was the germ of St. John's Orphan Asylum, which now feeds, clothes and educates over three hundred and fifty lads. The children were placed under the care of the Sisters of Charity, who already had a school at No. 412 Locust street, numbering over one hundred pupils. And among the good daughters of Charity were Sisters Aloysius (Lilly of Frederick), Olympia and Fidelis, the very mention of whose names, causes the tear of fond remembrance to start in the eye of many a middle-aged Catholic of to-day. This meeting was held at the suggestion of Rev. John Hughes, who was so much interested in it, that he drew up a constitution and a set of rules for the government of its managers. As long as he remained in Philadelphia he was its chief patron, and in after

years, when Archbishop of the great metropolis, having the care of Churches, Colleges, Hospitals, and Asylums upon his shoulders, he still felt interest in the Asylum of St. John's.

In the month of April of this year, we find * the record of two baptisms by Father Cooper at Manayunk. This is the first mention of this suburb, which now has its two Churches, its female Academy, and its parochial schools.

For sometime, during the absence of Bishop Conwell in Rome, where he had been called to explain his conduct, with regard to his unfortunate compromise with the Trustees of St. Mary's, De Courcy † informs us that the Very Rev. Wm. Matthews, of Washington, D. C., was appointed Apostolic Administrator of the diocese of Philadelphia. His care seems to have been confined to the clergy; he does not seem to have performed any pastoral duties, as I do not find his name either in the Baptismal or Marriage Registries. I have never heard him mentioned by the old Catholics, and those I have lately questioned, have no remembrance of him, and one of them, then a young gentleman member of St. Joseph's and St. Mary's, says the first knowledge he had of Father Matthew's having had anything to do with the Church of Philadelphia, was reading it in De Courcy.

The summer of 1830 brings to us Right Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, D. D., Bishop of *Arath in partibus*, and Coadjutor and Administrator of Philadelphia. Well may Rev. Mr. Hughes, shortly after his arrival, write to Rev. Thos. Heyden, "*Gloria in Excelsis Deo*," though the "*et in terra pax hominibus*" did not come as soon as he thought it would. If "the neck of the bad principle was broken," it continued to wriggle more or less vigorously, until the arrival of "the little French Father who tells stories," ‡ thereby gaining the hearts of the children and, through them, the consciences of the parents.

* Bap. Reg., p. 160. † Catholic Church in America, p. 233.
‡ Rev. Joseph Felix Barbelin, S. J.

Bishop Conwell had been striving to prepare himself for this blow, and a broken spirit together with the infirmities of old age and incipient blindness made him, most of the time, reconciled to the orders of Rome,—but at times, the old-man would assert itself, and on such occasions he would express himself more forcibly than elegantly. This happened upon the arrival of his Coadjutor. Being informed that Bishop Kenrick was down stairs and wished to pay his respects to him. "Tell the boy," said the venerable Bishop, "Tell the boy to go at once to *Arath.* The Bishop of Philadelphia is old enough to mind his own business."

Bishop Kenrick, finding that he could not dwell peacefully in the Episcopal mansion, and not wishing to make his home in the house where Hogan had lived, took up his residence in South Fifth street, but pontificated at St. Joseph's, one of whose pastors, Rev. John Hughes, he made his Secretary. We find his first record in the Baptismal Registry. "1830 Julii die 27, baptizavi Margaritam filiam Jacobi Brason et Bridgittae Quinn, uxoris ejus, natam die 10 Julii, Patrino Bernardo Collins, Matrina Margarita Mc Gitton.

✠ Franciscus Patricius,
Epus. Arathensis et Coadj. Phil. *

Although immediately upon his arrival he began to baptize, and attended as faithfully to that priestly function as any of his assistants, Rev. Mr. Hughes was the favorite the ladies chose to bless their marriage. The first union that the new Bishop witnessed and sanctioned was in the second month of the next year. "1831 Februarii 7a die celebravi Nuptias inter Patricium Brady et Emiliam Darkey, praesentibus testibus.— Mc Auley et Georgiana Cary.

✠ Franciscus Patricius,
Epus. Arath. et Coadjutor Phil.†

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* Bap. Reg. p. 168. † Mar. Reg. p. 280.

On the first of April, 1832, Rev. Mr. Hughes preached his farewell sermon at St. Joseph's and became pastor at St. John's Church, which he had built. His place was shortly afterwards filled by Rev. Wm. Whelan,* who remained at St. Joseph's until the removal of the secular priests.

Very Rev. Francis Dzierozynski, S. J., Vice-Provincial of the Province of Maryland, in the early part of this year, wrote to Bishop Kenrick, requesting the restoration of the Church of St. Joseph to the Society. St. Mary's being the Cathedral, the incorporation of 1788, and the disturbed state of its congregation, probably, deterred the saintly man from asking its restoration, although it belonged to us as much as St. Joseph's.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop answered, expressing his willingness to restore St. Joseph's to the Society, but requesting, that, as he had just appointed Rev. Terence J. Donaghue, Pastor of St. Joseph's, for the year, and as Father Donaghue's new Church of St. Michael's would be finished about that time, our Fathers would defer their return, until the next year. This they did, returning in April, 1833. This letter was couched in the kindest terms and preserved among the *arcana* of Father Barbelin, S. J.

Thus for nearly a third of a century, Father Greaton's glorious little Church has been as "a stranger in a land not her own," but brother Augustinians, Franciscans, Dominicans, Trappists and Seculars, and even Bishops have watched over her and cherished her, "even as a nurse cherisheth her children." During this time, the faith of her children had been put to a severe test, and unfortunately some of them, "being weighed in the balance, have been found wanting." But God has said to her "return, my daughter," to thy first love—and this return will bring not only happiness to St. Joseph's children, but peace, union and prosperity to the Diocese of Philadelphia.

(*To be continued.*)

* Bap. Reg. p. 229.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE MISSION OF NEW YORK AND CANADA.

(*Continued.*)

The Canada branch of our mission was not to absorb all the advantages arising from our first Fr. Superior's visit to the North; for, as he was the father of both branches, so in God's bountiful providence, both were to profit by it. That of Canada was indebted to him for its very existence; that of Kentucky for a member who was greatly to contribute to its prosperity, and to reflect great lustre on the Society in America: we refer to the Rev. John Larkin, a priest of St. Sulpice, whom Rev. Father Chazelle during his stay in Canada received into the Society, and who the following year, 1840, began his novitiate in Kentucky. The life of this remarkable man demands more than a passing allusion. Father Larkin was born in 1800, in the county of Durham, England, and after pursuing his classical studies at Ushaw under the celebrated Dr. Lingard, in the same class with the late Cardinal Wiseman, undertook a journey to Hindostan; and on his return studied theology at Paris, in the Seminary of St. Sulpice. About the year 1830, being then a priest of the order, he was sent to occupy the chair of philosophy in the Sulpitian college at Montreal. His very presence gave a new impetus to the studies, especially to that of the dead languages. For himself, in expounding his theses to the class, he preferred the language of Aristotle, and so nobly did his pupils emulate his example,and so well did they succeed under his careful training that they were soon able to copy their master, and were

only allowed the choice between the idiom of the Philosopher and the language of Cicero.

Fr. Larkin continued in his professorial chair till his entrance into the Society. He was accompanied to Kentucky by a young Prussian, who in 1841 likewise assumed the Jesuit habit, and whose *ministry* was, in after time, to be connected with the earliest days of that last great work of the Society in America,—that most precious boon of a zealous father to the Society's children in the new World—Woodstock College: an institution round which, though still young, so many loving memories already cluster, thick as the running ivy that fringes its own mountain slopes; a mansion that "Wisdom has built for herself," where the full training of the Society is extended by devoted Fathers to deeply grateful sons,—that training, offspring of a saint's mind o'ershadowed by the Holy Ghost, which of itself alone if only unimpeded in its slow but all-efficient course permits our persecuted Mother confidently to count on heroes where she numbers men;—a home of brotherly love which is daily linking our provinces closer and closer together in the network of charity,—light as the filmy thread that scarce sustains its pearl of morning dew, but for those it twines around "indissolubly strong,"—an abode of sanctity that encloses with in its walls more than one chosen friend of God, and can already point to the hallowed grove—

"Where sleep its sainted dead."

And finally, a sanctuary of the Sacred Heart, to which Jesus has left His name and His Heart forever; where numbers of the future body-guard of the Church are to be rendered invulnerable by being steeped in the living waters that gush from the Source of all strength, and where the Fathers who are so untiring in their labors, have even now received a pledge of the crown that awaits them and their children, in the aureole of glory just fallen on the whole institution; amid the effulgence of which, Woodstock Col-

lege, with its closets for study, its halls for disputation, its green lawns and shady walks for recreation, seems to disappear, while the Sacred Heart rises in its place, open wider than ever, to be henceforth shrine and study, class-room and bower for all the inmates. But fond memory, disporting in the dreamy "light of other days," forgets that it is not now called on to weave a tribute of gratitude, but a simple historical narrative; we beg pardon and resume our theme.

Fr. Larkin's noviceship was scarcely ended when he was appointed prefect of studies, and, some months later, president of the day-college lately opened in Louisville. The people of that city were not slow in discovering that in the new president they possessed no ordinary man: and so completely did he captivate the hearts of all, Catholics as well as Protestants, that he was invited to deliver the customary oration on our great national holiday, the 4th of July. Some years previous he had been solicited by a literary society of the city to lecture before them, instead of the celebrated John Quincy Adams, who had been prevented by sudden illness from delivering a discourse already announced, but this time the invitation was tendered to him by the military themselves. Besides those who had already heard of Fr. Larkin, crowds of strangers had assembled even from distant parts of the state to behold the pageantry of the day in the capital, and listen to the discourse for the occasion; but what was their surprise on seeing ascend the rostrum in the open square, not a military officer, nor a civil magistrate, but a Catholic priest in cassock, surplice and stole. Now, if ever, had the orator need of all his power of insinuation; and never perhaps did speaker wield his exordium with more success. He had been invited, Fr. Larkin said, to address the assembly by the military of the city:—he too was a soldier,—but under the standard of the cross. *They* stood before him arrayed in their warlike costume, uniform, belt and sword;—would not

his appearence be out of harmony with theirs had he addressed them in any other garb than his own uniform, the insignia of his sacred calling?

The eyes of 20,000 men, riveted from that moment on the glowing countenance of the minister of the God of armies, vividly spoke his triumph. His subject was: True Liberty: the liberty that Christ came to set up among men; and for nearly two hours, his rich voice, and still richer thoughts, filled the ears and minds of that vast multitude, who forgot all else as they listened.

Fr. Larkin's eloquence was clear, fervid and heart-felt: the weapon of the word, in him, was moulded in his broad, solid intellect; but before passing to his hearers, it was plunged into his deep, loving heart: here it received its temper, keen as the sword's. Perhaps we should describe it most to the life by applying to it what our English Homer says of the energetic valor of the younger Atrides, in the heat of the conflict:

"*He sent his soul* with every lance he threw." *

Fr. Larkin aimed his weapon to his hearer's reason, but it rested not till it had forced its passage to the heart. It was, in a word, heart speaking to heart, man to man. No wonder then that the crowds listened spell-bound, breathless; and, as men who have been drinking in for a length of time a delightful melody, even when he has ceased—

"Listening still they seemed to hear."

A few days later, a journal of the city referred to the profound erudition and the polished style of this celebrated Jesuit, as having invested the trite subject of National Independence with a light and beauty till then unknown to his audience. Seen from a distance, in his rural Sanctuary, it continued, his commanding form towering above the plat-

* Pope's Iliad, Bk. xvii. l. 647. The original has simply: ἀκόντισε δουρὶ φαεινῷ. l. 574.

form until it almost reached the branches of the trees above; his sacerdotal vestments contrasting with the brilliant uniforms around; his animated figure and commanding gesture, fixing the attention of the steady soldier and the respectful citizen—Father Larkin reminded us of scenes in the Middle Ages, when an humble minister of the Roman Church would review the Christian legions, which, bristling with steel, marched to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre. * But more serious matters than lecturing now claimed Father Larkin's attention. The College that had been entrusted to his care was far from being prosperous—it was only a private residence fitted up for class rooms, and had never yet numbered a hundred students. Fr. Larkin conceived the plan of erecting a grand edifice, to be in every way worthy of the name he intended it should bear, Loyola College.

His plan approved, he went to work at once, and

"What he greatly thought, he nobly dared."

A fine piece of land was purchased at some distance from the city, and before long, the massive granite walls had risen some fifteen feet above the ground, when an event occurred, already alluded to in our account of Father Chazelle's death, which completely changed the destinies of our mission, and transported our toils and labors to an entirely new field of action.

During the thirteen years of its existence it had risen from the original four members, till, in 1844, it numbered, including those in Canada, thirty-nine, of whom nineteen were priests, three scholastics, ten coadjutor brothers, and seven novices; but it had never as yet been favored by any gladdening visit from the centre of unity in the Society. In 1845, the joyful news came that Rev. Fr. Boulanger had been deputed to visit the French missions in America.

* Louisville Advertiser: apud Daurignac's Hist. of the Soc. of Jesus Vol. 2. p. 314.

For some years back there had been question, at different epochs, of a visit from this Father, then our Provincial, but obstacles had always prevented the projected journey, until the present year, when, being relieved of his duties as Provincial by Rev. Fr. Rubillon, he was named Visitor by Most Rev. Fr. Roothaan; and Fr. J. B. Hus assigned him as his companion. The two Fathers reached St. Mary's, Kentucky, on the 14th of June.

Rev. Fr. Boulanger was a man of nerve and discernment: he required no very considerable time to decide upon any matter once he had grasped it in all its bearings. Such a man was needed, for several vital questions had been pending for years, and were, in fact, definitely settled during his stay among us.

The first was the absolute refusal to receive the College of Bardstown, which had, ever since our Fathers' arrival, been repeatedly pressed on their acceptance.

The second was of still greater moment. From the very first entrance of the Society into Kentucky, opinions had been divided as to the final success of the undertaking. There were indeed human considerations enough to cast a deep gloom over the still uncertain future: we were actually in the wild woods, not even an ordinary country road being visible for miles around; Catholics were few, and poor at that, Protestants surrounded us on all sides; and moreover the brothrely intercourse essential to union could hardly be kept up between the colony of the Society lately planted in Canada and that of Kentucky, when so great a distance separated the two branches of the same family stock. To crown all, the number of novices was so small as to leave no hope of replacing the already silvered veterans, whom old age and ceaseless toil would soon be sending to their rest.

Whilst our Very Rev. Fr. Visitor was weighing these items of dissatisfaction with the advantage of a prolonged stay in Kentucky, and seemed to doubt for a time, to which

side the scales inclined, a letter arrived from the newly-appointed Bishop of New York, the Rt. Rev. John Hughes, which at once stopped the oscillation of the balance. The letter contained a request that Rev. Fr. Boulanger would accept the Bishop's new College of St John, situated at Fordham, about ten miles from New York; and concluded by asking an immediate interview, as his Lordship was soon to set out for Europe. Indecision formed no part of Bishop Hughes' character, and when he had to deal with a man of like disposition, neither time nor words were lost. It was agreed to transfer to St. John's all the members of the Society then in Kentucky.

When it became noised abroad that the Jesuits were going to leave Kentucky, both Catholics and Protestants, who saw themselves about to be deprived of the honor of having a College in their midst, eagerly strove to alter their determination; they went so far as to present a petition to the Fathers, begging them to remain; and, at the same time, made liberal offers of aid and money. Even the daily newspapers of Louisville ignorant of the new field opened to their zeal in Fordham, and suspecting that they were forced to leave against their will, broke out into loud invectives against the ecclesiastical superiors. Bishop Flaget was deeply grieved at the thought of losing the Fathers whom he esteemed so highly, but finding it impossible to alter their determination, called in the priests of the Holy Cross, who took possession of the College of St. Mary's. The uncompleted edifice at Louisville was sold back to the original owners of the property.

As the minds of some were not a little excited on the subject of our entering St. John's, and even the students seemed to entertain a dread of having Jesuit teachers, it was not deemed advisable that all should start at once. Accordingly, towards the close of April, 1846, two Fathers were despatched to Fordham and incorporated with the then existing Collegiate staff.

The device succeeded to perfection: the hearts of the students were soon won by the kindness of the Fathers; and the parents, were, in a short time, happy to have their children receive the food of instruction from the hands of the Jesuits. Though the College had been opened in 1841, on the 24th of June,* feast of its Patron, St. John the Baptist, it was only on July 15th, 1846, a few months after the arrival of the two Fathers who had been sent to prepare the way for the rest, that it celebrated its first annual commencement since the reception of its charter. At the conclusion of the exercises on that occasion, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hughes, but lately returned from Europe, after praising in the most cordial terms the members and labors of the Society, unfolded his whole design to the audience. The Fathers had no longer anything to fear; by the end of August the entire transfer had been effected, and Rev. Fr. A. Thébaud entered on his duties as President of the College.

Fr. Thébaud was the fourth who sat in the presidential chair. The present Archbishop of New York, a man universally esteemed for his talents and amiability, had been taken from his pastoral duties at St. Joseph's Church, N. Y., to be the first President, as well as Professor of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres. He was succeeded in 1842 by the Rev. Ambrose Manahan, D. D., who was in turn replaced by the Rev. John Harley. On the first staff of the College, we find, as Professor of Latin, the name of Mr. John J. Conroy,† now Bishop of Albany, whilst the present Archbishop of Baltimore, J. Roosevelt Bayley, was acting president under Fr. Harley, who accompanied Bishop Hughes to Europe in hope of finding health.

The College was not the only institution on the estate, for in 1840, the Bishop had transferred thither from Lafargeville, and had placed under the invocation of St. Joseph, his

* De Courcy, Cath. Church in U. S. c. xxv. p. 240.

† Hassard, Life of Archbishop Hughes, c. xiv, p. 252.

diocesan Seminary. The seminarians at first occupied a small stone building North-west of the College, but in 1845, were laid the foundations of the beautiful fortress-like building which they afterwards occupied. The same year, the indefatigable Bishop began the erection of the Church adjoining the Seminary; and he has left us a convincing proof of his zeal for the house of God, as well as his good taste and love of the fine arts in the stained glass windows which he had made to order at St. Omers, France, expressly to beautify the temple he was raising to his Maker. The Apostles St. Peter and St Paul and the four Evangelists are depicted in the six windows, three on each side. The figures are executed in the best style of modern stained-glass; they stand on floriated Gothic pedestals of gold, surmounted by a rich canopy of the same, while at the foot of the pedestal is a golden escutcheon containing the name of the Saint.*

St. Joseph's Seminary was not sold with the College, but remained under the control of the Bishop for a number of years, though our Fathers were employed in it as Professors of Theology. As the number of the Fathers was too small to suffice for all the branches of instruction taught both in the College and Seminary, aid was asked from the Society in Europe. Among the Fathers that responded to the call was our late Reverend Fr. Charles Maldonado, whose devoted labors in our mission for a number of years, later gave us a right to wreathe at least a few flowers into the garlands that already twine around his tomb—and this right we dearly prize. We look upon it, in fact, as a real blessing to have had among us so perfect a type of the true Jesuit; for, as says his Obituary in a back number of the LETTERS, "he was eminently," and we would add, emphatically, "the *child* of the Society;† and to say this is, we think, to strike the key-note of his character.

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* R. Bolton, Jr. History of the County of Westchester, vol. ii, p. 331.
† WOODSTOCK LETTERS, vol. i, No. 3, p. 202.

It has ever been impossible for us to associate the idea of advanced age with the pleasing image of Fr. Maldonado, which our memory loves to trace. Even his depth of learning could not make one forget his "innocent playfulness;" nay, it was this latter quality that first struck the beholder, and to discover the former, one had to pierce this exterior surface and sink down into the well-stored mind. Yet we would not intimate that he *strove* to hide his learning, that would imply a strain at variance with his open guileless character; he merely seemed to ignore its existence, and

> "Unconscious as the mountain of its ore,
> Or rock of its inestimable gem."

without any effort concealed what cost him such persevering efforts to acquire.

That simplicity so charming should be found united with erudition so vast might seem, at first, a matter of surprise; and yet these qualities far from being opposed, may be almost said to form but one, or at least to be as closely linked together as cause to effect. For surely, stainless must be the soul that produced so spotless a flower; and the purest of hearts the only possible sanctuary where such dove-like innocence could nestle. Now it is the special privilege of the pure of heart to *see* God; to contemplate the very source of all wisdom and knowledge.

To say that with so attractive a disposition, Fr. Maldonado endeared himself to all the inmates of St. John's, both young and old, students and Professors, would be simply to note the application to the moral order of those facts of nature our meads and prairies daily exhibit: that the sweet-brier and honey-suckle are sought alike by our sober-suited songsters, and sportive humming-birds.

Fr. Maldonado returned with interest the affection of which he was the object; and Fordham and its associations so interlaced themselves around his heart that it was ever after his delight to revisit the scenes of his first home in America.

It is no doubt to these lingering memories that we scholastics are indebted for the happy hours we spent in his company, only a few days before death snatched him from us. After suffering himself to be enticed from his quiet retreat of study and prayer at Woodstock, to spend a few days in our Mission, he consented to join us at Fort Hill; and during his short sojourn in our midst, his innocent simplicity of character seemed to reveal itself by traits more charming than ever, as he was approaching the time when this very quality was to be his passport to the arms of the Saviour who has said: "Unless you become as little children, you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

It was indeed a sight we shall never forget to behold the learned divine, successor of Suarez in the chair of Theology at Salamanca, seated on the boards of our piazza, and looking with an all-absorbed gaze on the sprightly gambols of a little pet squirrel in his wire cage. With what delight he would eye the "little fellow," as he called him, and every now and then as the little prisoner exhibited some new antic, some bold feat of agility, break out with: "*Nonne Mirandum!*" It was the man of prayer finding matter for wonder and amazement in the smallest of God's creatures.

So much of the spirit of St. Francis of Assisium did we see in our beloved guest that we would hardly have been surprised, if while he strolled along with us through our shady woods, the birds that twittered and circled round him had ceased their warbling, and alighting on his shoulders and hands remained motionless and attentive to his words, till, as St. Francis,* he had dismissed them with the sign of the cross.

Why should it not be so? when on innocent man
"all things smiled:"

and when around Adam and Eve

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* Life of St. Thomas Aquinas, by R. B. Vaughan. Vol. I. c. 5, St. Francis and St. Dominic.

"as they sat recline
On the soft downy bank damasked with flowers,
frisking played
All beasts of th'earth, since wild, and of all chase
In wood or wilderness, forest or den."*

But it was of little moment to him that the birds of our forests should cluster around him, when he was so soon to be surrounded by beings of far fairer wing, of far sweeter note than any this poor world can boast of; when the very angels of God were so soon to welcome him into the Divine Presence. Truly of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

But to return to St. John's. Rose Hill, as the estate was called on which the College stood, and which for a time gave its name to the institution † was a lovely spot, that would have charmed even a far less genial converser with Nature than our dear Fr. Maldonado. In front of the stone building that capped a gentle eminence, stretched, with easy descent, a beautiful lawn some twenty acres in extent, and up and down this verdant slope the playful breezes seemed never to tire of chasing each other in mazy pursuit. Nor has time made them less sportive, for, now, as well as then, from the College porch, especially of a morning in early Spring, when the soft green texture of each velvet blade is just fresh from Nature's loom, and the whole lawn glistens with its myriad drops of sun-lit dew, at a moment when

led by the breeze,
The vivid verdure runs,

one is easily charmed into the belief that Nature has suddenly reversed before his eyes Nero's astounding pageant, the solid earth seeming to have suddenly disappeared, and himself to be actually gazing on the wavy ripplings of the sea.

Along the edge of this mimic ocean, like so many giant cliffs, forest-crowned, merging from the waves, rose tall and

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* Paradise Lost. Bk. IV. and Bk. VIII.

† It was for some time known as Rose Hill College. Bayley Cath. Church in N. Y. p. 106, Note.

majestic some magnificent elms, the grafts of which,—so the proprietors were fond of telling—had been brought in olden times from Holyrood Palace, the once noble residence of the Scottish Sovereigns, and witness to the many woes, as well as hallowed by the sublime virtues of the saintly Mary Queen of Scots.

Nearer the College a clump of the same towering trees, cast its refreshing shade, like a wooded Island bosomed in the ocean; and just in front of the marble steps leading to the entrance, an aged weeping-willow gnarled and grotesque, drooped to the very earth—beautiful image of old age repentant.

In the rear of the edifice lay a large and productive farm reaching to the verge of an extensive wood, through which, as liquid boundary of the property, glided the peaceful Bronx,

> "now fretting o'er a rock,
> Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
> Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
> Gently diffused into a limpid plain." *

Besides these rural beauties with which Nature had adorned the environs of St. John's, the part of Westchester county in which it lay was classic ground—the scene of many a march and counter-march of the Continental forces in 1776. "There was hardly a little stream for miles around, hardly a grass-grown lane," says the biographer of Archbishop Hughes, "which had not been the scene of conflict; hardly an old house with which some thrilling incident of the war was not associated; hardly a commanding hill upon which the antiquary might not still trace the marks of an ancient camp, or the lines of a ruined fortification." †

Fordham Heights especially, a ridge of hills little more than a stone's throw in front of the College grounds, were celebrated as being the position occupied by Gen. Wash-

* Thomson's Seasons—Summer, li. 481.

† Address delivered before the Historical Association of St. John's College, Dec. 3rd, 1863, by J. R. G. Hassard.

ington previous to the battle which took place at White Plains, about thirteen miles farther north, on October 28th, 1776. It was probably at this time, while the Commander-in-chief was directing in person some of the movements of the Americans, that he, according to a popular tradition, passed the night in the old wooden farm-house to the left of the College. The sister tradition, however, which points to the parlor of the same cottage as the place in which Washington signed the death-warrant of Major André, a legend to which the students clung with patriotic tenacity, is, according to the same writer just mentioned, "most certainly untrue; as Fordham at the time of André's execution, was within the British lines."

In fact, after the battle of White Plains, Gen. Howe, the English commander, took possession of the fortifications along the Heights, which the Americans had abandoned, and kept them till the end of the war.

There exists still another traditionary legend, on which most probably the same verdict of "unfounded" must be passed: it is that Washington once fastened his charger to the old willow above described. And well, perhaps, it is for the aged tree not to have this new title to renown, else, instead of exciting the admiration of all passers-by on account of its strongly-developed and characteristic bumps, with life enough in it to put forth its pendant verdure for years to come, it might have met the fate of the Royal Oak, whose thick foliage sheltered for a whole day the Cavalier King, saved him from the Roundheads in hot pursuit, and was, as history relates, afterwards destroyed to satisfy the veneration of the Cavaliers.* Still even this tradition may be true, for that an engagement, in which Washington himself, perhaps, was present, must have taken place much nearer to Rose Hill than that of White Plains, nay, most probably on the estate itself, is evident from the large grassy mound covering the remains of a number of soldiers,

* Lingard. Hist. of Engl., Vol. x, p. 336.

which formed a very conspicuous object on the North side of the lawn, and on which the people even now look with great reverence.

The quiet Bronx itself had its warlike associations, having been once the only barrier that separated the contending armies; for in those days, before mills and dams had encroached upon its copious waters, it was considered a sufficient obstacle to stay a hostile force. Besides, when it had passed the College property, it had already travelled for miles through the valley it fertilizes, to which it gives its name, and many a time must it have hushed its waters into deeper stillness as it met in its course some hallowed spot, where heroes fought and bled. Many an act of noble daring must it have seen in those by-gone days, when, too, it was the only witness of the deed, and the rocks on its banks the only herald, by their echo, of the valorous shout or encouraging cheer of man to man. Many a purple rill of patriot blood must have trickled through the valley and found its way to the peaceful bed of the river, dyeing its crystal waters; and many a wounded soldier must have dragged himself to its edge to cool his fevered lips, and whisper, perhaps, a faint farewell to its gently gliding waves, in the frenzied hope that they might bear it along on their rippling crests to the loved ones far away.

Even after the jarring sounds of war were hushed by the peace of 1783, Rose Hill was still connected with those who had fought our battles, being the residence of Colonel John Watts, who had married the celebrated Lady Mary Alexander, daughter of Major-General Lord Stirling, whose claims to the peerage, however, were not acknowledged by the House of Lords.

Such then was the new field of labor on which our Fathers entered in 1846, and though they had encountered many difficulties in the realization of their plan, they were soon greatly consoled by the piety of the students entrusted to their care. Among the hundred and fifty students on

the College roll, were, as we learn from the Annual Letters of those days many really devout children, and very loving clients of the Blessed Virgin. Animated with a zeal uncommon at their age, they had formed a Society for the conversion of sinners, and recommended to each other's prayers, one a father who had neglected his religious duties, another a mother still outside the true Church, etc. The prayers of these innocent souls were very efficacious, and in a short time five Protestants, for whom they had been petitioning the Almighty, entered the one Fold of Christ; and two hardened sinners returned to a better life.

Far from being an obstacle to their studies, their piety only took another form when there was question of preparation for class, and showed itself in serious application to their books. The next annual commencement, which took place "under the elms," in July, 1847, the first since the College had been entrusted to our Fathers, gave abundant evidence of the students' progress. The programme comprised five discourses, two of which, at least, seem to have been really extraordinary. One, which, says the annalist, surpassed all expectation, was in Latin, and entitled: "De Latinae Linguae Laudibus," "ipsa laude dignissima," adds the MS. The other was in English, and was graced with the novel heading: "Nothing Original:" yet so very original did it prove to be—saving the paradox—that two Protestant papers deemed it worthy of a verbatim transcription the following day. An orchestra from the city added its charms to the other attractions of the occasion, and the two thousand spectators, including a large number of the clergy, were loath to leave the spot, where the productions of science and art to which they had listened, were only outdone by the beauties of Nature which greeted their eyes wherever they turned. Thus were inaugurated those annual festivities now so well known in the vicinity of New York, and always so welcome to the many friends and alumni of St. John's.

(*To be continued.*)

FIFTIETH ANNIV'Y OF THE MISSOURI PROV. CELEBRATION AT THE NOVITIATE.

The Feast of our Holy Founder was a day of unparalleled solemnity and rejoicing for the quiet community at St. Stanislaus.

From far and near, the old and the young, Fathers as well as Scholastics, had gathered towards the parent roof, beneath which they had been born to the religious life and grown into maturity, until they had gone forth—with a mother's benediction upon them—strong in generous resolves and fired with pious aspirations. For days in advance, the Novices had looked forward to this meeting, and prepared a family festival for their elder brothers returned to them, for a few brief hours, from the harvest field of souls. Almost the first thing that greeted the stranger, as he approached the house by the stone-paved walk, were two long rows of tables, arranged in the form of an Egyptian cross, beneath the shade of a few straggling locust-trees, and completely surrounded by a sort of dais or raised platform of boards. Close by, suspended from the interlacing boughs, waved a white banner—unsuggestive, perhaps, to the casual visitor, but full of significance for the invited guests. For it bore on one side, in letters of green, the sacred monogram "I. H. S.," and on the other the words, "Prov. Mo., 1823—1873," marking an interval of fifty years.

It was the "Golden Jubilee" of the Missouri Province, or the *fiftieth* anniversary of its foundation.

The ceremony began by a solemn High Mass, with deacon and subdeacon. Every available inch of the devotional

little chapel, as well as a part of the corridor leading to it, was occupied, and presented a scene that will not easily fade from the memory. Those prostrate forms, from the white-haired veteran to the youngest recruit—sending aloft their united prayers in response to the solemn notes of the celebrant and in soft accompaniment to the louder strains of the choir—all spoke a language of their own, which words cannot translate but which the religious soul instantly recognises as its mother tongue.

When Mass was finished, the visitors—still under the elevating influence of these sacred ceremonies—withdrew to the forepart of the house to converse upon the theme that was then uppermost in every mind. The younger portion grouped almost instinctively around some older member to hear from his lips the history of earlier days—of their trials and dangers, of their labors and fruits, of their struggles and triumphs. Meanwhile, busy young hands were spreading the festive board under the trees, until a drenching rain and threatening sky warned them to transfer their preparations to more protected quarters. They did so, with as much expedition and religious good grace, as if they had actually succeeded in hiding their disappointment even from themselves. It was not long before the sound of the bell summoned the guests to the familiar old refectory, in which a plenteous repast had been served up for them. The whole apartment was filled to overflowing; and the waiters, with all their dexterity and daily experience, could scarcely succeed in squeezing their way in between the almost contiguous rows. All practically felt the necessity of providing more ample accommodations for the growing numbers of the community. This want is about to be supplied, and the visitors had the consolation of taking a part in the initiatory step. For during the course of the afternoon, they all proceeded in rank and file, amid sacred canticles and prayers, towards the rear of the house, to attend what is commonly termed "the laying of a corner-stone."

The new building, which was already finished up to the table-stone of the foundation, is meant to serve as an addition to the present substantial, but not very capacious, structure. Very Rev. Father Provincial himself performed the ceremony of blessing the stone, and fitted into the neatly-chiselled cavity a tin casket, which contained—besides smaller articles usually enclosed on similar occasions—a parchment with the following inscription:

"O. A. M. D. G."

"Anno salutis millesimo octingentesimo septuagesimo tertio, regnante summo Pontifice Pio Nono, vigesimo octavo gloriosi sui Pontificatus anno, Adm. Rev. P. Petro Beckx Praeposito Generali Societatis Jesu, Archiepiscopo Ludovicensi Petro Richardo, Plur. Rev. P. Thoma O'Neil Praeposito Provinciae Missourianae, Rev. P. Isidoro Boudreaux Rectore domus probationis ad Stm. Stanislaum et Magistro Novitiorum, Praeside Statuum Foederatorum Ulysse Grant, Gubernatore Status Missouri Sila L. Woodson, Architecto Adolpho Druiding; tempore, quo summus Pontifex omnibus bonis spoliatus, a cunctis guberniis derelictus vel impugnatus quasi captivus anno jam tertio in domo Vaticana detinebatur; tempore quo (legibus iniquissimis, tum in Italia, tum in Germania et alibi, contra jura Sanctae Ecclesiae latis et religiosis ordinibus praecipue Societate Jesu expulsis), inferni potestates et impiorum machinationes Sanctam Christi Religionem destruere et Societatem Jesu eradicare totis viribus conabantur: lapis angularis hujus aedificii ad majorem Dei gloriam et ad novos socios Jesu strenuosque milites pro defensione Religionis et fidei propagatione efformandos solemniter positus est, die trigesimo primo Julii, festo Sti. Ignatii, cum anniversarium quinquagesimum a fundatione Novitiatus et Provinciae Missourianae principio, magno jubilo celebraretur, praesentibus:"

Then followed a long list of signatures, from Very Rev. Father Provincial's down to that of the last admitted Novice, who still found his long black gown quite as cumbersome as young David found the royal armor.

After the stone had been sealed, an aged Father, who celebrated the "Golden Jubilee" of his ordination a few days later—yielding to solicitations, so repeatedly and so gracefully renewed that it was sweeter to surrender than to triumph—briskly mounted the walls of the rising edifice and said a few pithy words of exhortation and advice in Latin.

The speaker's patriarchal age of 76, his fifty years of priesthood and the very simplicity of his language surrounded him with the halo of other days, and threw a sort of charm upon the many pious sentiments that he suggested. Here are a few, culled from among others of the same kind:

"Vos rogastis me, Reverendi Patres Fratresque Charissimi, ut dicerem vobis aliquid pro vestra aedificatione. Ego, qui minimus sum inter vos, debuissem potius rogare, ut vos dignemini me instruere et adjuvare vestris exhortationibus, ut diligentior evadam in servitio Dei, et ut sic me praeparem ad pie moriendum. Cum tamen, teste Scriptura Sacra, beatius sit magis dare quam accipere, ego lubentissime acquievi petitionibus vestris. Ista animo volventi occurit caput tertium Act. Apostolorum, ubi S. Lucas narrat de quodam viro qui erat 'claudus ex utero matris suae . . . Petrus autem dixit: Argentum et aurum non est mihi, quod autem habeo, hoc tibi do. . . .'

"Narro totam seriem istius miraculi, ut inde quaedam verba depromam quae mihi et vobis applico, 'Argentum,' nempe, 'et aurum non est mihi.' Verba haec, in sensu literali, verissima sunt; quid, enim, possidet qui ligatus est voto paupertatis? Et, in sensu figurato, sunt aeque vera. Quis unquam credidit, aut credere potuit, mihi esse argentum et aurum Sapientiae nempe, quo vos doceam et instruam? Absit a me ut tale quid praesumam. Vos potius magistri mei estis, paratus ego omni tempore discipulus vester fieri, et ex ore vestro audire verba consolationis et salutis. Si autem dicerem me omnino nihil habere, quo vobis utilis esse possum, veritatem utique non loquerer. Duo etenim mihi sunt propria, quae vobis omnibus sunt communia, lingua scilicet et cor; lingua qua vos alloquor, et cor quo vos amo et diligo.

"Et primo quoad linguam, non ignobile utique membrum, vobis Reverendis Patribus et Fratribus dilectissimis iterum iterumque dico, ut nostris calamitosis temporibus sitis semper et ubique sal terrae et lux mundi, ut per vestros labores, per vestras virtutes, per vestrum sancte vivendi modum, glorificetur Pater noster qui in coelis est. Jam proh dolor! cum veritate fateri debemus, quod totus mundus in maligno positus est, ita ut nostris temporibus ordinaria non amplius sufficiat virtus, ut omnes latentes inimici insidias plene vincamus. . . .

"Itaque tamquam veri filii Societatis simus parati ad proelium, nemini dantes ullam offensam; sed in omnibus exhibeamus nosmetipsos tamquam Dei ministros, in multa patientia, in tribulationibus si forte, Deo permittente, nobis obveniant. Ut multa paucis complectar, simus omnes, adjuvante Dei gratia, angelice casti et sincere humiles. Humiliamini sub potenti manu Dei ut vos exaltet in tempore tribulationis.

