

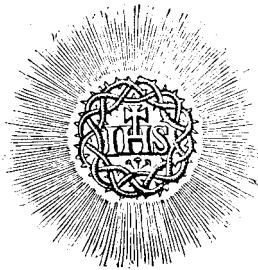
A. M. D. G.

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. XVIII.



WOODSTOCK COLLEGE

1889.

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.



of the LETTERS than we are able to satisfy. Those who have extra copies will confer a favor by sending them to us as soon as possible. The numbers most needed are :—Vol. I. No. 1, Vol. IV. No. 1, Vol. VIII. Nos. 2, 3, Vol. XI. Nos. 1, 2, Vol. XII. No. 3. We are ready to exchange any other numbers for those here mentioned.

WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. XVIII, No. 1.

LETTERS FROM A CHAPLAIN IN THE WAR
OF 1861.

(*Seventh Letter.*)

CAMP BROWN, SANTA ROSA ISLAND, FLA.,

Oct. 25, 1861.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER TELLIER,

P. C.

According to the *Instruções* for *Castrenses Missionarii*, with which you kindly furnished me when I was leaving New York, I write to you as often as an opportunity presents itself. There is yet no mail-line established between any harbor in the United States and this portion of the army. Transports are very willing to take charge of any letters we wish to send, but they are so unreliable that only absolute necessity could induce us to confide our little documents to them. Men-of-war, when passing here on their cruise, very kindly offer us their services as *mail-carriers*; but, like the transports, they are not always masters of their own movements. They drop our letters at Havana, at the Isthmus, or at some port of Mexico or South America, where they must wait for an opportunity of being sent to New York. This irregularity explains to me why I have received thus far only one answer to the many communications I have addressed to you, and it will, I trust, be a sufficient explanation to you if my preceding letters have not reached you. Whether I hear from you or not, I shall continue, in obedience to your *Instruções* to keep you informed that I

am in the land of the living—if it is correct to call Santa Rosa the *land* of the living.

You must have heard before this of the attack made on our camp on the night of October the 8th, or the morning of the 9th. The Confederates showed with a vengeance that two can play at "night attacks." The surprise was so complete, the attack was so spirited and violent, and sustained by such overwhelming numbers, that all the public and private property of the regiment was destroyed, before we could get ourselves into a position of defence, or before we were able to distinguish friend from foe. The utmost confusion prevailed. "Come up for your ammunition, Company E;" cried out the officer whose duty it was to attend to the distribution of cartridges. To his indescribable amazement, the officer saw a band of strangers present themselves to receive the offered ammunition.—But allow me to follow the current of events as they fell under my notice in the darkness of that dreadful night; then I shall furnish the explanation of those events, given us next day by the prisoners, or gathered by our own observation of scenes along the island.

As a preface, and as an explanation of the surprise, I would say that the volunteers have, from one cause or another, egregiously failed to observe a very wise army regulation, "not to fire off their guns except at an enemy, or within a time designated by the commanding officer." A musket, therefore, discharged outside the appointed time was equivalent to a call to arms: "The enemy is advancing! Turn out!" The volunteers placed on picket duty were always cautioned to heed this order. But unfortunately there is another army regulation, which the picket guard were particularly instructed to observe above all things, and which in their minds is a direct contradiction of the direction first laid down. It is that the picket guard must not allow themselves to be entrapped at their post by any lurking spy, who may be concealed in the bushes, or, assuming an innocent air, come too near the post. If the intruder does not give immediate satisfaction, let the picket shoot him down, otherwise he might overpower the picket, and thus clear a safe passage for the enemy to march unmolested into camp. Now, our watchful pickets had us out every night by shots at supposed enemies prowling around their beat. Daylight showed, however, that the enemy was an alligator, an opossum or something similar, or nothing at all. This continual repetition of false alarms made the soldiers indifferent about the picket warnings. It was the old story of "Wolf! wolf!"

Thus, sometime in the latter part of the night of the 8th,

or early in the morning of the 9th of October, we heard in camp several shots out on the picket line, but we foolishly imagined it was a repetition of an attack on an imaginary spy, or some foraging alligator. The sentry at headquarters shouted lustily: "Sharp firing at the picket line!" but his information was unheeded. "This is outrageous;" said the colonel to me, "I must stop this firing; we shall never be able to know when the real attack is made." The night was intensely dark. The firing continued with unabated fury. Yells and shouts of triumph were sailing over the still air into camp. "This is more than an attack on an alligator," said one. "The whole picket line has a fight amongst themselves," said another. No one seemed to think the enemy was on the island. The few soldiers in camp were, with rifle in hand, marching hither and thither among the tents, condemning this folly of firing at every shadow. But lo! whilst we are wondering what this fusilade is about, it dawns upon us that our camp has been silently invaded, and that its streets are thronged with strangers. There was a knock-down here, a pistol-shot there, then a sword-thrust, but no general fight. Not light enough to distinguish friend from foe!

At this juncture, Company E was called to receive its ammunition, with the incident mentioned above. The number of soldiers had been very much diminished by sending many companies to other commands, as Forts Taylor, Pickens, and Jefferson. There were exactly, according to the morning report of the 8th of October, 207 men in camp. This number was further reduced by furnishing a detail for guard duty at the fort, and for guard and picket duty for our own camp. The colonel, before ordering to fire, was trying to get the few men at his disposal in some shape near headquarters. Whilst they were moving off towards the place indicated, singly and silently, I re-entered my tent for a moment. In the prevailing darkness I could not distinguish an object. Stepping out again to procure a light, I was grasped by a stout hand and asked, "Who are you?" "Chaplain of the regiment," I replied. "Not so; you are nothing but a — Yankee. Stand there. You are a prisoner." I was surrounded by a crowd of strapping fellows all eager for plunder. Profiting by the darkness, I stepped over towards our rendezvous. Just as I reached the place, the entire camp burst out into a terrible blaze. The pine arbors, surrounding the tents, were in the best condition possible to catch and spread the fire.

There was no difficulty now in distinguishing our own men from strangers. Therefore a rattling fusilade began.

The enemy seem bewildered. They appear to have made a terrible blunder. They are in possession of our camp, and they act as if they do not know how or why. Dawn is breaking, and without returning any more than a few shots to our fire, the dashing enemy hastily depart. They certainly made dreadful havoc with our camp, commissary and quartermaster stores. Of all that was ours, there remain now but smoking ruins. My tent, chalice, vestments, etc., were all swept away by the unsparing flames. Four hundred and forty-five dollars in gold, left with the vestments (we had been paid two days before the attack was made), were carried off, or consumed in the conflagration. The United States paymaster, with his chests of gold, came very near being caught. He had left our camp and returned to the fort, just four hours before the arrival of the Southern brigade. Neither officers nor men had anything else left them than the suit each had on.

No use in lamenting over our loss. The order is issued to pursue and capture or punish the invaders and destroyers of our camp. Having no information about the place or the means of their landing on the island, we could form no plan for pursuing them, or heading them off by getting between them and their boats. Concluding that they had effected a landing on the bay-beach, we started on a "double quick" for the northern shore, whilst the enemy were moving along the middle of the island. Two minutes later, a strong body of regulars, under command of Major Vogdes from Pickens, joined us. Clouds were gathering; dawn withdrew her smiling countenance; darkness of night was trying to resume her sway. Reaching the ruins of the old Spanish fort, Captain Seely of the regulars called our attention to a dense mass, a short distance to our right, towards the centre of the island. "Are those some of our own men, or are they the enemy whom we have cut off from their boats?" asked Captain Seely. Major Vogdes, the commanding officer, who is a myope, halted the eager command, said he could see nothing unusual, but that he would, to satisfy all, ride over to the supposed enemy. We waited impatiently for the major's return. After considerable delay, a Southern officer, arrayed in his gray uniform, presented himself, and informed us that Major Vogdes had surrendered himself and command to the Confederate forces. It was now clear daylight. The men shouted "Treachery! treachery! General Twiggs' game a second time! We are betrayed by our officers." Captain Seely, now senior officer, assumed command, and, riding up to the messenger, said: "All the traitors in the army cannot make us surrender. Return to your friends,

and tell them to come and take us." This little sentence evoked from the men "three cheers for Seely" and shouts of defiance for the enemy halted at some distance from us. The one hundred and twenty regulars, under Captain Seeley and 1st Lieut. Hildt, re-enforced by our less than two hundred men, were all that we had to meet the now threatened attack of the Confederates far outnumbering us. A charge is being made. On they come in a rush. "Give them a sweeping volley;" said Seeley. The volley was given when the invaders were but a few steps from our lines. Without firing a shot, the avalanche bore us down, passed over us, and carried off five of our men, prisoners, towards their boats. As the enemy did not fire, for some reason unknown to us, none of our men were killed or wounded. The number of poor Southerners stretched on the sand told of the terrible havoc which our volley at close quarters had produced.

Here I separated from the combatants. Our men continued the pursuit of the retreating enemy; I remained alone with the Southern killed and wounded. Captain Robinson, arriving on the "double quick" with more re-enforcements from the fort, said to me: "Well done, Father! These *were* our enemies; they are not now. As soon as you can, go to the picket line; the firing of last night must have left scores of wounded there. Ambulances are ordered from the fort." The poor prostrate Southerners did not detain me long. To my remark that I was a Catholic priest, and was ready to do for them whatever I could, one said: "I'll see you another time." Another said: "I am a deist." A third: "I am an infidel, and do not wish to be annoyed at present with notions about religion." This one says: "Give me a drink of water;" this other: "Put something under my head." One whose head Seeley had cleft with his sword during the rush, said to me: "Tie something around my head—if I stir it will fall in two parts, one on each shoulder." . . . Leaving them to the care of a surgeon and his aids, I hurried towards the scene of the night's conflict.