"Dixi me nihil habere nisi linguam et cor, quibus vobis utilis esse possum. Primum probavi vos exhortando ad virtutem; secundum proba-

re debeo vos amando et diligendo. Modum nos docet dilectus Christi discipulus, Sanctus Joannes. 'Filioli mei,' sic scribit, 'non diligamus verbo, neque lingua, sed opere et veritate.' . . . Diligamus igitur invicem vero constantique fraternitatis amore, et vivamus sancta pace uniti, donec intremus regnum aeterni amoris. Amen."

These words found an echo in every heart and were treasured up as the legacy of a bygone age.*

But there was one present there, in whose memory the whole scene must have awakened the personal reminiscences of half a century—one of that courageous band of young Flemmings, six in number, who forsook their homes and their country to evangelize the wilds of America, eluded the vigilance of their kinsfolk and of a hostile anti-Catholic government, landed upon our shores, poor and lonely wayfarers, with nothing but their zeal and the word of a pious priest to introduce them—enrolled themselves in the ranks of the resuscitated Society and began their probation at Whitemarsh, Maryland;—then (with their heroic Novice-master, Father Van Quikenborne, and another Belgian Father by the name of Timmermans as their leaders, and two Belgian lay-brothers as their companions) sought for a new home in the unexplored regions of the West—journeyed for hundreds of miles on foot, over rugged mountains and uncultivated plains—descended rapid rivers on treacherous flatboats—crossed the "Father of Waters" to enter upon fields of missionary labor, trodden some fifty years before by their brethren of the old Society;—and, finally, after perils and hardships, never perhaps to be recorded, settled upon a farm presented to them by Bishop Dubourg, to lay the first foundation of what is now the Missouri Province.

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* The speaker's name is Father James Busschotts, a Flemming, born June 22d, 1796, and therefore 77 years of age. He entered the Society, as a secular priest, in 1833, and celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination on the 5th of August, this year. We are indebted for the above extracts to the venerable Father himself, who kindly wrote them out and placed them at our disposal.

For him the events commemorated on that auspicious day had a personal significance, which they could not have for others; for he might have said of all of them: "*quorum pars magna fui.*" As he stood there, like a man come down from another generation, with all the venerableness of age, but without its feebleness, with eye undimmed, with strength unbroken, with the actions of a long life crowding into one single point of time, that had neither past nor future, he might have seemed, for a brief moment, like a faint image of Him, who remains unchanged though everything around has changed, and with one comprehensive glance, beholds all the instants of revolving ages.*

He stood almost upon the very site where, fifty years before, he had helped to lay the foundation of another building, without these imposing ceremonies, or this crowd of heirs to perpetuate his labors and his successes. Not long ago, the first humble cabin raised by Jesuit hands, was still pointed out on the premises at the North-east corner of the new edifice. It was nearly surrounded, during the summer months, by a rank growth of weeds, with here and there a stunted peach tree, a neglected flower, or a gaily-blooming turnip, to feed the bees in an adjoining hive. There it stood—its two small brick-paved rooms half buried in the earth and rubbish, accumulated by succeeding years—a relic too sacred to feel the touch of relentless progress—a monument, that told the thoughtful Novice of the work accomplished by his hardy forefathers. There

* The Father here alluded to is Judocus Van Assche, born in Belgium May 28th, 1800, and now over seventy-three years of age. He has been blessed by nature with an iron constitution, that seems unsusceptible of the wear of declining years, and is still as hardy and supple of limb as the youngest. He bounds on his horse with the greatest ease and agility, and attends alone a pretty extensive country parish, composed of the French and English speaking inhabitants of St. Ferdinand (alias Florissant) and the environs.

was the birthplace of the Missouri Province and of the Novitiate - there had been cast that grain of mustard seed, now grown into a tree, beneath whose branches he too had taken shelter from the world. There the first Novice-master, at the head of his six spiritual children, had divided the day between prayer and the hardest manual labor—had taught some roaming Indian youth the catechism, and the next hour, perhaps, had plied the axe and mallet to fell or rive a gnarly oak—had performed the last ministrations of religion over some dying French trapper, then borne upon his shoulders the timber for another dwelling.

And now, after only fifty years, how changed the scene! Not merely towns, but cities numbering three or four hundred thousand souls, have sprung up around us; and in many of them we have temples to the living God, one of which is only second to the *Gesu* at Rome in the number of its communions.* Missionary bands traverse the country from one extremity to the other, to lead back the straying sheep and gather new ones into the fold. Three Colleges —besides one or two academies—educate two or three hundred youths each, in the higher branches of study; and, within the last year or two, they have given us some thirty or more Novices, most of whom have completed their course as far as Philosophy (exclusively) under our own eyes.

Looking at this youthful family, now so flourishing, those first fathers might exclaim, if they still lived: "These are the children which God hath given us." But they have gone to their reward, with the exception of one lay-brother and the two oldest Novices of the band, who remain to tell of the virtues and toils of their departed companions.

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*This statement is made on the authority of a Father, long connected with the *Holy Family* Church, Chicago, of which there is question here. In 1871, the number of Hosts distributed (which are always counted by the sacristan before being put into the Ciborium) was between 80,000 and 90,000. It must be larger now; but we have not at hand the necessary documents to verify, and compare especially with our Churches in France.

There was not one among them all, whose memory is not held in benediction. They lived and they died faithful sons of Loyola; and all have laid them down at last to rest at the foot of the cross in the Novitiate, the home of their early exploits, now the place of their repose. There they sleep, upon that hallowed little mound—precious spot of earth—among the catalpas and weeping-willows, in whose shade the Novices often go to tell their chaplet and muse upon the devotedness of their Fathers. There they sleep—their Master of Novices, Father Van Quickenborne, still at the head, first in life and first in death, and all the others grouped around him, to be separated nevermore.

Some of them were distinguished men, in the strictest sense of the word: and all of them have left us much to admire, and still more to imitate. Fathers Peter Joseph Verhaegen and John Anthony Elet both filled the office of Provincial—the latter in Missouri—the former, at different times, both in Maryland and in Missouri; Father John Baptist Smedts was Master of Novices and afterwards spiritual Father; and Father Peter John De Smet, who has lately gone to join them, has finished a career, which the world itself agrees in styling remarkable.* Their first religious years were a school of perpetual abnegation and humility—a life of heroic sacrifice, which supplied them with the most effectual antidote against any rising thought of self-congratulation and complacency at the success of their efforts. A different, and in many respects, a more dangerous sphere of action is open to us.

They descended, with unconscious magnanimity, from the manners of the refined and learned among whom they had been brought up, to the customs of the savage and of

* One of the lay-brothers, who accompanied these Fathers in their expedition, also lies buried in the Cemetery at the Novitiate. He was called Henry Reiselman, and acted as infirmarian at the time of his decease, in June, 1857. The other lay-brother, and two Fathers (Novices at the time of their arrival in Missouri) are still alive. One of these Fa-

the untutored settler. Now it is much, if we can raise ourselves to the level of a society, which, though but of yesterday, is perhaps affectedly vain of its polish and education—if we can maintain our ancestral reputation for learning in the almost daily contact with non-Catholic minds, keen to gauge intellectual attainments and slow to approve anything in us but genuine merit—if we can satisfy the demands of a catholic community, which holds, perhaps, a relatively higher social position here than in any other part of the Union, and which is therefore beginning to be daily more and more fastidious, not only about the food that we present, but also about the manner in which we serve it up.

If, however, we know how to read the signs of the times as well as our laborious forefathers, if we prove ourselves as well qualified for the new exigencies of things and combine an equal amount of modest worth and indomitable, untiring energy—it is impossible to overestimate the results; for even the brightest fancy-pictures must fall far short of the reality. If we are true to ourselves and to our early traditions, the Novice of 1873 may live to witness changes more astonishing than any hitherto effected, and tell of a contrast far more striking at the centenary celebration in NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THREE.

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thers is Judocus Van Assche, of whom mention has been already made; the other—Felix Verreydt, born in 1798, and therefore 75 years old—is stationed at Cincinnati. The lay-brother is also at Cincinnati. He is called Peter De Meyer, and was born in 1793, being at present over eighty years of age.

SKETCH OF THE EARLIEST MINISTRATIONS OF THE SOCIETY IN BALTIMORE.

Bancroft, speaking of the Jesuit missionaries in North America, says that "the history of their labors is connected with the origin of every celebrated town in French America." The same cannot be said of the towns in the United States, at least in a material point of view,—nor perhaps of Maryland's Metropolis among the rest. But certainly the history of the Society is connected with the origin of Catholic Baltimore; since, as will be seen, the first regular ministrations performed there were by Our Fathers; the first established resident priest there was one of Ours; the first two Bishops of the See, which was the first erected in the United States and is still the primatial one, had been members of the Society at the time of its suppression, and never lost their affection for it. Our subject then is certainly an interesting one; and we regret that we had not at hand materials sufficient to enable us to treat it as it deserved. No doubt many old documents relating to it lie covered with dust, in different houses,—to say nothing of oral information which may yet be obtained; and we hope they will be brought into service by some one else, to complete this imperfect sketch. All that we have done in it was merely to give a few facts, taken principally from the few old books bearing on the subject, which the resources of Woodstock allowed us to consult. We have been indebted most of all to sketches of the Catholic Church in Maryland, written many years ago by B. U. Campbell, Esq., of Baltimore, in the "Religious Cabinet," and "Catholic Magazine," periodicals long since defunct.

Passing over the trifling details of its previous history, it is sufficient to state at the outset that in 1752 the present great city of Baltimore consisted of only twenty-five houses and two hundred inhabitants,—which would make it not very much larger than our own neighboring insignificant hamlet of Woodstock. In 1756 it was reinforced by a colony of the exiled Acadians, whose pathetic history is better known to the English-speaking world from Longfellow's beautiful poem founded on it, than perhaps from any other source. These forlorn exiles were hospitably received by the Baltimorians, and with their arrival Catholicity begins in Baltimore; as it seems that before them very few if any Catholics were to be found there. These good people, as is well known, had a very simple and warm faith, and an unswerving attachment to the religion of their forefathers; and these qualities, heightened by the heart-rending sufferings inflicted on them in their expulsion from their happy homes in Acadie, made them most suitable for laying the religious foundations of the future Catholic Metropolis of the United States. Some of them settled on a part of what is now S. Charles St.; and that portion of the city, for that reason, was for a long time known as "French town." Others of them took refuge in an unfinished house situated near the site of the present Battle Monument,—at the centre of all the business and activity of the city of to-day,—known as Fotterall's building; of which some account must be given, as in it probably the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was first offered in Baltimore. Griffith, in his "Annals of Baltimore," says of it: "It was erected about 1740 by Mr. Edward Fotterall, a gentleman from Ireland, who imported the materials and erected the first brick house with freestone corners; the first which was two stories without a hip-roof, in town."*

*It may be well to state that the hip-roof was an old form of the present Mansard roof, so much cried down after the Boston fire; and as hip-roofs appear to have prevailed in Baltimore at that time, we thus see that in house-building, as in other matters, fashions repeat themselves.

It may be seen in an old picture of "Baltimore as it was in 1752," a copy of which hangs in the Fr. Minister's room at Georgetown College, and which has lately been reproduced for a new book on the history and present condition and resources of Baltimore. This house was not designed or built for a church or chapel; but the proprietor returning to Ireland, where he died, left it in an unfinished state; and some of the Acadians above-mentioned, finding it abandoned, lodged themselves in such of its rooms as were habitable. In one of these, and sometimes also in a house on S. Charles St., Mass was said when a priest was among them. One account says that they enjoyed the presence of one for some time, the Rev. Mr. Leclerc; but who he was, where he came from, whether he came along with them and was perhaps identical with Longfellow's Father Felician, does not appear. Mr. Campbell makes no mention of him. We hear of him only from the Abbé Robin, who published in 1782 an account of his travels in America while attached to the army of the Count de Rochambeau as chaplain; and De Courcy who cites him, yet speaks unfavorably of his book; while at the same time we have found some of the statements in it about Mr. Leclerc to be contradictory to Campbell's, on which there seems to be reason to rely. If Mr. Leclerc was in Baltimore, he probably did not remain long, and after his departure the Catholics there had to depend on the visits of Our Fathers from the residence at Whitemarsh, who were therefore their first regularly attending clergymen. Such being the case, Whitemarsh naturally deserves more than a passing mention in our sketch. And first a few facts of Maryland colonial history will not perhaps be out of place.

Lord Baltimore, as is well known, established religious toleration as the corner-stone of his settlement in the New World; the settlers being principally Catholics who had fled from the persecutions to which their Religion was subject in the Old. The other colonies stood in need of so

salutary an example, since in all of them religious bigotry and proscription prevailed to a greater or less extent. The most bitter prejudices against Catholics existed even in the adjoining colony of Virginia, afterward the home of Washington and Jefferson and Marshall, and in our time the State on whose soil Know-nothingism received its death-blow. The benign concessions of Lord Baltimore's government, however, were at length abused by those whom they benefited most. The Protestants, having increased in numbers, upset the religious toleration to which they owed their entrance into the colony; in 1692 the Church of England was made the established church of Maryland, and afterward the most oppressive laws were enacted against Catholics. These laws were more or less in force until the approach of the American Revolution, when all religious differences were forgotten in the desire for national independence. They forbade, among other things, public Catholic Churches; and when old St. Peter's Church in Baltimore, of which we must soon speak, was built in 1771, there was not, it is believed, a public Catholic Church in the state. An exception, however, to the general prohibition of Catholic worship, allowed it to be practised in private houses or on private estates. Availing themselves of this privilege, Our Fathers, who, at the time of which we are writing, were the only priests in Maryland, had on each of the several farms which they had acquired, a private chapel connected with the residence, to which the Catholics of the neighborhood came, to hear Mass and receive the sacraments. Such was the case at Whitemarsh, where the Society had a farm, which still remains in its possession, and where there is at present a residence and Church. It is situated about twenty miles from Washington and about the same distance from Baltimore, and was never accessible by railway until the construction lately of the Balto. and Potomac Railroad, which passes quite near.

Whitemarsh is a historic place in more respects then one. It was the seat of the first Novitiate in the United States after the Restoration of the Society; and from its hallowed precincts started fifty years ago the small band who were to found the Province of Missouri.—It is in the same county, and not many miles distant from the birthplace of the first Archbishop of Baltimore; to whose future See it was supplying its first regularly attending priests while he was undergoing in Europe the long course of preparatory training in the Society.

It seems to have been a forerunner of Baltimore in ecclesiastical importance,—a sort of Catholic capital of the United States in the first days of their independence. There, after the Revolution, several meetings were held of the clergy of Maryland and Pennsylvania, all late members of the Society, and comprising by far the greater part of the priests in the Thirteen Colonies, for the purpose of consulting about the constitution of the Church in the new Republic, and of taking steps to communicate their sentiments to Rome; the result of these meetings having been the appointment by the Pope of Father John Carroll as ecclesiastical superior,—a prelude to his subsequent appointment as first bishop of the newly created See of Baltimore.

Whitemarsh, however, has lost all its ancient importance, and offers now one of the many instances of the vicissitudes of human things. More than forty years ago the Novitiate was removed from its bosom to Frederick; Baltimore, which, while a mere village, depended on it in spirituals, has grown into a great city, of a hundred thousand Catholic population; and Whitemarsh is now as unimportant a mission as Baltimore was in the days of its infancy.

At what time precisely the Fathers from Whitemarsh began their visits to the Town of Baltimore, we could not ascertain. It seems probable that they began them shortly after the year 1756, and continued them until 1784, when

a resident priest was appointed, as we shall see. It does not appear either what Fathers attended during all that period, nor at what intervals of time. Mr. Campbell gives some information which he obtained from speaking with a gentleman who had been, in 1768, a member of the congregation in Fotterall's building, above-mentioned; of which it may be interesting to remark, as it was probably the scene of the first Mass in Baltimore, that it was situated but a very short distance from the spot where Loyola College was opened in 1852, on Holiday St., before the erection of the present College and Church on Calvert St.

The visiting priest from Whitemarsh at that date was Rev. John Ashton, S. J., and his visits were monthly, reminding us at Woodstock of the monthly visits of our Fr. Minister to the mission of Sykesville, eight miles from here. On those occasions Fr. Ashton brought with him the vestments and sacred vessels used in the celebration of Mass. A room in the lower story of the neglected building was arranged for the purpose,—care having been taken first of all to drive out the hogs, which habitually made their home there. A temporary altar of the rudest description was erected each time. The congregation, consisting principally of the Acadians and some few Irish Catholics, sometimes amounted to no more than twenty and seldom exceeded forty persons.—To state the few facts that we know about Fr. Ashton; he was born in Ireland in 1742, according to Oliver's collection, was admitted into the Society in 1759, and was first on the mission in Yorkshire. He must have been a man of business talent; as, at the assembly of the clergymen of Maryland and Pennsylvania, late members of the suppressed Society, convened at Whitemarsh in 1784, he was unanimously chosen procurator-general, whose duty it was to preside over the management of the various estates of the clergy: subsequently, too, he was appointed to superintend the building of Georgetown College in 1788. He died in Maryland in 1814 or 1815.

It will be of special interest to those at Woodstock to know that the Whitemarsh missionaries, in their pastoral visits to Baltimore, did not go there directly, but by a roundabout course, taking Doughoregan Manor on the way, where they said Mass in the private chapel attached to the house; this having been one of the various stations existing at the time in Maryland for the Catholics who lived at a distance from the residences of the priests. Doughoregan Manor, or "the Manor," as we call it at Woodstock, is the old residence of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and is only three or four miles distant from here. It is the original Carrollton, whose name the illustrious Catholic signer of the Declaration of Independence appended to his signature, to distinguish him from all other Charles Carrolls, when he staked all his vast fortune on the cause of the Colonies. It is still occupied by a descendant of his, Hon. John Lee Carroll, and kept by him in excellent condition. All newcomers at Woodstock propose sooner or later to pay it a visit; and it is certainly an object of attraction, with its beautiful avenues, shaded by trees,—the fine lawn in front of the house,—the old manorial mansion itself, sumptuous in its conveniences but not modern in appearance,—and the pretty little church attached, which has a regular congregation, ministered to by a priest residing at the Sulpitian *Petit Seminaire* of St. Charles, near by. This chapel contains the remains of the venerable Signer; and the historic interest of his name is the greatest of the attractions of the Manor which was his home. But it, as well as the places around, ought to have additional interest for us in our holiday walks, on account of their associations with the journeys of Our Fathers a hundred years ago and more, to supply the spiritual wants of the future Catholic Metropolis of the United States. Perhaps, even, it is not an improbable conjecture that they sometimes passed by Woodstock; it may be, to attend some Catholics who chanced to be in this direction,—or to vary their

route to Baltimore, especially as it was only about half the distance from the Manor that they had travelled already from Whitemarsh. If that be true, after the suppression of the Society, which took place during the period of the Whitemarsh attendance on Baltimore, we may imagine the Jesuit missionary riding along here, thinking gloomily of the sad event; and we can think how easily he might have been consoled if he could have foreseen the future a hundred years thence of that hill rising abruptly from the river,—then covered with impenetrable undergrowth,—now cleared and levelled and ornamented, and bearing on its summit a prosperous Scholasticate of the restored Society.

(*To be continued.*)

FATHER DE SMET.—HIS SERVICES TO THE SOCIETY AND HIS RELIGIOUS LIFE.

Another of Missouri's pioneer Jesuits has gone to his reward, another of its early lights has disappeared forever from the horizon, another of its best known champions has finished the struggles of his eventful life.—Father De Smet has entered upon his last long journey to return no more.

The news of his demise has been borne on the wings of the lightning across two distant continents; and many non-Catholic as well as Catholic periodicals have deemed it their duty to extol the departed as a benefactor of humanity, and to give an extended record of his deeds. He un-

doubtedly rendered signal services to society at large during the last thirty-five years of his life; and the world has been candid enough to acknowledge its indebtedness. He led a public life; and the ordinary reader has long been familiar with its history. Its principal incidents—his birth in 1801, his studies in the episcopal seminary at Mechlin, his flight from his native country, his twenty-one voyages across the Atlantic, his frequent expeditions to the Indians, the missions of peace and conciliation with which he was entrusted by our government, the lingering and cruel illness that finally bore him to the tomb on the 23rd of May 1873—all these, besides many interesting details published by himself, have become a sort of public property and passed into the domain of general history. It is not our province to repeat them or to dwell upon what every one knows.

But Father De Smet rendered special services to his religious brethren, which it was not easy to appreciate at their full value so long as we enjoyed his presence, yet which it is only meet to record with becoming gratitude, now that he has passed from among us. He led a religious life, whose truly edifying traits were not fully known even to those who approached him most familiarly, yet which should not be allowed to disappear in our admiration of his public virtues.

These services to his brethern were mainly due to his own peculiar influence and relations with the outer world. It is true that, in common with his companions, he lent his robust frame and giant strength to lay the foundations of the Society in the West. But he built up his Province much more efficiently by the resources and the members that he procured for it on the other side of the waters. When he pleaded in his native Flanders, on behalf of the Indian missions or of the growing Church in the new world, he was certain to meet with a favorable hearing. The wealthy opened their purses to contribute from their abundance;

and the fervid youths in the Colleges and Seminaries listened with burning cheek and throbbing heart, until they had resolved to follow him and to spend themselves in the service of the Church among the Indians or among the equally destitute Whites beyond the sea. It was thus that, in the beginning, we received so large an influx of those sturdy Flemings, whose panegyric St. Francis Xavier himself has left written. Strong and muscular in body, frank and open in character, ready to accommodate themselves to the customs of their adopted country, remarkable for their practical good sense and gifted with more than ordinary facility for acquiring a knowledge of English, they formed in those early days the thews and sinews, the bone and marrow of the Missouri Province.

Father De Smet exercised the same ascendency over the greatest minds and most prominent characters in our own country, and his credit with them was always used in the interest of the Church and of the Society. What political prejudice or religious bigotry would have refused as an act of strictest justice to the whole body, policy or a sense of innate gratitude readily conceded to his individual representations. How many embarrassments we have thus been spared, only they can understand who have followed the history of the various political parties and factions of the Republic, often friendly but just as often hostile to the Church and to the religious orders. We owe him an eternal debt of gratitude for his many and well-timed remonstrances.

Father De Smet rendered no less important services to his Province and to the whole Society in this country, by bringing it prominently and favorably before the public. For though his qualifications were rather of a personal character than the result of the regular training given in the Society, they nevertheless reflected immense credit upon the body to which he belonged, and made it known where but for him it would have scarcely been heard of. His merits

were unquestionably of a superior order, and everywhere inspired admiration and respect—as well among Americans as among Europeans. With the *prestige* of a great name—with a presence that was imposing in his prime and venerable in his declining years—with an artless simplicity united to a native dignity of bearing, which always maintained the respect due to the priestly character—with winsome manners and great conversational powers—he was at home in every circle. When he wished he soon commanded the interest and attention of the company, and became the centre of attraction. His hearers were won by the charm that he could throw around the simplest anecdotes of his missionary tours, and listened for hours at a time, not from mere deference for his person, but from genuine appreciation of his recital.

Yet it was chiefly his extensive correspondence and other written papers that showed his rare talent for narration and description. Though most of them seem to have been intended for private communication, and written on the spur of the moment, they are deservedly admired by all judicious critics; and form no inconsiderable addition to the literature of the day. His published writings treat of the missions and their wants, the Church and its actual standing, the zealous lives and edifying deaths of many of our members; and a great variety of other subjects bearing upon the interests of religion. Among his manuscripts are literary Albums, highly appreciated by those who have ever glanced at them; as well as biographical sketches of our departed Fathers and Brothers; creditable alike to the virtue of the deceased and to the assiduous devotedness of the compiler, who spent his leisure moments in collecting materials for the edification of future generations.

All his writings are remarkable for an ease and *naivete*, highly in keeping with his own character. Many of them display an uncommon amount of information, that could scarcely have been acquired except by personal observa-

tion; and reveal to the unbiassed reader the secret activity and energy of his mind. Much as he himself travelled, his writings have travelled still more, and kindled in many a generous soul the love of a religious life. Even boys are fascinated by the romance of his Indian tales, and feel a sort of unaccountable attraction for the exploits of a missionary life, not very unlike that usually awakened in them by books of adventure.

These literary labors, added to his own reputation, obtained for him an immense and influential circle of acquaintances. The learned and the wealthy, the politician and the statesman, courted his friendship and bowed before him as before a superior. Not a few among our non-Catholic friends looked up to him as the great representative of religion in the West, or even in the United States; and, in one noted instance, a public official of standing, is said to have applied to him, as though he could control the united forces of the church in the country.

Yet he did not gain this popularity by the sacrifice of any of the important duties of the religious life. On the contrary, it was by his staunch adherence to the essential observances of his holy state, that his influence was acquired and preserved. Very few, even of those who knew him best, were aware of his scrupulous exactness in everything that had any reference to the vows. But those, whose position enabled them to see what others passed by unnoticed, often admired it. In this particular, it is said, he would never allow himself even those exemptions to which his duties and occupations might have seemed to entitle him.

With him, poverty did not consist in an empty profession; he loved to see it appear in the exterior. Those who have dealt with him know, that he was never more animated than in his invectives against what he regarded as affectation or extravagant elegance in the apparel of

priests or religious, which lessens the confidence of the faithful and offends them fully as much as slovenliness repels. He was strictly careful about everything entrusted to his keeping; and, though for many years he managed the finances of the Province, he would never dispose of the smallest amount for his own use, without previously obtaining leave.

His obedience was equally solid and childlike. Owing to his position, he was sometimes obliged to meet seculars on visits of ceremony or at tea. He had a general permission to make such calls; but he would not avail himself of it. He referred each particular case to higher authority, and with great simplicity abode by the decision that came to him invested with the sanction of heaven.

As to his love of that other virtue, for which the Society has always challenged the admiration of mankind, as well as for its ready obedience, the highest encomium that could be pronounced upon him, is the opinion universally entertained of him. In his hands the well-earned reputation of the Society was not only safe but received an additional lustre. To those who know how suspicious and censorious the world is in this particular, it must seem not a little remarkable that in all his dealings with every class and condition of society, it found nothing to carp at, but everything to applaud. He was most prudent and reserved. No one would ever have dared to take unbecoming liberties in his presence, or to forget even for a moment the sacred character that he bore. Indeed so well established was his reputation for integrity and purity of life, that the bitterest enemies of the Church and of the Society could only exclaim "utinam ex nostris esses," and wonder that a man so completely exempt from the frailties, to which they felt themselves to be subject, could have any connection with a religious order which they abhorred so much. It is no exaggeration to say that very few ecclesiastics in any age of the Church's history have enjoyed so wide-spread and so fair a fame as Father De Smet.

In brief, his life was a most remarkable one, and has done great credit to the Church, and in particular to the Society. The world which had a thousand eyes continually fixed upon him for about half a century, and which is usually so reserved in its praise of the priest, and especially of the religious, did not even rise to the level of his merits, when it called him "the renowned Jesuit missionary, FATHER DE SMET.

LETTER FROM A SCHOLASTIC IN TEXAS.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS,
OCT. 16th, 1873.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,

I hardly know whether you have heard anything about our journey hither—at any rate, I will give a sketch which you may fill up with adventures, etc., *ad lib.*

Our voyage out (from New York to Galveston, via Key West) was very favorable until we neared port, when a fierce 'nor' wester' came out to meet us, keeping us off the bar, tossing and rolling for two long, dreary days. Then, on the twelfth day of our voyage, we came safely to land.

In Galveston we met with farther delay on account of the intense yellow fever excitement up country, which had laid under strict quarantine all lines of communication with the coast. After remaining several days at the Cathedral (the Bishop is absent in Europe), we succeeded in reaching Houston where we were again stopped by a re-

newal of the panic. The next day, however, the Governor of the State, Davis, took us through in a private car to the capital, Austin, already far in the interior; and from there we came on hither, an objective point for the time being, by stage (eighty miles and nineteen hours), fording the rivers and jolting for dear life over the prairies of Western Texas.

San Antonio is a quaint, old town, founded over two hundred years ago by the early Franciscan missionaries. Here, at intervals along the river, they built their mission-houses and large beautiful churches, the ruins of which still remain to tell of their success in bringing the poor savages into the fold of Christ. The Mexican Revolution came to drive them far away, in the name of liberty, and their little flocks, long neglected, became what we know. Their well-tilled lands fell back into the barren loneliness of other days; and sometimes, while looking at the remains of aqueducts of stone and other immense works, showing the high state of material civilization during the century of the friars, I wonder whether the present desolation fitly represents our nineteenth century progress.

Of late years, men of every tongue and tribe and nation have flocked hither, until this straggling town of 15,000 souls or so, has become the most unique and cosmopolitan of American cities. The Cathedral (the new Bishop is to have his See here,) is the parish church of the Mexicans, who still form the large *substratum* of the population. There is an English Church, the pastor of which is Father Johnston, formerly a lawyer in Washington, D. C. There are also German and Polish churches, and a small French congregation, which makes use of the convent chapel of the Ursulines. There is also a hospital, tended by Sisters, and a College alongside of my window, by the way, under the direction of the Brothers of Mary. Among outsiders are the Jews, who have a synagogue and hold a good part of the commerce in their hands; infidels and communists,

escaped from former revolutions of France and Germany; and, finally, a certain number of "native Americans" (Know-nothing is the ordinary term), "hailing," for the most part, from Virginia or New England! and keeping tenaciously to all the shades and differences of sect. Then there is the "sable and sensual Sambo;" so that, at least, there is no lack of "variety, the spice of life." The city is built in a manner, as complex as its origin and the character of its inhabitants. It sprang up around the old mission Church of San Fernando, on the site of which stands the new Cathedral, at a short distance from the western bank of the river. Here, on either side of the mission, was formed a *plaza*, after the Mexican fashion, a large square, bounded on every side by the houses of the inhabitants, and still used for a most motley kind of marketing and as a halting-place for the long trains of white-covered wagons, constantly arriving here from the far-off trading-posts of the frontier. Since then, a long, irregular street has pushed out along the river and finally, crossing over, reaches the second of the old missions, no less a one than the *Alamo*, so notorious in the Texan Revolution. Here is another fine *plaza*, domineered over by the old church and friary, still in repair, but used, alas! for storage purposes by the army (which, by the way, is another important element in social life here). From these beginnings, narrow side-streets branch off in every direction and at every angle, crossing and recrossing the river by picturesque bridges and charming footways, now over to the rambling suburb of Chihuahua, with its low Mexican houses of solid stone, well adapted to this broiling sun, or off in the other direction through Villita with its carefully tended German farms on to the other missions to the East. And so San Antonio is a little world in itself, with much to interest a "lone, wayfaring man;" but, alas! it is quite as well adapted to give food for reflection to a philosopher who would moralize on human joys and sorrows. Its elevation above the sea-level

seems only to have thrust it up nearer the sun, and no wonder it is called the "frying-pan" of Texas. "Marry, good air:" but along with it come clouds of dust from the parched, mesquit-covered prairies. And so you have the sunny side and shady, in a letter, longer than I have written—dear knows when!

I rely on you to send around the "pax" in the usual Woodstock way. Write me all the news of the house, and I will imagine myself in community life again. Meanwhile I make my baskets in the desert and beg your prayers.

In union with the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary,

In Xto. Servus,

Ralph S. D., S. J.

INDIAN MISSIONS—THE SINPESQUENSI.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY,

YOKAMA CO., OCT. 4th, 1873.

REV. AND DEAREST FATHER IN XT.

P. C.

On my return from Oregon, your dear favor of Sept. 16th '73 was handed to me. I thank you very much for it, and especially for the relics which you sent me. Encouraged by your repeated assurance that my letters are read with pleasure, I give you herein a short account of a trip I made, just before the one among the Whites, to an Indian tribe called the Sinpesquensi.

The Sinpesquensi live some 100 miles north of our Yokama residence, almost buried in mountains; their valley

is such a narrow strip of land that it might more properly be called a cañon than a valley. It is a small tribe of about 300 souls, but it is of some importance by reason of the influence it exercises on three smaller neighboring tribes. In years gone by, the Sinpesquensi used to be visited by one or other of the Oblate Fathers, and afterwards by a secular priest who lived at the Yokama mission before we took it. Last summer my turn came to pay them my first visit. Having been informed that the tribe would meet at the Salmon Fishery, near the falls of the Winachee river, thither I directed my steps. On arriving I was quite disappointed to find only a few families and these mostly belonging to another tribe. I inquired of these Indians whether the Sinpesquensi would come to the fisheries and when they would be likely to arrive; I asked also whether they were desirous of receiving the missionary. I was told that they would assemble at the fisheries, but the time of their coming was uncertain. At the same time I was put in possession of some interesting facts concerning the tribe I was in search of. Patoi, their chief and priest, possesses the entire confidence of his people; he makes them keep holy not only the Sunday but the Saturday also; he has banished all sorts of sins from his camp, and makes his people assemble frequently for common prayer.

Learning that Patoi himself would not come to the fisheries, I determined to go to see this great lawgiver. I therefore started on the morning of the next day, which was Saturday, and arrived just about noon at Patoi's camp. The Indians were at prayer, and I had to wait till their devotions were finished. The prayer over, Patoi drew out his people into two lines, facing inwards for the purpose of going through the ceremony of shaking hands with the Black-gown and receiving him honorably. Patoi then made a speech, expressing his joy and that of his nation at my visit to them; I replied and stated the object for which I had come. When the reception was over, all withdrew

to their lodges or tents, and seeing an empty hut I entered it to take some rest.

After an hour's time I went to Patoi's hut, full of confidence and cheered by the most pleasant anticipations. I told him that I had heard of all the good he had done his tribe and of his desire to see a Black-gown, and that in response to this desire I was there to teach him the Catholic prayer. He told me to wait, and then rang a little bell. In answer to this summons the Indians rushed in crowds to the immense lodge of the chief, filling it entirely, while those who could not find room inside remained within hearing distance on the outside. Patoi then desired me to state again before his people the purpose of my coming. In a more formal speech I informed them of the mission given by our Lord to the Apostles, how this mission had been carried to their nation by the Oblate Fathers who had baptized many amongst them, and that I had come to continue the work thus begun, for which object I wished to be made acquainted with those among them who were christians, in order that I might instruct them while using my endeavors to convert those not yet baptized.

Patoi dryly answered, that it was true that some of the nation had received baptism, but he added that the Black-gowns by abandoning the tribe had renounced their rights over them, and he refused to point out the christians to me. This answer I felt the more deeply, as it was so unexpected and was so humiliating in the eyes of the whole tribe there assembled. What could I do? I prayed God and offered Him the humiliation, asking in recompense a happy issue of my mission. This prayer strengthened me, and in this disposition of mind I left Patoi's hut and entered my own. Soon some of the tribe came in to visit me, and I said to them that I pitied them since they prayed in vain after having rejected the Blackrobe's prayer: that it was not enough for them to be good, allowing that they were such, since they could not enter heaven unless they received the prayer that I had come to teach them.

Evening came and Patoi rang for prayer: it was edifying to see the promptness and eagerness with which they hurried to the place. Afterwards I began prayer but none of the tribe joined, my companion and a small Catholic family, who had guided me to Patoi's camp, forming my congregation.

After prayers that night and all day Sunday, I tried to impress on all the Sinpesquensi who talked with me the necessity of learning the prayer I had come to teach them. My immediate object was not only to give them the truth, but to force a formal talk with Patoi himself. I was not disappointed. Towards evening came the Indian lawgiver, accompanied by a sub-chief: arriving at my hut he rang a bell which he held in his hand, and in a few moments the entire tribe was around the hut. This was, I might say, open on four sides; for it was so made of rushes that all could see us and hear everything that was said. When all were assembled, the front ranks sat down, the middle ones knelt and those farthest off stood up to enjoy the conversation that was about to take place.

Silence having been secured, Patoi spoke as follows: "Blackgown, I have something bad to tell you." I answered, "speak out all that you have in your heart." He continued; "yesterday I did you honor, I received you and welcomed you, I gave you the hand and had all the tribe give you the hand, and you have paid me back with ingratitude; for since the time we parted yesterday until now, you have never ceased speaking bad against my prayer and telling everybody, that with my prayer never will people go to heaven. Now I must tell you that my tribe was once as bad as any other tribe; they were gamblers, they were thieves, etc. Through my efforts I made them pray as they do now, and during the four months that they have prayed as I taught them, we have quitted all sorts of sins and my tribe is a model to all our neighbors. If God did not like our prayer, how could we have

become so good as we are, for I do not think that we have become good of ourselves. Now you come here, speak against our prayer, and will bring us back to the state of lawlessness in which we were before I made my people pray."

This was the substance of Patoi's speech. When it was finished, I replied to the following effect; that I had been much affected on seeing the good behavior of his people, the promptness with which they went to prayer, but that his speech had touched me most of all, for it showed me that he was not an impostor but a sincere man who really wished the good of his people: I told him that if at first I admired all the good he had wrought, I liked him even more for his sincerity. I said that my impression was that God had been satisfied with his prayer, since he had done all that he knew to please Him, in reward whereof was the presence of a Black-gown among them to teach them the whole of the prayer which pleases God.

While I was speaking a squaw was suddenly seized with convulsions. Patoi had her brought and all began to pray for the poor creature. Here was a spectacle of fervor such as I never witnessed in any novitiate: old and young seemed to be in a trance of devotion, some with their eyes closed, others with their look fixed on heaven, some with clasped hands, others with arms crossed on their breast. Patoi prayed aloud and the people repeated the prayer after him; he sang a hymn in which they joined, he prayed again, and finally began to preach, the tribe meanwhile listening to his words as if God were speaking to them. Here the sick woman recovered. I commended their fervor, and said that, if with the little they knew they were so good, their lives would rival that of the first christians were they to accept the entire prayer which I had come to teach them. In a more friendly tone Patoi said; "Black-gown, I have two things in my heart, one of which I will tell you now. Four months ago when we felt the earthquake, one

night while my people slept I watched and prayed. During my prayer there appeared to me three persons clad in white robes. One of them did not speak; the second spoke and told me many things and among them, that if I prayed well the third person would protect me."