Many a poor fellow I found stiff in death. Pursuing my course over sand-hills, and through hollows, in search of the wounded, I heard the confessions of those found alive, and hastily started to look for more. Of course, I gave neither extreme unction nor holy Viaticum. All our own people, Protestants and Catholics, without a single exception, accepted my spiritual assistance. At the picket line, I found two Confederate soldiers, both mortally wounded. After a little hesitation, they said they were Catholics, and made their confessions. They belonged, they told me, to Tennessee regiments stationed at Pensacola. They gave the

information that all those who had crossed over to the island were *selected* from the various regiments composing Bragg's army. "We thought we could come over here, inflict some damage on you, and return safely to Pensacola," said one of the sufferers, "but, sir, we met with a terrible check." A little farther on, I found another Confederate, but dead. He evidently was a Catholic. He had his *Agnus Dei*, scapular, and cross, neatly fastened around his neck. He must have fallen in the attack on the picket line. From the fact that he was on his knees leaning against a sand-bank, I concluded the poor fellow was not killed instantaneously, but feeling himself mortally wounded, he had hastened to devote the few moments of life yet left him to prepare himself to meet his God. There was nothing to indicate his name. Some of his wounded companions thought his name was Walsh.—But what is this unearthly howling of a dog I hear? Here comes Manassas (whose history was given in a former letter), howling piteously. He jumps on me, pulls me by the coat, and darts off over the sand-hills. Clearly seeing that there was something to which the noble brute would call my attention, I followed him. After a few minutes' walk, I could see the dog violently scraping the sand about a prostrate soldier in gray. Manassas ran to meet me, as if to urge my speed. The man was dead. He was probably the owner of Manassas, who had promised to come for him, and whom Manassas met on his landing on Santa Rosa.

The Christian charity displayed by our own poor wounded edified me beyond expression. The sun, now far up in the heavens, discovered our men five miles from what had been our camp, in hot pursuit of the retreating enemy, leaving their course marked with many a bleeding soldier. I was, of course, soon left far behind. Every prostrate man arrested my progress. The poor fellows, hearing the continued rattle of musketry ahead of us, concluded that many of their companions were in as much need of my assistance as themselves, and therefore delayed me as little as possible. One poor fellow, evidently in great pain, seeing me approach him, said to me: "Father, don't lose your time with me; you can return to me after having attended to the others. I have only my leg broken." Presently I came upon another; he too was thinking of his fellow soldiers. "Pass on to some one else, Father," said he to me, "I was with you Saturday, I have done nothing wrong since."

But look! Literally piles of dead! Here is where the firing first began. They are *all strangers*; not one of ours amongst them! They are, I presume, fair specimens of the

different regiments forming Bragg's command. No two had the same uniform. The first was a tall, robust young man who evidently had not feared to expose his life for his cause. It was Captain Bradford, as the name engraved on the splendidly mounted pistol which he firmly grasped plainly indicated. His face and ample chest were literally riddled. His death must have been instantaneous, for no indication of suffering could be traced in the placid expression of his noble features. The next was a victim of far more delicate type; a fair young man with long curling hair, his blue eyes were half open, his youthful hand was grasping a terrible wound in his side; he had no appearance of a soldier. By the side of this one lay a beardless boy, who must have died from a bayonet wound through which his bowels were protruding. But there is not one of ours amongst them! This is a mystery which will be explained later.—I appear to be alone. Surgeons and ambulance corps are probably attending to the wounds of those I have seen. The day is far advanced, and I am exhausted; not able to procure a drink of water. But why complain? The poor disabled and dying have been unable to wet their lips. The soldiers engaged in deadly strife in our advance have nothing to eat or drink. Where is the pursuit to end? If our men have to keep up the chase till they reach the end of the island, they will have a run of forty miles.

I now turn my steps towards the northern side of the island—the bay-beach. There the pickets had "massed" to make a determined stand, and there I found the sad proofs of a severe attack and brilliant defence. There, intermingled with the dead, lay several whose terrible wounds rendered them completely helpless. Their companions, after having yielded to superior numbers, fell back on the camp, taking with them the wounded that needed only assistance to move. Those who should have to be carried were left behind. They were now, poor fellows, stiff and sore; yet they complained not. An ambulance has just arrived with refreshments and surgical aid. How thankful they were for this godsend! They had spent many hours with their gaping wounds exposed to a broiling sun and the unsparing insects, and without a drop of water to moisten their parched lips. The rapid firing, up the island, tells us the enemy has taken a stand, and will be driven no further. "Hurry on, Father," said these men generously to me, "you can see us when all this will be over." I hastily attended to the poor fellows, and moved on in search of more. I found a young Confederate officer stretched on the wet sand of the bay-beach badly wounded. A minie-ball had broken both legs below the

knees. Believing him to be in great danger, I told him who I was, and offered him my services as a priest. "I don't think I need you at present," he said, "I am a Southern volunteer." I hailed a passing ambulance, and had him placed in the vehicle as gently as it could be done. He said he was faint, and asked for a drink of water, which we gave him, such as it was, and whatever else the ambulance service had at hand. He seemed to be dying; yet he declined my services. After having taken a little stimulant, he remarked: "I am Lieut. S —, of Montgomery, Alabama."

Following still the traces of conflict, I soon came to a poor Zouave badly wounded and anxiously hoping for a visit from surgeon and priest. After having made his confession, he said: "Father, a little while ago, a Protestant was struck down, and as he fell, he requested us to send you to him. You will find him on the other side of the hill." Quickly running off in the direction pointed out, I found, after a few moments' search amongst the hillocks, Corporal Parsonage of New York. The white sand around had been reddened with the blood which flowed copiously from his wounds. Seeing him so very still, not even a sigh or groan escaping from his lips, I feared he was dead. Though lying on his side, his face was turned towards the ground, and his hands were joined as if in prayer. To make sure, I took him by the hand. To my great relief he turned up his face, deadly pale, opened his dying eyes, and in a feeble voice said: "Ah! it is you, Father; I have been expecting you; I am dying." "Courage, Corporal," I whispered to him, "we can't very well afford to let you go yet. Now is the time we are most in need of such as you." "Oh! Father, I am going fast. A bayonet and two balls have done their work." "Well, Corporal, you know who I am, do you wish to die in the Catholic Church?" "I most earnestly wish to die a Catholic. I made up my mind some time since, the first Sunday we spent on Santa Rosa, the first great Mass we had, to speak to you about being baptized; but I foolishly put it off." "It is not yet too late," I assured him. The canteen in which I usually carried a little water, was, with everything else, consumed in the beginning of the attack. I had, therefore, no water at hand, and no one to send for any; no one near except dead and dying. He had never been baptized. I must have recourse to some expedient to procure water. I told him the case, and that I would look among the dead and disabled for a canteen. Fearing he should die in my absence without baptism, he besought me not to delay, for if left alone he might die in despair. He was rapidly sinking. I tore myself away from him, ran breath-

less to the gulf-beach, steeped my handkerchief in the clear blue salt-water of the ever ruffled Gulf of Mexico, returned, and baptized the dying soldier by squeezing my handkerchief over his fainting brow. "Oh! thank God! I am saved;" he exclaimed, as the water flowed over his pallid features. "Now, Father, I beg you not to leave me." "But remember, my dear Corporal," I said, "there are at this moment many others stretched on the sand as you are, anxiously awaiting my arrival; and perhaps, my dear friend, as near death as you are." "That is very true;" he said, "but they are Catholics, Father; they know how to die. I was a Protestant, and never dreamt of preparing for death. You have not long to wait; in a moment I shall have appeared before my God." I remained with him, and it was but a moment. From the very midst of a scene of war and strife, of blood and carnage, his pure soul took her flight to the abode of eternal peace.

Before breathing forth his regenerated spirit, he requested me to inform his family how happy he felt in dying in the Catholic Church; that in this supreme moment of his life, he had no other regret than that his relations should remain strangers to the great happiness within their easy reach, that they should die without sharing in the great grace he had himself just received. He begged me to see them or write to them, and convey to them his dying wish, that they should lay aside all prejudices against Catholics, and make the acquaintance of some Catholic priest. He gave his family's address, but I have completely forgotten it. He was very dear to the men, and was held in high esteem by the officers. He had been offered by Colonel Wilson, who placed great confidence in him, the grade of orderly sergeant; but the young man, out of deference to older and more experienced soldiers, constantly refused anything higher than a corporal's *stripes*.⁽¹⁾

Scouting amongst bushes (for we have already reached that part of the island where such growth is found) and sand-hills, in search of dying soldiers, I found a number of our own dead, mixed pell-mell with those of the enemy. There were strong indications of a fierce conflict having taken place there. Our men were all members of the picket line, who fought desperately to stay the advance of the

⁽¹⁾ When Fr. Henry Duranquet had read the above details, he interested himself at once in finding Corporal Parsonage's N. Y. relatives. The father knew that his brother lived in the city and found his address in the directory. He then wrote to him that he had news to communicate about his brother who had enlisted in the Wilson Zouaves. The brother called at once and heard from Fr. Duranquet all the details related above. The father then left him to his own reflections. About six years later, the brother called again, asking to be received into the Church and saying that he had been thinking of this ever since he heard of his brother's death.

enemy, and give those in camp time to organize to meet the foe. But those in camp did not organize, and failed to come to the relief of their overpowered but brave companions. Not a single breathing human being was to be found who could tell of the bravery of those soldiers whose stiffened bodies lay in close proximity—friends and foes. Poor fellows!

A couple of ambulances drawn by fiery mules just appeared, to take up the wounded. Perceiving none but dead in this part of the island, and hearing a disorderly but rapid discharge of firearms, accompanied by ringing shouts, I concluded that my presence was more needed there than wandering among the bushes where I was meeting only with the dead. At my request, one of the ambulances was allowed to take me to the scene of action. Urged by the cutting whip of the sturdy teamster, the panting mules had me in a short time with our own men who received me with a rousing cheer. "Have you seen to all the wounded, Father?" asked Col. Wilson. "All that I could find," I replied. The scene before me was literally appalling. The retreating enemy had arrived at the point of the island where they had landed during the night, and were getting off to a steamboat, anchored at a considerable distance from shore, as fast as their means of transportation allowed. This river-steamer had a number of flat-boats attached to her. From the steamer to the shore ran a long stout rope by means of which, instead of oars or poles, the floats, laden with soldiers, were pulled to and from the island. Our men, regulars and volunteers, united under the command of Captain Robinson, 1st U. S. Artillery, arrived on the scene when all but one *flat* had crossed over to the steamer with their loads of retreating soldiers. The boat still at our shore was completely crammed with those probably charged with protecting the rear—checking the pursuit. Capt. Robinson placed his men in a commanding position, holding those in the *flat* within short range, and gave the order: "Load and fire at will till they surrender." A dreadful havoc was thus made amongst the occupants of the *flat*, who would not or could not surrender. They did not fire a shot in defence. The *flat* was evidently aground, and the mad efforts of the living targets were directed towards freeing their boat. The fire began to slacken, our men had not the heart to continue firing at an unresisting foe, yet they refused to surrender. The steamer which had conveyed the soldiers from Pensacola had her decks crowded with men, shouting encouragement to their endangered companions, but all in vain. "Boys," said Captain Robinson, "try your rifles on those aboard the steamer." A shower of death-bearing messen-

gers sped across the water, and caused quite a scattering among the sympathizers with the forlorn *flat*. General Gardiner, as we have since heard, who had command of the whole expedition, was the first to be struck. It was evident the steamer could not remain where she was. She raised her anchor, cut the rope connecting her with the shore, and left the *flat* with its unfortunate freight in our hands. Seeing the boat move off, those imprisoned on the *flat* raised a white flag and humbly surrendered. Our men greeted the little emblem with repeated cheers, and rushed down to the water's edge to see the result of the bullets that had been rained into the boat. What a sight! We drew back in horror. There before us was a perfect slaughter-pen! Blood everywhere! Blood on wounded, on unhurt, on men and on boards! Aye, the very water that had found its way into the flat-boat was so colored with human gore that it might be said the men were up to their ankles in blood. Everything possible to relieve the injured was done. Our little ambulance stores at hand were freely furnished. Surgeons, officers and men tenderly cared for them to their utmost ability. "Why did you not surrender? Why did you not surrender?" was repeatedly asked. "We hoped every minute the steamer would contrive some means of rescuing us from the danger of being taken prisoners," was the only reply.

The battle, the fearful attack, with the terrible punishment—if not revenge—following, is all at an end; the enemy's dead and wounded and prisoners are in our hands. With the last shot disappeared all animosity from our hearts. The kindest feelings are extended to the enemy, now at our mercy. In spite of the hunger and fatigue from which we are all suffering, we have to gather, as gently as soldiers can, into some of the hospitals, the poor wounded, scattered over a large tract of the island, to lead our prisoners securely to the fort, and to pick up the dead, spread like the wounded over several miles of Santa Rosa. *Details* are made out, and different squads are assigned to parallel sections of the island; these, moving abreast and close to each other, so effectually scour the tract of sand between the site of the final engagement and the fort, that there is no possibility of missing any one, dead, wounded or lurking. Teamsters with their mules and carts are promptly at hand to remove the helpless and lifeless.

On our way back to what had been our camp, fraternizing with our prisoners, who seem to be nearly all officers, we entered into conversation with them about their unceremonious visit to our camp and their failure. "You Yanks come

over to our side, and do us a deal of mischief, but you get off safely," said one of the prisoners, "we come over here, and do you fellows a sight of harm, but we lose the best soldiers of Bragg's army." The poor fellows, as hungry and as tired as we are, give us the history of the expedition, their intentions and blunders. The troops sent over were picked men, selected from the various regiments composing Bragg's command. There was great opposition to the expedition; for cool heads saw no proportion between the risk incurred, and the advantage to be derived. The young heads gained their point, and many officers and young hot-headed civilians volunteered to serve as privates in the capture of Fort Pickens. These volunteers are accused of having caused the miscarriage of the plans. The enemy had received, from a Canadian deserter, exact information about the position of our camp, our strength, and the line and number of our pickets. With this knowledge, they formed the plan of surprising, first the Zouaves, then the fort, and, with the rising sun, of saluting the Confederate flag streaming over Pickens. They said that the number of men composing the invading column was 1500. The *Pensacola Observer*, brought over by deserters since the battle, puts the number at 2000. It gives the name of each regiment from which the men were selected and the number of men it furnished.

Landed on Santa Rosa, the enemy divided into two columns, one taking the southern or gulf-beach, the other the northern or bay-beach. They would thus avoid our picket and guard, who for some reason (or perhaps without any reason), held no posts on the beaches east of the camp. Having thus safely passed the sentinels, and having arrived unobserved opposite the camp, the two columns were simultaneously to wheel inwards, one from the bay, the other from the gulf-beach, suddenly fall on us, and, without firing a shot, to utterly annihilate the Zouaves and their camp; and whilst the regulars would be wondering at the *accident* that befell the camp, these elated invaders were to enter the fort, and butcher all there. Then they were to decoy the fleet and seize it. If they could not succeed in decoying the officers of the fleet, they were to hoist the Confederate flag over Pickens, and proclaim to the world their stupendous victory. Such the prisoners, officers and men, assure us was their intention. Fortunately for us, and perhaps for all, the Canadian forgot to inform them of the position of two hospitals which are a couple of miles in our advance.

These rough structures, the enemy, in the darkness of night, mistook for the camp. In accordance with their plans, both columns at this point wheeled inwards from the shores.

Looking for the tents constituting the camp, they cautiously moved forward. But soon each party perceived a body of men ready to dispute their further advance. The idea of burning us in our tents was abandoned; they concluded that they had been discovered, and must now fight their way. They were, as you have already no doubt guessed, the two columns of Southerners mistaking each other for enemies. There ensued between the friends a terrible conflict, in which Capt. Bradford and many of his brave men lost their lives. It was at this scene of action that I found those many slain strangers mentioned above, and not one of ours. After a fierce hand-to-hand engagement, the Bradford column was defeated, and retreated precipitately towards their boats. The other column, imagining they had routed the Zouaves, advanced boldly to capture Pickens. This battle saved us. It aroused the pickets, who offered a stout resistance to the overpowering enemy. But they finally passed through the lines and reached our camp; where, owing to our imagining it was all harmless firing of green volunteers, we were, in spite of the loud and continued warning, nearly burnt in our tents. The enemy, thinking that they had defeated the Zouaves, were utterly puzzled at finding a second camp, and at having no news of the Bradford column. This explains their conduct when entering Camp Brown.

On our homeward march, passing the site of the extinct marine camp, we had a very substantial proof of old Col. Brown's thoughtfulness for his hungry and jaded soldiers. For here we met a number of carts with an abundant supply of plain provisions, sent out to us from the fort, by the considerate commander of the department. All of us, officers and men, captors and captured, sat down on the white sand of Santa Rosa, now for the first time stained with human blood, to a pleasant and most welcome repast. Having finished, I might say on the field of battle, our coarse, frugal, soldier's meal, Captain Robinson confided the command of troops and prisoners to Captain Seeley and Lieut. Hildt, and the care of the wounded to the surgeons and their assistants, and invited me to accompany him towards the centre of the island.

Late in the afternoon, tired, weary and sad, all were back from the exhausting chase after the enemy, at what was yesterday our pleasant camp, but which is now a pile of smoking ruins. The quartermaster of the fort had ready for us an abundance of warm coffee, cold meat, and bread, to which we did ample justice. How we expatiated on the value of a warm cup of coffee without milk, after the hardships of the preceding day and night! But my work was not yet

done. I must now make a hasty visit to my poor wounded, collected into four hospitals, hurriedly improvised, in different parts of the island. I had seen all, as far as could be ascertained, during the day; but some might have escaped me, or those that I had seen might require a second visit; at all events, fatigued as I was, I made the tour of the hospitals, to say a word to the wounded, friends and foes, for there was no distinction made by the authorities. It was dark when I returned from my extended trip. On my arrival at the site of the camp, I was informed that the dead were gathered for interment, and that my presence was required at the long and deep trench prepared for their reception. Alongside another trench were collected the enemy's dead, to be buried without honors. The names and addresses of the slain were ascertained as correctly as possible and inscribed in the "report."

About 10 P. M., the "firing party," or escort, the drum-corps with muffled drums and doleful fifes borrowed from the fort, for our band and drum-corps had lost all their instruments in the conflagration, were drawn up in line waiting for the order to start. In a few moments the escort was greatly increased by the number of soldiers who volunteered to honor the remains of their fallen comrades, and the command to march was given. In obedience to the subdued beat of the drums, and the sorrowful notes of the fifes, we stepped out in the direction of the spot selected as the final resting place of our late companions in arms. What strange feelings must have sprung up in the hearts of all, as we marched silently over the white creaking sand towards the large pit in which we were about to bury our dead. We had had our first battle. It was a momentous day, and might have been more disastrous for us. Not a word was spoken, not a whisper uttered, except the brief words of command given in subdued tones by the officer in charge of the "firing party."

Arrived at the trench, we beheld a most melancholy sight; the night was clear and calm; the gulf, along whose shore our long grave was dug, was unusually still. Our dead, carried from various points of the island, lay side by side along the edge of the ditch. They were covered with blood; their uniform was torn; the eyes of several were open; the arms of many were extended at right angles from the bodies; all, of course, were cold and stiff. No coffins were to receive the bruised remains; no affectionate wife, or tender mother, or loving sister was there to prepare the bodies for the grave. According to military usage, soldiers are consigned to the earth just as they are found on the field of

battle, with or without hat, or coat, or boots, as they chanced to be. Thus too were our men, some without hats, some without coats, thrown off no doubt in the dreadful hand-to-hand conflict, in order to have more freedom of action. The poor fellows were laid in the trench side by side as gently as soldiers' hands could do it, and the white sand was softly shovelled over them. It was easy for me to find ideas for my funeral oration; my heart was full. When we had confided our brave soldiers to the white bosom of Santa Rosa, at the extreme limit to which the tide of the gulf reaches, and when the salute had been fired over the humble grave, whose location, no doubt, will ere long be forgotten, the drum-corps struck up a lively air, and we marched back to what had been our once happy camp, reaching it about midnight. What a day we had passed! Now we have no tents, no provisions, not even a blanket to throw around us. We lay down on the sand, which is always warm, nothing over us but the high heavens; and, trusting to our guard and picket, we slept soundly till *reveille*, when we found ourselves refreshed.

Thursday the 10th of October, feast of St. Francis Borgia, found us all low spirited. Many dead, still more wounded, no camp, and, above all, no possibility of offering the holy sacrifice on this great feast of the Society! But Colonel Brown had not forgotten us. For whilst we were silently contemplating the ruins of chapel and camp, there appeared, issuing from the fort, a long convoy of wagons, laden with tents, ammunition, provisions, clothing, everything required to place us on the footing we occupied before the attack. "All here again except the chapel," said the soldiers.

As soon as we had taken a little breakfast, I started on a tour amongst the wounded. Taking my breviary, the only article I saved, the only book now in camp, I went to the fort to see those brought to that hospital, and the prisoners confined there. I found them, according to the surgeons' judgment, doing well. I heard their confessions and gave them an account of last night's burial. The prisoners I found sullen, and incensed against their officers, whom they openly accused of incompetency, and of having caused the expedition to fail. They requested me to take charge of a petition to the commander of the department.