I answered that there was nothing bad in what he had seen, and that to secure them the protection of this third person I had come to teach them the good prayer. This pleased Patoi, he offered me his hand, appointed the evening for a second conference which resulted in his acceptance of my mission, provided I could spend the winter with his tribe; he introduced to me those of his tribe who were already baptized, and I left these singular people promising to visit them again if I could so arrange with my Superiors.

After a friendly parting I returned home by way of the Fisheries, where I instructed the Indians who were there assembled. Should I return to the Sinpesquensi this winter I shall let you have the result of my campaign.

In union with your holy prayers,

I remain yours truly,

U. GRASSI, S. J.

LETTER FROM CINCINNATI.

ST. XAVIER'S COLLEGE, OCT. 1873.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,

Several items of interest have transpired among us during the year 1873. Allow me to record them briefly.

The one which regarded spiritual concerns most directly was the men's retreat, two weeks before Easter. It was altogether exclusive: no woman in the Church after seven

o'clock. In a couple of days it was seen to be taking so well, that, to find more room, notice was given of a Boys' Retreat for the next week: so that such as were only sixteen years of age, or under, had better wait. Six hundred or thereabouts were in constant attendance during that next week, at our small Church of St. Thomas, which was assigned to them; but the throng of attendance at St. Xavier's during the men's week was not sensibly lessened. Each night of the eight days, the crowds poured in, till by half-past seven the nave and aisles were full, even to the double row of supply-benches that went lengthwise down the centre of the nave. The altar steps offered seats for some, and the two wings of the choir for others.

Devotions began at half-past seven with the singing of the *Miserere* by a choir of scholastics and fathers. After a quarter of an hour the Director of the Retreat recited beads which all answered. Then he gave his instruction. This consisted, first, of the manner of using the time of retreat, and, second, of a meditation. The meditation lasted nearly an hour, and it was followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Confessions were heard as early as Wednesday and Thursday, the fourth and fifth days. They continued in numbers on Friday; and went on till late Saturday night. Fifteen confessors were engaged the last evening, eleven in the church, four in the College Chapel, which latter had not been much used the previous evenings. On Sunday morning, the eight o'clock Mass was exclusively for the men: four priests distributed the Holy Communion beginning at the Offertory. The number of communicants at that Mass was about a thousand. The number of men in the Church each night approached, if it was not fully, two thousand. Some of them, through want of good clothes (as they explained beforehand), others because they lived in other parishes, attended other Masses on the Sunday morning. In the evening there was solemn Benediction, Papal Bless-

ing, and Gregorian music by a choir of male voices, as the Director had said the evening before (on which, by the way, the devotions were much curtailed for the sake of the confessions):—"To-morrow we shall have an extraordinary choir; and there will be no woman in it"—or the like.

There seemed to be a thorough renovation; and, owing to the exclusive nature of the retreat,—the genial circumstance, "for men and men only,"—more work was done in the confessional, with more care and smoothness, than if the poor hard-working laboring men had been squeezed into corners by women and children. Accounts crowded in, as time wore on after the Retreat, of wonderful effects produced. However, as this is a mere sketch of things in general during the year, it would be out of place to descend more into the particulars. Suffice it to add that in the month of May following, on every night of which the same father preached, the church was full, and many a reference was made by him to the Retreat and its results. At the suggestion of some pious person, he started the project of a fine suspended lamp for the sanctuary. The suggestion was acted upon, the lamp has been suspended, the church has been painted: and so, St. Xavier's is at present in a worthy condition, both materially and morally.

St. Joseph's account comes next:—The children of the parish have not had heretofore room sufficient for school purposes. Their old school house, and the basement of St. Thomas' church were too small. The public school house opposite St. Thomas' was not to the satisfaction of the City School Board, who looked around for a suitable lot to build upon. There was only one such lot: it was ours. An offer of exchange was made,—their school house for our lot, and with the school house a certain sum in cash to be added on their side; because the lot on our side was worth more than their school house and ground.

The lot had seemed a year ago incapable of any purchase. We had desired it for the same purpose which the

School Board has now in view. To be sure, fifty thousand dollars would have to be spent in building; but necessity knew no law. Thanks to the management or advice of Mr. Pugh, the deficient title-deeds were made good, as far as deficiencies in times past and gone can be made good: and about six months before this movement of the School Board, the lot was ours. The motion passed the School Board, but had to pass two more Boards, that of the City Council, and that of Aldermen. The newspapers became quite agitated about the matter and called upon the public not to let the Jesuits have so good a bargain. But the Jesuits called upon St. Joseph, and put a lighted lamp before his statue, and somehow or other the motion was carried—barely carried;—and after the beginning of November, 1873, the School Board will begin to pay three hundred dollars per month till they vacate. The "Gazette" got into an awful flutter about the affair, but its wrath has subsided, and it feels better now.

There has been a house belonging to the College for many years back; it was called Purcell Mansion, after the Archbishop. It has been rented out; but now it was desirable to sell it. A novena was made to St. Joseph for a propitious sale; and that depended much on the weather. The day was fine: the house and ground were to go by lots, and they went flying: eighty-nine thousand dollars were the proceeds.

This promises well for building the rest of our College; and in fact instructs us well how to go about it. "Go to Joseph" first, and about the building after.

It calls to mind a recent signal instance of his solicitude for the welfare of his clients. The instance concerns the Little Sisters of the Poor. About ten days ago, a couple of Sisters went forth to seek funds for some large undertaking. They called on the principal Catholics: yet, though they could hardly be said to meet with a direct refusal, they met with what sent them home without a cent in

their purse. The Superioress was distressed; and she wondered. A thought struck her:—had they St. Joseph with them? She looked in the account book, and no sign of a picture or medal there. Next day, she put "St. Joseph" under the cover, and sent them forth. They had not the same rich field of charity to-day as yesterday, having visited the principal Catholics then. Yet, strange to say, but so it was, everywhere they were received with generosity, by Protestants as well; and they returned *cum exultatione.*

We opened our new year with 243 boys, a number rather below that of last year. Of these, 155 entered the classical course.

This current month of October has witnessed many scenes. No sooner was the Church clear of scaffolding, etc., which had been erected for the painting, than the triduum in honor of Blessed Peter Faber was solemnly celebrated. On the first day, the Archbishop was to officiate. It had been announced, and everything was ready—but not the Archbishop. An address had been prepared on the part of the students, who availed themselves of the occasion to commemorate his fortieth anniversary of Episcopal Consecration,—and secure a holiday, by the way. Several efforts were made that same Friday morning to secure his presence, at least for the address. Vainly. But he learnt what had taken place, explained that his engagement to officiate had quite slipped his memory, and made up by coming on the following Wednesday. It was worth while being present during those few moments that he spoke, most genially and conversationally, in answer to the address. Forty years ago he had received the commission of spiritual guidance of this diocese and city: he has seen it grow from what it was then: has labored earnestly and constantly, even to the present day, hearing confessions and ministering to the sick: and now—to-day—enjoys the consolation of seeing thirty-four Catholic Societies marching

in procession to honor the blessing of a Church.—I shall explain in a moment.—He gave us holiday, and the boys loved him twofold.

The following week witnessed another celebration. Fr. Driscoll has been pastor of St. Xavier's Church for twenty-five years. To signalize the anniversary, a committee of gentlemen, belonging to the parish, started a subscription list for the building of the steeple. On the day of the Jubilee, Fr. Driscoll celebrated Mass, his brother being deacon. In the afternoon, the aforesaid gentlemen took their seats in the sanctuary: the Church was crowded in every nook and corner with men, women and children. The girls of the parish read an address and presented bouquets, etc. The boys came forward in the same manner. Then the committee, through Mr. Poland, addressed him, and presented the subscription list. Fr. Driscoll answered, and he was eloquent: the sight made him so. I suppose the steeple will be up within a year.

The week following brings us to this day, on which has been blessed the Church of St. Ann, for colored people. More than eight years ago, Fr. Weninger started a Peter Claver Society, to benefit the negroes. A number of clergymen and secular gentlemen joined together under a chairman, etc., and each subscribing a dollar a month, the King of Bohemia contributing largely, procured a Church and School. The position of the Church was unsatisfactory, and a new one has just been purchased close to St. Xavier's. On occasion of its being blessed, Fr. Weninger has come to Cincinnati, and he preached after the procession of 34 Societies had reached St. Xavier's. In the mean time, the Archbishop was performing the ceremonies at St. Ann's, and on their conclusion came to give Benediction here. He made a short address, suited to the occasion; and "Grosser Gott" was sung at the end. "Like the sound of many waters" was the grand chorus from the throats of such a multitude of men. They were there in spite of the

rain, that had begun drizzling in the morning, had increased in the afternoon and was pouring down in torrents at the end of Benediction. Perhaps, by taking away much of the show in behalf of the colored people, the rain helped us to conceive more of the reality underlying the whole proceeding; and follow the tenor of the Archbishop's words, that if the negroes were worse off when they came into Bl. Peter Claver's hands, yet they have their needs and their rights still, when they come into ours.

We engage in a couple of public plays next month; one on the 12th of November, of the "Young Men's St. Francis Xavier's Association," for the benefit of St. Xavier's Vincent de Paul Society; the other by College boys for the Little Sisters of the Poor, on the 26th.

T. H.

LAST DAYS AT THE GESU.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF NOV. 2nd, 1873, TO REV. FATHER PROVINCIAL.

On Monday, 20th of Oct., the representatives of the Giunta took formal possession of the house, putting a seal on the library, and giving notice that all the fathers were to be out by Nov. 1st. They allowed them to take their personal effects and the furniture of their rooms, which, as the house is to be used for military offices, will not be of use to themselves. This has been a sad ten days, the house full of confusion, packing up books, moving furniture, etc. Father General left the Gesu on Monday 27th,

in hopes, he said, that when he was gone, they would trouble themselves less about those who remained. In fact the "Capitale," which is the worst paper in Rome, and an enemy of everything Catholic, the next day announced with exultation, that the "great enemy of Rome, of Italy, and indeed of the human race had left Italy."

Shortly before leaving the house he assembled the Fathers, gave us a short exhortation to courage, reminding us that he is a blessed man that suffers persecution for justice sake, invited us to constancy in pursuit of perfection, and prudence so as to give no just cause for offence, that it may be evident that they have calumniated us, "mentientes propter nomen meum." He then gave us all his blessing and let us kiss his hand. He then went and prayed for the last time at the tomb of our Holy Father, kissed the ground, and shortly after left the house accompanied by only one Brother. He was very much affected whilst he was speaking to us, and so were we also as you will easily imagine.

The Fathers are scattered in different lodgings where the kindness of various communities has offered them shelter.

Yesterday was the last day at the Gesu; there was a very large attendance at Mass, and the confessionals were attended as in the last week of Easter. We were about ten or less at dinner at the Gesu, and after recreation we embraced one another and separated.

The Roman College sustained the same fate as the Gesu at the same time. The Convent of Ara Cœli, and a considerable number of smaller Convents are also occupied or to be so before the 7th of this month. There is a hitch about the Roman Observatory. F. Secchi has protested that the instruments are partly the property of the Pope, and partly of private individuals who furnished the means, and that the Observatory itself being built on the top of the Church is secured by the Guarantees. This has been

a check, and they acknowledge that it alters the state of the question. They are now actually building partitions, etc., to give access to the Observatory without passing through the College. The South American College at our old Novitiate, still remains firm, but they have been notified that the property belongs to the Giunta, and that they will be glad when they are ready to give it up. The German College still holds on, and the lectures for the foreign Colleges will be given there; but with Bismark in Prussia, there is no benevolence to be looked for. Great feeling is shown for the break up of the Gesu, and much grief felt. The priest who has been appointed by the Vicar is a very good man, a friend of the Society, but he will not replace the Fathers. I must not conclude without telling you that on the day after my arrival here, F. General took me to the Holy Father, who gave us a very solemn benediction for us all. "Benedico Praesidem et subditos, ut habeant fortitudinem et patientiam," etc.

D. O. M.

WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. III., No. 2.

SKETCH OF THE EARLIEST MINISTRATIONS OF THE SOCIETY IN BALTIMORE.

[*Concluded.*]

The number of Catholics in Baltimore having in course of time increased, they at length determined to build a church; and having secured a lot on Saratoga Street near Charles, they commenced the building on the site of the present academy of the Christian Brothers, known as Calvert Hall, in 1770 or 1771. It was a very plain brick structure of the modest dimensions of about twenty-five by thirty feet, not half the size of our community chapel at Woodstock. This was old St. Peter's, truly in its day the most venerable Church in the United States; an account of which cannot be omitted in a sketch of the early labors of the Society in Baltimore. The builder was a certain Mr. John Mc Nabb. It is probable that the Fathers from Whitemarsh shifted the scene of their periodical ministra-

tions from Fotterall's building to it while it was yet in an unfinished condition. Before its completion, however, Mr. Mc Nabb failed in business, on account of a debt of two hundred pounds in Maryland currency of that day, contracted on account of the building. In consequence, the principal creditor seized the Church, locked it up, and kept the key in his possession until 1774 or 1775. Griffith's "Annals of Baltimore" alludes to this suit in the following amusing words: "By a ludicrous suit against *Ganganelli, Pope of Rome*, for want of other defendant, to recover the advances of Mr. Mc Nabb, who became a bankrupt, the Church was sometime closed at the commencement of the Revolution; and the congregation assembled in a private house on S. Charles St. until possession was recovered." Thus Mr. Griffith, in identifying the cause of a little Church in that remote spot of the Catholic world with the Pope, gives an instance of the conviction of Catholic unity found in those outside of the Church. Furthermore, as Our Fathers were the pastors of that little Church, of which common cause is made with the Pope,—and as that Pope was the same who at that very time suppressed the Society, Mr. Griffith's remark suggests to us the pleasing reflection, how free from bitter feeling the Society is toward the Pontiff who treated it with such severity.—The extract just given from the "Annals" informs us that, after the closing of St. Peter's, the Catholics assembled for Divine Service in a house on S. Charles St.; from which it is inferred that by this time Fotterall's building had been left by them, for some reason. Any further particulars about that house on S. Charles St. we have not obtained.

The manner in which St. Peter's was reopened at length, was somewhat novel and partook of the spirit of the times. A volunteer company, probably in 1775, which was part of a military force organized to repel the apprehended attacks of Lord Dunmore, Governor of Virginia, was in Baltimore, under the command of one Captain Galbraith. On Sunday

morning some of the soldiers asked permission of the Captain to go to Church. A majority of them desired to go to the Roman Catholic Church; and on learning that it was closed and ascertaining who held the key, they marched in a body, with the Captain at their head, to the residence of Mr. Mc Nabb's creditor above-mentioned. It so happened that this gentleman had fallen under suspicion of being unfavorable to the cause of American independence; and, on seeing a body of soldiers halted in front of his house, he thought they were about to make him prisoner; but on learning their real object, he readily delivered the key to Captain Galbraith. The company then moved off, opened the Church and satisfied their devotion,—whether with the aid of a priest, we are not told. They then delivered the key to the Catholics, who retained possession of the Church until the close of the Revolutionary war. After this period the sum of two hundred pounds was raised by subscription, in order to pay the debt which had embarrassed the Church; and the creditor who had been so peremptorily relieved of the key by the soldiers, relinquished all claim upon it.

Although we have not found it so stated explicitly, we suppose the visiting Fathers from Whitemarsh were the ordinary pastors of St. Peter's until 1784, since we can find no mention of any others, and we are told in general that Baltimore had to depend on them, before we hear of a resident priest. Sometimes clergymen happened to be passing through the town or remaining there temporarily, and they officiated in the little Church. In the year 1782 Count Rochambeau, returning with his army from Yorktown, halted in Baltimore, where some of his troops remained until the close of the war. A portion of them encamped on the ground where the Cathedral now stands, which, as well as that around St. Peter's, was then covered with forest trees. Those soldiers of Catholic France naturally had chaplains; and these frequently celebrated Mass in St. Peter's. On one occasion a grand Mass was cele-

brated with great military pomp by one of them. The bands of the French Regiments accompanied the sacred service with solemn music; the officers and soldiers attended in full uniform, and a large concourse of the people of the town were present; so that not only was the small Church crowded, but the spacious yard in front was also filled.

In 1784, according to Mr. Campbell, the first resident priest was stationed in Baltimore, at St. Peter's, and this was Rev. Charles Sewall; his name therefore is an important one in the Catholic history of the City. He was not a member of the Society *in sensu composito* of his labors there, as our dialecticians would say: but he had been a Jesuit at the time of the suppression, and he was one of the four, of revered memory, who in 1806 reëntered the Society upon its restoration in Maryland. An account of him then is demanded in our Sketch; though the information we have obtained about him is slight.

Curiously enough the only record of his personal qualities which we find, is that, although a faithful and zealous clergyman, he possessed but moderate abilities as an orator. He was born in St. Mary's County, Md., in 1744. His father's estate was at Mattapany, on the Patuxent River, near the Church of St. Nicholas, still attended by Our Fathers, who reside at St. Inigo's, twelve or fifteen miles distant. This estate had been the favorite residence of Charles Calvert, Lord Baltimore, for many years in the latter part of the seventeenth century; and there it was that the deputies of his government took refuge under the protection of a garrison, in the Protestant Revolution of Maryland in 1689,—their forced surrender a few months afterward being followed by the triumph of the Protestant cause in the colony. The estate later came into the possession of the Sewalls. Charles was sent to the college of the Society at St. Omer's, for his studies, in 1758. Whether he had previously been at the Bohemia school, does not appear; though it is probable that he had been. For, as

far back as the early part of the last century, Our Fathers had a boarding-school at the place then and still known as Bohemia Manor, in Cecil County, on the Eastern shore of Maryland,—a colonial Catholic Eton or Rugby, where boys were prepared for the higher colleges of Europe. In this the Fathers had to elude the intolerant laws of the colony, which forbade Catholics to be school-masters; and hence probably they selected that remote and secluded location. And here it occurs to us to remark that, if reminiscences of the old Bohemia school could be collected, they would supply some pages of very interesting and edifying reading in the WOODSTOCK LETTERS. Mr. Campbell calls it the Tusculum of the Society of Jesus in the early period of the American Church. At one time it had as many as forty students,—a large number for those days; and among illustrious men, we know that Archbishop Carroll and Charles Carroll of Carrollton, his cousin, had studied there together before they went to St. Omer's. Archbishop Maréchal is said to have often spoken in raptures of the choice and valuable library established there by Father Farmer, S. J., that excellent man, of whom the annalist of St. Joseph's, Philadelphia, has given us so much interesting information in our Woodstock Periodical.

Father Sewall entered the Society in Europe, in 1764, and soon after the suppression returned to his native State, where he was stationed for some time at St. Thomas' Manor, in Charles County. Father Charles was the older brother of Father Nicholas Sewall, who, being a member of the Society in Europe at the time of the suppression, did not return to his native land: he was made Rector of Stonyhurst in 1808, and subsequently Master of novices; and on the death of the eminent Father Charles Plowden, in 1821, he succeeded him in the office of Provincial of England. He left behind him, at his death, the reputation of a holy religious and a prudent Superior. From across the sea, Fr. Nicholas watched with interest the progress of

religion in his native land, and was very much rejoiced to see, before his death, the Metropolis of his native State erected into an Archiepiscopal See, with eleven suffragans, —and to know that it was in possession of its new Cathedral and several other Churches,—while, as he had been heard to say, he remembered the time when the Catholics had not even a private room in Baltimore, in which they were suffered to meet for Divine Service.

Returning to Fr. Charles from this, we hope, not uninteresting digression to his brother: he was stationed alone at St. Peter's until he was joined there in 1786 by Fr. Carroll, the future Archbishop; in conjunction with whom he performed the laborious duties of the ministry there for several years. He lived just long enough to reënter the Society, dying in 1806, the year of its restoration in Maryland, above alluded to.

And now we come, in the natural course of our narrative, to the Patriarch of the Church in the United States, Archbishop Carroll,—to whom Oliver, in his collection, applies the words of Ecclesiasticus: "Sacerdos magnus, qui in vita sua suffulsit domum, et in diebus suis corroboravit templum. Templi etiam altitudo ab ipso fundata est."—In 1784 he was appointed by Rome Ecclesiastical Superior of the new Republic, with power to administer Confirmation, bless oils, etc. In 1786, as stated, he fixed his residence at St. Peter's, in Baltimore; and, as is well known, was consecrated Bishop in 1790 at Lulworth Castle in England, a place associated with the Society for so many reasons. But it would be entirely out of place here to enter into any lengthy account of his life, as it would be likewise to dwell long upon that of Leonard Neale, first his coadjutor Bishop for many years, and then his successor in the Archiepiscopal See of Baltimore,—the founder of the Order of St. Francis of Sales in America, and whose countenance indeed, in the pictures of him we have seen, reminds one of the mild sanctity of the Geneva Saint. Archbishops Carroll and Neale are

both prominent figures in the general Catholic history of the United States, and their lives have more than once been given to the public and are well known,—recently too from Mr. Clarke's excellent book. We shall only say a few words about their relations with the Society. Both were members of it at the time of the suppression, Fr. Carroll having been made a Professed Father in 1771, while Fr. Neale was considerably younger in religion as in age. We have at hand letters and other writings of the former which contain evidences of his love for the Society.

In a letter written in 1773 he says: "The enemies of the Society, and above all the unrelenting perseverance of the Spanish and Portuguese Ministries, with the passiveness of the Court of Vienna, have at length attained their ends; and our so long persecuted and, I must add, holy Society is no more. God's holy will be done, and may His Name be blessed forever and ever. I am not and perhaps never shall be recovered from the shock of this dreadful intelligence."—In a letter, in 1783, he writes: "God grant that the little beginning in White Russia may prove a foundation for erecting the Society upon once again: but I cannot help wishing that the protectress of it were a more respectable character than she has been often represented." Again in 1784 he writes: "Your intelligence, though not quite new to me, is truly comfortable. What a wonderful display of the power of Divine Providence over the wily politics of wicked and oppressive tyranny of powerful men, would a general restoration of the Society exhibit!"—And in his address published the same year, in reply to the anti-Catholic publication of Mr. Wharton, who, after having been a priest of the Society at the time of the suppression, subsequently apostatized from the Faith, became a Protestant clergyman, and, it may be well to add, a husband,—yet who, remarkably enough, never, in his fallen state, spoke of the Society but in words of praise or even of affection—in his reply to him, Fr. Carroll places a note containing the fol-

lowing affectionate allusion to the Society: "I will take this occasion to thank my former friend for the justice he has done to the body of men to which, in our happier days, we both belonged; and whom the world will regret, when the want of their services will recall the memory of them, and the voice of envy, of obloquy, of misrepresentation, will be heard no more."

Father Carroll was the founder of Georgetown College; and Father Leonard Neale * was its President when appointed Coadjutor Bishop. Shea's De Courcy's history says of them: "The two ex-Jesuits, become bishops, would, it may be imagined, care little about the fate of their Society, extinguished thirty years before; but the sons of the Society of Jesus never forget their Mother." We have an additional testimony of this in their joint letter, in 1803, to Fr. Gruber, Superior in Russia, petitioning for the restoration of the Society in the United States; in which they state, among other things, that the property of the Society was preserved here almost intact. They died within two years of each other, respectively in 1815 and 1817.

* Bishop Neale remained President of the College and resided there for some years after his episcopal consecration. Our venerable Father Mc Elroy, who is now in his ninety-second year, and has been a member of the Society since 1806,—the oldest living Jesuit, we believe, both in age and vocation,—knew him as far back as 1804, and received through him his first knowledge of the Society. We have from his lips the following facts, which will prove both interesting and edifying:—

The Bishop resided at that time in the old south building of Georgetown College, in the room opposite the small chapel of the community, and next to the "Ascetory." There Fr. Mc Elroy, then of course quite a young man, having his home in Georgetown, was accustomed to visit him, in order to enjoy the advantage of his spiritual direction. The room was at the same time the library of the College. The Bishop's bed was folded up into the form of a cupboard during the day, and every evening on the approach of bed-time was spread out by the colored man who attended to the refectory.—Bishop Neale was an admirable director of consciences and possessed, said Fr. Mc Elroy, more than any one else he ever knew, the power of winning hearts to himself and to God. His life, even then in his old age and feeble health, and with his dignity of bishop, was as regular as a novice's. He rose every morning at four o'clock, made a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and then returned to his room for his hour of meditation, before saying Mass. Fr. Mc Elroy was subsequently, May 31st, 1817, ordained priest by him a few weeks before his death.

After the ordination of Fr. Enoch Fenwick, S. J., in 1808, Archbishop Carroll applied for and obtained this Father for the post of Rector of St. Peter's in Baltimore; which post he occupied until the first part of Archbishop Maréchal's administration; and it was through his zealous coöperation, in a great measure, that this same Archbishop was enabled to complete the new Cathedral of Baltimore, begun so many years before by Archbishop Carroll. Fr. Enoch was afterward Rector of Georgetown College, in whose beautiful little cemetery he rests, participating in the shade of the giant willows which so appropriately overhang the uniform rows of marble slabs and of box-wood squares, enclosing the lilies and rose-bushes which alternately bloom and droop above the ashes of the dead. After Fr. Fenwick's departure from Baltimore, Ours had no residence there for more than twenty-five years.

Now a few words about St. Peter's, before we close; which, by the by, should not be confounded with the St. Peter's of to-day, on Poppleton St... which is a considerable distance from the site of the old Church, and was not built until the latter had been thrown down. After the Revolutionary War the little Church was enlarged by an addition larger than the original dimensions. Thus improved, it was the Cathedral of Archbishops Carroll and Neale, the scene of the first episcopal consecration in the United States, that of Bishop Neale in 1800; in 1810 it witnessed the consecration of Dr. Egan, first Bishop of Philadelphia, and of Dr. Cheverus, first Bishop of Boston; and indeed all the hallowed memories which clung to its old walls, would be too numerous to mention. Hence it is not to be wondered at that it was dear to the Catholics of Baltimore, and that it was still allowed to stand twenty years after the new Cathedral at its side had been completed and dedicated, with which it could bear no comparison in material appearance. During that period it was for many years used only on week days, for the Masses of the clergy of the Cathedral;

but afterward Divine Service was held in it on Sundays also. At length the need of ground on which to build a school for boys, compelled its tearing down in 1841 or 1842.

It was said above that for many years none of Our Fathers resided in Baltimore; but St. Peter's remained in their place,—and may we not say that it continued their labors, sanctified as it was by the sacred ministrations, and still echoing the teachings and exhortations, of the Whitemarsh Fathers, and of a Sewall, a Carroll, a Neale and a Fenwick? Indeed after its demolition, but a few years elapsed until Ours were again stationed in the City—St. Joseph's Church having been placed under the pastoral charge of Fr. Wm. F. Clarke in 1849. This church was given up again about twelve years ago. But in the meantime Loyola College had been opened, with the late Fr. Early as Rector, in 1852; which is now conducted in the large and imposing building on Calvert St.; and connected with it is an exquisitely beautiful Church, notwithstanding the disproportion between its length and width, around whose altars the warmest affections of many fervent Catholics of Baltimore have twined themselves.—In conclusion, we hope that much more good, even, than has been done in the past, is destined yet to be accomplished by Ours in the future, in the "Monumental City."

NOTE.

We have a very old English Bible in our Woodstock library, on one of the fly-leaves of which is pasted an old and torn slip of paper bearing the following inscription:

RESIDENTIÆ BALTIMORENSI · (S. J.)
EX DOMO
RDI. P. JOS: GREATON
ANNO DÑI 1752

RESIDENTIÆ STI. JOSEPHI
IN BALTIMORE

The last two lines are in a different handwriting, and apparently more recent. The initials in parenthesis also, (S. J.), seem to have been added later. This inscription at first puzzled us a good deal, as we could not find from any other source the faintest evidence to show that there was a residence of the Society in Baltimore as early as 1752: indeed more than one of the facts given in the preceding Sketch, as the reader may easily see, are entirely against such a supposition. It seems to us, however, that the inscription can be explained otherwise. The book may have belonged to Fr. Greaton's house, in some other part of Maryland or in Pennsylvania, in 1752, and have become the property of the *Residentia Baltimorensis* at a much later date. The last two lines were probably added after 1849, the year when Our Fathers took charge of St. Joseph's Church, as mentioned in the text. Our theory is that the book belonged to the old residence at St. Peter's (Baltimore), during the suppression of the Society; and an additional reason is that the letters (S. J.), as already stated, seem to be of a much later date than the lines immediately to the left. But having given the inscription as we found it, we will let those of our readers who may take interest in it, explain it as they think best.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

PART THIRD.

The fields around the quiet City of Philadelphia wear not the hues that erewhile made them bright, when Summer's late repentant smile died among its golden days. The ruddy light of lingering flowers glance no more along its plains. But the level sward lies cold and gray, and chill and drear, the fitful wind makes lonely moaning in the trees and dull the Delaware flows by, with no smile upon his face, while the naked branches with here and there an empty nest lie shadowed on his breast. It is a dreary scene. But deep within the inner heart of nature, beats on a pulse of glorious life, waking germs rife with beauty, and buds of richest, rarest growth are folded, leaf by leaf in gloom, that on the Mays to come shall fling their fragrance and their bloom. We should not call the world all dark though every smile it wore be faded; the light of God's eternal love is round it evermore. The radiant bloom of life-love's Summer glow, are His immortal gifts to man, and oftentimes all we mourn as lost and gone, but waits us in the days to be.

The April of 1833, I have seen it stated, was one of more than ordinary fickleness, and the Catholics of Philadelphia had begun to fear the experience of their Church was to be one continuous April-day. But when Very Rev. Father Visitor Kenny, accompanied by Father Stephen Dubuisson arrived, about the middle of the month, at St. Joseph's, the May-day of Catholicity dawned at once upon the Quaker City.

Rev. Terence Donaghoe had already left and taken up his abode in the basement of St. Michael's Church, where for many months he dwelt to the great edification of the Catholics, not only of Kensington, but of the whole City. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Conwell, with his nephew Henry Mc Keon, and an indefinite number of nieces remained at St. Joseph's. Our Fathers, who in October were joined by Father James Ryder, were allowed to have a stove placed in the kitchen, where their cook and maid-of-all-work prepared their meals; they had the use also of one of the ground floor rooms, as parlor, dining room, and confessional, of the sacristy and three attics; the rest of the house was occupied by my Lord and his numerous relatives.

The good Bishop, from their very arrival, treated Our Fathers in a kindly manner, but his relatives regarded them in the light of intruders; and with a view to the purse, generally had some one posted near the door, so that when a baptism or a marriage arrived, the party might be conducted to uncle's room, where the Sacrament was administered in the most expeditious manner.

About this time the Bishop's sight began to greatly fail. The entries he still made in the registries present an amusing appearance.

Though seldom able to offer the great Sacrifice, it was his invariable custom to be present at the late Mass. Seated upon his throne at the Gospel side of the Sanctuary, he generally enjoyed a pleasant nap during the sermon, finishing with a stentorian "Deo gratias," at the end, to the not infrequent annoyance of the eloquent Father Ryder, who, having his rhetorical pauses so often marred by the Bishop's neither opportune nor dulcet tones, sometimes remarked that 'Deo Gratias' was a beautiful prayer, but it was not always a word in season.

The elegant author of Ahsahgunushk Numanahtahseng, speaking of the early Jesuits of America, says: "Admirable

indeed were the exertions, the virtues, and the sufferings of many, very many of these great and good men. Here they were the civilizers, the discoverers, the colonists, the fertilizers of the boundless waste—the friends, the teachers, the Christianizers, and, alas! but too often the martyrs of the stern and savage Red men.

"The falls of the farthest western rivers, from Niagara to the head waters of the Mississippi and the foaming rapids of the Sault St. Marie, the forest and the prairie, yea! and the ice-bound pinnacles of the Rocky Mountains were familiar to their wandering footsteps; and before commerce or agriculture had begun to hold dominion along the shores of the Atlantic, they were felling the trees of the wilderness far to the Northward of the great lakes, choosing their stations with rare sagacity—for there be now but few of them which are not the sites of great and prosperous cities—and sowing in the breasts of their Indian neophytes that good seed of faith, which should lead by grace of the Most High unto eternal life.—They were navigators, hunters, agriculturists, fishers, antiquarians, naturalists; they were the tamers of the forest, no less than the teachers of the Indian."*

Immediately upon their arrival, Our Fathers, as true sons of Ignatius, began their pastoral duties, and at once Father Dubuisson won the hearts of his parishioners by his amiable conduct and saintly life. It is over forty years since his arrival, and to this day, there are those who talk of him as a saint. One of our Fathers,† then a youth, relates that suddenly entering the Sacristy, one Sunday afternoon, during Vespers, he found him elevated in the air in rapt meditation. His first baptisms and marriage were on the 21st of April,‡ while Father Kenny seems not to have administered these Sacraments until the end of July.

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* Henry William Herbert's—*The Reed Shaken by the Wind*, Chap. II.

† Rev. Patrick Duddy, S. J. ‡ Bap. Reg. p. 351, and Mar. Reg. p. 318.

Soon after his arrival, Father Dubuisson began to make converts, and was most successful among the Quakers, or as Philadelphians prefer to call them, the Friends.*

In the early part of 1834, Father Edward Mc Carthy was sent as an assistant to Father Dubuisson. His first baptism was that of a female infant, at the present day, a zealous member of St. Joseph's, and not long since Prefect of the Young Ladies' Branch of the Sodality of our Holy Mother.† My earliest impressions of Father Mc Carthy, who was, I think, the first Jesuit I ever saw, were not of a very pleasing nature. In the Autumn of this year, one bright Sunday morning, I had been dressed to accompany a sister to late Mass. Becoming impatient at the delay occasioned by the young lady's putting the finishing touches to her dressing, with the independence of "Young America," I started by myself—to her no small fright when she missed me. Passing up the quadrangle, I saw at one of the windows a jovial red face. With infantile impertinence I stood to stare at the vision of manly beauty. "Do you come to Sunday School?" said a deep voice. "No, sir;" answered I, in a penny-trumpet squeal. "Then run home, we don't have young shavers around here that don't come to Sunday School," responded he, deeply gruff. Like the youthful patriot who broke the pane of glass and then ran home to get the money to pay for it, I turned my face towards the maternal residence, whither I was betaking myself as speedily as my diminutive legs would permit, when I found my frightened sister coming in hasty quest of the wanderer. She persuaded me to return, and when a short time after I saw the dignified priest and heard his melodious Preface and Pater Noster, I thought it could not be the same man. After Mass I was taken to shake hands with the holy missioner, when a hearty laugh and a slice of gingerbread removed all unfavorable impressions.

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*Bap. Reg. p. 256. †Do. p. 263.

In August of this year, Father James Curley, the venerable professor of Astronomy at Georgetown College, for a short time, performed parochial duties at St. Joseph's.*

In 1835 Father Dubuisson did not confine his zealous labors to the congregation of St. Joseph's. But in the early part of January we find him amid the ice, and snow, and whistling winds of Susquehanna County, at Silver-Lake, Friendsville; in Carbondale, Luzerne County; Honesdale, Wayne County; and other places in the same neighborhood.†

Father Richard Harvey was sent in 1836 to assist Fathers Dubuisson and Mc Carthy, but as his name does not appear either in the Baptismal or Marriage Registry, I can form no idea how long he remained.

Towards the end of this year, Bishop Conwell became so feeble that he desisted from baptizing and blessing marriages. His last marriage record was on November 20th,‡ and his last baptismal record on April 18th, 1837.§

During these years our Fathers had charge of Trenton, Pleasant Mills, and other places in New Jersey.

The year 1838 is one not lightly to be passed over in the Annals of St. Joseph's. On the feast of St. Francis de Sales, the 29th of January, a meeting of the Catholics of the City was held in the church, the most Blessed Sacrament having been removed. Charles Johnson, Sr., presided. Joseph Dugan, Esq., and Cavalier Keating, father of Sr. Mary Joseph of the Order of the Visitation and Grandfather of Dr. Wm. Keating of this City were the speakers. At this meeting it was resolved to replace the old church erected, as his cathedral, by Bishop Conwell, in 1820, with a larger and more modern structure, to meet the wants of the large and respectable congregation worshipping at St. Joseph's.

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* Bap. Reg. p. 285.
† Do. pp. 293, 294, 295.
‡ Mar. Reg. p. 231.
§ Bap. Reg. p. 302.

On Monday, May 7th, service was held for the last time in the dear and venerated chapel, as it was then called, and as it is called to the present day. Service was held, yes, a peculiarly Catholic service was held—the service of services—the Holy Mass was offered by Fathers Ryder and Barbelin, for all living and dead, who had ever worshipped within its walls.

The United States Gazette, then the leading paper of Philadelphia, on June the 5th, published the following notice:

ST. JOSEPH'S.

"On Monday afternoon the corner-stone of St. Joseph's Church was laid in the lot between Willing's Alley and Walnut Street. The ceremonies were interesting and to many entirely new. At an early hour the place was thronged with persons, anxious to witness the services; and about half past three o'clock a procession of clergymen and attendants came to the staging prepared for the ceremonies; when the Rev. Mr. Ryder announced that in consequence of the rain, the address would be given in St. Mary's Church. Thither some of the company repaired, enough to fill that large edifice; and the priests preceding Bishop Conwell, all in their clerical dresses, and accompanied by the customary youthful attendants of the altar, went in procession to St. Mary's.

"Mr. Ryder then, in a truly eloquent discourse, explained the ceremonies of the occasion, pointed out the causes for gratitude which Catholics had to God for their liberties in this country, and their duty and willingness to pray for and defend that liberty.

"After the address, the priests chanted the litany of the Saints, and then all returned to the site of the proposed edifice.