Having got through with my visit, which was rather extended because I had abundance of time, I directed my steps towards another hospital far up the island. Saying my office as I moved over the sand, I walked leisurely, and

reached this refuge late in the forenoon. Here I met with a large number of disabled soldiers, mostly belonging to the enemy. They were in good humor, carefully attended, and stretched on cots dressed with neat hospital sheets. Apparently suffering great pain of mind and body was the young lieutenant whom I had discovered on the morning of the fight lying on the wet sand of the beach whence the tide had receded. Passing his bed, I heard him ask the attendant: "Who is that, doctor? What is his name?" "That is the priest," said the attendant. "The priest!" he exclaimed. "Tell him I should like to say a word to him." Stepping back to him, I remarked: "I think we have met before." "Not that I am aware of," he answered. "O yes;" said I, "on the beach, when you asked for a drink of water." "It was you who hailed the ambulance?" "The same." "I did not know then what I was saying," said he, "but I want to see you now and talk with you. I am Lieutenant S—, a deserter from the U. S. Marines. I am not only a deserter, but a rebel, caught with arms in my hands against my government. I have been notified this morning that I am recognized. Of course I shall be shot or hanged. I left my ship at the commencement of hostilities and joined the Confederacy. I am a deserter." He then asked me whether I thought his life was in danger from his wounds, adding that if there was no hope of saving his life he would wish to become a Catholic. "But," I enquired, "what if there is hope?" "Well, in that case," said he, "I would postpone that important step. It is a hard thing to live a Catholic. I should like a Protestant life and a Catholic death." The surgeon, whom I consulted about his case, told me he thought he could save him, and I informed him of the surgeon's opinion. This enabled him to make up his mind "to live a Protestant." Will he die a Catholic? He begged of me to see the commander of the department, and try to obtain for him from the big-hearted colonel the favor of being paroled. "For," said he, "my mother's heart would break if she heard that I was wounded and deprived of her care." He then buried his face in his hands, and sobbed aloud. He said that he was a volunteer in this expedition; that without bidding good-bye to his mother, he came from Montgomery, Alabama, to take part in the attack and capture of Fort Pickens; that his mother did not know where he was; that as soon as he should return to Montgomery, he would certainly prepare himself to enter the Catholic Church. Leaving this "whimpering soldier" (as his fellow prisoners called him) I visited each of the sufferers, heard the confessions of the Catholics, and gave extreme unction to those danger-

ously wounded. Of course there was no possibility of administering the holy Viaticum.

Having visited all the hospitals, and seen and spoken to all the inmates, I returned to the camp, now rigged out in all its former splendor. The site, however, is changed, and Colonel Brown has issued a standing order that camps hereafter must change sites every third week. This is chiefly a sanitary measure, and, as the colonel says, "to prevent soldiers from having an accumulation of traps."

I found at the fort quite an excitement. Out in the bay were dozens of row-boats, each bearing a flag of truce, enquiring after missing friends. Were they prisoners? were they wounded? were they dead? Captain Bradford's friends—his sisters I think—were inconsolable at the loss of their dashing brother. They asked for the sword, pistols, and other objects belonging to him. Colonel Brown said the spoils of war belong to the victors, and since Bradford fell beneath the blows of his friends, he saw no reason why his friends should not have the spoils. Trinkets, keepsakes, etc., belonging to the dead, he decided should be handed over to friends applying for them; but he positively refused to allow that the bodies of those invading the island with hostile intent, should receive any other than the graves of enemies. For several days succeeding the attack, applications of this nature continued to arrive under flags of truce. Not one was allowed to land; the answers were given to them in their boats. Finally, friends of the owner of the dog Manassas came, under flag of truce, to ask to have the great messenger restored to the family. Colonel Brown seemed inclined to yield to their request, but the soldiers would not allow it. After some discussion, it was agreed that the dog himself should decide the case. The boat was hauled nearer the shore, and Manassas was led by the soldiers to the water's edge. At a given signal, the men in the boat called the familiar name, and the soldiers moved off enticing their favorite to follow. The noble brute would like to accommodate both parties, he would unite North and South; he barked, he howled, standing midway between both. Finally, making a bound towards the soldiers, he declared for the Union. Cheer after cheer went up for Manassas, who was the honored guest for that day.

Calling on Colonel Brown at a moment convenient for him, I informed him of the message entrusted to me by Lieutenant S—, and exposed the whole case to the venerable commander. "Are you aware, Chaplain, that this man is a deserter?" "I understand he is;" I answered, "but, Colonel, the poor fellow is weeping bitterly for his mother." "Weep-

ing for his mother!" exclaimed the colonel, "Let him go by all means, even without parole. An officer of the Southern army, a deserter from the U. S. Marines, and crying for his mamma! Let him go!" Calling me into his office, the colonel said to me: "Sit down there, write out these details, have him sign the paper, and I shall let him go right away." "But Colonel," I remarked, "perhaps he would like to write the statement himself." "Very good," said he, "if he is willing; but you write your statement to me, show it to him, and let him sign it or copy it." Going to the distant hospital, I informed the wounded lieutenant of the condition laid down by the colonel. Looking at my paper he said, "I will copy it and add things you have omitted. I know the old colonel wants to shame Bragg; but it is all true. I will write out my request."

On my way back to Pickens, I met Colonel Brown, who was anxious to know the result. Having read the document, he said: "Capital! It is even stronger than you put it. I have made all arrangements to have him sent to Pensacola to-morrow." The following afternoon, he was gently placed in a boat, accompanied by a surgeon, under a flag of truce, and rowed over to the navy-yard, where his friends took charge of him. Starting off from Santa Rosa, he promised me to send for a priest as soon as he reached his home in Montgomery, and follow his advice.

In a day or two, an exchange of names of prisoners took place. The list returned to us showed that the only prisoners taken by the enemy, besides Major Israel Vogdes of the regular army, were the four or five carried off by main force in the little engagement at the ruins of the Spanish fort, and a few servants who, like Major Vogdes, were suspected of treachery. The list we sent them was long, and was remarkable for the following words appended to the names of many: "Prefers to remain in our hands rather than be exchanged."

October 13, Sunday. What a sad Sunday for us! The men feel extremely lonesome without Mass. Officers and men of the fleet came ashore to-day to comply with the obligation of being present at the holy sacrifice, but were more than disappointed at hearing that the sacred vessels and vestments were included in the destruction of the camp. We cannot, of course, celebrate the holy mysteries till you send us a new set of articles—a complete *chapelle*. I wrote to Father Durthaller the day following the attack, to request him to send immediately everything requisite for saying Mass. I fear, however, it will be a long time before he can find an opportunity, as communication between this island

and the North is rather rare. Ships come and go, but they have no messages for us. We were at one time exactly forty-nine days without having the slightest news from the North, except that brought by deserters or refugees. "No news from the North!" was the ordinary greeting amongst us.

My letter of obedience, my *Instructions*, and a letter kindly given me by Archbishop Hughes, were destroyed in the fire. The fact is we have nothing, not even a comb, and no means of procuring anything. We expect a sutler who, at two hundred per cent profit, will furnish us all we want. Amongst those who have applied to me for instruction is a Jew. I have plenty of time to devote to him, but I have no book, no catechism. The little prayer-books, crucifixes, medals, catechisms, scapulars and *Agnus Dei*s, sent me by charitable friends in New York, have all been lost. Please send me more of them; they are in great demand.

When the smoke of battle had been wafted away, when the signs of havoc had disappeared, when things had settled down to their usual level, our regiment, wishing to indemnify me for my losses, made me a present of a handsome sum to buy a charger. Neither love nor money can, however, procure me a horse on Santa Rosa. The commanding officer of the department cannot possibly spare any of those he now has. They are all needed for picket and scouting, and for a light battery he is just forming. The Zouaves say we shall not be always upon the island, and when we move off to the mainland, I can buy a horse. The reason they assign for their generous offering, in the paper accompanying the present, is this: "We do not, we cannot suffer the father who is to save our souls when our bodies are lost; who is to open eternity to us when time is closing upon us; who is to heal every wound of the soul when the body is pierced with bullets and torn with swords and bayonets; who is to elevate the soul to the throne of glory, when the body is trampled under horses' hoofs, bruised, and ground with cannon wheels; who is to cleanse and purify the soul when the body is covered with clotted gore, black with dust and powder;—such a friend we do not, we cannot suffer to be without the means of hurrying from one place to another, with, if possible, the lightning's speed, to bring to each of us the assistance we poor soldiers wish to have, at least on the field of battle." This, as you see, is all general. What is personal in the paper is very brief. They offer me their sympathy for my losses, especially for the *chapelle*; compliment me for my bravery, and thank me for the prompt assistance I brought to their fallen companions,

Had I not put a stop to it, the present would have reached thousands; for it was agreed amongst the soldiers, that every pay-day a stated sum should be handed to me. This, of course, I could not allow; I have my own salary. Are they not good fellows? How little they deserve the bad name malicious calumniators seem to have given them in New York.

Since the attack of the 9th, officers and men have been so constantly kept guarding and watching and toiling, that it may be said we are literally worn out. The number of men is too small to furnish "reliefs" for the now multiplied and extended posts. The same men are always on duty, two hours off and two hours on. Seven different but unsuccessful attempts have been made to surprise us again. These annoyances have been repeated so frequently, that the authorities have come to the conclusion not to be satisfied with simply repelling the invaders. Plans are now matured, with the aid of the fleet, to utterly annihilate those who again land on the island. In the meantime, the order is to "sleep on our arms every night" (which means to remain wide awake). During the day, we can take little snatches of sleep, as much as the noise and bustle of camp will allow.

This state of affairs is rather trying; still the health and spirits of all, thank God, are very good. The heat of the sun is intense even now; there seems to be no diminution. The force of its rays is unbroken by tree or cloud; and the sand and water all around us rather multiply this terrible heat by the laws of reflection. At night, just now, there comes from the Florida swamps a cold moisture-bearing breeze. A heavy fever-breeding fog and dew settle on our island, giving our clothes, face and head, in the morning, the appearance of having combated a battery of rain all night. I pity the chaplains, officers, and soldiers, who are reduced to such straits as we are. No missionary has ever been so isolated as I have been for the last six months. Our fare is coarse, very coarse, but abundant and healthy—the same for all, officers and men; and at present there is no prospect of a different arrangement. Still, nobody finds fault. All, especially the humble and obedient soldiers, bear their privations without a murmur, some with real edification, saying all this was sent us by Providence to help us to atone for our sins. Others heartily laugh at the situation, remarking that if certain New York politicians were here, they would try to settle the war in a very short time. One said: "If I knew all this, I should never have become a soldier." "Where is your patriotism?" all exclaimed, "We must learn to suffer. Let us suffer like Christian soldiers. We have

the father with us." No rest! *Maringouains*, snakes, alligators! The enemy keep us ever on the alert. Though all are kind and considerate to me, yet I am alone in the throng. It is now going on seven months since I was at confession. This is certainly a privation. I hope a priest will be found among the re-enforcements expected here. I could, I think, go to Key West, about five hundred miles distant, where a priest is said to reside, but there is such a prospect of an attack, and consequently of loss of life, that I dare not absent myself a single day.

Frederick Goggins, our bold drummer-boy, sends his sincere regards to you and Father Legouais. He amuses me a great deal, by his regrets for college life. "If a boy does not like college, let him become a soldier, and he will see the happiness of a life he does not know how to appreciate," he remarked to me this morning. When we have anything severe on poor human nature to do or endure, for instance, to pass a dark foggy night in the trenches, he whispers to me: "How would the Fordham boys like this?" Fred is a good boy and serves my Mass in turns with others, or at least did serve it, and I hope will again, when you will have sent a new *chapelle* to the "army and fleet of the gulf," and to

Your distant but affectionate son in Christ,
MICHAEL NASH, S. J.

SKETCH OF NEW YORK AND CANADA MISSION.⁽¹⁾

(CORRIGENDA.)

REVEREND FATHER,

Sincere thanks for November number of the *LETTERS* and accompanying *INDEX*. I mailed yesterday to your address, my seventh communication from the war—the attack of the enemy on Santa Rosa, and their repulse. The next will be the fierce bombardment of Fort Pickens.

I would respectfully take the liberty of calling attention to a little inaccuracy which I recently noticed in an early number of the *LETTERS*. On page 136, No. 2, Vol. III., speaking of the Protestant church which Father Larkin purchased in New York City, the writer says that the church was "situated on Walker street near Elizabeth;" and on the

⁽¹⁾ See Vol. III. n. 2, pp. 136, 137.

following page he says that Father Larkin "next rented a house on Elizabeth street, the garden of which adjoined the square in front of the church door." These statements are incorrect.

I. The church purchased by Fr. Larkin, and dedicated to the Holy Name of Jesus, was situated *not* on *Walker* but on *Elizabeth* street, about one hundred feet north of the north-east corner of Elizabeth and Walker streets; i. e., at the north end of the corner lot which fronted on Walker street. Since then Walker street has been widened along the north side, and consequently the site of the church is nearer the street, by the number of feet taken from the lots for the widening of the street. The name Walker has been suppressed, and the thoroughfare is now called Canal. Canal street originally ran from the North River only as far as Centre street. From Centre street eastward it used to be called Walker.

II. The house rented by Father Larkin was *not* on *Elizabeth* street but at No. 180 Walker street, about one hundred feet east of the north-east corner of Walker and Elizabeth. There was neither garden to our house nor square in front of the church door. Hence, *the garden did not adjoin the square in front of the church.*

The church was built on the west end of three lots, running originally from Elizabeth street clear through to the Bowery. The rear of the building was on a line with the houses on Elizabeth; the front faced the east, or the Bowery; and, occupying only a small portion of the ground near Elizabeth, had in front quite a lawn stretching down from the door to the Bowery. The trustees, to meet a pressing claim against the church, were obliged to sell the vacant space, or lawn, from the church door to the Bowery. Long before the building came into our possession, stores had been erected on this lawn; thus the square and the entrance on the Bowery side had disappeared. To enter the church after this sale, people had to come around by Elizabeth street, and pass on each side of the edifice, by alleys three feet wide, till they came to the old door on the east end. Our house, 180 Walker street, *not* our *garden*, opened on the alley south of the church, *not* on a *square*.

Though a queer looking building—without an entrance to the uninitiated, and to the frequent visitors offering a narrow, dark, fear-inspiring lane leading up to the door—it was, as people said, "a cosy place to pray." The noise of the street was not heard within its walls. Encouraged in their devotion by the solemn silence pervading the holy house, in the midst of the bustle of a noisy part of the city, not

only women but men, not only Catholics but also Protestants, came there to invoke the mercy of God. Thus the Duprees, the Sweets, the Harrises, the Boerems . . . all Protestants, were often seen kneeling before the altar, of an afternoon, pouring out their troubles before the Lord, and many wonderful conversions took place there. Entering the church for our visit after dinner, we invariably found poor sinners seeking either faith, or reconciliation with God. At times we found whole families, parents and children.

My only excuse for presuming to make these corrections is, that I am the last one now of those who lived and taught in the "Holy Name," and that in a short time I too shall have departed. But few of the old parishioners are alive, I meet some occasionally.

Hoping that my *seventh* has reached you, and is acceptable,

I remain,

Yours truly in Christ,

MICHAEL NASH, S. J.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

MEMOIRS OF FR. GREGORY MENGARINI.

(Continued.)

Where these memoirs were interrupted in the last number of the LETTERS, we were speaking of the aged Peter, the Grand Chief of the Flatheads.

Peter had long been ripe for heaven, so ripe, in fact, that he needed but the gentle touch of the Master's hand to detach the shrivelled stem of life, and allow him to be numbered among the chosen fruits of our Lord's redemption. His natural uprightness had made him a chief when he was scarcely out of boyhood; and he was only twelve years old when he accomplished what would have been well done, had it been done by a warrior. He had started on a hunting expedition with many of his tribe, and they were hundreds of miles from home when an unwelcome disease, breaking out among them, destroyed the whole party except himself. Boldly facing the dangers of the wilderness to which the Indian is born, this small boy made the journey in safety and brought to his tribe the sad news of the party's destruction. The ravages of death made a deep impression on his mind, and he resolved to live innocently lest

the Great Spirit should send death to smite him in a similar manner. We are accustomed to resolutions made and broken. It was not so with Peter. He had made a resolution and he kept it; and when in extreme old age, and at the point of death, I questioned him about the faults committed after baptism, he had none to tell me. I then questioned him about the years which had preceded baptism, and though I questioned him closely, not even these, so unblemished had been his life, supplied matter for absolution. "But Peter," said I, "did you never in battle give way to hatred for your enemies?" "No, Father," he replied; "what would my people have said, had they seen me angry? Why, once when I found an enemy stripped by one of my warriors, I took off my own shirt and clothed the dead body in it, and said, 'To show that I bear you no ill-will, I cover you with my own garment.'"

Thus did the Almighty work miracles of his mercy even here in the wilderness. Old as he now was, Peter still performed the duties of great chief, and when we arrived to found the mission, he was absent on a hunting expedition with the tribe. The mission founded, we saw him early each morning making the round of the lodges, and heard him saying something as he passed by each. Curious to know what he said, I enquired of one of the Indians that knew some French. "Ah!" replied the man, "he always says the same things: 'Come, let us arise; let us praise God; let us thank him for all his benefits, and glorify him who has given us another day of life.'" Peter knew, however, that his time was short. One day I saw him mounted on his horse and, accompanied by his wife, son and daughter, approaching our wigwam. He dismounted at our door, and addressing us, said: "I have come to you, Father, to die." We represented to him that his company was indeed welcome, but that, sorry as we were, we could find no place for him; that his own wigwam was larger and more commodious; and that he would find more comfort in it than in ours, which was already overcrowded. Without a murmur of complaint, he caused himself to be helped into the saddle, and retraced his steps to his own home. Next day, an Indian came saying that Peter wished one of the fathers to come and see him. Fr. De Smet sent me, for I already knew some Flathead. I found Peter lying on his buffalo robes. "Father," said he, pointing upwards, "I see the saints in the church" (he spoke of the sacred pictures with which we had adorned the walls of the church), "hovering over me; and I hear them saying to one another, 'When will Peter come with us?' And I hear the voice of one in

their midst, but whom I do not see, saying, 'Not yet! not yet! Bye and bye! Bye and bye!'" I heard his confession (for he had the full use of his faculties), and found his soul beautiful in its childlike innocence, as I have already related. I gave him conditional absolution and went away. On the following morning, I went to see him again, but found him dead. The "bye and bye" had come, the "not yet" had passed, and he was already happy with those who had so anxiously awaited his coming.

Thus died Peter, whose life should call a blush to many a Christian cheek, and who, even when others embraced polygamy, never swerved in his fidelity to his lawful wife. Yet the Flatheads in general had sinned more through ignorance than through malice; for when they learned that it was unlawful to have more than one wife, all, both men and women, immediately subjected themselves to the laws of Christian morality, and never again relapsed into their evil ways. Polygamy was thenceforth a thing of the past.

They showed equal generosity in abandoning 'medicine.' Let no one suppose that medicine among the Indians was, as among ourselves, a lawful product of human skill and science, or that it was a mere deception, and 'medicine men' mere deceivers. It was a means by which the evil one held possession of their souls.⁽¹⁾ Medicine was of two kinds: medicine against disease, and medicine against the accidents and misfortunes of life. These were to be remedied or averted by the intervention of their tutelary *genius*. The method of obtaining medicine was the following:—When an Indian had arrived at the age of manhood, he departed alone to the mountains, and there tasted neither food nor drink for some six or eight days. Dancing and singing are not pleasant occupations for one with an empty stomach, but these constituted a part of the ceremony necessary for obtaining medicine. When all this was over, his *genius* appeared to him under the form of some bird or beast, and taught him how to procure the medicine. Each Indian kept the nature of his medicine a profound secret, used it only for himself and family in sickness, and carried it about his person in battle, to charm away the arrows of his enemies. Medicine against sickness was oftentimes a real natural remedy, and such as a wise physician would have prescribed had he been there. But this apparent good served only as an excuse for the superstitious use of it against the evils and dangers of life.

A few days after our arrival at the mission, Paul, a veneration

⁽¹⁾ See Fr. Prando's letters on the Medicine Lodge and Medicine Men—WOODSTOCK LETTERS, Vol. XII. 39, 322.

able old man, and one of those baptized by Fr. De Smet at Fort Union the preceding year, had gone to look for his horses on the prairies. Suddenly he heard overhead the flapping of wings, and a voice crying out: "Paul! Paul!" Looking up he beheld a crow, and immediately recognized his former *genius*. "What are you doing," said the crow, "idling here while the Blackfeet run away with the Flathead horses?" Paul hastened back to the village to relate what had happened; but he was told to pay no heed to such manifestations. Some hours passed, and a messenger was seen hastening towards the village. He brought the news that the Blackfeet had made a raid, some twenty miles away, and had driven off the horses of the Flatheads. "Do you not see" said Fr. De Smet to Paul, "how impotent is your former *genius*? He can tell you the evil when it is done, but cannot prevent the Blackfeet from doing it." On another occasion, long after the founding of the mission, and when I was alone, Lawrence, one of my Indians, came pale and emaciated to see me. "What is the matter?" I asked. "For many days," he replied, "I have had no rest, even by night. I hear my *genius* singing constantly in my ears. I make the sign of the cross, I say my beads, he flies away a short distance, but presently returns to recommence his lascivious songs." Hearing these things, I was perplexed. Some remedy must be found; but what remedy? I recalled to mind what our holy Father St. Ignatius had done in a similar case, and told Lawrence that if the *genius* came again, he was to be sent to me. Lawrence went away consoled, but he left me in quite a different state of mind; for, as I had not said, "Tell the *genius* to come to me, *if he has permission*," I was greatly scared lest the demon should take me at my word and pay me a visit. Our Lord, however, took pity on both of us, and while Lawrence was freed from the persecutions of the evil one, I, though pretty well frightened, was never molested.