"The priests then intonated one of the psalms, and the corner-stone was laid by the Rev. James Ryder, Senior

Pastor of St. Joseph's, in the presence of the Right Rev'd Bishop Conwell. A procession was then made round the site of the building, while a psalm was chanted.

"In the corner-stone were placed, coins, pamphlets, papers of the day, small notes, and other articles of the present times, with a scroll upon which was inscribed, in most exquisite chirography, the following:

QUOD FELIX FAUSTUM FORTUNATUMQUE SIT
DEIQUE IN GLORIAM BENE VERTAT.

—

IN THE PONTIFICATE OF GREGORY SIXTEENTH,
THIS
CORNER STONE OF THE NEW ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH,
IS LAID, THE FOURTH DAY OF JUNE;
BEING WHITSUN MONDAY, IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD,
ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND THIRTY EIGHT,
OF THE INDEPENDENCE OF THESE UNITED STATES
THE SIXTY SECOND;
IN THE ADMINISTRATION OF MARTIN VAN BUREN,
EIGHTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES;
JOSEPH RITNER, GOVERNOR OF
PENNSYLVANIA;
JOHN SWIFT, MAYOR OF THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA,
RIGHT REV. HENRY CONWELL, BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE;
RIGHT REV FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK, COADJUTOR;
REV. THOMAS F. MULLEDY, PROVINCIAL OF THE
SOCIETY OF JESUS IN THE PROVINCE OF MARYLAND;
REV. JAMES RYDER AND FELIX JOSEPH BARBELIN OF THE SAME
SOCIETY OF JESUS, PASTORS OF ST. JOSEPH'S
CHURCH.

"John Maguire, Joseph Donath, John Maitland, Martin Murphy and John Darragh co-operating with the pastors as a building committee, in the name of the Catholics of the City and County of Philadelphia, by whose generous

contributions, despite the unparalleled pecuniary difficulties of the country, the church is to be erected, under the superintendence of John Darragh, Architect, who employs Michael Gahegan to dig the cellar, David Ryan as stonemason, Edward Carr and George Johnson as bricklayers, James Carroll, marble mason, and Thomas Ryan, carpenter, on the site of the old St. Joseph's, endeared to the Catholic community by the hallowed recollections of more than a century, as the cradle of their faith in this City, and the resting place of the mortal remains of their parents, kindred, and friends; consecrated by the labors of those venerable pioneers of religion, a Snyder, a de Ritter, a Farmer, a Molyneux and their associates, of the Society of Jesus; illustrious, notwithstanding its humble state, as the nursery of many distinguished ecclesiastics of the secular clergy, and ever memorable as the first temple in which the hymn of thanksgiving was chanted to the God of armies, in the presence of Washington and his staff, and the representatives of France and the United States, for the blessings bestowed upon the infant Republic in her struggle for right and liberty."

In digging the foundations it became necessary to remove the remains of the early Catholics buried around the chapel. Some were removed by their relatives and reinterred in St. Mary's, Holy Trinity, and St. Augustine's cemeteries. The bones of the laity who remained were placed in strong boxes and buried beneath the furnace. Those of the clergymen, all of whom were found, were placed under the altar. It was remarkable with regard to the remains of Fr. Farmer that the stole remained intact, while the other vestments as well as the flesh had disappeared. Among these are the bones of Fr. Lawrence Louis Graessl of the old Society. He was the first appointed to the Bishopric of Philadelphia, but died before the arrival of the bulls.

Sometime later the venerable Father John Mc Elroy, who had just built the fine church of St. John in Frederick

City, was substituted for Father Ryder in the building of St. Joseph's. He brought Mr. John Tehan from Frederick to act as Architect and somewhat altered the plans of Mr. John Darragh. For the better? Adhuc sub judice lis est.

Father Barbelin, truly styled the children's friend, foreseeing the great good to be done in coming years through the instrumentality of the Sunday-school, was very desirous of having a lofty class-room; I have been told, the holy man went on his knees, in his earnestness for the salvation of souls yet unborn, but he was unsuccessful. It was not until years after that he succeeded in having the arches and vaults removed to obtain the miserable basement so dear to the hearts of Philadelphia Catholics. Poor basement! you are not without your laurels. The late saintly Bishop Neuman once remarked to the writer of these Annals: "St. Joseph's basement has done the work of many churches."

To supply for the supports removed, Father Barbelin had a large beam erected, composed of wood, stone, and cement, which is now the only support of the beautiful main altar, an altar weighing many tons. May we not hope that the spirit of the holy Father Barbelin will watch over this loved basement and the sacred altar where he officiated for so many years and preserve them from any serious accident. This basement, dark and dreary as it is, is dearly loved, and every effort is being made to beautify it as much as possible. During the last year, three handsome altars have been erected—in the middle, one dedicated to the Sacred Heart of our dear Redeemer—on the Gospel side, one in honor of St. Aloysius, the Patron of youth, while on the Epistle side stands the altar of the Saving Passion, with its massive Crucifix. Shrines to our Immaculate Mother, our loved Patron, St. Joseph and the holy Angel Guardians,—a portrait of the venerated Barbelin, a large oil-painting of the present director of the Sunday-school, and statues, and vases, and flowers arranged in every

available place, serve to render it more cheerful looking, and on a Sunday afternoon when the altars and shrines are lighted and the smiles of a thousand happy innocent faces serve to illumine it, it presents a sight pleasing not only to Angels bnt also to men.

The destruction of the old church called into exercise the pens of many of her children. On June the 9th, the Public Ledger published the following poetical effusion, which I insert not for its poetic excellence, but as a specimen of the Catholic literature of the day.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH.

Beneath its roof—and Persecution's rod,
Some pious friends of yore conceived it meet
To join in prayer, at times, unto their God,
And chant His praises there in accents sweet.

'Twas there at eve, beset by bigot crew,
Those holy men its sacred walls upraised,
And oft as they their labors would renew,
As oft again the work the bigots razed.

'Twas then FRIEND PENN whose just and peaceful sway
Conserved alike the subjects of the State,
Proclaimed anew that they should sing and pray
As their own conscience to them should dictate.

O happy hour! so rife with great events
For those in aftertimes who've trod life's stage,
When Truth o'erpowered sectarian discontents,
And press'd them close to smother in their rage.

And now relieved from fell oppression's yoke,
And sainted FARMER at his altar stood,
With hands uplifted, there did God invoke
To shower His blessings on our brave and good.

And by his side in humble posture knelt
The Father of our land—Virginia's Son,
To thank his God, for he in earnest felt
'Twas He alone, for him, each battle won.

So now this "lowly shed" where deeds so grand
Transpired so oft to sanctify its name,
Has fled—its *wings* but only to expand,
And raise its *crest* proportioned to its fame.

LIBER.

About the same time a gentleman who, in his youth had been a member of St. Joseph's, published a letter from which I make the following extract:

"It occupied all the ground enclosed in the modern structure. It was an oblong building, running East and West, with the ceiling arched in the centre, probably not more than twenty-five feet high, from the floor; the sides along the North and South walls, having flat roofs, about twelve feet high. It had no gallery, but there was a small organ-loft at the West end, under the arch. The roof had its main supports from a series of posts resting in the pews of the North and South aisles. The church was badly lighted and worse ventilated. The few windows in the North and South walls merely afforded what is termed 'a dim religious light.' Transgressors who sought religious grace, found in that little chapel nought to distract their minds or their eyes in the way of ornamental art or gaudy show. It was built for, and appropriated solely to, the worship of the only Superior recognized by an intelligent and consistent Catholic.

"The walls exteriorly were rough-cast and pebble-dashed, thus throwing difficulty in the way of young America inscribing his name for the edification and benefit of anxious inquirers or unborn millions.

"It was an entirely plain building, about one hundred feet long, with a flat roof on each side about fourteen feet in width, extending the whole length. There were probably eight windows in the North front, of medium size, with old fashioned 8 by 10 window glass in them. The entrance to the church was through a small doorway at the end of each front, and this fact seemed to create a law for those who lived up town to use the Walnut Street passage way, and for those who lived in the Southerly direction to use the Willing's Alley route.

"The only efforts attempted for many years in the way of internal improvement consisted simply in whitewashing

the walls. The chancel enclosed about three fifths of the width of the building, thus leaving room for several pews in the Northeast and Southeast corners, the latter of which were occupied by a race of colored Christians, who, I am afraid, have all been called away. They were of French and West Indian birth, and were bound devotedly together by good words and for good works. They met frequently, by a law of their own, in that old church, and there prayed aloud in their native French, while they counted their beads, treasured as heir-looms. I have often listened to them with real pleasure, and endeavored to learn and repeat the prayers which escaped from their lips. Citizens who pedestrianized this City when its population was estimated at 150,000 persons, looked kindly, if not wishfully at some of those identical old colored ladies, as they sat at the most frequented corners with their heads enveloped in gay bandanna turbans, and holding in their laps a tray well supplied with groundnut cakes and cocoanut balls! Bless their old souls! But they have all passed away.

"St Joseph's then contained in the parsonage adjoining, on the South, quite a numerous family of worthies. There was the liberal and amiable old Bishop Henry Conwell. He had with him his nephew, Dr. Christopher Columbus Conwell, one of the most brilliant writers of his day, and a niece, still living here. The Rev. Wm. Vincent Harold and Rev. Mr. Ryan of the Order of Dominican Friars, and Rev. James Cummiskey, were the regular officiating clergymen there. Then we had the Rev. John Hughes, ordained there, and who rose rapidly in favor with the citizens generally, who built for him the Church on Thirteenth Street, known as St. John's, which soon after became the Cathedral. Perhaps no man ever occupied a more exalted position in religious, literary, and political circles, than this same John Hughes, when he afterwards became bishop of New York. He had risen from the position of a common laborer on the public roads of Pennsylvania from which he

was transferred to Mount St. Mary's College at Emmitsburg, Maryland; where he was made kitchen-gardener and received instructions in the different branches of the College course, after working hours. Officers of that institution have informed me that no graduate ever better deserved its honors than John Hughes. St. Joseph's had at that time the Rev. Terence Donaghoe, who also became prominent in church affairs. St. Michael's Church, in Kensington, was built for him, and he continued in charge of it during his life."

The gentleman is mistaken with regard to Rev. Terence Donaghoe—upon the death of his great friend, Bishop Conwell, he migrated to the great West, where he died a few years since. He happened to be in the City at the time of the riots, in 1844, and had the melancholy satisfaction of witnessing from the belfry of St. Augustine's the conflagration of the church and convent he had built with so much labor, and on the same evening of witnessing from the N. E. corner of Willing's Alley the burning of St. Augustine's.

On the 11th of February 1839, the new church was consecrated, being, I think, the second church in the United States consecrated to the Living God. I extract the following beautiful verses from "The Spirit of the Times:"

LINES

ON THE CONSECRATION OF ST. JOSEPH'S, IN THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA, 11TH FEB., 1839.

I.

Oh Thou of Heaven's high throne—
Almighty and alone—
Whose will can circle countless worlds unknown; least understood
Father of life to thee
We bend the worship-knee—
The only Lord—the only great—the universal good.

II.

Within these sacred walls,
Where every spell recalls,
Freedom beneath the banner in patriot battle won;
Where valor, virtue, met,
And glory's stamp was set
On him the pure commissioned chief—Columbia's WASHINGTON.

III.

Look down in mercy here,
Withdraw the hand severe
Thy justice could have lifted against Thy erring flock;
And let Thy mercy bless,
As in the wilderness
When Moses found and Israel drank Thy waters from the rock.

IV.

Oh! more than mortal heart
Can picture what Thou art,
Should be his spirits heaven-lit fire of gratitude to Thee,
That he thus lifts the sign—
The banner-cross divine
To Thy pure worship in a land—so sacred and so free.

V.

Here saints and patriots knelt
Who kindred feelings felt, [sword!
Who rais'd the flag and brav'd the fight and wav'd the victor's
Not for terrestrial power,
That too debasing dower,
But for Thy name "least understood," yet boundlessly ador'd.

VI.

Let but Thy pleasure now
Illume Thy smiling brow,
And we who've here assembled, can lift our hope afar;
That this deep anthem song
With heaven's sweet hopes so strong
Shall countless generations bring to Thy consoling star!

VII.

Holy! holy! holy—
Triune—Godhead solely—
This ground is wet with sinner's tears, a tribute to Thy love;
Oh grant that we rejoice
With th'Archangelic voice
From grassy grave and ocean—lead us to Thee above.

JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

Philadelphia, Feb. 11th, 183).

Sunday the 27th of September 1840, being the three hundredth anniversary of the Confirmation of the Society of Jesus, was a day of much more than ordinary devotion at St. Joseph's. The services were of the most imposing character. From half past five in the morning, Mass followed Mass, at each of which hundreds received 'the food that maketh strong.' Although an admission fee of $1.00 was charged at the late service, the church was crowded. 'Haydn's Imperial Mass' was sung for the first time in America, the wife of the French Consul and Miss Susan de la Roche being the chief singers. The side pews in the galleries were removed to make room for an orchestra of over eighty pieces. The exercises of the day concluded with the solemn benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament and the singing of Haydn's magnificent 'Te Deum.'

On October 24th, three large paintings by Don Pedro Martinez were placed behind the altars. That of the Crucifixion—a copy of Rubens, is considered to be one of the best in the country. Although somewhat darkened by age, it is impossible to gaze upon the agony of Jesus' face, the resigned anguish of Mary Mother's countenance, the wondering and yearning look of St. John and the almost hopeless despair of Mary Magdalene without acutely feeling the acursed weight of sin. I have seen even callous Quakers weep when gazing upon this picture. A Holy Family after Murillo and a Sacred Heart placed at this time behind the side altars have been removed to make room, one for a marble statue of our Immaculate Queen, the other for a painting on the same theme by a Protestant artist—smaller in size, and some think in artistic merit. Before the old one how many tears of repentance have been shed by sincere sinners! The calm benevolence of the countenance seemed to say: 'Son, there is a place for you in this heart' —while the face of one of the Angels, gazing into the eyes of his Lord with a look of adoring wonder too great even for angelic intelligence, is in itself an eloquent sermon on the love of God.

In 1841 we find Fr. Havermans as Superior with Fr. Barbelin as assistant, and Brother Edmund Quinlan, teacher of the Boys' school. In the early part of this year, Father Barbelin began the Sodalities for young men and ladies, and on the 15th of August, a third branch for married men. This was the first Sodality of the Blessed Mother established in this country outside of Colleges and Academies. It was soon followed by a Sodality established in St. Mary's Church by Father Edward Sourin, and in a short while these Sodalities were spread over the length and breadth of the land and have been found to be a most powerful instrumentality in keeping the young faithful in the discharge of their religious duties and of gaining souls to God.

1842, Father Ignatius Combs is Superior with Father Virgil Barber as second assistant, while Father Barbelin had charge of the schools, there being a day-school for girls taught by a Miss Shannon. During this year he introduced the pious devotion of the Bona Mors. Father Combs soon became endeared to the people of the congregation by his simplicity of manners.

On the 13th of February, Father Mc Carthy died at Whitemarsh, Md. It is now over thirty years, and still people speak of his labors at Pottsville as well as at St. Joseph's, and of his beautiful singing.

For some years the Sunday School had met in a large school room in 2nd Street opposite German. This being fully a mile from the Church, we may imagine the inconvenience caused good Father Barbelin, who many a time must have longed for the gift of ubiquity. During this year it entered upon its present quarters.

In the early part of 1843, Bishop Conwell began to perceptibly fail. During the latter part of his life he was deprived of his sight and had a novel way of impressing upon his memory the features of his visitors. When one knelt to receive his episcopal benediction he would rub his

hand over every part of the head and countenance, and manipulate the cranium of his unfortunate visitor as the artist does the clay he intends for his model, His sight had failed but his other faculties remained bright until within a short time of his death. He made his last will and testament, leaving St. Joseph's Cemetery, which was deeded in his name, to the Fathers of St. Joseph's and placed this will in the hands of his executor, Rev. Terence Donaghoe, but, about a week before his death, he asked for it, promising to return it in a day or two. After his death this will could not be found.

His nieces and nephews, as his heirs, laid claim to this home of the dead, with the honorable exception of his eldest niece and her estimable husband, to whose suffering for justice I have already paid tribute in Part 2nd. Our Fathers applied to the Courts. At first it was decided in favor of the relatives, who were so elated that they began to survey the ground in order to lay it out in building lots. An appeal was made to the Court in Equity who made a final decision in favor of the congregation. Most of the relatives soon recognized the justice of this decision and became edifying members of the congregation. The children of some of them are among my regular monthly penitents.

One found it more difficult to forgive and forget. Sometime after, wishing to injure Father Barbelin in the estimation of Bishop Kenrick, he sent a letter making the foulest accusations against Fr. B's honesty and morality. He feared his writing might be recognized and adopted the ingenious, if tedious, method of cutting the words from newspapers and pasting them in order. His Lordship immediately sent this epistle to St. Joseph's. Mr. James Smith, a shrewd business man, was in Father Barbelin's room at the time of its reception; and upon its having been shown to him, remarked: "I'll find out before sundown who sent that contemptible bundle." Without asking

permission he carried the document with him, and went to a stand for second-hand books. Acting on the principle that might makes right, he opened the closets of this stand and there he found the very papers from which the words had been cut. "I'll make you suffer for this," said he,—"they have comfortable quarters in Moyamensing palace —I'll use all my influence to have Father Barbelin sue you for libel." The man was horribly frightened; but as the meek Jesuit took the Christian's revenge, he became one of his warmest admirers. At this time, this grave-yard, the cause of so much litigation, is a source of expense rather than of revenue; but it is still the last resting place of many of Philadelphia's poor.

On the 20th of April, Father Barbelin anointed Bishop Conwell. He died on the 22nd, having led an eventful and troubled life; a man of more mistakes than faults; a proof that varied acquirements and even good intentions do not always fit one for a responsible position.

In 1843 the interior of the church, which up to this time had been dressed in white, was much improved by Signor Monachesi's frescoes. The ceiling was a master-piece, its simplicity of design being its unique charm. The ground-work was a silver dove color—the centre was the Jesuits' monogram—the I. H. S. in the midst of a massive, richly-gilt glory. In each corner was a medallion of dual angels bearing instruments of the Suffering. These, together with the simple scroll-work, presented an exquisitely chaste appearance, to many, much more pleasing than that combination of bright green, yellow, pink, blue, brown, magenta, etc., to be found in almost every village church throughout the country. In 1853 the walls were again painted, in what, from its resemblance to a useful article of the toilet, the witty Fr. John Mc Guigan designated the Castelian style of architecture; but the ceiling was not touched until 1872, when its dingy, almost leprous appearance necessitated its renovation.

(*To be continued.*)

FATHER WENINGER ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

FIFTH LETTER.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

P. C.

The year 1870 began like its predecessors, with my own Retreat; and St. Ignatius' College this time became my Manresa. I like to make the *Exercises* at the opening of the new year; it is at least a feeble mark of respect and veneration for their author, and for the Society to which we have been called. For it was while performing these Exercises, that St Ignatius first received the inspiration to found a new order, which was to copy whatever was holiest in the older religious Communities, and yet differ from them in many important particulars. The idea was suggested to him during the Meditation on the "Two Standards." He had been a soldier, he had fought under the standard of his sovereign for the fading laurels of time; he was to be a soldier still, and wear the crown of immortality. The whole plan of "The Company of Jesus," so martial in its conception, was at once unfolded before his imagination. Hereafter this was the dream of his life, the grand aim of his ambitious soul.

The Exercises are, therefore, the natural element of the Jesuit. He finds in them the nourishment that will repair his failing strength and quicken him into new and vigorous life. If he has imbibed the spirit of our holy Founder, he cannot but feel a spiritual attraction for them, and have recourse to them at his earliest convenience.

Besides, the Exercises have been sealed with the special sanction of the Church. During the lifetime of Ignatius,

in the year 1548, on the 31st of July—now sacred to the memory of the Saint—Paul III wrote these memorable words, which should remain forever engraven on our hearts: "Exercitia praedicta, ac *omnia* et *singula* in eis contenta, ex certa scientia nostra approbamus, collaudamus et praesentis scripti patrocinis communimus." The Popes, it is true, have often commended other writings, as good and profitable to souls. But where is the book, composed by uninspired man, all of whose contents they have sanctioned and approved in such a manner? It is quite natural then, that in the Jesuit's mind the book of the Exercises should rank next to the Bible, and that, if left to himself, he should enrich himself with its treasures at the very beginning of the year.

This season following upon the Christmas solemnities, generally leaves the missionary more at leisure to attend to study of his own perfection, and apply to himself the saving truths which he must teach to others during the rest of the year. If he seizes the opportunity, he will always be sure of not dying without having made his annual Retreat, and this thought alone is no slight consolation.

But I find that I have insensibly strayed away from the Missions on the Pacific Coast to a somewhat different theme. However, as these letters are meant to encourage a kindly exchange of feeling among brethren, and as those of our Fathers devoted to the missions may not find it uninteresting to know how one similarly engaged divides his year, my other readers will kindly overlook this and other short digressions.

The first mission after my retreat took place in our Church at San José. It is hardly necessary to allude to the usual manifestations of divine grace during the course of the Exercises: they attend every mission more or less. I shall only mention a remark dropped by a Frenchman, who accidentally came across my path in that part of the

globe. He was one of those unhappy individuals who seem to have been born to no purpose, and who are disgusted with themselves and all the sons of Adam—an infidel and a misanthrope in the strictest sense of the word. He candidly acknowledged that he could not believe in the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ; and therefore his remark struck me all the more because it was unexpected from such a quarter. As I was speaking, he suddenly interrupted me: "would you be so kind, and tell me what catholics mean when they proclaim the Pope infallible?" I informed him, that the Infallibility of the Pope does not mean a personal exemption from error, making a man incapable of a mistake, as far as he is a man; but the official Infallibility of the Vicar of Christ, when he addresses the whole Church upon matters of faith and morals. He appeared quite satisfied with this explanation and exclaimed: "Seulement dans ce sens? Mais sans doute en matière de foi le Pape *doit* être infaillible; cela va sans dire"—Only in that sense? Why, to be sure, in matters of faith the Pope *must* be infallible; that's understood.— He had denied the divinity of Christ a little before, and now he admitted as self-evident, that His Vicar must be infallible in matters of faith. This was a striking proof, that every logical mind starting from the principle of Infallibility in the church, must of necessity come to the conclusion that its head can not err in matters of faith.

After the mission at San José I went to Los Angeles, to give another there in the Cathedral. The day on which I started, San Francisco was visited by an earthquake. Shocks of this kind are very frequent in California; they occurred at four different times during my stay there. A tradition, current among the people, says that at some future day San Francisco will disappear in one of these convulsions of the earth. It is based upon an incident in the life of a Venerable Father of the Order of St. Francis, who lived in the monastery of Santa Clara. While praying in

the church before a crucifix, still honored with great devotion, he was rapt into an extasy and raised into the air. Just as he awoke from his ravishment, some one entered the church. The servant of God asked him if he had seen anything extraordinary. The man replied in the affirmative. "Well then," said he, "I will tell you what God has just revealed to me: San Francisco will one day disappear in an earthquake." From that time till the present, the saying of the holy man has been repeated and is believed by many. The city is built in part upon alluvial soil, and it would not take a very violent shock to verify the prophecy. May God avert so great a punishment and desolation!

South of San Francisco, in the direction of Los Angeles, the scenery along the coast is by turns grand and picturesque, charming and sublime. I enjoyed it to the full and arrived at Los Angeles in the beginning of February. What a delightful climate! It is already Summer—oranges are blooming and bearing fruit at the same time, and nature, still buried in the snows of winter in other regions, is here decked in all its charms. I often wonder, how a rich and independent man who looks for the comforts of life, can ever make up his mind to return to the Eastern or Middle States after spending a winter in California.

I remained in this terrestrial paradise until March. The beauty of the scenery was always increasing; and yet, at that very time, the Newspapers contained such startling announcements as these: "Minnesota! violent snow storms! people frozen to death!" Nevertheless the tide of emigration is flowing chiefly towards Minnesota, Wisconsin and Iowa. The only reason is, that others went there first! Men wish to join their kinsfolk and to settle among those who have a family feeling with them. They buy themselves a farm, and when they begin to regret the step, they find that it is not so easy to dispose of it. And so they find themselves obliged to dwell, for several long winter months, amid perpetual snows and frosts.

The life at Los Angeles is stamped with a decidedly Spanish, or rather Mexican character. The people have a wonderful attachment to the Catholic religion. Their faith is as strong as that of the Irish, but their morals are anything but conformable to their belief. Some of them, it is true, lead the lives of veritable saints; I saw a pious widow in the Cathedral of Los Angeles, who, like the prophetess Anne, almost never left the precincts of the church. But the great majority are as weak in practice as they are strong in theory. Man and wife often live together unmarried or without the requisite dispensation in case of a matrimonial impediment. Here too, as elswhere, the Mexican character shows a singular combination of Indian ferocity and Spanish *grandeza*. The inhabitants are extremely improvident, they live like Adam and Eve, from day to day and let divine Providence take care of the uncertain future. However, they might rise superior to all these weaknesses and make as good a Catholic nation as any in the world, if Freemasonry had not obtained such a footing among them and perverted many of the most influential men. The worst of it is, that often they see no harm in belonging to the sect. They are beguiled by the fact that Freemasons help one another like brethren and insist on external propriety and decorum. I met with a member of the lodge at Annaheim, a settlement south of Los Angeles, in the direction of San Diego. He was a very good-hearted man, who with rare generosity, had made the Catholics there a present of all the pews necessary to fill their church. I said to him: "As you are so kind to the Catholics, why do you not join the Church and become a Catholic yourself?"—"I would have done it long ago," replied he, "but your church will not receive me." I answered at once: "I know the reason—You are a Freemason."—"I am, Father, and that is precisely the reason, why you should receive me; for Freemasons and the Catholic church have the same end in view; and therefore I feel so

much inclined to become a Catholic. Does not the Catholic church wish all men to help one another, love one another, and do right? This is likewise the aim of Freemasonry. Father, you refuse to receive me into your church, because I am a Freemason; and you yourself are one." I smiled and said: "How can you suppose, that I, a Priest, am a Freemason? Are you not aware that Pius IX. like so many of his predecessors, has again and again pronounced the sentence of excommunication against the members of all secret Societies and especially against the Freemasons: How, then, could I have joined them?"—"O!" said he, "Pius IX. himself is a Freemason, and the greatest of them all; for I really believe, that there is not on earth a man, who more sincerely wishes to see all persons honest and happy." These words showed me, how great was the blindness of the poor fellow, and how useless it would have been to make an effort to enlighten his mind. I thought it best to leave him in the hands of Providence, until he would be better disposed to open his eyes to the rays of truth.

The little village of Annaheim, where I fell in with him, embraces an area of about six miles in circumference. It is surrounded by a hedge of thorny shrubs and is entered by something like a gate. The houses are built at some distance from each other and surrounded by vineyards and orchards. There is a reservoir of water supplied from a stream above the village; and in case of drought, so common in those parts, the water is conducted by means of canals through the town to places where irrigation is needed. Every Saturday such persons as are in want of water meet at the office of the reservoir and leave their orders. The place was originally laid out for Germans, but it is now open to all nationalities. Mexicans in particular have found their way thither. Still the great majority are Germans, most of them Protestants, and the Catholics are generally intermarried with them.

An amusing incident occurred at this settlement during the course of the mission. A Catholic woman came to confession and told me that her husband, who was a Protestant, was willing to have his children brought up Catholics and baptized, but that he wished the ceremony to be performed at his own house. I went there. Seeing quite a number of children, some smaller and others larger, I inquired whether none of them had ever been baptized. The husband answered: "Yes, Father, this boy here, I baptized myself." I asked him whether he had done everything rightly and followed the prescribed formula. "O to be sure I did! and in order to make the baptism all the stronger and more efficacious, instead of using water, I took the best wine that I had in my cellar. Was not this baptism stronger than one given only with water?"

Starting from Annaheim for the North, I first gave a Retreat to the boarders in the academy of the Sisters of Notre Dame at San José. A large number of the pupils in this Institution were Protestants. But they all joined in the retreat with the Catholics, and during it some of them were received into the church. And now May was fast approaching. It was time to return to Oregon, where I had not been able to finish the preceding year. After another Mission, therefore, in the Cathedral at Marysville, I set out and once more passed the dreaded Columbia Bar.

The first mission in Oregon this season was given to the soldiers of the garrison at Fort Stephens, situated at the very entrance of the Bay, before Astoria. I was glad to begin my missionary campaign with a military expedition. For, somehow, soldiers are a class of men for whom the priest feels a sort of natural attraction, and whom he is inclined to aid as much as he can in their spiritual wants. Soldiers, on the other hand, are wont to reciprocate his feelings. So far from insulting the minister of Christ, they generally manifest a special regard for his person. The secret cause for this sympathy may perhaps be found in

the singular resemblance of their vocations. Both the soldier and the priest are called to fight—the one on the battlefield of his country, the other on that of the Church militant. In the Society, in particular, whose Founder was at one time a soldier and wished his followers to be a company of volunteers ready to fly, at the first signal, to any part of the world where danger is more imminent, this sort of fellowship is all the more natural. Indeed St. Ignatius would seem to encourage it. For, while he forbids us to receive as candidates those who have already belonged to some other religious association, he makes an exception in favor of the Military Orders.

The Commander of Fort Stephens, though not a Catholic himself, was married to a Spanish Catholic. He gave me full liberty to do what I wished, and even permitted those who were in prison to attend the Retreat and approach the Sacraments. In a word, I found him kind and obliging throughout, and after concluding the exercises, I started with pleasant recollections for Oregon City. A mission was greatly needed there just then, on account of the scandal given by an Apostate Catholic priest, formerly a Benedictine monk. He had not only renounced his religious profession, but openly lived there with a woman whom he had married before the secular judge. Thanks be to God, the mission healed many wounds.

From Oregon City I went to a congregation in the country. The good people there had built a stone church on the top of a lonely hill.—Not a house was to be seen for miles around, and the priest only visited the place at intervals. During night I lodged at a house about three miles distant; during the day I was obliged to remain in Church the whole time without taking any nourishment till evening. The work was wearisome and fatiguing; but many extraordinary conversions refreshed the spirit and sweetened the labor. The ways of divine Providence were especially remarkable in leading one erring sheep into the

fold. Apparently, it was doomed to stray still farther into the by paths of error. But the Shepherd had watched its wanderings and followed it, even into the remotest wilds. The triumph of the Sacred Heart was so unmistakable that I must relate it briefly. After leaving the steamer in which we had embarked at Oregon City, I had to make the balance of my journey in a wagon. On I passed through the newly settled country by many a weary turn, until I reached a tavern. Just then an unknown man stepped out of the house, with a bundle of clothes in his hand. He approached and asked the driver, if he might ride with us. I took him for a half-drunken vagabond, and felt no little disrelish for such a companion. Nevertheless I consented to his taking a seat by me on the already overloaded wagon. He soon made himself known as a New Englander. Notwithstanding his neglected and uninviting appearance, he proved to be a well educated man—an engineer by profession. Up to that day he had never come so close to a priest and never yet spoken to one. As might have been expected, under such circumstances, he plied me very soon with a host of questions about religious matters and was surprised at the answers he received. When we drew near to the place where I was to stay over night, I invited him to avail himself of the mission, which would open on the following day, to get more information upon the subjects that we had been discussing. I promised, at the same time to give him a book which would instruct him thoroughly concerning the claims of the Church, by comparing Catholicity with Protestantism and Infidelity. And so we parted.

I was quite surprised next day, when I perceived that he was really present in the church and listened with intense interest. After a day or two I was told that this newly arrived stranger had publicly expressed his amazement at the effect produced on him by the mission sermons. "Do you know what?" said he. "That priest actually made me cry to-day at church. I never shed such tears in my life

before." When the mission was drawing to a close, I asked him how he felt. He confessed that the scales had fallen from his eyes, and that he would consider himself under the greatest obligation to me, if I received him into the Church. I complied with his request. His looks, indeed, were against him, and most priests would probably have distrusted him. But, then, it is far easier to render an account to our Lord for having been rather indulgent towards sinners, especially towards those who are not yet members of the fold, than for having been too austere and exacting. This case itself furnished me with an additional proof and became to me a source of unspeakable consolation. Not long after, a well-dressed gentleman called on me in Portland. It was the same person. He had come to pay me a visit and to thank me for what I had done for his salvation. He wished to go again to confession; and in a short time he became, I may say, a leading member of the congregation. Being an able man he had soon found a good employment, and hence this change in his appearance. He was desirous to be more and more instructed in our holy religion, and he even sent books to his family in Massachusetts, to enlighten them and, if possible, to make them partakers in his happiness. How very different the result would probably have been, had I dismissed him with the advice to receive further instruction, as best he might! Most probably he would have remained and died a protestant. Worse still, had I refused him a seat on the wagon, as I certainly felt disposed to do at first sight. For everything about him was calculated to create an unfavorable impression. The very atmosphere that surrounded him, was impregnated with an ominous smell of strong drink. Yet all these signs proved deceptive. Under that repulsive exterior was hidden an accomplished gentleman, and what is more, a chosen friend of God.

I have dwelt upon this subject, to answer an objection, often heard from zealous persons, whose good sense is

rarely at fault upon other matters, but whose experience in this particular is necessarily limited. They complain that missionaries often receive neophytes into the church without sufficient preparation, and that as a consequence, their conversions are not lasting. Let me assure them, in order to allay their fears, that it is far more advisable to finish the work of conversion during the mission, than to defer it and to subject the mind that is well disposed to a protracted preparation at other hands. Of course, when the resident pastor himself has the candidate under instruction, it is very desirable to give him a more thorough preparation than the missionary could be expected to do. The reason is plain. The mission is a time of grace, and it is at least doubtful whether the soul invited by the interior call of grace, would be likely to hearken to it, when the echoes of the missionary's voice have died away. Even converts received at other times should not be put off to long without at least receiving Baptism, and conditional absolution, in case the Baptism itself has been administered under condition.

I take for granted, meanwhile, that the neophyte is fully aware of the meaning of the step he is about to take, and that he knows explicitly and distinctly the principal articles of our faith. He must be instructed in the mystery of the Unity and Trinity of God and of His relations to us as Creator and Ruler of the Universe. He must be taught the doctrine of the fall of man in Paradise, and of his redemption by the Son of God made flesh. He must see the necessity of belonging to the Catholic Church, the only true and saving Church founded by Christ Himself. He must be told of the seven Sacraments and their effects. Finally, he must understand the value and efficacy of prayer, the most ordinary means of obtaining the graces of God.

It is useless for the missionary to insist on the convert's memorizing a great number of definitions from the Catechism. His chief aim should be to make them, from the very beginning, really practical Catholics. If they are thor-

oughly catholic at heart and understand the essential articles well, they will be anxious of themselves to become instructed in their Christian duties and will readily embrace every opportunity that offers itself. To secure this end all the better, it would be advisable for the convert to have a zealous, practical Catholic, as a witness who will go with him to the Parish priest for further instruction and by his example lead him to the frequentation of the Sacraments, the daily practice of prayer and the regular attendance at Mass on Sundays and Holidays of obligation.

Such a friend and witness is much more useful for the new convert, than any purely doctrinal instruction, which after all can be gradually acquired from books. Hence the rule and custom, observed in the church from the very beginning, of having Sponsors at Baptism. This office which might seem to be a mere formality at present, was in olden times considered to imply a most serious engagement. Indeed it might still be productive of the happiest results if performed in the proper spirit. For the influence of a layman is often more direct and constant than any that the pastor could exert. The latter is often busied with the care of so large a flock that he finds it difficult to extend his special solicitude to all those who might seem to need it. It is good, however, to recommend the converts to him. He need not, and in fact should not, molest them with many dogmatical explanations, but he should often give them practical exhortations on the manner of living like real Catholics, and especially on the regular practice of prayer, the hearing of Mass and the use of the Sacraments. The all-important point is Confession, which is apt to have its own peculiar difficulties for grown persons who are as yet unaccustomed to lay open all the secret folds of their conscience. They should be repeatedly told by the priest how to conduct themselves in the confessional, according as they have committed new sins or not. They should be shown, in their prayerbooks those prayers which are usually enjoined

for a penance. In this manner, they will gradually become familiar with confession, and find it a source of peace and consolation.

Generally speaking, when converts are deemed sufficiently instructed to make a good confession, they should likewise be admitted to the Holy Table. To delay the reception of the Blessed Eucharist, under these circumstances, is a bad practice. Very likely it will lead them to neglect the use of this life-giving Sacrament for many years, under the pretext of unworthiness. Simply to baptize them, with the advice to apply for further instruction to the Parish priest, is at best a very uncertain method and exposes their souls to a great risk. For, the devil, who is afraid of losing his prey, will certainly do his best to destroy the work of God.

I have been, perhaps, rather diffuse on this subject. But, as it is one of no little difficulty to missionaries, these hints thrown out by one who has drawn them from the personal experience of years, will it is hoped be of some service and be received in the same spirit by the reader in which they were penned down by the writer. In this hope I continue the history of the mission, which gave occasion to them.