Our house was already finished, but several of the old men who had seen its commencement, were not destined here upon earth, to see its completion. Peter, Paul, and Simeon, and two others whose names I have forgotten, were already at rest in our little churchyard. Years before, the Divine Sower had cast the seeds of natural virtues in their souls; the seeds had flourished, and had produced fruit a hundred fold, and we had been brought merely to witness and help in the harvesting.

During the early months of our mission, we heard confessions through interpreters. This will not seem strange, when I inform my readers that a kind of confession had

been introduced among the Flatheads long before our arrival. The confession was public. The chief called a general meeting and ordered each in turn to confess before the others whatever evil he had done. The command was given and obeyed with equal simplicity, and each made a full and open confession of his misdeeds. When the confession was over, the self-accuser received a first class scolding, then a few light lashes, and the chief addressed an exhortation to the others to avoid the faults into which such and such a one had fallen.⁽¹⁾ Private confession such as we practise was easy for the Flatheads; and, accustomed as they had become to public manifestations, it took them some time to understand the inviolable secrecy of Catholic confession. Hence they would come to me and ask, "Father, did such a one tell you this in confession?" And they would relate something wrong that some one had done. "Why?" I would ask. "Because" they would rejoin, "we know that he did it, and thought that perhaps he had not confessed it." Sometimes an Indian, after doing wrong, would go to his chief, confess what he had done, and ask to be flogged. The Flatheads were fully persuaded that by this means the fault would be blotted out. So wedded indeed were they to public confession that some preferred to make their confession through an interpreter even when they could make it directly without his aid.

While we were engaged in the building of the house and church, the study of the Indian language, and the instruction of our neophytes, the severity of winter softened into the mildness of spring. The cold, which had played such heartless pranks with us, had indeed gone, but only to be succeeded by other and equally unwelcome visitors, mosquitos and Blackfeet. The latter were the more dangerous, but the former were every bit as hostile. St. Mary's River flowed peacefully behind our missionary buildings, and its banks had been the mosquitos' paradise from time immemorial. Here they were to be found of all sizes and varieties, and at all times, but especially when not wanted. Some great-great-grandfather mosquito must, I think, have established a monastic order among them, for no Carthusian or Cistercian could be more assiduous in choir duty than they were; or he must have given them at least a great love for religious orders, so persistently were they bent on dwelling with us. More than usually troubled one day by their assiduous attentions, I determined to rid myself of them. I therefore darkened my room so that the light was admitted

⁽¹⁾ A kind of confession was used also in Central America. v. Bancroft's "Myths and Languages."

only at one corner of the window. I then filled my room with the smoke of buffalo chips, and awaited the result. Soon, in single file, my tormentors made a rapid retreat towards the light, and left the room. I went outside to see the success of my experiment, and found quite a number of Indians drawn up in two lines and enjoying the rapid exit of the mosquitos. Though annoyed by these little pests, I was never as unfortunate as Br. Joseph. Once, while he was watering the garden, numbers of them set upon him, and stung him so, that for three days he was sick with a fever.

To get rid of the Blackfeet was harder than to get rid of mosquitos, for the Blackfeet were the hereditary foes of the Flatheads. Hence the history of our mission would, if written fully, be an account of Blackfoot inroads and Flathead reprisals. I have already related how, when we were but a few days in the mission, the long-robed Blackfeet came and drove off the horses of some of our Indians who were about twenty miles distant. I have now to record that they came by night to our mission itself and drove off our horses and mules. The frequency of the visits of the Blackfeet will cause no wonder when it is known that, had not a pestilence decimated the tribe a year before our arrival, our mission at St. Mary's would have been impossible. Moreover, the chief virtues of a long-robed Blackfoot were two, namely: to kill men, and steal horses. Of a *long-robed*, I say, because there were *short-robed* Blackfeet, men small in stature, but sinewy, and capable of great endurance, though inclined to peace. The long-robed were bent upon war and pillage. I shall give briefly an account of various visits paid us by these Indians; and I group them together here, because, though I remember the facts, I have forgotten the precise dates.

We had not been long at the mission when, one night, we were startled by the report of a gun. In the morning, tracks of blood were found leading to the forest. A band of warriors started on the trail, and soon returned bringing in triumph a Blackfoot warrior. He had been shot in the leg, and though he dragged himself to the friendly shelter of the woods, he was wounded too badly to allow of escape. I was asked what was to be done with him; so, going to the church, I delivered a sermon on forgiveness of injuries and love of one's enemies. "Let him that has never slain anybody," said I, "cast the first stone at this prisoner." The chiefs were moved to mercy, and granted him pardon; but some of the other Indians took this action so ill that they cried for very rage. We dressed his wounds, lent him a

horse, and allowed him to depart in peace. He was a Goliath in proportions. He recovered from his wound, lived some years afterwards, and was finally killed in battle.

A like pardon was not accorded another Blackfoot on a similar occasion. Two of our warriors, returning from the mountains, came upon their man as he was seated on the ground, his gun at rest, and his back turned towards them. Only when flight was impossible did he become aware of their approach; so, offering them his gun, he gave himself up as a prisoner. They took the weapon, and ordered him by signs to go before them to the village. He obeyed. The Indians again came to me and enquired what was to be done. I could not say, "Kill him," for that was forbidden by my priestly character; I could not say, "Let him go free," for prudence forbade it; as calumniators, wilfully misinterpreting my motives, would identify my action with treason to the Flatheads, and partiality towards the cruelty and lawlessness of their inveterate enemies. I could only refer them to the judges competent in such matters. "You have your chiefs," said I, "consult them." The Grand Chief Victor turned on his heels and left the room. Presently I heard the report of a gun, and the joyous shouts of the Flatheads. I ran to the door and saw the Blackfoot falling to the earth. The grand chief had called no council, and had ordered the execution of the prisoner on the spot. Many believed that I had ordered, or at least countenanced the killing; and, as on the former occasion, they had murmured against my leniency, so now they openly complained of my severity. "He saved the other one," said they, "why did he not save this one also?" In my next instruction, I laid the case before my people, and showed them forcibly that a priest can never command the shedding of blood.

Death, however, was not always the punishment for captured Blackfeet. Once, a short-robed Blackfoot was caught stealing a horse. He was thrashed and then set free. Off he started; but imagine our surprise, when shortly afterwards we saw him returning to the village. We asked him what had brought him back. He answered that, having no horse, he would never be able to reach his own people on foot. He therefore made himself perfectly at home with us until a horse was lent him, and, in company with our Flatheads who were going that way, he reached the borders of his country. There he was let go unmolested, but was warned never to trespass again, lest a worse fate befall him. On another occasion, when I was at work quietly in my room, a gun was discharged a short distance away; then my door was violently thrust open, and a Blackfoot rushed

in and seated himself on my bed. As he entered the apartment, I saw him hastily reload his piece, Indian fashion, by putting a charge of powder into the barrel, then blowing down it to settle the powder, and lastly allowing a ball to fall into it from his mouth. Upon discovery, he had discharged his gun as if he were peaceable, and had then fled to the missionary's house for shelter. He was, however, prepared for the worst, as he showed by reloading his gun. Had the Flatheads known this when they entered, they would have considered it an act of treachery and made short work of him. As it was, they shook hands with him, and, after a little while, passed around the pipe of peace. To light it, I used a match which had by chance fallen to the floor. The Blackfoot did not seem to notice my action; but when, on returning to his tribe, he heard others relating wonders about the Blackgowns, "All that you have seen" said he, "is nothing to what I have seen; when there was no fire for the pipe of peace, I saw the Blackrobe take a splinter from the floor, and rub it on the table, and there was fire."

Sometimes, as the fame of the mission spread, a Blackfoot chief would send word that he was coming on a peaceful visit. Such was the case when a chief came with twenty of his warriors to enjoy our hospitality. All the resources of our cookery were called into requisition to do them honor, and all the resources of their appetites to leave nothing uneaten on the table. For the Indian rule of politeness is just the reverse of our own; to leave any of the food set before one is to show a disrelish for it, and is an insult to the host. I, in my ignorance, had prepared an abundance, just as I would have done for white men; in so much that the chief, on returning home, laughingly complained that the Blackrobe had nearly killed him.

To illustrate how sacred this rule of eating all that is offered is considered among the Indians, I may be allowed to relate what happened among the Okinagans. One Indian had grievously offended another. The one aggrieved dissembled his resentment and invited his enemy to a feast. Such an invitation allows of no refusal. The one invited came, and a large vessel of bear's-grease was put before him. He took three long and appreciative drinks, according to approved custom, and then would have desisted; but his host repeated the one word "Drink." Again he drank, until nature could stand it no longer, and again he would have laid the vessel aside. But the other repeated the command "Drink." The visitor immediately perceived that his life was sought; so, one by one, he took off his ornaments and

garments and laid them at the feet of his host. Almost naked, and with nothing more to give, he received permission to go, and left the wigwam. A refusal to drink would have immediately caused his death.

Thus the Blackfeet, now peaceable, now warlike, were the most constant callers at our mission. But even when they came peaceably, the Flatheads generally kept aloof and would have nothing to do with them. Hence, on the occasion of the feast which I gave, none of my Indians came to offer anything towards it; hence also, on another occasion, when some twenty or thirty Blackfeet came on foot, the Callispels, upon their departure, fired guns in the air to show that, though the missionary might treat them kindly, the people of St. Mary's were not their friends. The Blackfeet, however, kept on their way, neither hastening their steps nor even turning to see who had fired the guns.

The order of time followed at the mission was:—Rising at day-break; prayers; Mass; breakfast; an instruction for about an hour; work until mid-day. In the afternoon:—catechism from two to half past three; work until sunset; prayers; instruction; canticles; and rest. Three of the canticles I give in Flathead, together with a Latin translation; the music of two of them I myself composed for the Indians; the third I took from the French.