At the close of this mission I had a remarkable interview, perhaps I should say, controversy, with a Protestant Minister. He came to the church on the last day, which was the feast of Saints Peter and Paul, just as I was erecting the mission Cross. He approached and asked me, if I would not allow him to address the people that day, which meant of course to preach to them. I replied: "Sir, before I can give you the desired permission, I must first know who sent you hither to preach. You know very well, if you have read the Acts of the Apostles, as I presume you have, that, when assembled in Council at Jerusalem, they warned the faithful not to listen to those not sent by them. They told their disciples that such preachers, not having been commissioned by the legitimate ecclesiastical authority, were intruders, and that therefore their sermons were only

the word of man and not that of God. Now, I am here sent by Pius IX., the successor of St. Peter, who presided over that Council at Jerusalem and whose feast we celebrate to-day. Pius IX. is at this very time presiding, in the same manner, over a General Council composed of the lawful successors of the Apostles. Among these is the Archbishop of Oregon, who desired me to come and preach to the portion of Christ's flock entrusted to him by the chief Bishop, Pius IX., the Pope of Rome. It is in obedience to his call that I am here. I wish, therefore, to know who sent you." "Father," said he, "would you explain to me the meaning of the word *Christian?* I think, I heard that it is a Greek word." I answered: "so it is, sir. As a preacher, you should have learned Greek, at least so far as to know that it means an *anointed.*" "Precisely so, and therefore I wish to preach, because I feel myself anointed by the Holy Spirit, in whose unction I wish to address your congregation." "Sir," replied I, "it is not my part to investigate what spirit it is, whose unction you feel. But this much is quite sure, that, if you cannot prove yourself sent by those whom the Holy Spirit has appointed to govern the church, it is not His unction you feel. And, therefore, I cannot consent to your preaching in the temple wherein He dwelleth. However, if you are desirous to serve God in truth, I can present you with a book addressed to all candid Americans, who wish to find out the way of salvation. For the present, I invite you into the church to hear the true word of God. I will give you a seat in the very first pew." He accepted the invitation and entered.

I spoke on the indestructibility of the Catholic Church, as a mark of her divine origin. At the conclusion of the sermon, the renewal of the Baptismal Vows took place. Seeing himself surrounded by so many uplifted hands and hearing the strong, jubilant voices of the multitudes when they swore to live and die as Catholics, and if need be, to shed the last drop of their blood for the faith, the poor

preacher was quite bewildered. He seemed to be a really good-hearted but deluded man, like so many others even among the Protestant ministers.

He remained to see the cross erected and blessed on that rocky hill, by the side of the church, and paid the greatest attention to everything that I said and did. Meanwhile the Papal Benediction was given and the *Te Deum* reëchoed for miles through the surrounding valleys. After this I entered the church again, where I found my friend, the preacher, all bathed in tears. Pressing my hands, he said only these few but expressive words: "Father! pray for me." I once more recommended to him to study the book I had given him, and to examine into the truth of the Catholic faith. I trust that God will have mercy on his soul, that the seeds of final conversion have been sown in his heart and that, having joined the true Church, built by Christ upon a rock, he himself will *pray*.

With many regards, Yours in Dno.

F. X. WENINGER.

OSAGE MISSION.

OSAGE MISSION, NEOSHO COUNTY, KANSAS,
DECEMBER 31st, 1873.

REV. FATHER:

In compliance with your kind request I send you a few items about our Western Missions, not to boast that we are performing wonders, but merely to show that we keep up the great work begun by our forefathers, Van Quickenborne and Timmermans. I call these our *forefathers* because the

glorious work which they began in 1823, when, leaving the Novitiate at Whitemarsh, in Maryland, they took, as we say here, the "Western trail," has not yet been given up, but with the help of God it is carried on by us with daily increase and success.

Father Charles Van Quickenborne was the real founder of this Mission, though he did not commence the Institution now existing here. He was the first priest that ever entered the beautiful Neosho Valley, which was at that time the grazing ground of bears and buffaloes, and the hunting resort of aboriginal tribes. We find in the records of the Mission that he was here as early as the year 1827, visiting the Osages, several of whom he had educated and baptized when they were living near Florissant, in Missouri. The Osages gave him an enthusiastic reception and wished him to remain with them; but not being able to do so, the Father passed only a few days with them, consecrated this soil to God, by the offering of the Sacrifice of the Mass; then returned to St. Stanislaus, in the vicinity of Florissant.

If, while the venerable Father, tired and broken down by long travel, was riding on through this immense desert, as it then was, one of his companions had told him that in less than fifty years it would be teeming with thousands of industrious settlers, towns, cities, schools and universities; that over a hundred churches would be open to large and fervent congregations, and that the valley of the Neosho, then unknown to the world, would become the richest emporium of a flourishing State; I am sure that the venerable Father would have laughed with all his heart, and nodding his head would likely have replied: "I see, dear friend, that you are born to be a poet, for the power of your imagination is great indeed." Time has proved that such words would by no means have been an exaggeration. But enough for the past, let us come to the present.

Our Catholic settlements having considerably increased during the past year, the different chapels built here and

there for the accommodation of the same, begin to be too small, and we shall have to raise funds to enlarge them. In fact, we have done so already for that of St. Anne's, on Walnut creek; and we have moved it the distance of three miles, to render it more convenient to the catholic families living around a new town, ten miles Northeast of this Mission. Arkansas City also has increased her catholic contingent. This place, which is situated at the confluence of the Great Walnut and the Arkansas rivers, is a nicely built town, on a high sandy hill, very near the Southern line of the State, and one hundred miles from our city. The Indian trade keeps it lively. The catholic population around, is a cosmopolitan one; for, of the thirty families, or thereabouts, that compose it, some are Irish, others French, others German, Italian and Swiss.

Having heard that new catholic settlements were forming far west of the Arkansas, in Somer's County, I concluded that I should visit them. I was approaching Wellington, the County seat, thinking that here I was a stranger, but I was mistaken; for hardly had I got into town when some of my old acquaintances came to meet me and requested me to spend the night with them, that on the next morning they might have the happiness of hearing Mass. Their request was so just that I was bound to comply with it, and the following day, August 12th, I said the first Mass that ever was celebrated in the town of Wellington; baptized two children, and began in that place a new Missionary station.

I cannot go farther without noticing an incident which took place in Eldorado. It was not only remarkable, but it also caused a great deal of talk among the Protestants. A lady whose husband professed to have no religion of any kind, a few days after having come to this town, fell very sick, so that she became quite helpless. The doctors gave her up, and the poor woman was very much distressed at not having either a priest or a catholic friend to assist her

at her last hour. Fortunately for her, there happened to be another catholic lady living not far off, who, hearing of her critical condition, took about a cupful of holy water, and coming to her, first knelt at her bed side and recited several prayers, then rising, she told the sick woman to drink all the water she had brought, and to trust in the Mother of God. She did as she was told, and the result was, that she began to feel better, and the next day was up and quite well, and no longer in need of doctors.

From this County I passed to that of Howard, to visit the catholic families scattered along the banks of its beautiful streams. Here I was informed that not far from Longton there were some children to be baptized. I hastened to the place and found the families. They were Germans; and as I do not understand German, I found myself in an awkward position. I came in, but they did not notice my coming. They seemed strange to me; hence, coming forward, I announce myself as the Pastor, and I told them that I had come to baptize their children. They stood still for a while, till at last a woman asked me whether I was the *Katolik* Pastor. I replied in the affirmative, but she was not satisfied. Her husband then came in, and again I introduced myself as the Pastor. The man looked at me very attentively for a while, and then with great emphasis asked me whether I was the *Katolik Pastor.* I answered that I was; and not knowing any longer what to say about it, I took out my beads. This settled the whole matter; for no sooner did they see the beads than their countenances beamed with joy, and the woman who would not believe me, came forward to look at the beads, saying; "me too, have one like that." There was no need of delaying any longer. My credentials were good; so the children were brought in, and I baptized them.

But after the children were baptized, there was something else to be settled. Another woman now brought out a long roll of paper, saying that she had a nice picture to show

me; and she began to unroll it, looking at me with a kind of distrust. It was a Protestant representation of the Immaculate Conception. The artist had surrounded the image with a multitude of little angels (without wings), had placed the crescent in a very crooked way under the feet of the Virgin, and, either purposely or through neglect, I cannot tell which, had forgotten to put the serpent under her feet. These apparently small omissions had struck the eyes of these devout people, and they could not persuade themselves that such a picture represented the Mother of God. I had to explain to them very particularly, the meaning of the little angels, of the crescent, etc.; and I was successful I think in making them look upon it as a holy image; at their request I blessed it. "Now," said the woman. "I am well pleased with it—I will hang this picture on the wall, and we will say our daily prayers before it."

From this settlement I passed to Fridonia in Wilson Co., to have mass at a small chapel which was built some years since, in honor of St. Francis Regis. Here, my coming brought peace and settled a difficulty which was going to become serious. A man of a very troublesome character, or, in other words, a desperado, got into a passion of anger with one of his catholic neighbors, and shot one of his cows. No occasion having been given for such an offence, the catholic swore vengeance against the fellow. He soon found a companion ready to help him, and both having indulged in liquor rather freely, declared to me that before night they would put a bullet in the man who had shot the cow. Fortunately, when I met them the liquor had not yet gotten the better of them; and by reasoning upon the subject, and appealing to religious principles, I succeeded in persuading them to put the whole matter aside; and thanks be to God, the trouble was over.

On the 5th of October I was proposing to leave for a missionary excursion in the Southwest but some unexpected occurrence compelled me to delay my departure. This

appeared to be accidental, but in truth it was providential; for towards evening a telegraphic despatch came to inform me, that an old friend of mine was at the point of death in Burlington (some eighty miles North of this Mission), and that he wanted me to come up to assist him. I left that very night, and the next morning I was by his bed side. This man was about sixty-three years old, and had passed nearly all his life trading with the Indians; and though generally, he had not much opportunity of practising his religious duties, yet he was a just and honest man, very charitable to the poor, and to me he had been not only a friend, but also a benefactor. These good qualities, I have no doubt, procured him the grace of dying the death of a christian. May his soul rest in peace.

About the end of November, having come to the settlement of an old Iroquois Indian, who some years since came to live in these western countries, I sent word to his children and relatives close by, to come to Mass on the next morning, and take this opportunity for approaching the holy Sacraments. Almost all of them followed my advice, and I could not but be edified at their piety and devotion. These Indians are the remnants of a once powerful nation; they now live like white people, and have done away with nearly all their Indian customs. I say nearly all—for the good old patriarch still keeps one, though he has greatly improved on it.

Any one travelling among wild Indians, and passing a night in their camp, cannot but feel surprised, if not terrified, when quite early in the morning, at the first appearance of the morning star, they break out into a loud and solemn song. The Chief himself gives the tune, and he is soon followed by all his men together—a tremendous chorus. This song lasts about five minutes. Once the men have done, the women repeat the same; and their cries and screams are most heart-rending. In a few minutes, all has subsided, and they remain silent till daylight.

Now, I have stopped several times at the house of this good old man, and every morning, long before the dawn of day, I heard him singing the *Laudate Dominum omnes gentes*, and just as nicely as you would hear it in a well established congregation. Having got through the short psalm, he lies down again to sleep till daybreak. Our ancient missionaries seem to have possessed a special gift for turning to advantage, even the most insignificant Indian customs. The Indians think much of this practice, which they call their morning prayer; but in reality, it is nothing else than an imprecation against their enemies, and with their cries they pray the Great Spirit to exterminate them to the last. Our missionaries turned their imprecations into the praises of Him from whom all good things proceed.

I just came home in time to celebrate the feast of the Immaculate Conception, which was as usual, well attended, though this year, the weather was very unfavorable. On the following Sunday, we consecrated to the Heart of Jesus this congregation and all our Missionary stations. To prepare the people for this great act we, for the first time, had in our Church the devotion of the Forty Hours. The members of our Religious Community, the Sisters of Loretto, the boys of our Institution, as well as the girls attending the Convent schools, the members of the mens', as well as of the ladies' Sodality; all by turns during the three days, passed half an hour in adoration before the Bl. Sacrament. The effect of this was grand and very edifying, especially in the eyes of our Protestant neighbors, who were wondering at seeing so many people coming to church the whole day long. On the evening of the third day the solemn act of Consecration was offered to the Heart of Jesus, and we hope that this will bring down upon us the many blessings of which we stand in need.

Yours in Christ.

PAUL MARY PONZIGLIONE, S. J.

LETTER FROM A SCHOLASTIC IN TEXAS.

San Antonio, Texas,
Jan. 28th, 1874.

Rev. and Dear Father,
P. C.

I very willingly comply with your request to give some account of the foundation of this new mission of the Society by the dispersed Province of Mexico.

The banishment, during the past year, of the foreign Jesuits residing in the City of Mexico has long since been recounted by the newspapers, not always, perhaps, with scriptural exactness. The members of the Society were already partially dispersed, since the Reform laws have for several years denied even the right of existence to religious communities; but real good was done by teaching in the Seminary, by the ministry of the confessional, and by preaching. The President persecutor, by the way, is the nephew of the well-remembered Fr. Lerdo of the Society, former Assistant of Spain; and among those chosen for exile, is an aged brother, companion of the uncle for many years in Rome and Mexico.

The border-land of Texas with its numerous Mexican population along the frontier, and its scarcity of priests, naturally offered itself as a place of shelter and as a new field of labor as well. Accordingly, Rev. Fr. Artola, Visitor of the Province, came hither in September of last year to prepare the way for others, to follow after. The 21st of November, feast of the Presentation of Our Lady, arrived the first band of exiles, ten in number. A house in the outskirts of the city had been rented for them, and the regular life of community at once began. Since then two

other bands have come after, in December and January respectively; and we now form a community of twenty-two, very fair for Texas. There are nine priests, seven scholastics, three novices and three brothers; and our not over large house has fairly emulated that marvel of Providence, the catalpa-bean, where the greatest possible quantity is stowed into the least possible space. There is also a Chapel of the Sacred Heart, abiding place of Our Lord and King.

His Lordship, the Bishop of Galveston, returned from Europe and came hither in the beginning of December, to welcome to his immense diocese, larger than all France, the new laborers; and on the feast of St. Francis Xavier made over to the Society in perpetuity the old mission Church and lands of San José. Some day I will write you more at length on these remains of the early missionary labors of the Franciscans; at present enough to say that a Father with all the energy of a Catalan, is devoting himself to the parish work, all undone since the departure of the friars.

Another mission has been opened on the 'ranch' of an Irish Catholic, some twenty-five miles from the city on the Rio San Geronimo (for here everything except the wild frontiersman, is hallowed by a patron saint). May God bring good out of the evil, so rampant in these days of darkness, and bless, even in far away Texas, these endeavors to give Him glory.

Another item of news, rather foreign to my purpose, but which I am sure will interest, is the approaching publication of the letters of our Father St. Ignatius in Madrid. A letter from Europe to Rev. Father Visitor announces that two hundred pages are already through the press. It will form a work of five or six volumes.

I recommend myself to your holy Sacrifices and prayers.

In Xto. Servus,

Ralph E. S. Dewey, S. J.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE MISSION OF NEW YORK AND CANADA.

[*Continued.*]

For some months after the arrival of the Fathers at Fordham, they confined their works of zeal mostly to the neighborhood of St. John's; but in the year of the Jubilee, 1847, several of them were, after the hours of literary and scholastic labor, called to New York, for the exercise of the various duties of the ministry. This Jubilee, besides producing innumerable salutary effects in the souls of the faithful, had the advantage of teaching Catholics their own strength and numbers. The Fathers, themselves, seeing the great good that might be done by their continual presence in the midst of so flourishing a Catholic population, were anxious to have a permanent residence and College within the city limits, and accordingly laid their plan before the Archbishop. His Grace approved of it most heartily, a similar project having been already maturing in his own mind, and offered at once the Church of St. Andrew, in Duane Street. This edifice, however, was loaded with a heavy debt, and owing to its situation in a very unfavorable part of the city, was not such as the Fathers desired.

Meanwhile Fr. Larkin had been appointed Superior of the residence in contemplation, and, in the summer of the same year, left St. John's in the true apostolic spirit, without gold or silver in his purse. As he said himself, in a sermon preached some years later, he started from Fordham with fifty cents in his pocket to purchase a church and a house in the city. Twenty-five cents he paid for his fare

in the cars, twenty cents more for the carriage of his trunk from the station to the residence of a friend, and had thus five cents left to found his new house and church. But confidence in God stood him instead of riches; and Divine Providence did not disappoint him.

While awaiting the moment when Divine Providence would manifest its will more in detail regarding the new undertaking, Fr. Larkin accepted the kindly proffered hospitality of Fr. Lafont, Pastor of the French Church; where, together with Fr. Petit, who had been given him as Socius, he remained occupied in earnest prayer for the success of his plans. They had not to wait long. It happened just at this time, that the congregation of the Protestant church, situated in Walker St., near Elizabeth, split into two violent factions: the occasion being the advent of a young curate, with whose new views, exposed with captivating eloquence, the younger members immediately sided, in opposition to the more sedate portion of the congregation, who still stood by the old vicar. A stormy session followed, and at its conclusion the young party was invited to find a meeting house somewhere else—which they accordingly did. But the old party had not calculated the strength of the schismatics, who proved so numerous, that on their withdrawal, it became a matter of necessity to sell the church in order to meet the interest. Fr. Larkin heard of the affair, and at once sought to turn the wranglings of these sects within a sect to the furtherance of God's Church. The trustees were willing to strike the bargain for $18,000, provided $5,000 were paid at once, and the rest by regular instalments. Fr. Larkin asked time to decide. But how was he to find $5,000? How indeed, but by fervent recourse to heaven? "Now" said he to Fr. Petit, with all the earnestness of his soul, "now is the time for prayer; we must both offer the Holy Sacrifice to-morrow for this intention." Fr. Petit had just finished Mass the next day, when he was called to the parlor by a gentleman with several members

of his family. The stranger informed the Father that, with his family, he had just arrived from France and had assisted at his Reverence's Mass in thanksgiving for their safe journey. "I have come," continued the visitor, "to find work in this country, and have with me about 20,000 francs which I would like to place in safe keeping. Hearing that the banks are not always secure I have come to ask you if you can tell me where I can best dispose of my money." This indeed was a God-send! Fr. Petit replied that if he would call again in the evening, he thought he could offer him the required security. Fr. Larkin, hearing of this was deeply affected at so striking an interposition of Divine Providence; he received with gratitude the $5,000 and gave in return a mortgage on the property. But the pious Frenchman's act of devotion was not only beneficial to the Fathers; that Mass of thanksgiving was to prove the occasion of all his own future success. He was, in fact, an artist in fresco painting. He came, he said to Fr. Larkin, to seek his fortune by means of his art, as yet little known in this country. "Sir," replied the Father, "your fortune is made; and I myself will give you to start with, $5,000 for the decoration of the church."

Fr. Larkin's predictions were verified; for, as many people, both Protestants and Catholics, visited the place while the Frenchman and his son-in-law were at work, the artists soon became well known, and were engaged to fresco many banks and public buildings. At the touch of the devout painter the four bare walls of the cold Protestant meeting house began rapidly to assume the living catholic glow; and even before all was completed, the church was by a solemn benediction, dedicated to the Holy Name of Jesus. Fr. Larkin having thus his church already built, next rented a house in Elizabeth St., the garden of which adjoined the square in front of the church door. Here, in view of starting his college, he collected his community of four fathers, three scholastics, and one brother.

As we may imagine from the condition of the founder's purse, poverty was a constant guest in the new residence. Still, amid many privations, the work of God went on progressing. During the months of August and September the basement of the Church was fitted up for class rooms, and the school of the Holy Name of Jesus opened in October, with 120 students from New York, Brooklyn or Jersey City.

This was not the first educational establishment of the Society in New York: as far back as 1685, Col. Dongan, Catholic Governor of the City, had sent to Europe for some English Jesuits to convert the Iroquois to Christianity, as he was opposed, on national grounds, to using the zealous French missionaries for that purpose. Three Fathers are mentioned in the Roman Catalogue as residing in New York about this time; they are probably those who responded to the Governor's call, viz: Fathers Thomas Harvey, Henry Harrison and Charles Gage. Being unacquainted with the Iroquois dialects, they proceeded no farther than New York; but profited by their stay in the City to open a college. The Catholic element, however, was too weak to support it, as we may judge by the following letter, written to the Governor of Mass. by Leisler, a fanatical merchant who had become the head of the Protestant party for refusing to pay duties to a Catholic collector; and on the fall of James II., had usurped the office of Lieut. Governor of New York. His letter is dated August 13th, 1689, and after expressing true Protestant apprehensions on the score of "some six or seven french families all or most rank french papists that have their relationes at Canada & I suppose settled there (*at a place called Schorachtage*) for some bad designe," adds: "I have formerly urged to inform your Honr that Coll: dongan in his time did erect a Jesuite College upon cullour to larne latine to the Judges west———Mr Graham Judge palmer & John Tudor did contribute their sones for some time, but no

boddy imitating them the collidge vanished I recommended your Honr againe to spare us for their majesties use some great gunes and watt pouder your Honr can" . . . etc.* In fact, so fatal to the spread of Catholicity seems to have been the rule of Leisler, that in 1696, Mayor Merritt in compliance with an order from Gov. Fletcher for the names of "all the Roman Catholicks or such as are reputed Papists within the city of New Yorke" returns a list of only ten names.† The "Brief Sketch of the History of the Cath. Church on the Island of New York," mentions only nine names: the error arising most probably from the close resemblance of two out of the ten given in the document itself, viz.: Peter Cavileir and John Caveleir.

Under such circumstances the College of the Society could hardly be expected to prosper. A little more than a century later, in 1809, and, at the request of Archbishop Carroll, Father Anthony Kohlman was sent from Georgetown, to attend, as Vicar General, the diocese of New York, till the expected arrival of its first Bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Luke Concanen.‡ This father was accompanied by Father Benedict Fenwick, a native of Maryland, lately

*E. B. O'Callaghan—Documentary History of N. Y. State, Vol. II., p. 14. We copy the letter exactly as it is found in the original, *punctuation* and all. No doubt Leisler's untiring efforts to bring to naught the "bad designes" of the "rank french papists" so absorbed all his mental energies—which were not extraordinary, admits a friendly biographer—as to preclude the possibility of attention to any minor subject, that could not affect the "preservation of the Protestant religion." Unfortunately for the poor Lieut. Governor, his zeal for the preservation of his religion seems to have made him neglect the preservation of his own head, which his Protestant friends, rather ungratefully, placed beyond the possibility of any further application to the thwarting of "papist designes," by putting a halter around his neck two years after his assumption of sovereignty. The charges were murder and treason.

†E. B. O'Callaghan—Documents relative to the Colonial History of N. Y. State. London Documents, X., p. 166.

‡Bishop Concanen never reached New York, as he died at Naples on the eve of his intended departure.

ordained, and one of the first subjects to enter the Scholasticate at Georgetown, after the restoration of the Society in the United States. St. Peter's, then the only Catholic Church in the city, was placed under their charge; and although the functions of the parochial ministry must have filled up the days of these zealous missionaries, they did not lose sight of one great object of their coming—the favorite work of the Society itself—the education of youth.

They had brought with them four young Scholastics, Michael White, James Redmond, Adam Marshall and James Wallace; and soon after arriving, purchased some lots fronting those on which F. Kohlman had just laid the corner-stone of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and situated between the Broadway and the Bowery road. Here they opened their school, the nucleus of a future College.* Concerning the school, Father Kohlman thus wrote in the following July: "It now consists of about thirty-five of the most respectable children of the city, Catholic as well as Protestant. Four are boarding at our house, and in all probability we shall have seven or eight boarders next August." This school was transferred to Broadway in September; but in the following year it was removed far out into the country, to a spacious building near what is now known as the intersection of Fifth Avenue and Fiftieth Street.†

* De Courcy—Cath. Ch. in the U. S., c. xxiii, p. 367.

† Archbishop Bayley—Brief Sketch, etc., c. iii, p. 67—A strange substitution of 15th Street for 50th occurs in Shea's translation of De Courcy's work, c. xxiii, p. 367; attributable, Mr. Shea informs us, to the compositor's transposing 51, the number of the Street named in the original. Since the time when his Grace, Archbishop Bayley, wrote his interesting and valuable little Sketch of the progress of Catholicity on the Island of New York, the old frame house occupied by the New York Literary Institution has experienced the changeableness of human things, as it now no longer stands on its old site, but has been rolled bodily back about 300 feet, so as to front on Madison Avenue instead of Fifth. Some of the details illustrative of the checkered history of this ancient building, as we gathered them a few days ago from the lips of

The rising College assumed the name of the *New York Literary Institution*, and was the means of doing immense good. A biographer of Bishop Fenwick, speaking of its usefulness, remarks: "The New York Literary Institution

its present occupant, the pastor of St. John the Evangelist's Church, are well worth recording.

Our kind informant assured us that it is one of the oldest edifices on the Island, dating back, most probably, 150 or 200 years. The woodwork in the interior was all of solid oak, and had, no doubt, first shaded the spot as wide-spreading trees, before being felled for girders and joists. But solid oak though it was, the long lapse of years had told on it, and the half decayed rafters and beams had to be completely renewed at the time of the transportation. It is not, however, only from its time-worn condition that we may calculate its age—its very build is old-fashioned: the double flight of wooden steps leading to the doorway, and the massive angular projections each side, like huge bay windows, remind us of one of those way-side inns of former days, or hospitable old farm houses, half inn, half homestead, with "whitewashed walls and nicely sanded floor,"

> "Where nut-brown draughts inspired,
> Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired;
> There village statesmen talked with looks profound,
> And news much older than their ale went round."

But the day was not very far distant when the spot it occupied was to be graced by a far nobler pile, destined to cast its Gothic shadows o'er yet unbroken fields, and send its chaste spires to the very skies.

After the change of possessors, already described in the text, and another mentioned a little farther on, the old building was entrusted by Archbishop Hughes to the Lazarists, a year or so previous to the purchase of St. John's, Fordham, to be used as his Seminary. In it was held the diocesan synod in which his Grace, with characteristic foresight and rare breadth of view, laid before his priests his project of building on that very spot a new Cathedral worthy of his metropolitan See. But even his energetic eloquence almost failed to secure approbation for a Cathedral "in the country;" for at that time (1850), there were but three houses between Madison Square (26th Street) and 50th Street. To begin at once to draw the Catholics around the neighborhood, he appropriated part of the house for a parish church, until time allowed him to raise a small temporary chapel in honor of his patron, St. John the Evangelist. Finally, to make room for his Cathedral, the former wayside inn was transferred to its present position, and now stands directly in the rear of the grand edifice that is little by little nearing its completion—noble tribute of a noble soul to the majesty of God.

under his guidance reached an eminence scarcely surpassed by any at the present day. In 1813 it contained seventy-four boarders, and such was its reputation even among Protestants, that Gov. Tompkins, afterwards Vice President of the United States, thought none more eligible for the education of his own children; and ever afterwards professed towards its President the highest esteem.*

The professors were talented men, and Mr. Wallace, who was an excellent mathematician, wrote a full treatise of over five hundred pages on astronomy and the use of the globes: one of the first contributions of the Society in America to the exact sciences.†

But it was impossible through dearth of men to carry on the College without sacrificing other varied and important duties. Accordingly in the Summer of 1813, Our Fathers retired from its direction, and entrusted it to the Trappists, who had recently entered the diocese, and were passing the years of their exile from France on the hospitable shores of America.

The school of the Holy Name of Jesus, opened by Fr. Larkin in the basement of his church, was thus the third attempt at an educational institution of the Society in New York; and this last was in God's providence, destined to a longer life than had been granted to its predecessors. Its beginnings however seemed to augur anything but a protracted existence, as the entire church which, the beautiful decorations were rendering daily less unworthy of the Adorable Victim offered up therein, was to become, in a short time, itself a victim, on an altar of flame; and the blooming frescos were to prove, so to speak, but the garlands twined round it before the sacrifice. The cross of

* Clarke's Lives of Deceased Bishops, Vol. I, p. 378.

† De Courcy, Cath. Church in N. Y. c. xxiii, p. 368. The title page of the book ran thus: A New treatise on the Use of the Globes and Practical Astronomy, by J. Wallace, member of the New York Literary Institution. New York: Smith and Forman, 1812.

fire that had blessed our outset in Kentucky was also to cast its chastening rays on our first undertaking in New York.

It would seem almost as if Fr, Larkin had peered into the uncertain future, when, in one of his grand exhortations to the community, the eve of the Holy Name of Jesus, their patronal feast, he counselled all to prepare for crosses; they were prospering, he said, too rapidly, not to expect at the hands of the Almighty the granting of the famous prayer of our Holy Founder: that the Society might never stray far from Calvary.

Saturday evening, the 28th of January, 1848, just one week after Fr. Larkin's prophetic warning had been given, all the fathers were occupied confessing the throngs of penitents that filled the church. At 7 o'clock they left the confessional to snatch a hasty cup of tea, and as the number of people in the church seemed in no ways diminishing, unanimously agreed to devote the whole night to the sublime work of reconciling man to his creator.

The fathers had been at their posts an hour or so, when they perceived an extraordinary heat throughout the church. At a loss to account for this, they descended to the cellar, and great was their dismay at finding that, owing to some defect in the new furnaces, completed but a few weeks before, the fire had communicated to the joists of the basement flooring, then sped along to the lathing, and rushing up, as through a chimney, between the lathing and the walls, had burst forth from the very steeple before they were aware of the accident in the church below. The alarm was immediately given, and numbers of Catholics rushed to the spot with concealed weapons, suspecting that enemies had attacked and set fire to the church; though the truth was that the Protestants of the neighborhood vied with the Catholics in endeavoring to save what they could. But it was already too late: barely was there time to remove the Blessed Sacrament, as the ceilings and walls

of the class rooms in the basement were blazing, and above, the steeple was a pillar of fire, where the flames raged in all their fury, far out of reach of the engines. The roof fell in and gave hope of preventing any farther spread of the flames.

Meanwhile, amid the din and confusion that surrounded him, Fr. Larkin maintained perfect self-possession, aiding and encouraging his afflicted community by word and example. When he saw that no more could be done, he assembled them together, as well as circumstances permitted, and gave the sad permission to disperse as numbers of kind families had already earnestly solicited the favor of harboring some of the harborless. But we cannot do better than quote the very words of the kind Father, then a scholastic, to whom we are indebted for these details. Covered with a fireman's coat, which had been forced on him by one of that devoted class, he had sought shelter at a friend's house, there to pass the night. "The next morning I arose," he says in his diary, "and repaired to the scene of the disaster—found the walls still standing, as likewise the steeple; but all else, as well as the two adjoining houses, a heap of ruins. While contemplating with a heavy heart the ravages the fire had made in so short a time, in the just finished church and school, and reflecting that our little community had been so scattered that I knew not where to find a single member, I heard by my side a most agonizing scream which soon brought me to my senses. Turning round I beheld motionless on the ground, the pious and charitable Mrs. S. . . ., who with her two daughters and her grandson had come as usual to the half past five o'clock Mass. She had learned nothing of the accident until she had reached the very spot, and, unable to bear the shock, had fainted on the ruins of her loved church!—Again I am alone, I walk around towards our house—find the door open and enter. All within is bare and desolate. Not a chair or table in the house! the floors and walls streaming

with water. I descend to the kitchen, aud there find our devoted Brother D . . . ., busy drying up the place and preparing to make a little coffee for the community, which he hoped would assemble in the course of the morning: he had remained in the house all night. I went to the French church to Mass, and then returned to keep house and let the Brother go. After a second tour amid the ruins, I again entered the house, and found all the community assembled, taking their coffee, each having his adventure of the night to relate. Rev. Fr. Boulanger who had been Superior of the Mission since 1846, having seen in the morning's *Herald*, an account of the accident, had come in all haste from Fordham to the City, and was only soothed in his grief by the cheerful resignation he found in the sufferers. The countenance of Fr. Larkin especially appeared as fresh and as cheerful as ever: the storm, if storm there was, raged all within. So too we often find in nature, many a peaceful and smiling landscape actually covering confused and disjointed masses of rock, which to the piercing eye of science reveal the terrible upheavals and convulsions that must have preceded that scene of rural beauty and repose, on which the eye loves to dwell. If sorrow had, the evening before, deepened the lines on his open countenance, saintly resignation had smoothed away all trace of sorrow's visit; if a tear for the sufferings of others had escaped him in this visitation from on High,

> "It was a tear so limpid and so meek,
> It would not stain an angel's cheek."—

Ere morning dawned he had already carefully matured his plans for the future; and on Rev. Fr. Boulanger's announcing that all were to go to Fordham with him, he quietly asked: "and what shall we do for professors and confessors if you take all away?" Rev. F. Superior opened his eyes in blank astonishment, and exclaimed: "You have neither church nor school, scarcely a house to spend the night in, what can you do with professors?" Fr. Larkin to every

one's surprise, coolly remarked; "The professors shall teach their classes to-morrow, and the Fathers attend to their confessionals as usual." A dead silence followed this announcement. Had the blow, fatigue and excitement clouded his reason? Such was the dread thought uppermost in the minds of all. But it vanished as he added—"Yes, I shall make arrangements with Fr. Smith, Pastor of St. James' in James Street, to open without delay our classes in the basement of his church, till we find better accommodations; and our parishioners we can attend to in the French church."

"His plan was followed; Fr. Smith kindly made all the necessary preparation, and two days later, to the great joy of our students, who had thronged the house daily, to condole with their afflicted professors, the classes were resumed. Fr. Larkin's next thought was for his church, which all urged him to rebuild at once. He determined,—yielded to their wishes, and in a week's time had already collected $6,000, brought to the house by the zealous and charitable members of the congregation."

He had many anecdotes to relate, in his own pleasing way, respecting those who offered him their little mites towards the erection of the new church. One day at dinner, he drew from his pocket two large, rosy apples, saying: "These apples certainly deserve a 'Deo Gratias!' I was passing through the Bowery to-day, he continued, when I was accosted by an apple woman, who began her salutation with a 'well Fr. Larkin, your church is burnt; the Lord be praised!' 'The Lord be praised!' I repeated, are you then glad of it? 'Oh! God forbid,' she replied, 'but then we must give God glory for everything.' I acknowledged in my heart the truth of her remark, and resolved to profit by the lesson she gave me. 'Ah! Father,' she continued, 'if I had some money to give you! but I am a poor widow with five children, that I must support by my apples. Something I can give, and I hope it will

have all the blessings of a widow's mite. You must take the two finest apples in my basket.' She then offered me these two apples, which I was forced to take; but she absolutely refused to tell me her name." Each member of the community received his share of the fruit, rendered doubly sweet by the christian charity that prompted the giver. On another occasion, a poor woman called at the door and offered $25 towards the erection of the church. Fr. Larkin, judging from her appearance that she could not well afford to give that sum, asked her if she was rich enough to give so much. "What I give you," she replied, "is all I have been able to save after many years of labor. I have not another cent." "Oh! then, I cannot accept it," replied Fr. Larkin. "O Father!" replied the good woman, "you cannot refuse it. God, to whom I give it, will not permit me to die of hunger." She, too, would not give her name.

Despite the generosity of the faithful and the eagerness of all to see the church rebuilt, new difficulties arose, which produced another new phase in the affairs of our Mission. His Grace, the Archbishop, with his characteristic firmness, positively refused to consent to the erection of the new church, unless Our Fathers would accept all the responsibilities of parish priests. This Fr. Larkin was unwilling to do; and as the neighborhood was unsuitable for the erection of a college alone, it was determined to sell the property, pay off all the debts, and seek a more eligible portion of the city for a new college.

Meantime the classes were continued, amid a thousand difficulties, in the basement of St. James' Church. We again quote from the diary before referred to: "The students suffered still more than ourselves, but we mutually consoled each other with the hope that we should soon have a fine college. We continued to reside as before, near the old church, now in ashes,—took our breakfast at half past six, and then started with the first students that

passed our house for St. James' Church. Here we remained teaching till 3, P. M., when we dismissed the boys for the day, and returned home for our dinner at 4. Only God and those who have experienced it, know how hard a life that was! How often in going to the school rooms in the morning, were we drenched with rain, and had to remain all day in our wet clothes. Yet neither ourselves, nor any of our pupils, thanks to God, ever fell sick during the whole winter. The students afforded us great consolation, and it was their delight to accompany us on our way home after the classes were over.

"But it was impossible to keep the school any longer in its inconvenient situation; and, as much time would necessarily be consumed in the purchase of lots and the building of the new college, it remained only to hire for a time some more appropriate building. This was no easy task, as no one wished to rent his house for a Jesuit school. Father Larkin, who was animated with a great devotion towards the Holy Angels, requested all the community to enter on a novena to these heavenly spirits. On the first or second day after the novena had been begun, two ladies, who had indeed for a long time been ministering angels to our community, came to inform us that No. 77, 3rd Avenue, near 11th St., was a dwelling house that would suit. Accordingly, on the 1st of May, 1848, the community removed to their new abode. Owing, however, to the increased distance, the students from Jersey City and Brooklyn, by degrees left us, and our number was reduced to 60."

While Fr. Larkin was still busily engaged in his search after a fitting site for his new college, he was astounded one day, by the receipt of a letter from the Archbishop of Quebec, congratulating him on his promotion to the episcopacy, and stating that his Grace had just received orders from Rome to consecrate him for the See of Toronto; moreover, that Fr. Larkin himself would, in a few days,

receive from His Holiness the necessary documents and commands. A copy of the Brief accompanied the letter.

In the spirit of those humble men against whom a council of the early Church thought it necessary to issue a special canon forbidding any one falsely to accuse himself in order to escape episcopal ordination,* Fr. Larkin returned the Brief unopened, and, in haste, flew to his Superior for permission to cross the ocean immediately, before positive orders could arrive, and, by a personal interview, induce the Sovereign Pontiff not to insist on his acceptance of any ecclesiastical dignity. The Superior of the mission yielded at once to his earnest entreaties, and Fr. Larkin started without delay. It was none too soon, for, on his passage he crossed the wake of the ship bearing the positive orders of Pius IX., which he was so anxious to escape. Arrived in France, he visited the papal nuncio in the hope of inducing him to urge his suit, but was sadly disappointed when the prelate, struck with his lofty bearing and noble presence, sportively replied to all his arguments: "Why, you are the very kind of man we want to wear the mitre; and I warn you, if you wish to escape it, not to let his Holiness see you; if you do, you are surely undone." Happily, for the distressed Father, in his flight from honors, very Rev. Fr. Provincial had not to consult so immediately the good of the Church at large, and could fully enter into his state of mind. Though on embracing Fr. Larkin, he had expressed great surprise at seeing him so far away from his diocese, and smilingly rallied him for so flagrant a breach of the canons; he at once wrote to our most Rev. Fr. Roothaan, begging him to intercede with his Holiness, in behalf of the humble child of the Society.

Still, the warning of the nuncio kept ringing in Fr. Larkin's ears, and, fearing to proceed on his journey, he begged to be sent at once to Laon, for his third year of probation.

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* Darras—Hist. of Cath. Church. Vol. I, p. 509.

His Superiors once more granted his request; and, in the mean time, an account of the whole matter was forwarded to the Sovereign Pontiff who could find no words of blame for the detached religious, and kindly consented to insist no longer.

(*To be continued.*)

THE DEVOTION TOWARDS ST. JOSEPH AT GEORGETOWN COLLEGE.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF A STUDENT OF THE COLLEGE.

GEORGETOWN, MARCH 6th, 1874.

* * * * * * * * * * *

I must not omit to tell you something about the remarkable increase of fervor which has attended the devotion to St. Joseph in the College, within the last few years. We are not without hope that others may be led to love and honor St. Joseph more when they know what he has done for us. Though we have not, we trust, at any time neglected our holy Patron, yet there was wanting something to make the devotion visible to all in a striking way, and the occasion of supplying this want was offered, shortly after St. Joseph had been chosen as Patron of the whole Church, by the pious generosity of some of the humble members of our community. Mr. O'Gorman, whose name will fall familiarly on the ears of all who have dwelt in Georgetown College for years back, offered to give fifty dollars towards the erection of a statue of St Joseph, on the College grounds. This proposition was readily accepted, and the fund doubled, by the late Fr. Early who was then

Rector of the College; further additions were made by contributions from Mr. Robbins, another of our College worthies, and from other sources within the College, and the sum, in a very few days, reached two hundred dollars.

A fine zinc statue, six feet high, was purchased and much discussion followed as to the most appropriate position for its erection. All other claims were set aside when the centre-plot of the neat Infirmary garden was mentioned. The position is certainly beautiful, on the brow of the hill which slopes down to the Potomac, overlooking towards the east, the cities of Georgetown and Washington, and, southward, Arlington heights, with the splendid, sweeping bend of the river between; and then, the Infirmary had always been in a somewhat special manner under the protection of St. Joseph. These considerations, backed by the petition of the inmates of the Infirmary, carried the day.

On the morning of the 10th of June the statue was placed upon the pedestal erected for it in the centre of the Infirmary garden. The ceremony of the blessing was performed in the evening by the venerable Father McElroy, in the presence of the Community, the students, and a few invited friends. After the usual ceremonial prescribed for such occasions, Fr. McElroy made a short but impressive address and concluded by a touching prayer, placing the College, and particularly the Infirmary, under the especial patronage and protection of St. Joseph.

His prayer was heard. For since that day, blessings have been many—mishaps few. Shortly after this the College Physician, a Protestant, presented two large iron flower-vases. The following day the junior students offered their assistance for the cultivation of the garden. And during winter and summer, contrary to the expectations of many, they have persevered in their generous undertaking. Judging by the appearance of the grounds around the statue, one would think they had been under the care of experienced hands.—St. Joseph has shown his love for us,

even in a more signal way.—In the fall of '72, the measles were raging throughout the District—they entered the College once, but disappeared as soon as our Patron was invoked. The year passed away with no real illness.

This seemed so surprising to our Physician, that he exclaimed: "Be it St. Joseph or not, it is wonderful how little sickness there has been here of late."

The inmates of the Infirmary to express their gratitude for such marked protection burnt a light at his shrine during the following month of March.

Again, in April '73, the measles appeared in the District, and notwithstanding the frequent intercourse of the students with the citizens, there were only two or three slight cases at the College. When it was learned how kind St. Joseph had been, the students, eager to testify their thankfulness, resolved to keep the light burning before St. Joseph's statue the whole year. Besides this, they gave two terra cotta lambs, with vases, fancy shells and flowers to ornament the grounds, and new tools wherewith the young gardeners might pursue their labors.

I may also add that not long ago, a finely finished marble vase was presented by a friend of the College. This vase is placed upon a marble slab in front of the statue. The slab of which I speak, was erected in memory of a deceased companion, by the junior students. He is lost to sight but to their memories is dear; for often he visits them as they love to believe, by some little favor. They have had his name "Ralston" inscribed on the slab.—It is not necessary to say that the friends of St. Joseph are increasing, but of late the devotion has taken a new form.

A society has been organized. The rules which I here affix will explain all.

At a meeting of the Philosophy class, Feb. 9th, '74, it was resolved:—That we, the Philosophers of Georgetown College, assume the task of establishing firmly among the students, the devotion to St. Joseph.

In view thereof, that we unite and form a Society, principally to show our love for St. Joseph, and secondly, our respect to the memory of our late beloved Rector, Fr. Early, whose dying wish was that this devotion should be perpetuated.

In compliance with the above the following rules were adopted.—

Rules.

I.—That one of our members shall be appointed to act as chief Director; whose duty it shall be to see that these rules are carried into effect, and at the end of the scholastic year, to transmit this charge to the succeeding Philosophy class.

II.—That another member of our class shall be appointed to act as Treasurer, who shall receive the subscriptions from the collectors appointed.

III.—That it shall be the duty of the Director to appoint one member of each class or division, to call upon each of his Catholic classmates, and explain the object and motive as above, and receive his subscription.

IV.—That the subscription from each one shall not exceed the sum of five cents which shall be placed in the common fund, for obtaining oil to burn in the lamp, for this year, from March 1st, '74, to March 1st, '75.

V.—That the meeting for this purpose should take place each year, on some convenient occasion, in or before the last week of February.

VI.—That the Treasurer, having received all the subscriptions, shall obtain the oil himself, or give the necessary sum to one of the Brothers, to procure it for the Society. Any sum over and above, will be devoted to St. Joseph's honor as seems best.

VII.—That the duty of the above named Brother will be, to see that the lamp is always supplied with oil and kept burning from sundown to sunrise.

VIII.—That the lamp shall be kept burning by day as

well as by night during the two examinations, as also during the prevalence of any disease among the students, to obtain St. Joseph's blessing and protection.

This association with its officers elected from among the members of the class of Philosophy, aided by assistance from each of the other classes, was formed immediately and has since been in active and successful operation. We trust that our humble efforts to honor the great Saint whom God favored so highly, may be fruitful of those blessings we seek through his intercession. * * * *

SIXTH CENTENNIAL FEAST OF ST. THOMAS AT WOODSTOCK.

In a house of studies like ours it would have ill beseemed the sons of the Society to let the sixth centennial Feast of St. Thomas of Aquin pass by without striving, as far as in us lay, to celebrate it with befitting pomp. Accordingly, we regarded it in the light of a plain duty, but a very pleasing one, that the members of our Scholasticate, which is yet in early infancy, should seize on so fair a chance of showing that, in deep and tender love for the Angel of the Schools, we are nowise unlike our Brothers in houses which are old in years and bright with the glory of the past. And, indeed, it is no matter of wonder that we should have felt such eagerness. For, having no long past of our own to point to as token and proof of the success that we have reached, we have at least a present so rich in promise that it is a fair pledge and guaranty of the bright future that Woodstock may hope for. Within our walls are gathered

Scholastics from the Provinces and Missions of N. America; which is only another way of saying that the honor of the Society, over this wide Western Continent, has been, in a great measure, entrusted to our keeping. A high trust, no doubt, and a heavy responsibility! How can we best fulfil it? How shall we mould and fashion the young soldiers so that they be worthy to take their place in the great battle for God's glory which their elder brothers have been fighting for so long a time and so briskly? What weapons must be chosen—how are they to be wielded? These are the great questions for us; not new ones, we are aware, nor needing an answer that is not old. Still, as the questions are ever pressing, an old answer, if so be that it is the right one, is better than a new one. Let this be our plea for repeating it.

We say, then, that since the kind of weapon to be selected ought to be determined by the kind of warfare in which it is to be used, we need but cast a hasty glance upon the tactics of our enemies to learn from them what choice we ought to make. They have entrenched themselves, in boasted security, behind what they think to be the strong ramparts of philosophical knowledge. Great is their fame among the children of this world! High up they dwell in the haughty towers which, by fair words and unscientific assumptions, they have built for themselves upon the shifting sands of error! They claim the proud honor of being sole guardians of all that is truest, and heralds of all that is best; and their claim, viewed in the light of the Gospel, is plain proof enough that their wisdom has been turned into foolishness. Still, we cannot deny that their place is high in this world nor that the passing glory with which they shine enchants many an unwary gazer—that, in a word, they lure to earth and falsehood souls which were made for heaven and truth. How can we dislodge them, how batter down their ramparts? If attacked with weapons of a different kind from those they have chosen, they can dodge our weightiest blows and baffle all our

skill; so that if we would fight, as valiant soldiers of the Lord, unto victory, we must equip us for the contest such-wise that our blows may be felt. In other words, we must become men of great philosophical knowledge.

And, surely, we have not far to go in quest of such armor; for have we not the works of St. Thomas from which we may draw forth weapons of keenest edge and of finest temper. Is he not—to use the strong words of Pope Clement the Sixth—"the mighty spiritual sword with which men of strong arm can slash to pieces all the errors of the world?" Is not his the Angel's voice ringing down through all the ages with no trembling of uncertainty in its tones—was not his the "single eye that seemed to see all truths in their eternal unity"—the glance keen enough and the logic subtle enough to recognize the faintest thread of truth and to disentangle it from the network of sophistry in which it may be interwoven? Has he not, in a manner, forecast the years and solved by anticipation the same errors that stalk with proudest gait to-day? In fine, is it not our privilege to be the sons of Fathers who did great things for God's glory by the zealous care with which they guarded and the noble works by which they illustrated the teachings of the Angelical; so that a love of them has come down to us as a precious heirloom. From them, warranted as they have been, so often and by such high authorities, we may, freely and securely, draw forth what is so much needed; and thus we may stand forward fully armed for the fray.

But all that is not yet enough. It is good, indeed, for the soldier to be well armed, but is of greater moment that he should be thoroughly disciplined. It is good for the soldier of Christ to have science, but it is essential that he have the discipline of sanctity to use it with profit; since knowledge, after all, is only the arm, sanctity the muscle and sinews that give power to its stroke. Now, in both, the Angel of the Schools, Doctor at once and Saint, is a shining model for us to copy; and, though we may scarcely

hope to reach so high a degree of excellence in either as he did, we may, at least, keep him in our view and shape our course by his example; believing that the nearer we come to him, in knowledge and holiness, the better able we shall be to beat back the enemies of religion, to raise the fallen from the dust and help them on the way to heaven. On the other hand, if it were possible that all the knowledge of St. Thomas should be ours, without any of his holiness, it would serve to little purpose beyond that of puffing us up with vain conceit. It was the union of both that made him so great a champion in the cause of truth; and, since we, in however humble a way, aim at becoming his helpmates in so noble a work, we love to honor one who, in so sublime a degree, shone with the qualities we are most eager to acquire.

Space does not allow us to give an account, in detail, of the way in which we celebrated the centennial Feast at Woodstock. We may, however, mention the headings of the *literary* exercises in which we strove to do honor to the Angelical Doctor. We had an English Essay on "St. Thomas and modern science"—a Latin Ode, "His Genius" —a Greek Ode, "His Doctrine conducive to sanctity"—French Poetry, "His Doctrine's influence on Society"—a Spanish Cancion, "His Doctrine common in the Schools" —English Poem, "His Doctrine cherished by our Society" —Italian Terza-rima, "His Doctrine on Creation"—German Poetry, "His Doctrine on the soul"—Latin Verses, "His Doctrine on the Trinity"—Hebrew Verses, "His Doctrine on the Incarnation," and an English Poem, "His Doctrine on the Eucharist." During the interludes our Choir sang, in a very exquisite manner, the two hymns of St. Thomas—"Adoro Te" and "Lauda Sion;" and, finally, as a memorial of the day, each member of our Scholasticate received a neatly-printed sheet containing eulogies pronounced upon St. Thomas by Sovereign Pontiffs and by General Congregations and Superiors of our Society.

MISSION AT SUSQUEHANNA, PA.

FROM A LETTER OF F. EMIG TO VERY REV. F. PROVINCIAL.

FREDERICK, MARCH 26th, 1874.

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The mission at the Church of St. John Nepomucene, Susquehanna, Pa. came to a close on Sunday evening last. During the two weeks of the Exercises the weather was unpropitious, a violent snow-storm raging for ten successive days. This was followed by rain; and on the last two days, we had bright and beautiful weather, with the thermometer at 16° below freezing point. The attendance, however, at the exercises was numerous and the success most glorious. Though the Church has no bell to summon the people to Divine service, still there were always over one hundred persons at Mass each morning at half past 5; and at the second Mass, at 9, we had a congregation of from five to seven hundred. In the evening the Church was filled to overflowing. At half past 2 P. M. the children preparing for first communion, who numbered 107, received an instruction each day. The total number of communions was 1614; of these, 1435 came to me to confession; and if the remaining 200 had had a chance, they too would have come to the "*Holy Commissioner.*" The good pastor assured me that scarce a dozen persons were left who had not approached holy communion. About 400, nearly all of whom were men, were invested with the Scapular—the

women had been invested on former occasions. About six barrels of water were blessed in honor of St. Ignatius, and there was such a rush for it the first day that, for the sake of order, some men had to be appointed to distribute it to all. On the last day of the mission a Sodality for young girls was established, counting about 60 menbers. It is to be under the title of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, having for special patron St. Aloysius.

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FOREIGN NEWS ITEMS.

Rome.—All our Houses in Rome have been seized, excepting the German and the South American Colleges. By a special exception the Government officials refused to allow any one of Ours to remain in charge of our Churches, a privilege granted to the other Religious Orders, or to officiate in them. It was only after the new Rectors, who are secular Priests, had made a special request to that effect, that permission was given to the sacristans to remain, on condition that they should appear only in secular dress.

The Gesu has been made the Head quarters of the Engineer Corps and of the Commissary Department; S. Eusebio is now a military hospital; it is the intention of our rulers to make of the Roman College a national Boarding College for the Department of Rome, and the work of preparation has already begun there. A very small portion of the Novitiate (Sant-Andrea) has been occupied by the Government, because the larger and better part of the house is held by the South American College, which has had possession for the last seven or eight years.

Fr. Secchi, with a few Fathers and Brothers, remains in charge of the Observatory of the Roman College. An entrance has been opened for him, under the Chapel of the Caravita, into the kitchen corridor; so that he has now that part of the house which used to be occupied by the Provincial, the Infirmary corridor leading into the shoe-shop, and the one which leads into the tribunes and the Observatory—in a word, all that part of the first, second, and third stories under the quarters once occupied by the Philosophers. They have also left him all that part of the College belonging to the Observatory, with a few rooms on the Masters' Corridor, and the little oratories of St. Aloysius, from which a new passage has been opened to the Observatory.

The two Sodality Chapels—the *Prima Primaria* and the *Scaletta*—have also been saved, and for these also a new entrance was made through the little doors near the altar of St. Aloysius. The Museum, the Cabinet, the Apothecary shop and the Library are in the hands of the Government. The students of the foreign Colleges are now obliged to go to the American College for the lectures in Philosophy, and to the German College for Theology.

Germany.—The German Scholastics have taken refuge partly in Holland, partly in England and at Laval. One or two Fathers still remain in the German Empire; all the other members of the province to the number of 755 have been driven into exile. They have however left behind them precious remembrances in the esteem and love of the Bishops the Clergy, Catholics in general and all right-minded Protestants. The exiles have profited of their banishment to establish a mission in Denmark and another in Sweden.

Province of Lyons.—Our fathers of Lyons have founded two new stations in Africa in the Great Kabyles. The college of Oran having been suppressed, they have opened a day-school at Algier. In Syria the former residence at Damascus has been reopened and is rapidly regaining its ancient importance; attached to it are five numerous congregations.

Madagascar.—Our fathers write that they are overwhelmed with work; over one hundred stations are served by them and many villages are asking to be prepared for baptism.

China.—Our fathers on the Chinese missions continue to enjoy tranquillity. Pilgrimages to our Lady's shrine at Zo-ce are as numerous as ever: on the feast of the Patronage of the Blessed Virgin there were 1800 communicants. F. Bichon with a delegation of the principal Christians recently visited Zo-ce to offer in the name of his flock a heart of gold to Our Lady. Marvellous cures and miraculous conversions are of frequent occurrence. F. della Corte writes that a Lady in his mission, whose life the physicians had nearly despaired of, vowed a pilgrimage to Zo-ce, began a novena to Our Lady of Lourdes, and on the ninth day received a prefect cure.

Our good Bishop, Languillat, recently made his visitation of Ning-Kouo-fou, and received everywhere the greatest consolation: his journey through the province was quite a triumph. Among the wheat, cockle will always be found, but of the 20,000 catechumens enrolled by our fathers in the Province of Nankin, there are many sincere and pious souls. Schools are established as speedily as possible to secure the proper formation of our converts and to prepare them for baptism. The Bishop and our own Superior find everything to console them in the work already accomplished.

F. Colombel's Observatory at Zi-Ka-Wei (near Chang-Hai) is becoming well known, and is constantly attracting crowds of distinguished and intelligent visitors, who are loud in their praise of his labors. Among recent guests were the Russian Minister, the English, American and Dutch Consuls, the Governor of Macao, the Admirals of the station, etc. New instruments have just been received; the machine of F. Secchi is expected. For seven or eight months past, F. Heude has been making explorations in the northern portions of the province. Our printing press is issuing Chinese works, and soon we shall begin the publishing of books in the European languages.

On Dec. 8th, 1873, the corner-stone of a new Carmelite Convent was blessed and placed in position. The *Auxiliatrices* are succeeding well, and four native Chinese have already taken vows amongst them.

INDIA, *Negapatam.*—The College which was re-opened on the 15th of August, has an attendance of 400 scholars, an increase of forty over the preceding year. On the 25th of November, the Governor of Madras, who was passing through Negapatam, paid a visit to the College and expressed his great satisfaction at all he beheld. This mark of respect from the ruler of thirty-five millions of people is the more valuable as His Excellency rarely visits Negapatam. The following note was lately received from an Englishman, connected with one of the chief colleges in Madras. "I would like to enter my son at St. Joseph's College and have him remain there as a boarder until he takes his Bachelor's degree. I was present yesterday at a meeting of the Senate of the University, of which I have the honor to be a member, and the favorable comments passed on your institution made me anxious to give my son the advantages of the education which you impart." The meagre resources of the College render it necessary to refuse all such applications looking towards the establishment of a boarding school for Europeans.

Various Items.—F. Lluch, Visitor of the Philippine Islands, has been appointed Superior-General of those missions. The College of Manilla is flourishing, having increased both in the number of pupils in attendance and in the personnel of the faculty.—The missions of Mindanao have been confided to our fathers under F. Bertran as Superior.—In Japan the exiles have returned to their posts, but they enjoy no more liberty than formerly: they are constantly under espionage and cannot leave their houses without being followed by officers of the government.—The first process for the beatification of our martyrs of Paris has been completed and forwarded to Rome.—The cause of the V. F. Baldinucci is far advanced.

D. O. M.

WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. III., No. 3.

THE NATCHEZ INDIANS IN 1730.

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

NEW ORLEANS, JULY 12th, 1730.

REV. DEAR FATHER:

P. C.

Your Reverence has, no doubt, been already made acquainted with the news of the sad destruction of the new French colony, lying on the right hand shore of the Mississippi and one hundred and twenty hours travel distant from its mouth. The Natchez, a savage tribe of this region, at a time when we least expected and without provocation, suddenly and treacherously murdered all the French settlers together with our two Fathers and laid waste the whole mission. Before I describe to your Rev. the horror of this devastation, it will be necessary to give you a hurried sketch of this wild people,—tell you of their idolatry, manners, customs, laws and unbounded superstition, in order that

you may the better understand the picture, which I am about to draw for you, of the horrid waste to which they subjected our flourishing colony.

The Natchez possess one of the most charming and fertile lands on the face of the globe; among no other tribe of North American Indians is there to be found such a well-organized worship or such a complete code of common laws.

Their idolatry, in some respects, resembles that of the ancient Romans. A temple well stocked with idols, which represent not only mortal men, but also domestic and wild animals, stands in the centre of their villages. To all appearance, this religious structure is like unto a huge oven; in circumference it is about one hundred, and in width over thirty feet. The doorways are four feet in height and three broad. By these alone can light enter, as there are no windows to the temple. There is an opening, it is true, in the vault, but this again is enclosed by a triple covering of pumice-stone to prevent rain or snow from falling into the interior. Above this, three eagles are placed, cut out of wood; one is painted yellow, the other white and the third is of a reddish color. Just without the temple door is a vestibule, containing a single room, inhabited by the guardian of the temple. In front of this there is a narrow, confined space, surrounded by sharp-pointed stakes, upon which are hung the scalps taken in war. As you enter the temple the first thing that strikes the eye is a great number of tables ranged one above the other. Upon these stand baskets exquisitely woven out of osier, which contain the bones of their deceased princes together with the bones of their servants,—who as soon as the death of the prince is announced willingly allow themselves to be strangled, in order that they may accompany their master into eternity. Besides the tables, there are rows of shelves, upon which are placed painted baskets in which are kept the images or statues of their gods and goddesses; the idols are partly

made of earthen-ware, partly of stone. Interspersed among these are seen the heads of adders, tails of serpents, stuffed owls, jaw-bones of huge fishes and transparent pieces of crystal. A. D., 1699 flasks and bowls of glass were found in the temple.

An eternal fire is kept burning day and night. This fire is never permitted to rise into a flame, but only glimmers, for fear of burning the temple.—Dried walnut and oak wood are the materials out of which it is kindled, and the elders of the nation are obliged to cut them up into logs and throw them into the narrow, confined space before the temple. The guardian,—there are many,—one from each tribe of the nation—keeps watch, like a sentinel, in the vestibule and takes particular care not to allow the fire to be extinguished. From time to time he throws two or three logs on the fire; he is in duty bound so to place them that the ends first catch fire and they rest not on each other; for they do this to prevent the fire from rising into a flame.

No woman is permitted to enter the sacred precincts of the temple; an exception, however, is made in favor of the sisters of the prince. Entrance likewise is denied, without difference of sex, at the time when any one wishes to carry the meals to the nearest relatives,—whose bones are preserved in the temple. The guardian places the meats near the basket containing the bones of the relatives to be feasted. This superstitious prohibition lasts from new to full moon. The meats are then thrown into the narrow, confined space before the temple and left to be devoured by wild beasts.

The Natchez hold the Sun in highest veneration; he is their principal god and this, because say they: as there is nothing more glorious and magnificent for eyes to behold than the Sun, so is he most deserving of worship. For the same reason do they call their prince the brother of the Sun; for on earth he has no superior. The superstitious

credulity of the lower classes endow him therefore with limitless power; he is an absolute monarch. His palace is built on the same plan as that of their temple, out of clay or turf; it is raised on a high mound. The door-way of the palace faces the East. Early every morning the prince salutes his first-born brother, the Sun, with oft-repeated howls or yells, as soon as the luminary appears on the horizon. He then takes a huge tobacco-pipe and offers to him the first three puffs; hereupon he strikes his hands together over his head and swings them from East to West, in order to show his brother what path he is on that day to follow.

To the left, as one enters the palace, there are several beds; to the right is the couch of the prince made of dried reeds, straw and osier, adorned with variegated, grotesque figures. In lieu of pillow he rests his royal head on a block of wood. In the centre of the room stands a small chest, around which every one who enters has to walk three times. At his entrance, the visitor, instead of giving him a becoming salute howls like a wolf; thereupon he walks thrice around the chest, till he reaches the end of the room and then only is he permitted to cast his eyes on his majesty. Gazing on the prince, he strikes both his hands together over his head and gives thrice a most dreadful yell. If the prince is willing to give audience to the visitor he answers him with a gentle sigh and bids him be seated. The visitor in thanks, howls again most wofully. As often as the prince puts a question he must howl once, before he is allowed to answer. When the audience is over he must yell and howl until he has left the presence of his august lordship.

When the prince dies his palace is torn down. A fresh mound is thrown up and on this a new palace erected for his successor,—the brother of the Sun. He is forbidden to inhabit the same royal dwelling as his predecessor.

Of the various tribes certain elders are appointed, whose

duty it is to instruct the people in the practices of religion and in the customs and code of the land. One of the chief laws is to pay the prince, as firstborn brother of the Sun, almost divine veneration.

The Natchez believe in the immortality of the soul. When man, say they, leaves this world, he enters into another, where he is rewarded or punished according to the merits gained in this life. Eternal beatitude with them consists in good eating and drinking and in all manner of sensual pleasures. The damned do not enjoy any of these delights. They imagine that the strict observer of the customs and laws of the country is carried to a spirit land, abounding in every kind of enjoyment. There the blessed are fed on most luscious meats; they drink the most exquisite liquors; every conceivable joy falls to their lot. The violator of the laws, on the contrary, goes to a land cursed with drought and famine, covered with swamps and health-destroying morasses. There, say the Natchez, their naked bodies are constantly bruised by thorns and brambles; festering sores eat away their wounded limbs; they are forced to wage continual war with their neighbors. Never do they taste delicate meat or drink. Crocodile flesh or reeking clam fish or snails are their only food; neither wheat, beans nor melons nor any other palatable fruit makes up their daily repasts. In this valley of tears they endure everlasting anguish.

This strange, superstitious people obey their prince blindly and without reserve. He has full power over their property, as also over their very lives. No one would dare refuse to die even without cause or trial, provided the prince desired it. They are not permitted to receive pay for labor or services done the prince. When the French settlers desire to have excellent hunters or boatmen, they ask them from the brother of the Sun, who gladly gives them on receipt of a stipulated sum of money. This the prince keeps in his own purse, bestowing not even a penny on the

poor hireling. Woe to him, who should complain of this flagrant injustice. One of the first laws, and perhaps the most cruel, is the obligation which binds the attendants of the prince to honor his funeral obsequies by giving up their own lives, in order that he may have, in the spirit land, his former servants. They submit to this law with the greatest joy, because they think, that in the next world they too will be sharers of the same joys, the same pleasures and delights as the prince.

For the clearer understanding of the reason of this tragedy, Your Reverence must know, that as soon as the Sister of the prince has brought forth an heir to the throne, every mother who, at that time, is nursing a male child must present it to the new-born heir. From the number of these boys are chosen certain ones, who are destined to be servants and attendants of the future prince. After presentation, they are returned to their mothers to be taken care of until they have reached the proper age for service, when they are removed to the court for such duties as are fitted to their individual accomplishments. Some become the prince's fishermen or hunters; others till for him his fields; some attend to houshold affairs; others are the companions of his play. When death takes off the prince, they are bound, without refusal, to accompany him to the spirit land. On an appointed day they deck themselves in their gaudiest and costliest attire and betake themselves to the public square, near the temple, where the whole nation awaits them in breathless suspense. After enjoying the festivities of the occasion, they themselves place around their necks a rope made of the hide of an ox; the appointed executioners then step forward, take hold of the rope, exhort them to fulfil their duties to the prince faithfully in the next world, viz.: to cause their royal master every imaginable pleasure and share with him his delights. They are then strangled and these poor victims of superstition and demon worship surrender their precious lives with unbounded joy.

Their legs are severed from the body; the hip, shin, arm, and shoulder bones are cut out and buried in the earth for two months. They are then taken up, cleansed, laid in baskets and placed on arranged tables in the temple beside the august relics of the prince. This last honor, however, is only shown to the most deserving; the rest who were not deemed worthy of this honor are taken by their relatives and buried just as they had been left after strangulation.

The same cruel custom is followed at the death of the brother or sister of the prince. An exception, however, is made in favor of the female servants who are nursing a child. This favor is frequently refused by them and they either supply the child with a nurse or put it to death in order that they may be made partakers of the eternal blessedness of their mistresses. Such is the superstition of this deluded people!

The throne is hereditary among the Natchez; right of succession always remains in the same family. But the son of the prince is not the successor to his father's sceptre. The son of the eldest sister of the prince is heir, and should she be barren the son of the princess next in age. The reason for this proceeding the Natchez allege to be the well-known faithlessness of the wives of the prince. We are not certain, they say, that the son of the wives of the prince is of royal blood. Besides, as the prince frequently marries the daughters of low parentage, we are not sure that royal blood courses in the veins of their offspring, but we feel confident, on the contrary, that this is the case with the children of the princesses of the royal family.

These princesses select their husbands from among the lower classes and are allowed by law to have only one husband, but they are permitted, at the same time, on any occasion, as sentiment may prompt, to reject him and marry another, provided their choice fall on a Natchez. Should it happen that her husband prove faithless to the marriage vow, she has a right to have his head crushed with a mallet.

Should she be found guilty of adultery, she is not held bound to the same penalty. She may associate with as many as she pleases and the husband is not allowed to show the least displeasure. Their doctrine in this respect seems to favor polyandry. The husband appears before his wife with great reserve; he never dines with her and salutes her, as he does all the servants of the household, with howls and yells. His liberty consists in being exempt from socage-duty and carrying out her slightest wish.

In times gone by the Natchez were a powerful people, counting some sixty tribes and living in large towns. Eight hundred brothers of the Sun ruled over them. At present they possess seven small villages. In every village there is a temple, in which the eternal fire is never permitted to die out, and each tribe is governed by a prince and a subaltern governor. This latter is altogether subject to the prince, who alone has the right of appointing the officers of the realm, viz.: two chiefs, who lead the warriors to battle; two, who are ministers of religious worship—one is guardian of the temple, the other presides over the ceremonies paid to the idols;—two judges, who likewise receive all embassies from neighboring tribes; four stewards, who whenever the prince invites people to a public feast prepare for the festivities. Whoever dares disobey these officials is amenable to the same penalties as he who renders himself offensive to the prince.

The people assemble every year, 1, at seed-time, when they sow Indian wheat, pulse, pumpkins and melons in a field; 2, at harvest time, when the crop is garnered in and kept for public use in an immense granary; 3, about the middle of summer for the national feast. Each one is a contributor to the feast according to his means. Their greatest pleasure consists in uninterrupted dancing. The prince and his sister sit under a green arbor and look with complacency on the enjoyment of their subjects. The subalterns and officers of the court have their assigned posts of honor

near the prince. The honor to sit beside the prince is most eagerly coveted.

Said prince and his sister are carried by eight of the most stalwart men of the tribe in a litter to the scene of public rejoicing. In his hand he holds a huge sceptre adorned with many colored feathers. The people leap and sing around him in token of the universal joy. This feast lasts for three days and three nights. On the last day the people are all assembled under the arbor, where the prince is seated, to listen to the harangue of their sovereign. He exhorts them, in the first place, to the strict observance of all that appertains to religious worship and to the fulfilment of every law; he admonishes them in an especial manner to show the deepest reverence to the spirits who haunt the temple and to instruct with all diligence their children to do the same. If any one, during the past year, has displayed more than usual fervor in this respect, the prince, in presence of the entire assembly, offers him his congratulations and praise. When, A. D. 1702, the temple was destroyed by fire and seven or eight mothers had thrown their infants into the flames to appease the gods, the prince, at the end of the feast, had these heroines brought before him, praised in a set oration their devotion to the gods, their heroic sacrifice of what was dearest to the mother's heart and exhorted the mothers of the nation, on like occasions, to follow their glorious example.

Every husbandman offers the first fruits of the field, (which he has sown and cared for on his own grounds) to the gods in the temple. Thither too are carried all presents, which the Natchez receive from neighboring peoples. These gifts are taken to the entrance of the temple; the guardian then places them before the idols and offers them to the gods. After they have remained for a short time in the temple, he takes them to the prince, who distributes them as his good pleasure may dictate, and no one is allowed to complain of the portion which he may have received.

The seed to be sown must likewise be blessed in the temple by certain superstitious ceremonies. All who come to the temple must lift up their hands and howl thrice; thereupon they strike their hands on the ground, rub them in the dust and howl again. This is repeated three times. If any one passes by the temple he must do so with down-cast eyes, outstretched arms and a yell or howl. Should a mother observe her child neglect this token of respect to the dwelling-place of the gods, she punishes it severely.

(*To be continued.*)

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE MISSION OF NEW YORK AND CANADA.

(*Continued.*)

The departure of Fr. Larkin rendered necessary the appointment of a new Rector; and Fr. Ryan was accordingly named. He agreed to accept the conditions regarding the parish Church, which Fr. Larkin had judged proper to refuse, and soon found what he considered a suitable situation in 9th Street; but the title of the deed of property was discovered to be unsafe; and it was only some time after, that he succeeded in purchasing the place we now occupy on 15th Street, between 5th and 6th Avenues.

To enable Fr. Ryan to cover the necessary outlay for the new institution, our late lamented Fr. Maldonado kindly consented to accompany one of the Fathers of our Mission

in a tour through Mexico, for the purpose of appealing to the charity of the Catholics of that country. The two Fathers started in November, 1850, provided with letters of introduction to the first Mexican gentlemen, both clerical and secular; and during the fourteen months of Fr. Maldonado's sojourn there, by his polished manners and engaging disposition, he succeeded in completely gaining the hearts of all: so that both clergy and laity responded with true catholic liberality to his appeal in favor of a distant work of charity. The other Father remained some months longer, and may be literally said to have travelled over the whole of Mexico. About $18,000 was collected, besides paintings, vestments, and sacred vessels; and for this timely aid our Fathers owe a lasting debt of gratitude to the Mexicans, as without it, Rev. Fr. Ryan would never have been able to build the College.

About two years were employed in its erection, and on the 25th of Nov., 1850, the former students of the School of the Holy Name of Jesus, entered their new and commodious abode. In making the transition, however, both School and Church lost their old names, and, at the request of his Grace the Archbishop, were placed under the patronage of St. Francis Xavier: the College and the Church of St. Francis Xavier thus germinating, as it were, from the Holy Name of Jesus. The College opened with about two hundred and fifty students.

These works, however, were far from engrossing all the attention of the Fathers in New York, for the city afforded opportunities for numerous other ministries of zeal. As the rootlets of the plant naturally seek those portions of the soil, where moisture is more abundant; so the various offshoots of the Society, by the very nature of the holy sap flowing through them, have ever sought out the abodes of misery where suffering is to be relieved and crime prevented. Now, New York, in its various Public Institutions of Charity and Correction, offered the Fathers a very har-

vest of miseries, which a Xavier himself might have envied. In the words used by Fr. Du Ranquet, the present chaplain, when soliciting Archbishop Hughes for the care of these Institutions: "In other apostolic works, the missionary resembles the ordinary hunter, who needs must exert all his strength and skill to succeed in securing, one by one, a few game; but here is a royal hunting ground, with numbers of men solely employed to start the game, and drive them before the huntsman: the men thus employed are the police."

As early as 1852, the Fathers, with the hearty approval of his Grace, began the work of mercy by visiting the Tombs, or city prison, where the criminals are detained prior to their sentence,—and once or twice a month brought the consolations of religion to the inmates of the state prison at Sing-Sing, whither those condemned to hard labor are mostly sent. But it was only in 1861, that sectarian prejudice and bigotry so far yielded, or were forced to yield, to the instances of his Grace as to admit the members of the Society into that wider field of labor for which they yearned.

The Public Institutions of Charity and Correction of the City of New York are mostly built on a number of small islands, situated in the East River, as the channel is called which, some fifteen miles in length, connects Long Island Sound with the Harbor. These islands are known as Blackwell's, Ward's, Randall's and Hart's. To begin with that nearest the city: Blackwell's Island, contains five public institutions: 1, A vast hospital; with a smaller one, somewhat apart, for contagious diseases, especially the small-pox; these buildings are situated at the extreme southern end of the island. 2, The Penitentiary, viz.: a prison for criminals condemned to detention for less than two years. 3, An asylum for the poor, called the Alms-House. 4, Another prison called the Work-House, where those are confined who are punished by only a few day's

detention, as for vagrancy, drunkenness, etc. 5, An Insane Asylum. On the next island, Ward's, is an Asylum where destitute emigrants, not having as yet had time to acquire the privileges of citizens, are offered a home for any length of time during the five years following their arrival, provided that, either through sickness or dearth of work, they are really in want of the necessaries of life. On this island also are two large edifices recently erected, to make good the insufficiency of those of Blackwell's Island for city convicts. On the third island, Randall's, are the establishments for the children of destitute parents, or for orphans, or those taken up as vagrants. Hart's Island, twenty miles to the East, has, of late years, been appropriated by the city to receive the excess of inmates of the others. During epidemics or contagious diseases, the persons attacked by these maladies are transported thither. In connection with a school-ship, a school has been established on the island, to receive the young unfortunates of Randall's Island, when they become old enough to be able to work, and manifest an inclination to become sailors. All these establishments are divided into two departments, one for males, the other for females; and it is not an exaggerated estimate to set down at 6,000, the number of persons in the various institutions, counting in the officers and employees.

Blackwell's Island was the first to admit one of the Fathers, but even he was not permitted to pass the night there. Fr. Jaffré, a former missionary of Upper Canada, started daily from the College, visited in turn each of the institutions, and after displaying a zeal which, in presence of so much misery, nothing could moderate, returned home at night completely exhausted, only to begin his work again, the day following. In one month's time he was in his grave, a victim of the typhoid fever.—The pioneer in the good work, had fallen, but there were hundreds anxious to take his place, and within the three following years,

three more Fathers—Chopin, Laufhuber, and Pavarelli—sank at the same post, under the same disease. It would be surprising, indeed, if the heavenly spirit, which vivifies the Society, were less fruitful than the sap which Nature infuses into even her lowliest trees and shrubs; and do we not there behold ever clustering around the buds on which their growth depends, a number of accessory or latent germs, awaiting only the moment, when the principal bud by some accident is destroyed, to burst forth into a vigorous life, and carry on the plant or tree to its full development, lest Nature's work should be frustrated?