I taught the children catechism by a method commonly followed in Rome. Catholic doctrine is summarized in several hundred questions and answers. Both questions and answers are committed to memory, and a public contest is announced. On the appointed day, all the competitors, none of whom must be over thirteen years of age, arrange themselves in two lines in the church. The first proposes a question to be answered by his opponent, and so all along the line, each in turn answering or proposing a question. Whoever misses, loses his chance for the prizes. A mistake may be made in five ways: first, by failing to answer (this, however, seldom happened); secondly, by giving a question already proposed; thirdly, if such a question were proposed, by failing to say, "It has been already given;" fourthly, by saying "It has been given," if it had not been given; fifthly, by saying, "There are no more questions," if there were more; or by failing to say "There are no more," when all had been given. Only one that has seen such a contest can realize its interest. I have seen the Indian boys as pale as their little bronze faces could become, and perspiring profusely, even in the depth of winter; while all around were gathered the parents and relatives of the

children waiting anxiously to see who would be the victor. This was the case especially in the *grand contest*, when the winner was made a kind of little chief among his playmates. Superiority in the Sunday-afternoon contests was rewarded by a present of arrows.

After catechism, on Sundays and holydays, came sports. The people collected together, and the Indian boys brought their bows and arrows. Standing in their midst I would throw up in the air, sometimes a ball of cotton, sometimes a thin stick; and the boys would shoot at it. To win a prize, the ball or stick had to be pierced in its ascent; but no matter how swiftly I threw, the arrows, guided by unerring hands, flew swifter, and the ball would be seen in mid-air, pierced, as if by magic, by a dozen arrows.

As time went on, I organized a band among the Indians. It was rather a conglomerate affair, but at the same time the wonder and admiration of the non-musicians. We had a clarinet, flute, two accordions, a tambourine, piccolo, cymbals, and a base-drum. We played according to notes; for Indians have excellent eyes and ears; and our band, if weak in numbers, was certainly strong in lungs; for such as had wind instruments spared neither contortions of the face, nor exertions of their organs of respiration to give volume to the music. In the church we had an organ that we brought from St. Louis. The pipes were not upright but were laid flat upon a kind of table. An oil-cloth served to cover them. On a grand feast day, some Nez Percés came to pay us a visit, and in order that they might have a better view of our Catholic ceremonies, we placed them in the choir gallery. In their anxiety to see what was going on, the foremost among them rested their arms on what seemed to be a table, those behind rested their arms on the shoulders of those in front, and the organ pipes were crushed. I knew nothing of the affair, for I was celebrant at the Mass, until, going to play something upon the organ at vespers, I found the damage which had been done unintentionally.

As my knowledge of Flathead increased, I was naturally curious to learn from our Indians the history, traditions and mythology of their tribe. I therefore gathered some of the most respected among them and questioned them upon these matters. One answered my questions, and the others nodded their approval of his answers. Of their past history they knew nothing. Nor is this to be wondered at, since the Indian is a being of the present day, caring nothing for what is past, and leaving the future to take care of itself, provided that he has plenty to eat to-day. Their traditions and mythology were reduced to the following:—

The earth is flat, and surrounded by a big lake. On this earth there lived a woman who, still a virgin, gave birth to a son named *Amotkan* (he that sits on top of the mountains); Amotkan undertook to create man and brute; and having done so, seated himself on the tops of the mountains. These first men were Flatheads. The earth, however, was dark, and people could not see one another. They therefore prayed for somebody that might give them light. Amotkan sent them a crow; but as the crow was black, the people made fun of him, and so in despair he flew away. They next applied to the prairie-wolf, and he rendered the earth bright and shining. He travelled through the air and had a long tail reaching to the earth. But he was too meddlesome, and manifested abroad everybody's business and private affairs; so the Flatheads, being displeased, took hold of his tail and dragged him to the earth. They apologized for their incivility, but urged his fault in justification of the punishment. Then Amotkan's mother, who after having given him birth had retired to the shores of the great water, besought her son that he himself should enlighten the earth. He consented; but before giving light he wished to take to himself a wife. So, coming to the lodges of the Flatheads, he sought a wife; but the Flathead women were afraid to marry him because he was so shining, and they openly rejected his proposals. Amotkan being displeased, left them, and going to a swamp where there were some frogs, asked the frogs for a wife. No sooner had he asked, than one of them, making a spring, fastened on his cheek, and so became his wife. The Indian women became furious when they beheld a frog the wife of Amotkan, and tried to drive her off, until Lady Frog, tired of their persecutions, begged her husband that, as he had come to give light to the world, he would do so. Amotkan, therefore, covered with a shining mantle, rose in the air, and hence it is that during the day he gives so much light, but when the day is over he takes off his mantle and shows himself to mankind with his wife-frog upon his cheek.⁽¹⁾

While engaged in writing down their story, I asked one of their chiefs what they thought when they saw sun and moon at the same time. A new idea seemed to strike him, for, clapping his hand to his mouth, he could only answer: "We never thought of that." They admitted three creations. The first was destroyed by water; the second by fire; the third, though also wicked, was saved only by the entreaties of Skomeltem, the mother

⁽¹⁾ On religious traditions of Flatheads, Cf. Brinton, *Hero Myths*; Halle, *Book of Rites of the Iroquois*; Bancroft, *Myths and Languages*.

of Amotkan, who promised that the people would do better. They knew of no Redeemer, all their traditions referring to events similar to those recorded in the old testament. Their version of the race of giants that once inhabited our globe, is that they were wicked and were destroyed by the prairie-wolf sent by Amotkan. These giants were called Natliskelikutin (people-killers), and were changed into stones; so that in passing large overhanging rocks, pagan parents were accustomed to bid their children hide their faces lest the Natliskelikutin should see them.⁽¹⁾

Thus our days passed; Fr. De Smet sometimes with us but oftener away from us, visiting some distant tribe or transacting our business at the forts. He brought from Fort Colville, during the first year of our sojourn among the Indians, seeds of various kinds from which we hoped to reap a plentiful harvest. Our hopes, however, were not realized. Chickens, hogs and cows were also brought, but only the last proved to be a profitable investment. In the autumn of 1842, the mission of the Sacred Heart was founded among the Cœur d'Alènes, eight days' journey south of St. Mary's; and as Fr. Point was appointed to take charge of it, I remained alone. The winter came, and the Indians departed on their winter hunt. I remained at the mission. The time of hunting is a time almost of famine for those that remain behind, and so it was for me. I had scarcely anything to eat, and my stomach grew weaker and weaker, day by day, until my head began to swim. I was so emaciated that an Iroquois who had been absent for about six months asked me on his return where the young father was who had been at the mission. I was so changed that he did not recognize me. I was almost at death's door when an old Indian woman came to me bringing with her some boiled roots. "Eat," said she. But I felt no inclination to eat, and would have refused; my stomach revolted at the idea of taking such food. The woman, however, was not prepared to take a refusal. "Eat," she repeated; and I had to obey. The roots were bitter, but I had to eat them.⁽²⁾ My vomiting, dizziness and lightness of head ceased, and soon I was well again.

I felt a craving for wine; but wine was a precious article, as you may well imagine from the fact that at Mass I had to limit myself to a thimbleful, and go without ablutions altogether. More than a thimbleful I could not afford, for

⁽¹⁾ The observance of hiding the faces of children for fear of giants was practised in Mexico, at the lighting of the sacred fire.

⁽²⁾ These roots were used a great deal by the Indians for food, and from their bitter taste was derived the name of Bitterroot Valley, where St. Mary's Mission was established.

the allowance of wine for a year was one gallon. However, so urgent was my need that, trusting in Providence, I divided what wine I had into two portions. One I kept for the celebration of Mass, the other I used as medicine.

In the autumn of 1843, I received a letter from Fr. De Vos ordering me to come and meet him. He had travelled by land from St. Louis and was many days' journey from the mission. I immediately prepared to obey, and calling several of the Indians, I told them what I intended to do. They were prepared for the road more quickly than I, and set out ahead. As soon as I was ready, I mounted my mule to follow them; but I started a little sooner than I had intended; for my feet were scarcely in the stirrups, when away sped my mule to join the others, and finding that I could not keep my balance, I thought better to vacate my seat willingly than otherwise. I therefore tried to let myself down quietly from his back, and freeing myself from the stirrups, I jumped. My foot turned under me and I fell; the double barrelled shot gun which I had in my hand turned also, both barrels pointing at my breast. The mule, freed from his load, increased his speed and soon joined the advance party. The Indians, seeing my mule riderless, feared some mishap, and retracing their steps found me with a sprained ankle. They would have induced me to return to the village, but as I did not consider that the accident warranted a non-compliance with an order of obedience, I insisted on going ahead. For two days and two nights it rained continuously, and though wet through and through, we dared not light a fire, for we were in the country of the Blackfeet.

On the second day of our journey, I saw in the distance what seemed to be a man. The Indians immediately started towards the object and having surrounded it gradually forced it nearer. I then saw that it was a bear. Suddenly one of them fired and the bear fell. The Indian then, slowly approaching, threw his buffalo robe towards the prostrate animal. The bear still showed no signs of life. The Indian was not yet satisfied, but pricking the motionless body with a knife, and receiving not even a growl in answer, he was sure that his bullet had done its work.

Some days before this, we had discovered one of the sources of the Missouri. It was on the top of a high hill. The soil was very moist and a large stream of water was issuing from the ground. On the other side of the hill, but a few rods away, so near in fact that with a ploughshare I could unite the two, was one of the sources of the Columbia.

On the seventh day, one of the Indians, who had ridden

ahead, came back in haste to tell us that there was a camp of Blackfeet near at hand. Ignace put on his American cap and coat, and taking the lead, rode off with the others to reconnoitre. François alone remained and uncovering his head asked for absolution. This I gave him from the bottom of my heart, for well I knew that, if we fell in with Blackfeet, little mercy would be shown us. Soon, however, an Indian returned and reported that the camp was a camp of white men. We therefore started for the place and found a Frenchman named Gervais with his family. They had been startled as much by the appearance of our Indians, as we had been at the sight of their camp; each party mutually took the other for Blackfeet and none of us were sorry for the mistake. We parted with the best of wishes, and next day I met Fr. De Vos, who, with Fr. Hoecken and several novice-brothers, was coming to the mountains. I remained with them a few days, and then reminding Fr. De Vos that I had left the mission without a priest, I asked his permission to hasten back. This he readily granted, and I returned with all speed to make what little preparation I could for his reception. He travelled leisurely, and upon his arrival several days later, the whole village turned out to give him a welcome. A great traveller, though already advanced in years, and in poor health, he was no sooner over the fatigues of this long journey, than, in company with two Indians, two Canadians, a brother and myself, he started for the Calispels.