The devotedness of the Fathers, heroic though it was, was not greater than was required to enable them to cope with the difficulties attending their work—"difficulties," says Fr. Du Ranquet, "which now appear incredible." As long as the Fathers came daily from the city, and returned at night, matters came to no crisis; but when, seeing the drawbacks of such a position, they strove to gain a permanent residence on the Island; then indeed the storm burst in all its fury, and subjected them and the Catholic patients to every kind of annoyance.

Father Maréchal, chaplain at this time, determined, with his accustomed energy, to say Mass every morning in the Poor House Chapel, which was used by Protestants as well as by Catholics. Breakfast hour being six o'clock, he announces Mass for half past five; but the director of the establishment is on the alert: unfortunately, Mass is not over at six—so much the worse for those who have assisted at it—no breakfast for them that day. At the Hospital, bigotry showed itself in a still more persecuting spirit. Fr. Maréchal had just installed his assistant co-laborer, when the young physicians, alarmed at this new clerical invasion, and animated no doubt with the spirit of the Constitution of the United States, *which allows every man to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience*, took the affair in their own hands, and hit upon

a remarkable way of illustrating their idea of freedom of conscience,—a plan, which, they were convinced, would soon cool the ardor of both priest and people.—The very first day Mass was said, on making the rounds of the sick room, they took care to ask of each of the Catholic invalids: "Have you been at Mass to-day?" Was the answer—"Yes"—they at once rejoined: "Since you are well enough to go to Mass, you are well enough to go home;" and they actually had the cruelty to dismiss thus a crowd of poor Catholics, with one foot already in the grave. The physicians were young men; probably had never before had to deal with Irish Catholics in matters of religion, and sadly indeed were they disappointed if they hoped by persecution to root out their faith and their love for their religion.—At present, the poor Irish Catholic may be said to have almost won the day—for three Fathers remain constantly on the islands, and two others go there during the day, now to one place, now to another. Even a greater number might be employed, for, to mention only one item, on Blackwell's alone, the annual number of deaths amounts to 2,000, which gives an average of about six a day. Chapels are now to be found in the principal edifices, and not only do the faithful receive the sacraments and other succors of religion, but a great many children are baptized, and numbers of adults, especially at the moment of death and in time of pestilence, abjure their errors, and are received into the bosom of the Church. His Grace, the Archbishop, has already several times visited the islands for the purpose of administering the Sacrament of Confirmation. But let us hear Fr. Du Ranquet himself describe the good that is at present being done among the wretched inmates of these islands.*—"That which has struck me most forcibly," he says, "in this ministry, is the desire expressed by so many Protestants to become Catholics, when they see death

*Letter published in the "Etudes religieuses," etc., 4th Series, 2. vol. p. 131.

approaching. Many of our invalids have nourished for years this thought of final conversion; others are moved by the confidence of the dying Catholics, and some begin by saying: 'Father, let me kiss your crucifix.' I remember especially one Protestant woman, who had probably been struck by seeing her neighbors kiss the cross so reverently, and who told me she had seen in her sleep a majestic personage holding a large key in his hand. This key, he informed her, opened and shut the kingdom of Heaven, and unless she kissed the crucifix, he would never unlock the gate of bliss for her. She was converted, and became a devout Catholic.

"Occasionally, on my rounds I come in contact with Protestant ladies and ministers busy distributing tracts and books; but if I wish to escape their society, I have only to enter the ward reserved for typhoid or small-pox; here there is no danger of interference from them. The proportion of Protestants and Catholics in the various institutions, is worthy of note. About four-fifths of the inmates of the hospital are Catholics, but in the penitentiary, only two-thirds. Thus, though all these establishments are filled generally from the lower classes, and these classes are in a great measure composed of Catholics—the prisons contain far fewer of the latter than the other institutions. During the day, those that are well labor outside or in the shops, —but, at night, they are locked up separately in very small cells, and here it is I catch them. I devote about three hours every evening to visits to the different cells, where I try to gain the prisoner's confidence by kind words through the iron grating. At Mass, I sometimes have forty or fifty communicants, of whom perhaps eight or ten, receive for the first time.—I was surprised one day by a visit from an individual arriving from Oregon, where he had been fighting in the wars against the unfortunate Indians. He came to fulfil a promise made to a dying comrade on the battle field beyond the Rocky Mountains; where, unable to find

a priest, he had tried as well as he could to supply the place of one,—and had asked the wounded soldier if he died content. 'I'll tell you,' answered the dying man, 'how wicked I have been. You know what the New York Boys are,—well, I was among the worst of them: but one day, about two or three years ago, when I was in prison at the Tombs, I went to confession for the first time; since that day, I have behaved myself pretty well, and now I die happy.' 'Oh!' replied the other, 'I know the Father at the Tombs, and as soon as I arrive in New York, I will tell him all.'—"No fact," adds Fr. Du Ranquet, "ever encouraged me in my work at the prison as much as this."

While the Fathers employed in these holy labors were opening Heaven to numbers of souls and earning for themselves eternal crowns, one of the most distinguished members of our mission, was suddenly stopped in his saintly career, and when but half the race seemed run, was called to his reward.

We left Fr. Larkin in Europe relieved of the responsibility of the episcopacy—in 1849. After remaining some time in England, he entered upon his third year of probation in France, and when that was over, reviewed his theological studies at Laval. In July, 1851, he was appointed Rector of St. John's, Fordham, and, at the expiration of his term of office, once more crossed the ocean and devoted himself with his accustomed zeal to the work of the ministry in England. Here he received a letter from our present very Rev. Father General investing him with the high and responsible duties of Visitor of the Vice-Province of Ireland. Having accomplished to the satisfaction of all the task imposed on him, he returned to New York in 1856, and for about two years was employed in the parish. On the 11th of Dec., 1858, he had been hearing Confessions as usual, and when the supper bell rang, obeyed its summons to take a hasty cup of tea. While seated at table he felt a sudden stroke of apoplexy, and had only time to stretch

out his hand to the Father next him, saying: "It is all over now!"—when he sank heavily to the ground. Medical aid was at once sent for,—but the call was from above, and no human power could "bribe the poor possession of a day," or "lend a morrow." As it was impossible for the dying servant of God to get to his room, he remained in the arms of the Fathers, who did all they could to relieve him, while the other members of the community hastened to the chapel, to beg, if it were God's will, a few years more of life for so useful a laborer. The blow had been struck in mercy as Fr. Larkin had ever desired a sudden death:—his heart having flown to heaven long before the knell that called his body to the grave,—while he himself had ever looked on the present but as

> "A narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas—
> The past, the future, two eternities."

The world to come was all he thought of—all he cared for; no pang of sorrow, then, no vain regret disturbed the tranquil passage of his soul, which, three hours after his first attack, peacefully went to its Creator. Fr. Larkin had nearly completed his 58th year, having been born in 1801 on the Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin.*

It was not only the parish, in which Fr. Larkin had been principally employed, that felt his loss; even the students of the College, many of whom had had the happiness of attending at least one of his retreats, grieved for him as for a father. No doubt he continued in heaven to pray for the children he left behind on earth, and for the success of the work of the education of youth, in which he took so deep an interest. Certain it is that the state of the College was very prosperous. It was only a few years since it had been built, and already it was found to be far too small for the

* On a foregoing page the year of his birth is, by some mistake, put down as 1800.

ever increasing number of students. A new building 60ft by 120, was accordingly begun, and in June, 1861, six months after the date of the charter, part of it was fit for use; so that, in the following September, the College of St. Francis Xavier received its 500 students in an edifice in keeping with the dignity of its sainted Patron.

We have now sketched, however imperfectly, some of the principal facts in the history of our Mission; we say, *some*, for besides the large gaps in our account of the rise of our Colleges at Fordham and New York we have, through want of the requisite information, but barely alluded to that of St. Mary's, Montreal, and have not written a single word about our residences in Guelph, Chatham and Quebec; in Troy, Yorkville and Jersey City. Should a future day find us conversant with the details of these foundations, it would afford us great pleasure to record them. For to relate to those unacquainted therewith the onward march of the Society, however unpretending, in any part of the world, is the least we can do to show our appreciation of our high calling, together with our filial love for her who brought us forth in religion; and to hand down to those who come after us, the memory of the labors and combats of our fathers, to whose saintliness of life joined with heroism amid whole hosts of obstacles, and persevering energy under difficulties almost insurmountable, many of us are indebted for our acquaintance with the Society, and, after God, for the priceless grace of our entrance therein, is, we think, the smallest tribute of gratitude we can offer. It is nature itself, and nature in one of its holiest instincts that prompts the child to trace, with whatever materials it may happen to have at hand, the features of that countenance which is all in all to him; his unskilled hand will err, no doubt, and produce perhaps only a homely caricature where the fairest of images was intended, but the rough draught, such as it is, has had its effect: the memory has once more conjured up the true picture, and impressed

it still more indelibly in the soul, and then, the loving heart at once supplies all the deficiencies of the erring hand.

A few details concerning our Indian Missions in Canada, on which we chanced too late for insertion in their proper place, are reserved for an appendix.

(*To be continued.*)

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

[*Continued.*]

1844 was in some respects a sad year for Philadelphia. For some years there had been in existence a society named the "American Protestant Association." This society, still vigorous, with thousands of members scattered over the Continent, and a reserved fund of millions of dollars, has been changed to that of "The United American Mechanics," but its spirit is the same. For some years the truly eloquent pastor of a contiguous parish had been accustomed in his "Sunday-night Lectures" to deal with this association in a style far more vigorous than genteel.

I have never heard of a convert made by his tirades; and the effect of his injudicious attacks was a hidden but intense feeling of hatred to Catholicity and Catholics, which waited the lightest provocation to burst out with tremendous force.

This provocation was given in the early part of May, by the indiscreet zeal of some hot-headed Catholics in attacking,

with stones and other missiles, a meeting of this American Protestant Association, held in the very midst of a densely inhabited Irish Catholic neighborhood, with the avowed design of provoking an attack.

Then began the dark days of Philadelphian Catholicity. Then began a period of terrorism, the very mention of which will, to this day, suffuse the face of a Philadelphian with the blush of shame. One bright afternoon in May, the mob assembled, and after some severe fighting in which the loss of life seemed to be almost entirely on the part of the aggressors, the so-called Nativists, St. Michael's Church and the Sisters' Orphanage in Second Street were fired and burnt to the ground. Rev. Terence Donaghoe, being in the city on a visit, sat in the cupola of St. Augustine's Church, and with tears streaming down his face, witnessed the burning of these edifices which had been erected through his painful exertions. I remember, as if it were but yesterday, how the hot blood of boyhood boiled, as a young Quaker companion, now one of Philadelphia's solid men, descending from the roof of the lofty establishment where we were employed, forgot the propriety of a Friend, and danced, not very gracefully, up to me with the intelligence that the Popish Church in Kensington was in flames. He was soon called to order by one of the elders. But I had at that time a good opportunity of judging the sincerity of the philanthropy and benevolence of our Orthodox and Hicksite Friends. At that time I was employed as a learner in the largest wholesale commission dry-goods store in Philadelphia, and members of this highly respectable firm were the leading men of the two branches of Quakerism. As I was the only one of "the world's people" in the establishment, and a mere puny boy, I was little restraint upon them, and they surely might be considered as trustworthy interpreters of the feelings of this Sect. Before the merchants and others of the city, they were loud and energetic in their denunciation of persecution for religion's sake,

and of the fearful disgrace brought upon the "City of Penn;" but, when we were by ourselves, the most common remark was: "The Papists deserve all this and much more," and "it were well if every Popish church in the world were levelled with the ground."

I was one day a witness of an incident that caused me, even in the harassed state of my feelings, much amusement. The eldest member of the firm, a dignified, portly man of nearly eighty, whose white locks fell like strung snow-flakes around his ruddy face, was not a little of a wag. Our head drayman was a German of prodigious strength, and of natural shrewdness corresponding with his strength. One morning Friend William engaged Rodolf in conversation about the gloomy state of affairs. Rodolf, rightly judging that the "Native American" organization was not in reality opposed to foreigners, but to Catholics, particularly Irish Catholics, was no niggard in his praise of late events. William H. . . . drew him out as much as possible and then quietly remarked: "but, Rodolf, the Nativists do not intend to stop with the Irish; as soon as they have exterminated them, they intend to drive away the Dutch." "Is that so, William?" says Rodolf; then raising his brawny arm, he brought down his Herculean fist upon one of the cases, with a force that split the wood, and with a fearful oath, he invited all Native Americans to migrate to a warmer climate, and for ten or fifteen minutes the tune of his canticle was set to another key. William enjoyed some hearty laughs, and walking away remarked to me "It seems, ... what is sauce for the herring is not sauce for the pickerel."

The evening of this day will be forgotten by me only when the name of *mother* loses its music. The iconoclasts, after doing their Vandal work in Kensington, by common consent, marched to St. Augustine's. The neighbors, during the afternoon, had removed most of their household goods, although it was hoped that being within the limits of the city proper it would be protected by the civic autho-

rities. If space allowed, I might relate some very amusing incidents of this sorrowful exodus. Mr. William Newland, for many years organist of St. Joseph's, occupied the house next the church, one of the two belonging to the Augustinian Fathers. The question of the hour was how to obtain furniture-wagons to remove the *penates familiaresque.* Mrs. N., in an emergency the better man of the two, impressed every wagon she could into her service, whether it were hired by her "good man" or by the neighbors. Members of the American Protestant Association had been circulating around during the afternoon making inquiries as to the ownership of the property, and, whenever they addressed our lady friend, receiving answers more sharp than sweet. As the shades of evening began to close and the little gormand birds were taking their post-supper meal previous to tucking their pretty little heads under their cosy wings, a big, burly-looking individual drove up in a splendid new furniture-wagon, and jumping out, he addressed the busy dame thus: "I say, missus, who does this house belong to?" "I cannot say," answered Madam, "my husband always pays the rent. I say, William," calling to her spouse, "give this gentleman all the information you can." Smooth-spoken Mr. Newland was much surprised at the agreeable change in his good helpmate, but he was accustomed to obey orders, so he entertained our Native American with long answers giving the least possible amount of information, and I can confidently assert that he was one well able to do so. In the meanwhile the thrifty housewife employed herself in placing her furniture in the wagon, and as our Nativist from the "South of France" was remarking in a tone not at all remarkable for its dulcidity, "I say, Mister, I have asked you a dozen times, does this house belong to the - - - priests?" he was startled by the crack of a whip, and turning, beheld Mrs. Newland occupying his vacated seat, and driving down Fourth Street at a rate of speed that pretty well winded him by the time

he overtook her. "We can't stand on ceremony at this time," said she, smiling. Tired as he was, the joke was so good he assisted her in placing the last of her chattels in a place of safety.

The news of the burning of St. Michael's, which occurred about three in the afternoon, soon spread through the city and municipalities. In the large factories and shops the men refused to work, and the employers themselves desired to reach their homes where they knew anxious wives and daughters awaited their arrival. So about half past four all the manufacturing establishments suspended operations. This in itself was unfortunate. Before six o'clock, their usual hour for stopping work, the most troublesome class of our citizens had already had their supper and were ready for any work of mischief.

Before dusk, crowds began to assemble at Fourth and New Streets. These were not the men who had burned St. Michael's: they, although they had cried—"to St. Augustine's"—"to St. Joseph's"—"to St. Mary's,"—had gone home to get their supper,—to have their wounds dressed,—to rest from their (thank God!) unusual labors. These were, at first, principally men and boys, hobble-de-hoys, drawn together by curiosity. A more pitiable, cowardly set it would be hard to find. "Look out, I see an Irishman's head," in the shrill voice of a ragged urchin, would send them to Third, to Race, to Vine Street, to return again to be again startled and started by an old woman from the bonny braes, crying out: "O'ch! Jemmy, I'm blest, if I didn't see a big mon wid a muskit looking a'out that windy in the cupoly." There was no window in the cupola. Three policemen, as to-day organized, six constables, as they were then called, could at any time before 7 o'c., have dispersed the whole mob, and saved the church. But it was the birth day of the Mayor's second daughter and she entertained that night.

By degrees the number so increased that even the cry

"there are six popes at the North window," was followed only by a slight swaying of the mass, and a quivering sensation in the throats of the less daring. After 8 o'clock, his honor the Mayor of the City of Philadelphia arrived, in a hansom, hired, if not chartered, for the occasion. American mobs are sometimes very orderly; due way was made for his honor's cab. Mayor S . . . . was a brave man even though he did possess a quality proverbially in contradiction with bravery. He spoke to this effect: "Fellow citizens, men of Philadelphia, please retire. This church is under the protection of the city. I have the keys in my pocket." If I mistake not, there was but one key for the church, the front doors being fastened by bars, and the key of the back door was in the possession of a company of volunteer firemen who were endeavoring to save some of the valuable paintings in the pastor's house.

"I have the keys in my pocket!" Pleasant news to our brave rioters—"the Mayor has the keys,—no Paddies in the church—go in Southwark,—hurrah for Kensington!" resounded on every side, and in a shorter time than it takes to write it, when once it was known there was no one within to protect the holy of holies, a sash was thrust in, and a boy cut the gas-pipe, applied the match, and the church built by Dr. Matthew Carr, was one mass of flames.

What a spectacle! The night was calm, warm, and dark. New Street, directly opposite the church, was open to the river; for miles around the sky was a sheet of flames, the river with its gliding bateaux containing men and women looked a stream of molten gold;—yes, it seemed a fairy scene. I stood with streaming locks, hat forgotten, in the midst of one of the hundreds of groups, at a distance, gazing at the entrancing sight. "Brother," said a pious sister, whose hand rested on my shoulder, "this reminds us of the days of Nero, of the days of the Goths and Vandals. We know not where this may end,—we may even be called upon to die for our religion,—God grant us strength!" On

my right stood a group of Italians, Tuscanese. A withered-looking, wrinkled old hag (I mean no disrespect), with face like a gargoyle, her deformed daughter almost as ugly as the mother, a crowd of trembling bambini, the children of Mrs. C . . . i, then the mother of eighteen, herself looking as if scarce eighteen summers had passed over her head, and the imperial Signora Tr . . . . . .

Signora Maria Fortunata Tr . . . . . was in my boyish estimation a person of far more than ordinary merits. With a person and carriage that suggested a Judith, she possessed that almost universal genius seldom found but among the Italians. She spoke fluently, I thought elegantly, many modern languages,—a voice of almost fabulous compass was cultivated to a state of almost perfection,—her power with the needle excelled every thing I have ever seen; a small piece of velvet, a scrap of satin or silk, a few strands of gold thread, a bead or two, and, presto! an article for a fancy fair that brings five, six or even ten dollars,—a common print, a box of water colors, and lo! an article to grace a lady's boudoir,—nor was she at home only in fancy work, for when she assumed the part of Martha many an Easter cake and savory fricata has tickled my boyish palate.

Near my Italian friends was a bevy of maiden ladies of very unmaiden age, whose peculiar accent proclaimed the North of Ireland. "Oh! how beautiful!" exclaimed Miss B . . . y. "It is exquisite," responded the chaste Susanna. "It is perfectly heavenly," guggled the youthful Anna Maria. The hot blood of Fortunata could bear it no longer. Farewell, smooth round accents of Tuscany! "Ya-as it is a very-er beautiful-er sight, but-er you-er will-er see-er more-er exquisite-er sight-er when you-er get-er to 'Ell!" It began *pianissimo con crescendo*, but when it ended, hell was a yell. And Fortunata with eyes sparkling daggers, I mean stilettoes, entered her brother's house, from which, during the small hours of the morning, first, a fierce strain from the harp, then some sharp chords from the piano, or

crisp notes from the guitar, told that her fiery spirit was not yet soothed. Friend of my childhood, I had been accustomed to wonder at you, a being so gifted, but from that night scarce a day has passed that I have not prayed for you as a sister in religion!

Nor were the feelings of Catholics only excited; I remember one of the younger members of the firm referred to above, who still called himself a Friend, although he had been turned out of meeting for marrying among the "world's people," rushing up to me in a state of great agitation: "Do you Catholics intend to allow this to go on forever? Why do you not protect yourselves? If a stop is not put to this, every Catholic church in the city and county will this night be in ashes. Tell me where I can get a gun, and I, Quaker as I am, will help to protect you." A short time later I saw him in an apothecary shop coolly drinking a glass of soda water. I afterwards learned he was, at the time, a liberal contributor to the American Protestant Association.

It was a terrible night. One of the assistants at St. Mary's, now a revered Father of our Province, seemed to be completely overcome Three times, as I have been told, was he led back from the scene of the conflagration, and yet again he was found sitting upon a curb, almost immediately opposite the burning church, weeping like a child.

It was but a few minutes after the match had been applied, when the whole edifice was a mass of flames, the fire, bursting from the many windows, licked the walls and mounted to the cupola. High above the billows of the fiery sea shone the glittering emblem of salvation; for minutes it swayed in the torrid atmosphere, then with a far-sounding crash fell into its translucent grave. A yell as of twice twenty thousand savages greeted the fall of the Cross, while a witnessing Israelite, with biting sarcasm, remarked: "I did not know there were so many Jews in Philadelphia."

Before 10 o'clock the fire, having consumed itself, gradually

died out and by 12 o'clock the skies so brilliantly decked wore the sable shroud of an early summer's midnight. On the next day, nothing remained of the noble edifice but the West wall and portions of the side walls. Yes! there stood the West wall, and when on the morrow, the curious gathered to gaze upon the work of Protestant ignorance and fanaticism, on that scorched, charred wall, just above where the God of Peace so long had dwelt, they were affrighted to read in letters of gold, these awful words: "The eye of the Lord seeth." Yes, the eye of the Lord in truth did see, and there these words remained for months, until Philadelphia hung her head in shame, when the rains of Summer gently washed them away. In this fire the valuable library of the Augustinian fathers was destroyed as well as many costly works of art, both in painting and statuary.

The fathers at St. Joseph's were very fearful, though in truth, at this time, they were in but little danger. Friends, both male and female, began to assemble. Fortunately, yet not intentionally, the ciboriums were empty. The sacred vessels and precious ornaments were consigned to trust-worthy persons who quietly carried them away to places of security. And in the early hours of morning I was wakened from my broken slumbers by the sound of passing footsteps. Some of the young gentlemen of St. Joseph's were carrying the beautiful painting of the Crucifixion, which had been removed from its frame, to the house of one of our neighbors, to the house of a plucky little Dublin lady, who quietly remarked as it was borne into her house "I will protect that picture as I would my daughter's honor." She never had occasion to protect either, but I would not have liked to see her, if it had been necessary.

The greatest annoyance, at this critical period came from our nearest neighbor. At both corners of Willing's Alley lived leading members of the Episcopal church, but very different was their conduct towards our fathers. It is a pleasure to say that the Hon. Jos. R. Ingersoll, until the

time of his death, was a true gentleman, desirous of giving us no trouble, but, on the contrary, anxious to oblige. And when we celebrated the joyful proclamation of our Mother's Immaculate Conception, it was the heavy silk curtains of Mr. Jos. R. Ingersoll which made the rich golden background, and then as on many another occasion his plants and flowers adorned our altars. On the contrary our nearer neighbor, Mrs. A . . . ne was a continual thorn in our side. In every little spiteful contrivance she and hers excelled. Their kitchen was almost contiguous to the gate of entrance to the church yard. It had a discharge spout about three or four inches above the pavement. After service, or when a funeral procession was waiting on the side walk, it was the amusement of the domestics of this amiable lady to let off the accumulated greasy water, so as to injure the dresses of the ignorant Papists.

On this eventful May night, our neighbors A . . nes were determined nothing should be done at St. Joseph's without their knowledge,—great was their devotion to curiosity! Inclination wooed them to view the glorious sight up Fourth Street, but stern duty said, these crafty Jesuits must be watched. So regular sentries were set. First was Madam "with eyes of Mars to threaten and command," her orange ribbons mingling with her gray curls; next a brawny maiden of the "Church by law established," in the old country; then my son, the vestryman of the old St. Peter's Church—in fact, the poor creatures were not relieved from their double task of watching a burning Popish church and the preparations for saving some of the valuables of a threatened Jesuit chapel, until a Catholic wag suggested the efficacious idea of lighting a fire near the wall so often crowned with heads and sprinkling it with odoriferous assafœtida. From that time the Dame considered it much more agreeable to review her fellow American Protestants returning from the field where they "had done," or, at least, yelled "well."

For some weeks we endured the calm that bodes a storm. The congregation of St. Michael's determined to spend not one Sunday without enjoying the happiness of being present at the dread Sacrifice. Men, women, and children turned out in large numbers, and worked day and night. Women and delicate maidens assisted in cleaning the old bricks and in carrying the mortar. From the debris they erected a chapel large enough to seat a thousand or more and had it finished before Saturday midnight.

St. Augustine's people followed the good example and soon had the Chapel of our "Lady of Consolation" (beautiful name!) built, where Mass was said until a much larger and more ornate edifice sprang like a phœnix from the ashes of Dr. Carr's church. It also served for various ecclesiastical purposes until, a few years since, it was torn down to make way for a fine parochial school-house.

Instead of longing for the glorious 4th of July we dreaded its approach—many feared a renewal of the fearful scenes of violence May had brought us. What, then, was our surprise when early on the morrow we learned that the pastor of the adjoining parish of St. Philip's, whose church was situated in the most bigoted part of Southwark, surrounded with the most ignorant and reckless sort of Nativists, had, the day before, openly, in broad day light, had arms and ammunition carried into the church, and that a company of volunteers, called the "Hibernia Greens," were in possession of the sacred edifice. It was a day of fearful, yea, truly awful, anxiety. During the evening, rumor, busy jade, caused many a heart to beat in dread, and many a head to bow in prayer.

On the Festival of the Most Precious Blood, my sisters and I offered our holy communion that God might protect our churches and our homes. During this season of terror our first thoughts were always not for ourselves or homes but for our churches. Judging of others by ourselves, there were few Catholics who would not have gratefully looked

on the ashes of their homes, if the House of God were only spared. After the eight and a half o'clock Mass we walked down to the fortified temple. The excited crowd of the previous night was all dispersed, and, except by ourselves and a few other of the curious descendants of an unhappily curious mother, the street was deserted. Had the authorities of the municipality of Southwark, whose office was "round the corner," posted a dozen constables in the neighborhood, no mob had assembled on the 6th of July 1844.

Our apprehensions having been allayed by the peaceful surroundings of the church, we took our usual seats in St. Mary's for the late Mass. Our pew, being on the South side of the altar, commanded a view of the greater part of the congregation. Every thing proceeded *secundum regulam et etiam consuetudines*, until the Elevation, when the startling clamor of an approaching mob was heard. Many a rosy countenance assumed the hue of the lily.

I can imagine the feelings of a father when he hears the approach of the wretches who come to slay him, the wife of his bosom, and her offspring, but how describe the sensation of a Catholic, when an insatiate rabble comes to insult the God by whom he moves and lives. Heavenly Father, I have experienced it once; my sensations then were too awful to be even now dwelt upon, much more to be recounted to others: Oh! if it be Thy holy will, may I never again endure such a trial!

I noticed that most of the men who occupied places within the pews at once arose, quietly and respectfully, and placed themselves next the door. Nearer and nearer come the cries,—a member of the city Council, who, on the evening before, when the commander of the military had given the order to fire upon the mob, had stepped before the cannon's mouth and countermanded that order, and who had then been taken prisoner and incarcerated in the House of the God of peace, had been released from confinement, and was being carried in triumph by the mob to his dwelling near

St. Mary's Church. Nearer and nearer came the shouts, but the celebrant, if he felt any fear, showed none, as the God of battles lay before him. Nearer and nearer yet came the yells, and as they passed behind the church the solemn *miserere nobis* was over, and the soothing *dona nobis pacem* of Di Monti in D floated melodiously upon our anxious ears. Further and further receded the tumult and when the *Ite missa est* was chanted all was still.

After our frugal dinner, we returned for "the office," repeating in our hearts the words of David; "for he hath hidden me in His tabernacles; in the days of evil He hath protected me in the secret places of His tabernacles." "Be Thou my helper: forsake me not: do not Thou abandon me, O God, my Saviour. For my father and my mother have forsaken me: but the Lord hath taken me up. Wait on the Lord, act manfully; and let thy heart take courage, and wait thou for the Lord." But we found the gates closed and at that moment the bell of the State-House tolled; the city was under martial law. Fearful words, "under martial law!" With sadly foreboding hearts we retraced our steps, unaware that the gilt crosses on our manuals, which we made no effort to conceal, were attracting unusual attention. Nor were we aware that by the time we reached our homes we were followed by a number of persons. Turning upon the steps, we recognized old acquaintances, our friendly salutations receiving no friendly response,—then we awoke to the fact that we were pariahs in our native city,—in the City of Brotherly love,—in a city where our ancestors had shed their blood for the country's liberty. Yes, next door neighbors, with whom our intercourse for years had been of the friendliest, now looked at us with eyes averted,—friends, who had come to us in joy and sorrow, now saw us not when we saluted, a neighborhood where we had been born and reared now knew us not, we had become strangers to our brethren, "aliens to the sons of our mother;"—our mother's only sister and that sister's

sons and daughters disowned all connection with us. Still the bell tolled on, proclaiming with iron tongue that the city of Philadelphia was under martial law.

All this while the neighborhood of St. Philip's Church was in a ferment of excitement. Queen Street and all the streets leading to it were filled with a disorderly mass of people, so that it was deemed advisable to make some concessions to the mob. A parley was beat and it was agreed that the Company of Hibernia Greens, occupying the Church, should march out with arms unloaded and reversed. All of them did not comply with the agreement. Unfortunately when they reached Second and Catharine Streets, provoked at the cruel taunts of the rabble, they turned and fired into the crowd, and believing that "he who fights and runs away may live to fight another day," they, plied their heels and scattered ingloriously in every direction. Some did not stop running until they reached Germantown and Manayunk, and Norristown, and other suburban localities more agreeable for their security than for odors; it has been said that two of them continued their weary pedestrianism until they reached New York City.

Some of the yelping mob pursued the swift warriors. One poor fellow named Gallagher was chased to Sixth and Small Streets, about half a mile from the scene of bold and daring deeds, when running panting into a house, the good house-mother hid him between two feather beds. At first the hounds were baffled in the search, and having lost the scent they were about retiring as well bred curs, when the glitter of his regimentals caught the sight of one whose snarl soon recalled the others. A rope was soon around his neck and down the stairs was he dragged and along the streets for fully three quarters of a mile to Christian and Fourth Streets where a culvert was building, when the inhuman wretches amused themselves in heaving large cobble stones upon him, varied at intervals by six or eight heavy men jumping upon him; twice they hanged him to a

lamp-post, till after two hours of torture indescribable he was rescued and carried to the Pennsylvania Hospital. On the next Sunday I saw him apparently unscarred and unscathed. It had been remarked that in both these riots it was impossible to kill an Irishman. A few years after, he rented a stable belonging to us, situated where the east end of the present College building stands, and one hot afternoon in July he ate some blushing raspberries smothered in cream, and in two hours he was where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Old Brother McGirr used to say, with one of his peculiar laughs: "poor Gallagher, all the Nativists in Philadelphia could not kill him, and a saucer of berries did it."

The firing of the brave "lads in Green" was the signal for the attack upon the Church. In ten minutes the interior was gutted. Lewis C. Levin, whose wife, daughter, and step-daughter have since been received into the Church by one of our fathers, mounting the sacred table in front of the tabernacle, delivered a harangue, which for blasphemy and ribaldry would have befitted the days of the French Revolution.

General Cadwalader, who commanded the military, had established his head-quarters at the old Girard Bank in Third Street opposite Dock. Finding it necessary to be there, he with two of his officers, in citizen-dress and unarmed, entered a close carriage at the Church, and had succeeded in passing through the mob, when they were recognized by an old woman, the wife of a Catholic who had not sense enough to hold his silence. At once the cry and hue was raised of "Old Cadwalader! Bloody Cadwalader! Irish Cadwalader!" and four or five hundred furious men started in pursuit. The driver drove for life. When turning Second Street into Pine, a stalwart American citizen of Scotch birth caught the near horse by the bit, and the carriage was brought to a halt. My eldest brother, whose dormant Catholicity had been roused by the persecution,

and whom my good mother imagined she had safely locked up in the second story back room, but who had climbed the pipe and was in the midst of the excitement, taking in the situation with a glance of the eye, although a slender, weak young man, seized the gentleman from Glasgow by the throat and dashed him to the ground, while the *noble* brutes dashed wildly on. Henry, Henry, why were you so reckless? As it was generally believed that my brother was anti-Catholic, acquaintances surrounded him and his bad reputation saved him from the fury of the mob, who would willingly have made him a victim to their baffled rage.

The majority of the mob pursued the fleeing commander-in-chief until they reached Third and Spruce Streets. Third Street between Spruce and Walnut was at that time paved with wooden blocks. The horses on reaching this smooth pavement made such speed that the mob, having a salutary fear of the loaded cannons that guarded the entrance to the bank, gave over the pursuit.

They halted and consulted as to their further proceedings. A part proposed to attack the Jesuit Church in Willing's Alley, but it was too near head-quarters; some suggested St. Mary's, but the majority wished to return to the field of their preceding efforts; and the majority, as in all well regulated mobs, carried the day.

My mother, sisters, and worthy self, were standing, in a state of palpitating excitement, upon the door-steps, anxious to see, hear, and know all that was going on, when a constable ran up and began to push us into the house, saying; "for God's sake go in! bar the door!" and to me, "my son, close the shutters as soon as you can." It was timely advice, a large portion of the mob, in returning to St. Philip's, passed down Spruce Street, and being informed by an officious neighbor, to whom much kindness had been shown by my brother at a time when kindness was sorely needed, that this was the house of the young man who had rescued the General, made an effort to enter, and, not suc-

ceeding, stoned the house. Happily they were in a hurry to return to the scene of nobler exploits, for if they had gone up the alley, there was not a shutter to any of the back windows, and there were only five frightened women and a delicate lad of fourteen to oppose them. This incident made us aware that my brother was not up stairs sleeping soundly, as we thought; and anxiety for his safety was added to the other terrors of that fearful 6th of July.

The departure of the mob found us again doing duty upon the post of observation. The weather was extremely hot, the solemn sound of the tolling bell had a most melancholy effect, and the marching, to the scene of disturbance, of the soldiery from the interior of the state, sent by the Governor, gave rise to many terrifying reports and surmises. Indeed it was a day hard to banish from the memory.

In the meanwhile the rioters were not idle. They had gone to all the stores for squares, and made requisitions, collecting all the powder, shot, nails, chains, in fact every thing that could be used in loading the cannon they had obtained. Then they waited for the night.

It was a night of more than ordinary darkness. The moon was ashamed to look upon such doings and the stars kept her company. At the usual hour the gas was lighted, but was soon extinguished by the rioters in their neighborhood. At this time the military were in the Church and guards were posted on all sides to meet the mob if it should attempt to regain possession. Poor soldiers! they were in a most trying position. On the roofs of all the surrounding buildings were men, and women, and boys, with muskets, and rifles, and pistols, and stones, and hot water to fire or pour down upon them. They stood out boldly in the light. Whilst the rabble at Queen and Front Streets could take easy aim, themselves being in the dark, the only thing the soldiers had to direct their aim was the flash of the cannon, which the rioters would load in Front Street, then suddenly

wheel round into Queen Street, take deliberate aim, fire, and the man who applied the match was back in Front Street almost before the soldiers had seen the flash.

Every thing seemed to be against the volunteers, and according to every human calculation they should have suffered severely; but, in fact, God was against the rioters. If my memory does not fail me, not one soldier was killed and but one or two were injured; on the other hand, the rioters acknowledged a heavy loss of life, and some carry their inglorious scars to this day. It was a well known fact, although great efforts were made to keep it secret, that scores of killed Nativists were carried to the different wharfs, and even far down "the Neck," and with heavy weights attached were thrown into the river. For months and even years after, when bodies in various degrees of decomposition, with great stones attached, were discovered in the Delaware, they were quietly buried, with the connivance of the municipal authorities and the press. It is now not an uncommon thing, when instructing some convert from the south-eastern portion of the city to hear: "Rev. sir, my father (or my uncle, or my brother), was killed at the time of the riots at St. Philip's. They just carried him down and threw him into the river." "The bowels of the wicked are cruel."

In the small wee hours of July 7th, the weary mob, seeing that victory was not theirs, gradually dispersed, and by 4 o'clock, the soldiers were sleeping upon the pavements of Queen, Second and Third Streets, or talking together and partaking of refreshments furnished by the neighbors, unconscious of the castor-oil, salts, and other drugs introduced for their especial delectation.

For weeks a heavy gloom hung over Philadelphia. The city was still under martial law, and the streets leading to the Catholic churches being guarded by soldiers, not a little inconvenience was caused to pedestrians, and as then we had few omnibuses and no street-cars, most people had to pedestrianize.

During this reign of terror St. Joseph's was guarded with more than ordinary care from the espionage of the A . . . ne household. The dread Sacrifice was daily offered up in the dear old basement, but the dear old altar, with its antependium of the Passion instruments, was removed last year to make room for the present beautiful altar of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary.

The excesses of May and July caused a very salutary reaction in public sentiment. The eloquent but sarcastic preachers of St. Augustine's and St. Philip's received from the Bishop kind permission to take a trip to Europe, from which they did not return until after his translation to the archdiocese of Baltimore. And when, shortly after, the Academy of the Fine Arts was destroyed by the torch of the incendiary, the halcyon days of Catholicity began in the city of Penn. The city proper willingly and liberally paid for the destruction of St. Agustine's, and, if it could only have wiped out the disgrace, would willingly and liberally have paid for that of St. Michael's, and for the injury done to St. Philip's, although both were situated in distinct municipalities.

(*To be continued.*)

FATHER WENINGER ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

SIXTH LETTER.

I closed my labors in the solitary St. Patrick's church, and returned to Portland. Here I gave a retreat to the assembled clergy of the dioceses of Portland and Nesqualy. To ensure the wonted success of the Spiritual Exercises I

enjoined absolute silence, and, though want of room and proper accommodations frequently, perhaps, tempted to an infraction, I was convinced again, that a strict observance of this rule, together with a close adherence to a method of giving retreats alluded to in my second letter, produces the happiest results. After completing the clerical retreat, I complied with two other requests of giving the exercises. A congregation of Sisters founded by a Canadian bishop under the title of "Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary," was the first to claim my services. Like so many kindred institutions, which during the current century sprang up in France and elsewhere, their main object is the instruction of Christian youth, especially, the education of girls.

The site of their convent is judiciously chosen; it commands a full view of very picturesque environs. From this point Mt. Hood, though thirty miles distant, is distinctly visible towering into the sky.

My next sojourn was at Fort Vancouver, the residence of the Bishop of Nesqualy, Washington Territory. There I conducted the Sisters of St. Anne through the Spiritual Exercises. Though I consider it out of the missionary's province to give retreats to Sisters, since upon him devolves the sterner duty of reclaiming the lost and wandering sheep, while others care for those within the fold, still, as Priests were so few and the Spiritual wants so many, I judged it expedient to lend my aid in that direction, and perfect the work of the diocese.

And now the time had come to set out for the extreme end of the Western continent. Often when studying the map of the U. S., I had said to myself: Would that I might even reach that point and find, at least some Indians there to baptize and console; but how agreeably was I surprised, when the Bishop of Victoria, the capital of Vancouver's Island, invited me to open a mission in his cathedral. I embarked immediately, and as the projected road from Port-

land to Puget Sound was not even begun, I had to make the entire distance by sea. We re-crossed the dreaded Columbia Bar in safety, but soon another danger stared us in the face. The woods sloping down to the coast and girding the island caught fire. Dense clouds of smoke drifted athwart our path and a heavy fog darkened the whole atmosphere. This combination of untoward circumstances greatly imperilled our voyage; we were fortunate, however, to escape every accident, and hove in sight of Victoria. The steamer, in order to avoid paying wharfage and duties twice, neither entered the harbor, nor delivered her cargo, but stood off at a distance of three miles. In consequence, all passengers bound for the city were obliged to have recourse to boats and barges for transference. I declined to engage a boat and waited for a schooner that came up, but, to my great regret, I learned that it was destined exclusively for the transport of the Chinamen and baggage aboard. Anxious to be in the city before night, I was perplexed how to acccomplish my purpose. In this plight, I descried a skiff skimming the waves and rapidly advancing towards us. Soon it lay along side of our steamer. When the oarsman of the little craft, a mere shell, offered to carry two persons ashore, all the passengers urged me to accept of his services and make one of the party. Besides, the seaman promised to row his best and outstrip the schooner in reaching the city. Darkness was setting in and there was no time to be lost. I accepted the terms, and consigning my trunk to the transport I ventured to step into the tiny boat.

Victoria, which is an important sea-port, ranks third on the island, and is magnificently situated. For the charms of its surrounding scenery it stands unrivalled. Endless perspectives of rural beauty and wild ocean and mountain grandeur lengthen out before you. Puget Sound, just opposite, is dotted with a countless number of charming little islands, and the shores when viewed from the Mountain

Range or the Cascade line, where glaciers tower and glide, gives a correct idea of the truly sublime in nature.

My labors opened here with a Retreat to the Sisters of St. Anne, after which I entered upon the severer task of a mission at the cathedral. To know in what language to address my hearers, I inquired first, what nationalities were represented in the congregation.

The answer was: "We have here English, Irish, Germans, French, Italians, Spaniards, Indians." My resolution was easily taken. Learning, however, that, with the exception of the Indians, all the rest understood English, I determined to use that language in my sermons, reserving the others for use in the Confessional. The Mission was a great success; and I was especially glad that it was given in a city called "Victoria," and in a cathedral dedicated to St. Andrew, the Apostle of the Cross. I said to myself: "You may now be thankful to God, Christians of Victoria, that in my missionary journeyings I have reached this end of the continent and erected the emblem of salvation among you." One of the local papers gave a most favorable account of the Mission and its results.

After my Mission at Victoria I went to visit two congregations on the shores of Puget Sound. These congregations must, of necessity, increase very rapidly, since the Western terminus of the Northern Pacific R. R. will be in their neighborhood; and a city is in prospect which, they say, will far surpass San Francisco.

To go back to Portland and the Southern part of Oregon, I had to pass over what is called the Olympia stage-road, and I may remark that staging in that part of the country is a most tiresome and often, too, a most dangerous mode of travelling. But that road over which I had to travel is perhaps the very worst among the bad. It was in a most wretched condition, with a great depth of mud on it and innumerable deep holes over which we had to jolt at an awful rate. I determined that I would never be so severe

as to give to any sinner whatever such a hard penance as that of travelling over this road by stage. I myself was far more wearied by six hours of it than by the whole journey from N. York to San Francisco. The worst feature of it all was that in the very ugliest part of the road, where it was all covered with slush or water we heard the stern command of the driver: "Gentlemen, walk!" I remonstrated, stating that I had only light shoes on me. "Can't help you, Sir, this is our rule." Soon we came to an elevation so steep that it was with the greatest difficulty the poor horses could pull the stage after them, and it was distressing to hear their loud and violent breathing. One of the passengers exclaimed; "Goodness me, I'm afraid those horses will explode!"

A very interesting view, on that road through Washington Territory, is the height of the fir-trees reaching often over 300 feet. This timber is used for ship-masts and sent even to China and St. Petersburg. A man who had approached the Territory from the seaside seeing something outtopping the clouds was curious enough to ask what it could be. The answer he received was: "trees." "What, said he, "trees above the clouds!" He thought it was but a joke until he had come ashore and seen with his own eyes the immense height of those trees. The bases of some of them were as much as twelve feet in diameter, and so difficult a thing is it to fell such monsters and clear the ground after their fall that few persons could think of settling there, until the railroads brought activity and enterprise with them. The climate is very agreeable and the temperature much milder than that of the Eastern States in the same latitude.

After a stay of some days at Portland, I took the stage to Jacksonville, a city on the Southern borders of Oregon. An incident that occurred there will serve to show with what zeal the people entered upon the Mission. A theatrical troupe arrived there on Friday and announced that they would play a comedy on the next day. It is wonder-

ful what excitement such an announcement causes in such a place. Yet, though the drums were beating and the band playing, inviting people to come to the show, only seven persons attended it. They preferred to go to the Church and hear the sermon, so the play was deferred until the mission should have ended.

From Jacksonville I proceeded to Roseburg, where I gave a mission, and had the pleasure of receiving into the Church some Americans of note, among whom were relatives of the ex-Governor of Oregon. My next mission I was obliged to preach in the courthouse of the town, as there was no church fit for the purpose. Thence I proceeded to Corvallis. All these towns are situate in the fertile, thickly settled and well cultivated Willamette valley, of about three hundred miles in extent, and containing Salem the capital of the territory. At this latter place I lectured on the Infalibility, while the Legislature was in session, some of whose members came to listen and seemed to appreciate the bearing of the arguments. During my stay in Salem an amusing little incident happened to me in connection with a Jew who was a tailor in that city. Having visited him in order to secure the services of his craft, I was quite surprised to hear him launch forth into most cordial eulogies on the advantages of my mission, begging me not to forget to come from time to time, in order that they might oftener have the opportunity of profiting by so great a blessing. Not knowing what motives he could have for such enthusiastic admiration, I asked him why he seemed so much pleased with the mission as even to desire a repetition of the same. "It was owing to your mission" he said "that restitution was made to me for stolen property. A very fine thing that mission! I hope, Rev., Sir, to see you again." Noticing his good disposition, I asked him if he sincerely believed all that the prophets had foretold respecting the coming of the Messiah. "Certainly I believe" he replied. Well then, I continued, I shall simply refer to the

prophecy of Aggeus. This prophet tells us that the Jews, at the command of God, erected a temple in honor of the Most High, but, seeing that "*it was as nothing in comparison to the one*" built by Solomon, they wept and refused to be comforted. The prophet, to console them, affirmed that this second temple, nevertheless, would become more glorious than the first, because "*saith the Lord of Hosts, the desired of all nations shall come, and I will fill this house with glory.*" Now, I argued, this second temple is no longer in existence, and consequently, the Messiah must have come when it *did* exist, or else the prophet has deceived you. "This prophet you speak of," he replied, "is not mentioned in our Hebrew Bible." "Yes he is," I answered, and requesting him to bring me his bible I pointed out the desired passage. Having read the prophecy and convinced himself of the truth of my assertion, he seemed quite perplexed and stood for some moments in mute astonishment. At length, suddenly casting the book into a corner of the room, he exclaimed; "No matter, let the prophet say what he pleases; sooner than become a Christian I will perish with Jerusalem!". Not heeding this outburst of passion I calmly remarked; "How unreasonable! prove to me that the Messiah has not yet come and I, Catholic priest that I am, will turn Jew. But He has come as the prophet foretold. Please take this," I continued, handing him a volume in defence of our holy Religion, "and learn for yourself the claim which Catholicity possesses in calling herself the true Church of the Messiah."

After leaving the capital of Oregon it was my good fortune once again to enjoy the magnificent scenery of the Columbia River. Nowhere have I seen the wild grandeur of creation more lavishly displayed than along the banks of this noble stream. So varied are the scenes and so multifarious the views, that the tourist must needs be ever on the alert, if he would not fail to take in the entire extent of their beauty and sublimity. The eye one moment viewing towering cliffs, interspersed with dashing cascades,

the next, resting on numerous islands teeming with luxuriant vegetation, prompts one to speak of the Creator as "*ludens in orbe terrarum*," playing in the world while creating it. The current of the river, in some places, is so strong, that steamers are frequently, repulsed, and are often obliged to exert their utmost force if they would make the least headway.

The next mission I gave was at Walla Walla, when I preached before one English and two French congregations. Here I had the happiness of meeting with three of our Fathers residing among the Coeur d'Alene Indians, and saw with ineffable consolation the incalculable amount of good, which the good Fathers accomplished among these poor children of the forest. What joy it gave me to witness this rude people assemble regularly morning and evening to repeat in unison their humble petitions and benedictions to the Giver of all blessings! Happy Indians! who live with your holy priests safe from the danger of a corrupt civilization, pure in your baptismal innocence, and rivalling by the fervor and simplicity of your lives the heroic lessons left us by the first followers of the Apostles. It is painful to think how soon corruption, following in the train of advancing civilization, may invade your happy solitude, to poison the pure joys which a simple Faith secures to you.

Concluding my missions at Walla Walla and neighborhood, I was obliged to undertake the tedious voyage back again to Portland. Winter was now fast approaching, but before I could return to San Francisco I was engaged to give a series of sermons to a French Congregation at Cowlitz in the diocese of Nesqualy. Thence I returned by canoe to Portland, where I took the steamer for San Francisco. I was accompanied by Mr Holliday, the superintendent of the line, his son-in-law, and the ex-governor of Oregon who were very attentive to me. I predicted a safe and pleasant trip, and the event so justified my prediction that the Captain said a voyage even in midsummer could not have been more favorable.

INDIAN MISSIONS—LAKE HURON.

KILLARNEY, MANITOULINE ISLAND,
MAY 6th, 1874.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER,

P. C.

You no doubt accuse me of neglect and ingratitude; but *ad impossibile nemo tenetur.* How could I write with paddle in hand, or in the midst of a snow-shoe tramp? I suppose you have heard of Father Férard's quitting our mission for Sault Ste. Marie, and leaving me alone with Father Blettner, whose age and infirmities confine him to the village of Wikwemikong.* This throws the heavy burthen of our vast mission upon my poor shoulders; and thus, farewell to the few snatches of leisure I used to get before. Walking is no more enough, as it was formerly; I must be always on the run, in the fond hope of doing work that would suffice for three zealous missionaries. Now, honestly, can you accuse me of negligence?

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* *Killarney* is the Post Office address of our mission of the Holy Cross, *Wikwemikong* the name of the Indian village where the missionaries reside.

For the better understanding of our correspondent's winter labors, it may not be amiss to remember the main outlines of his field of operations. Lake Huron is divided into two unequal portions by a long peninsula trending to the North West, called Cabot's Head, and the Manitouline chain of islands. In the largest of the chain, the Great Manitoulin or Sacred Isle, is the Mission of the Holy Cross. The Northern and Eastern parts of the Lake are called Manitou (i. e. Great Spirit) Bay or Lake, or the North Channel, and Georgian Bay.

Lake Nipissing lies to the North East of Lake Huron, nearly midway between it and the Ottawa River. It covers an area of some 1700 square miles, and connects with Georgian Bay by French River, the navigation of which is impeded by numerous rapids.—ED. W. L.

Take a map of Lake Huron, measure the length and breadth of the Georgian Bay, plus Lake Nipissing and its surroundings: you will have the exact extent of our mission, of the field I have to range over at least twice a year—more than three hundred miles from one end to the other. I have to visit at least forty different stations scattered within those limits. Nor are the means of locomotion remarkably easy: in summer a steamboat helps me part of the way, but the rest has to be done in barges or bark canoes, and in winter most of the journey is hard snow-shoe walking.

I at first hesitated to give you a sketch of my tramps this last winter, for fear of discouraging the young recruits who are preparing to join us and our dear Indians. But sober second thoughts told me this fear was an insult to their courage. The only effect of fatigues and dangers upon the true soldier is to spur him on to renewed devotedness; and is not the missionary the truest of soldiers, he who battles for a Crucified God? If I may be allowed to give evidence for myself, I must say I have never regretted having asked for these Indian Missions; I hope, with God's grace, to remain at my post till the end, and I should be only too happy to die in harness.

Immediately after my annual Retreat (the only re-victualling time my poor soul has), began my winter excursions. This was in the early part of December. Two villages, the one ten miles, the other nineteen or twenty miles from our head-quarters, were the first to be visited. After spending a week in each, I came back to Wikwemikong, crossing fields and forests, through water and mud, often knee-deep. The day after my return, some people from Jiboanoning, a village fifteen miles off, came to get me for the holy days of Christmas and New Year's, intending to bring me back on the ice.* I went with them, and remained there as late as

*Though the Great Lakes do not freeze over completely, still, just as happens in the St. Lawrence for the last 200 miles of its course, where its width increases from ten to fifty miles, the immediate coast-line, together

the Epiphany, waiting in vain to return by the *ice-bridge*. But the bays and gulfs would not *take;* so, at last, I lost all patience, and, knowing that I was expected in other villages by persons in danger of death, I resolved to make an effort. I managed to get a small barge dragged over the frozen shore-fringe and launched amid the floating cakes of ice that met us on every side. With the help of two men who joined me in this rather dangerous attempt, I reached our Holy Cross Mission at night-fall, safe and sound, thank God, but sorely jaded and all covered with icicles.

On the morrow of the next day, I started off again, on snow-shoes this time and alone, for Mitchiwigatinong, thirty or forty miles from Wikwemikong, and for my other missions on the Grand Manitouline Island. On my way to the second station, Shishigwoning, at least sixty miles from Mitchiwigatinong, I suffered more than I can tell. In the midst of a terrific snow-storm, with the thermometer awfully low, worn out more by hunger than fatigue, I fell prostrate on the ice, at a short distance from the village I was going to, unable to drag myself any farther. Thus, had not Divine Providence willed otherwise, I should have ended my days like Father de Noue, of the Old Society, who, as you may remember, was found on his knees in the snow, frozen to death. I was quite resigned to my fate, and was even thanking Our Good God for so soon granting me the grace I longed for, that of dying on the battle-field.

I felt but one pang of regret, and that was for my poor forsaken Indians. This it was which made me pray for life. God was not slow to answer my unworthy prayer. Presently both wind and snow ceased, and you may imagine

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with the bays and inlets, becomes ice-bound, thus affording a means of transportation and travel, cheaper, easier, and more expeditious than anything short of steam communication. When the ice connects two promontories or the opposite banks of a river, the *ice-bridge* is said to be *formed* and the bay or river *taken*. Any protracted delay in this yearly formation is a source of great inconvenience to travellers.—Ed. W. L.

my delight when I saw coming to my rescue several Redskins, who had spied me from their village. In a moment they were by me, in another, they had taken off my snow-shoes, laid me on a light sledge, and carried me off full tilt to their huts, where a little food and a couple of hours in a comfortable seat near a good fire, set me all right again. That very evening, I said the night prayers with them, and, all together, we sang a hymn of thanksgiving for my deliverance. Next day, I began my usual ministrations, as if I had not been at death's door on the eve. Nine days were spent in this village, preaching, catechizing, etc.

Afterwards, I went to a large saw-mill built at the mouth of the Spanish River, which falls into Lake Huron nearly opposite to the centre of the north shore of Great Manitoulin. This station is thirty or forty miles from the preceding one. I spent some days here, and then followed the river up some fifty miles, calling at the "shanties," (gatherings of timber workmen), which supply the saw-mill. Thence I moved on to Burch Lake, a few miles from the last shanty; there I remained some days with a band of Indians, part Christian, part infidel, instructing some catechumens whom I baptized before leaving. On the home stretch down Spanish River, I visited a few families, settled here and there, as well as some other stations, which it would be too long to enumerate. Finally, after spending a few days more at Mitchiwigatinong, the first station visited, I returned to Wikwemikong, stopping, on the way, at two stations which had been passed by on the outward journey.

I had hoped for a short respite, after so long a tramp, and well nigh two month's absence; but circumstances, or rather God, forbade it. Even before my arrival at headquarters, a sick call had come from Kabekanong, seventy odd miles away; and the dying had to be patient till my return. Immediately therefore, and in great haste, I was off again. A moment only did I halt by the way, to visit another sick man who had been long waiting for me to die

in peace. I reached Kabekanong in the middle of the night, and, without delay, went to see a poor suffering woman, whose illness ought to have killed her some months before, but who would not consent to die, and would not die, she said, before seeing the priest. Whether she had had a revelation about it, or not, I cannot say; but, sure enough, every thing turned out just as she had wished and foretold it. She was lying on her bed when I came in. As soon as she recognized my voice, she showed her gratitude by pressing my hand, and blessed herself, asking me at the same time to hear her confession, which she made with great faith and earnestness. With a word of consolation, and a promise to return with Holy Communion early on the morrow, I betook myself to a neighboring house. Soon, however, she sent for me again, saying she felt much weaker. I accordingly gave her Extreme Unction and the plenary indulgence *in articulo mortis;* and scarcely an hour after, she was yielding up to God her beautiful soul, with all the marks of faith, love, and especially gratitude for the long-wished-for gift. Truly, God has his chosen ones every where, even among savages, and in the fastnesses of the forest.

Twenty miles more brought me to Kitchikitigoning, where I found another sick call. The Indians of this village, with whom I spent two days, did not cease to thank me and to show how grateful they were, because, said they, I was the first of the Fathers who had thought of visiting them during winter, and who had dared to come so far, etc.

Returning, I evangelized the saw-mils and shanties of Byng Inlet, and Collins Inlet,—and, lastly, came to Killarney, where I spent the last four days of Holy Week, and Easter Sunday. I returned, afterwards, to Wikwemikong, but could not remain long at head-quarters, as I have since called at Michael's Bay, some thirty miles from Wikwemikong, where I found our Indians making their sugar provision from the maple trees on the shores of "Manitou

Lake." At present I have been here (at Killarney) eight days, waiting for the steamboat to take me to my southerly missions.

As you see, dear Reverend Father, I have precious little time to spare: however, thanks be to God, my strength seems to increase with my work.

You may pass this letter to the scholastics. God grant this feeble sketch of the labors of their fellow-novice may foster, in the hearts of many, a vocation to these Indian Missions, where true laurels are never wanting! And let them come soon, lest we should be completely crushed by our overwhelming burthen.

Commending myself to your Holy Sacrifices and prayers, I remain,

Ræ. Væ. servulus in Christo,

PAUL NADEAU, S. J.

RELATIONS OF "MEDICINE-MEN" WITH THE EVIL SPIRIT.

In an interesting letter that Fr. Grassi sent us a few months ago, he had occasion to speak of an epidemic that had broken out among the Sinpesquensi Indians whilst he was staying at their camp. "During this epidemic," he writes, "no less than five Indian doctors were continually busy about the sick and dying; and it was only after they had tried all their incantations that I could have access to the poor sufferers. In vain did I endeavor to dissuade them from their foolish or devilish practices. I was speaking to

the winds. Sorcery is practised by them to so great an extent that most of the men have some satanic spell or other about them. This is the way they manage to procure it: One will go rambling alone in the woods, abstaining from food and drink for ten, fifteen or even twenty days, until at last from sheer exhaustion, he falls into a state of senselessness. Then, whether in trance or waking he does not know, the *genius loci* appears to him and asks him if he wishes to be lucky in something or other, such as fishing, hunting, trapping, or the curing of diseases. On the man's answering in the affirmative he becomes the bondsman of his visitor, from whom he receives a badge. It may be a feather, or a claw, or a ring of the rattlesnake. This badge, which they call *somesh*, they preserve with religious care and, to doctors especially, who are supposed to have the most powerful spell, it is a very rich source of revenue."

Naturally enough, such a piece of information coming to us from such a source, aroused a lively interest and moved us to inquire more fully into the matter. To these inquiries Fr. Grassi replies by the following letter to Fr. Valente:

WASHINGTON TERRITORY,
ATTANAM, MAY 26, '74.

REV. DEAR FATHER,

In my last trip I did not fail to ascertain, as you wished me to do, the true story about the talisman which the medicine-men are said to receive from the evil one. I offer you now the result of my investigations.

A famous medicine-man, whom I had baptized some months ago, came lately to confession, and after he had finished I asked him to sit down and began at once to question him as to the way in which he had obtained his *somesh*. This was his answer: When I was a boy about twelve years of age I began to ramble alone on the mountains in search of a *somesh*. One day—it was the fifth that I had passed without having eaten or drunk anything—

whilst walking on the side of a mountain, I heard a great noise as if a mountain had fallen on the one where I was. I stopped in dismay, when I heard a human voice calling on me to approach. Immediately I hastened towards the place whence the voice had come, when, upon raising my eyes, I saw, at a distance of about fifteen steps, a very beautiful young man covered with white feathers. He was, indeed, a splendid sight to look upon and whilst I was gazing, in mute wonder, at him, without approaching any nearer to him, he told me not to fear, that he was a dweller in another world far away from this, but that he had leave to go and come at pleasure. He held in his hand a bow and arrow which he showed to me saying that he meant to give them to me, as he wished me to become valiant in hunting. Having said this, he threw the bow and arrow on the ground; other things, too, he told me, which I have now quite forgotten. At last he said: "Well I am going away now, but I shall see you again;" and he disappeared from my sight. Then I went up to the spot where he had thrown his bow and arrow, but there was nothing to be seen. I looked all around among the trees, trying to catch another glimpse of him, but in vain. I understood, however, what he meant. So I went home and made myself a bow and plenty of arrows; and from that day my aim has been unerring.

About one year after, whilst I was again travelling in search of a *somesh*, I heard the voice of a man calling on me and, upon looking up, I saw a bear. I was very much frightened and began to look around for the man that had called me. Then the bear, with precisely the same human voice, spoke to me and said: "Approach and be not afraid. I am a bear, a brute which you can kill with your arrow. You will, in fact, kill me, flay me and eat my flesh. Now I wish to teach you how to cure certain diseases—he mentioned what they were—You will apply your hands as I do. Look—there was a stick there and, whilst he spoke, he put

his paws upon it—Now, continued he, shoot me." Immediately I shot him dead, flayed him, ate a part of his flesh, took his paw for a *somesh* and went my way rejoicing.

Some two years later I was walking on the mountains and heard the *pici*—a bird very common in these parts—I looked to see him, but saw instead a very beautiful boy, white and feathered and like in every respect, save his size, to the one whom I had seen before. Near him was a rattlesnake and the boy told me how to cure the bite of the reptile. "Kill that snake," said he, "and take his tooth for a *somesh*." I was afraid to stir, when, suddenly, the boy disappeared and the *pici* pounced upon the rattlesnake and killed him. Then I saw nothing more but the dead snake. I cautiously approached and, finding him really dead, I took out his poisonous tooth and went off.

The evil one shows himself very frequently to our medicine-men and speaks to them through wild geese and caiotes. Usually he teaches them a song which they take good care to sing during their incantations. By the application of the hands I believe that magnetism is taught them; and that they have worked cures thereby, not only upon Indian patients but upon white ones also, who had been given up by other doctors, are incontestible facts. Hoping that I have fully satisfied your query,

I remain in the SS. Hearts of Jesus and Mary,

Yours truly,

U. Grassi, S. J.

DEATH OF MR. THOMAS J. DIXON, S. J.

In recording the death of the young Religious whose name appears at the head of this notice, we feel that we are discharging a duty, not only of affection to our youthful brother who has gone before us to his eternal rest, but equally of gratitude to God who surrounded the last days of that young life with so many striking manifestations of a singular love and mercy. Those who witnessed this truly beautiful death, which has left upon them all an impression not likely soon to fail, understood the truth and the full meaning of those words of Father Faber, that a death precious in the sight of God "is a work of divine art, accomplished by supernatural skill and flushed with the glow of eternal beauty." Such was his death—so peaceful, so resigned, so full of faith and joyous hope.

Our departed brother had come to us at the opening of the last scholastic year, after a Juniorate which warranted the brightest hopes of a brilliant course of Philosophy, and full of ardor for his new work. But in the mysterious Providence of God it was decreed that those bright hopes should not be made good, according to our human views. His Father's love had something far brighter and more precious in store for him than brilliant success in human science; he was to "fulfil a long time, being made perfect in a short space." He had not fairly begun his studies here when he was suddenly compelled to lay them aside. An unexpected hemorrhage, apparently the result of a cold which had not seemed to be serious, obliged him to keep his room, with rare and short intervals, from the beginning of the Autumn until the 5th of May, the day of his death.

During all this long and tedious confinement, which must have been peculiarly irksome to such a nature as his, young, ardent, and active, we had many occasions daily to observe the gentle but strongly efficacious working of divine grace overcoming nature. Of a naturally quick and impetuous disposition, he never once complained of this chafing restriction and unwelcome inaction; of a remarkably sensitive temperament, keenly alive to the least physical pain, no murmur ever escaped his lips; though each week brought new complications to his already painful disease, hardly a suppressed sigh of suffering was ever allowed to distress those who attended him with affectionate solicitude. He was the youngest member of the community, snatched away just as he was about to cross the threshold of manhood; but in patient self-restraint and unfailing submission to the divine will he was truly a teacher to all.

As we watched the fluctuations of his illness, the hope was often rekindled that he might yet recover and realize the future of great usefulness which had seemed to be prepared for him; prayers and novenas were offered for that life of so much promise, and at each successive relapse he would smile and say: "Well, God knows best what is good for me. If He does not give me health of body, He will grant to your charity what is much better for my soul."

At last it became evident that there was no hope of his recovery; and on the morning of Good Friday Rev. Fr. Rector took occasion to tell him that in all human probability the end was very near. But the warning was not needed. He received the tidings without any surprise, only replying that he had felt already that he could not hope to recover and that he had cheerfully made the offering of his life in union with the offering which our Lord had made for us on that day. And yet, though weak and wasted by his long and trying sickness, his strong will and a generous desire to inconvenience others as little as possible, enabled him to appear stronger than he really was, and it was not

until the last day of April that he ceased to sit up during the day. It seemed to give him great consolation that not till within three or four days before his death were any of his brethren obliged to watch by him during the night. This generous spirit of self-forgetfulness and of thoughtfulness for others, even in those moments when his sufferings were most acute, was one of those beautiful traits of character which shone most strikingly throughout his whole illness and won him so much affectionate sympathy and sincere admiration. Another was the rapt devotion with which he used to receive the Blessed Eucharist, a privilege which he enjoyed often during the last month or two of his life. We have heard some of his companions, who accompanied the B. Sacrament to the sick room on these occasions, telling how he seemed to be unconscious of any presence save that of the Divine Physician, whom he received with a faith and joyful love that shone most strikingly in his countenance and whole bearing. The effects of these blessed visits were visible far in the day to those who were in the habit of attending to him daily, and seemed actually to give him new physical endurance as they certainly did renew the life and strength of the spirit.

On the Saturday before his death, it was thought proper to administer to him the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, which he received with a deep, fervent, and cheerful piety that lit up his face while the prayers of the Church were recited. Many, who had stayed to take leave of him, came from the room with tears of emotion, an emotion which seems to linger still when they speak of the beautiful scene they witnessed then. He alone seemed to rejoice while others wept, and he gently chid one of the Fathers who stood by his bed-side and who had been his warm friend at college, because he seemed to grieve.

On Monday, May 4th, early in the morning, a sudden change came which seemed the immediate forerunner of death; the prayers for the dying were said and the last

absolution given. But he rallied again, though his state was so doubtful during the remaining twenty-four hours of life that the Fathers, relieving each other at intervals, remained by him continually until the moment of his death. On the following morning he began to show those signs of restlessness which betoken approaching death; he expressed a desire to sit up but as soon as he saw that those about him seemed uneasy, for he was too weak to bear any movement at all, his habit of self-denying submission overcame this natural impulse: "Certainly," he said, "it is better so; I am quite satisfied." One of his companions, who was sitting up with him at the time, brought him his crucifix which he kissed devoutly, then laying it upon his breast he folded his arms over it and kept it pressed to his heart for about half an hour with a most touching expression of deep love and quiet joy. All the restlessness disappeared; he seemed to have found real comfort and relief in that silent communion with his Crucified Lord. At a little after half past five o'clock Rev. Fr. Rector asked him if he would like to receive the Viaticum again; joyfully he asked to enjoy that favor once more, and at about six o'clock his wish was gratified. After some moments spent in silent thanksgiving, there came a visible change and a quick sinking. He continued to make ejaculatory prayers, commending himself to Jesus, Mary and Joseph, until strength and utterance failed; his breathing which was quiet and apparently painless, failed gradually until it became so weak that when, at twenty-five minutes past seven o'clock, it had ceased entirely, no one of those who were watching him narrowly to catch his last breath, could say at what precise moment he had passed away. He had kept his consciousness until within a very few moments before the end and was perfectly aware of all that was going on about him. Cheered and strengthened by all the sacred helps which the Church and the Society can offer to the most favored of their children, he died in the midst of his brethren

whilst they were reciting the Church's prayers for his departing soul.

How many, many beautiful incidents and traits of character we could recall of him, which are fixed in the memory of those who had the melancholy satisfaction of ministering to him during his long illness! We have recorded a few facts which speak more eloquently than any panegyric, for they are beautiful with the beauty of grace and holiness. There are, however, two incidents connected with his early life which we cannot refrain from mentioning, because they seem to reveal to us the action of that same loving Providence which since so strikingly marked him as a favored child. He loved to tell how, in his early infancy, his nurse, happening to enter with him one day into the cathedral of his native city, Dublin, found that a number of little children were just then being consecrated by the Archbishop to the Blessed Virgin. The nurse immediately brought forward her own little charge who was consecrated with the others to the Mother of God. He never wavered in his love and devotion to the Mother who seemed to have thus specially adopted him as her own; and in spite of all the calculations of physicians and of the weakness and decay which threatened a much earlier end, his entrance into a better life was reserved for the opening days of Mary's own month of grace and blessings.

As soon as he was old enough to serve at the altar, he became a regular attendant in the sanctuary of the Jesuit Church in Upper Gardiner St., Dublin, where, besides serving Mass, he took great delight in helping to decorate the altar, especially for the devotion to the Sacred Heart on the first Friday of the month. The lamented Father O'Callaghan, of holy memory, had occasion to say Mass in this church when returning to America from the continent, about a year before his death. He had offered the Mass for the intention of obtaining one or more recruits for the Maryland Novitiate, of which he was then Rector. On

going into the sacristy, after his thanksgiving, he was met by the bright, intelligent looking lad who had served his Mass, and who, without any formal introduction or preface, and with no further knowledge of the Father than that he was a priest from the United States, asked eagerly to go with him to America to become a priest. Under other circumstances, the tender age of the youthful aspirant then only thirteen years old, and the fact of his being an only child, might have offered some difficulty. But the application looked so much like a direct answer to the petition made in the Holy Sacrifice, and the generous faith of truly Catholic parents, who had no higher ambition than to see their son dedicated to the service of the altar, removed all difficulty concerning them, and accordingly the petition of the young acolyte was granted. His career as a student in Georgetown College, it does not belong to us to detail here; what his life was, as a Novice and afterwards as a student in the Society, may be gathered from the manner of his death, for which his life had been a continual preparation.

We cannot but grieve that this life of brilliant promise was cut off before it had fairly passed its prime, but we know that He who so visibly surrounded its close with benedictions of sweetness and who ever "doeth all things well," will make what is a loss to us an everlasting gain for our departed brother. May his soul rest in peace, and may our last end be like to his!

TRANSFER OF THE RELICS OF ST. JOHN FRANCIS REGIS FROM THEIR FORMER RECEPTACLE TO THE NEW SHRINE.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF FR. PRAT, JULY, 1873.

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* * * * * When we make our pilgrimages to La Louvesc, we find it hard to content ourselves with a short stay of twenty-four hours there. Happily for me, I had a particular reason this time for remaining there at least eight days, first to share the great privilege enjoyed by the Fathers of that residence, and then to thank God and His illustrious servant for the favor. I must say a few words about what took place there on Saturday and Sunday, the 19th and 20th of July, 1873. In 1792, four brothers, sons of Mr. Buisson, then mayor of the place, risked their lives to save the relics of St. John Francis Regis. Having taken from the shrine the urn in which the sacred relics reposed, they left instead some other bones which they had gathered near the cemetery, and hid their treasure in their father's house, about twenty minutes walk from La Louvesc: —there it was kept concealed, with equal care and veneration, until the end of the persecution. In 1802, Mgr. de Chabot, bishop of the diocese, visited the dwelling of the Buissons to verify this precious deposit. The details of this examination and authentication, carefully drawn up in writing, were placed in the urn with the relics. Since that time, seventy-one years ago, the receptacle had never been opened, and it is probable that it would have remained closed much longer, but for a providential circum-

stance which led the ecclesiastical authorities to institute a new examination of the relics of our holy missionary.

You are aware that a memorial Church is being built on the site of the old sanctuary. The choir is quite finished, the porch nearly so; and in the course of next year they will be joined. In the middle of the choir, which is encircled by a marble railing, which is also the communion-rail, rises a splendid marble altar; and though richly adorned with medallions and statues of angels and saints in gilt bronze, it is still remarkable for a simplicity which enhances its majestic beauty. The white marble tabernacle is crowned by a socle, on which will rest the shrine containing the relics. This new shrine, a real master-piece of bronze-gilt, is not large enough to receive the case in which the relics have been kept till now; a new case has accordingly been made to fit in the new shrine, and the whole is in keeping with the style and proportions of the altar. It was necessary, then, to transfer the relics from their former receptacle to the new one. The bishop was informed of this necessity by Fr. Nicod, and delegated his Secretary, M. l'abbé Boyron, to perform the ceremony in his stead. M. Boyron, following the prescriptions of the Congregation of Rites, performed the ceremony quite privately, no one being present but the members of our community and those of the Buisson family, the children and grandchildren of the generous christians who had saved to the Church the remains of the great and holy missionary.

At the appointed hour we all proceeded to the Sacristy. My dear Father, I cannot tell you what we felt at that moment! We were about to behold the sacred treasure on which no human eye had looked for seventy-one years, and which no man now living, perhaps, will have the happiness of seeing! The priests put on their surplices, and the few who were present took their appointed places. Before us was a large table on which was spread a fine linen cloth between six lighted tapers. Close by stood the old case

sealed in 1802 by Mgr. de Chabot. After a short prayer before the relics, the vespers of the saint were sung; then the bishop's delegate stated the subject and motives of his mission, and proceeded to verify the seals. At length the case was opened and the sacred relics were removed, piece by piece, and placed upon the linen cloth prepared for them. I verily believe that we could not have been more deeply moved than we were, had St. John Francis Regis been brought back to life there before us. Tears flowed from every eye, and our emotion was at its height when the bishop's delegate placed the skull of the Saint upon the table; it was in a state of perfect preservation, except the lower jaw, which was wanting; the other relics were in a similarly good condition, but only about two thirds of the bones remain which go to make up the human frame. While the bishop's representative was drawing up his report, Dr. Buisson, a grandson of one of the four brothers already mentioned, and nephew of our Father Buisson, examined the several bones and drew up a statement of their condition, attaching to each one a label with the name of the part thus designated; this inventory had been neglected in the first authentication.

The official part of the proceeding being finished, we venerated the sacred remains, recited some psalms and the prayer of the Saint; then, after the delegate and the Rev. Superior, we had the happiness of touching with our lips the head of St. John Francis; I may add that we bathed it with our tears, for no one present could master his emotion. The report drawn up by M. l'abbé Boyron was then read aloud and signed by all; meanwhile two priests had been busy applying to the head of the Saint a great number of medals, rosaries, crucifixes and other pious objects. Finally the relics were placed in the new case of cedar wood, which is covered with green silk. The case was then sealed in eight places with the bishop's seal, and placed in the shrine, the key of which is in the keeping of the bishop's delegate.

On the following day, July 20th, the shrine was exposed in the choir to the veneration of the faithful, who came in crowds to visit the church. At three o'clock the Fathers, in surplice, took their places in the choir, around the shrine, and chanted vespers, at the close of which Father Joyard made a short and touching discourse on the saint, dwelling particularly on the veneration still paid to his memory and on the ceremony of the day before. The sermon was followed by Benediction, after which the shrine was set in the place prepared for it above and a little back of the tabernacle. The bishop's delegate, who had presided throughout, closed the two days' proceedings by intoning the Te Deum. The throng then withdrew slowly, as if loth to leave the sacred spot, and we returned to the sacristy where M. Boyron expressed to us his gratification at having been chosen to act for the bishop in so touching a ceremony. He took away with him the sincere expression of our gratitude; but we will, I trust, bear away with us to heaven the sweet and holy impressions of this true family feast, for which we have to bless the Lord forever.

(*From the Laval Letters.*)

D. O. M.