Before starting we took a light breakfast of bread and coffee, and as Fr. De Vos was a jovial character, the time passed very pleasantly. We were still, however, quite a distance from our halting place, when one of the Canadians said: "The brother knows the place; so while you ride along quietly let us go ahead and prepare the meal." As the brother assured us that he knew the place, we allowed the others to depart and rode on as contentedly as before. Soon, however, the trail separated into two, along one of which the brother boldly started, and we followed. Soon misgivings arose in my mind, for there were no mule tracks to be seen, nor was there a river on our left hand as we had been led to expect. I urged my doubts but the brother had an answer for all of them. The day was now well advanced, and as evening set in, and we saw no signs of our companions, we became more anxious and travelled faster. But the faster and further we went, the further we seemed doomed to go, until, when it was already night, we found ourselves in a small prairie from which there seemed to be no issue. Then, and then only, the brother

confessed that he had mistaken the road. We fired off guns, but received no answer. Fortunate indeed for us was it that we did not; for our Indians were miles and miles away, and the road which we had taken led straight to the Blackfoot country. Hence the first to answer our call would have been a band of these Indians; and far better no answer than an answer in person from them.

There we had to remain for the night, with nothing to eat and nothing to cover us. We were very hungry, for we had eaten nothing since morning and had been the whole day in the saddle. But we took the matter lightly, since there was no use in crying over what was beyond remedy for the moment. Fr. De Vos was in the best of humor and never more disposed to laugh and joke. And when I began to shout: "O Brown," (the name of one of our Canadians) "here is a knife and a spoon but nothing to eat!" he would chime in: "O Brown, here is a knife and nothing to cut!" Thus we passed the evening, until, overcome by the fatigues of the day, weariness strove to close our eyes in sleep. Fruitless effort! A short time passed and it began to rain; and though the rain did not last long, it rendered us sufficiently uncomfortable to prevent sleep.⁽¹⁾

Morning came at last, and with it came increased hunger. We held a consultation, and determined to retrace our steps to where the trail branched. Meanwhile, at the camping place, all had been anxious for our welfare and safety. The victuals had been cooked and recooked and cooked over again, and yet we did not put in an appearance. Night came on and we were not to be seen. They dispatched an Indian to look for us and hurry us up. They gave him about a pound of bread for himself, never imagining that we had lost the trail and were miles and miles away. Fortunately for us, he was too intent on searching for us to think of his provisions. He hastened back along the trail to where we had turned aside, found our tracks and followed them all night, until, just as we were about starting in the morning, we saw him galloping towards us. He was overjoyed at finding us safe, and, while generously sharing his loaf of bread with us, told us that the road which we had taken led straight to the mountains of the Blackfeet.

It was now suggested to take the shortest road to the camping place; so placing ourselves under the Indian's guidance, we managed by running and galloping whenever it was possible, by taking short cuts through the brushwood, and leaving bits of our clothing and of ourselves hanging

⁽¹⁾ Sometimes, when the fathers found themselves in such a predicament as this, they spent the time in proposing and solving cases of conscience.

on the bushes, to reach the camp in the afternoon. We were too weak to take food, and could only throw ourselves on the ground and sleep from exhaustion. I wondered how good Fr. De Vos, old and sickly as he was, could bear up under such hardships. We awoke refreshed next morning, but with a ravenous appetite; and after having taken some food resumed our journey.

In such journeys and dangers passed the year 1843. Shall I say it was a sad year also? No; for the future was then hidden from my eyes. But could I have foreseen the future, 1843 would have been for me then, as it has been since, one of the saddest years of my life; for in it were sown the first seeds of the destruction of the Flathead mission.

I was at the mission of the Cœur d'Alènes in 1844, waiting for the superior, in order that we might hold our annual consultation, when Mr. Langlois appeared, with two of the boys of his college, asking for some fathers and brothers to help him in his labors. We were unable to grant his request; for many of the missions were as yet without a priest, and, of course, they had to be supplied first. While we were discussing the matter, a letter from Fr. Accolti reached me. In it, after giving me an account of the wearisome voyage of himself and his party around Cape Horn, he ordered me to come to Willamette, nine hundred miles distant. As I could best be spared from my mission, owing to the fact that my Indians were absent on their winter hunt, while the other fathers were busy in their respective missions and could not go, I readily went. Mr. Langlois and the boys accompanied me.

On the journey I stopped at one of the Protestant missions and found the minister about to abandon it, for he said that while the Indians were in their present disposition nothing could be done for them. He treated me with great kindness and hospitality; and showed me a boy with the marks of a rope on his wrists, ankles and neck. The poor little fellow had been bought from one of the Indian tribes who held him as a slave, and who were about to kill him, that his spirit might accompany and attend upon that of a child who had died while under his care. The boy was greatly frightened when he saw me, and imagined that he was to be sold to the Blackgown and subjected to some fearful fate. I caressed him, however, and quieted him, assuring him by signs that my feelings towards him were those of a sincere friend.

After eleven days' travelling, we arrived at Vancouver. Here we saw the danger in which the fort was from a fire

which had been raging for weeks and which is called "mountain fire." Large pine trees were burning and falling, and their hissing, as they were consumed, was not unlike that of sky-rockets. The governor, Mr. McLoughlin, was absent, and I had to wait until his return. Meanwhile, the fire, in spite of all efforts, approached nearer and nearer the fort. No one slept, owing to the noise of the fire and anxiety at its progress. There was no wind, and the smoke was stifling.

One afternoon the cry was raised, "Fire in the fort." Terror seized upon everybody, for the powder magazine was in the middle of the fort, and, though itself of brick, all the other buildings were of wood. An old Canadian ran up to Fr. Nobile and myself and shouted: "To the water, to the water!" We needed no second invitation, but hurrying to the river-bank found several boats filled with people and ready to cross the river. Fr. Nobile and I got into an empty boat. He seized one oar and I the other. Away we pulled for dear life, but as in our confusion we had turned our backs to each other, each was pulling a different way, so the boat took a middle course and spun around in a circle. We did not know at the time who had started the alarm of fire, but we found out next morning, when a stout Kanacka appeared, chained hand and foot. It was he that raised the disturbance and seized the opportunity to steal a gold watch from one of the clerks of the Hudson Bay Company. A council of war was held, and the culprit was condemned to be flogged. Had the governor, an impulsive though kind-hearted man, been there, a worse fate might have befallen him. The Hudson Bay Company had the power of condemning to death; but in case of condemnation the criminal had to be sent to England to receive a regular trial. Still, when people are smarting under an injury, summary vengeance is often the rule. The Kanacka was tied to a cannon and a stout workman began to flog him. At the tenth stroke he fainted, and as he showed scarcely any signs of life, the whipping was stopped.

When Mr. McLoughlin arrived at Vancouver, he accompanied me to where Fr. De Smet was, some six miles from Champogeg. We found the father suffering from an attack of dysentery, and, though time was passing away so quickly, he kept me much longer than I expected. As soon as he had partially recovered, Fr. Accolti was taken sick, so I hastened to Oregon City, where I found the latter, now Superior of the Missions, confined to his bed. In eight days, however, he was able to rise again, and I prepared to return to my mission. But a letter from Fr. De Smet, bidding me

await his arrival, caused me to delay a little longer; and in his company I left Oregon City and again started for Vancouver. Here we found the clerks busy in packing up the things needed by the mission; and when everything was ready and nicely packed on board a barge, we turned our faces homeward, attended by six Kanackas whose services we had engaged.

From Walla Walla we had to travel by land, and Fr. De Smet, in a hurry to reach the missions, started off and left me in charge of the baggage. It took several days to pack the mules and get everything in readiness, and just when we thought ourselves successful, disappointment blasted all our hopes. For the gates of Walla Walla were very narrow and the mules heavily-laden. In passing through, the packages were loosened, and the mules, starting on a run, scattered the articles in all directions. The Walla Walla Indians began to shout and yell at the animals which only served to render the scattering more complete. The indignation of the captain and my discomfiture were beyond description. The season was too far advanced to admit of delay; we had a journey of eight hundred miles still before us; the afternoon was already far advanced; so, after a hasty consultation, we decided to leave most of the packages at Walla Walla and hurry on with a few horses to the Calispels, hoping that Fr. Hoecken would be able to look after the goods. Again we were doomed to disappointment. We found Fr. Hoecken ready to start with all his Indians for the salmon fishery; moreover, he had no house for storing articles and so we had to be contented with affairs as they were.

It was the 14th of November when we again began our march, and on the 19th a tremendous snow storm overtook us. We were on the summit of a mountain, and exposed to a piercing north wind. Our animals had eaten nothing since morning, and we found large icicles hanging from their sides. The people who were with us urged us to hasten our steps, but, before we had gone much further, most of the horses and mules dropped down dead. We now saw that our safety depended indeed on our haste. Those that still had horses galloped down hill; those that had none made what speed they could on foot. After a toilsome journey of several hours, we heard a noise of people shouting and cheering us on; and soon we beheld a band of white men who had come to our assistance. One of our Indians leaving our camp unnoticed, had gone to the fort of the Hudson Bay Company and made known our distress. The men brought with them twenty fresh horses, and in a few days

we arrived safely at the mission. The Hudson Bay Company, in this as in all its other dealings with us, acted with a spirit of real generosity, gratuitously offering us a helping hand in our misfortunes.

We reached home at night, and going at once to the chapel, we returned sincere thanks to God for our safe return. Nor was our return the only thing requiring grateful acknowledgment; for we found that in our absence Frs. Joset and Zerbinati had arrived; Fr. Zerbinati to be my assistant, Fr. Joset for the Cœur d'Alènes.

(To be continued.)

FATHER FRANCIS XAVIER WENINGER,

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND LABORS.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that very few men in the Church, at least in this country, have been, during the last thirty or forty years, so prominently before the Society and the world as the late Fr. Francis Xavier Weninger. Moreover, among the illustrious missionaries of the restored Society, it is equally doubtful whether any have been garnering the harvest for a longer period, or have scored equal successes with him, among civilized peoples. For Fr. Weninger entered the vineyard while yet little more than a youth; and it was only after the clearest warnings of his approaching end, that the ardent zeal which animated him was changed into an edifying readiness to surrender to his Master the important stewardship with which he had been entrusted: His life was a long one, full of excellent works and remarkable traits, of which anything more than a faint outline would be beyond our present purpose.

It would be interesting to trace Fr. Weninger's family history, and those religious and individual traits which so emphasized his zeal and marked his personality, did we but possess reliable data on that point. The presumption is, that he inherited much from the religious character of his people, especially of his parents, which enabled him, through the distracting vicissitudes of his American missions, to keep the lamp of his simple, childlike faith and the flame of his charity ever burning brilliantly. Fr. Weninger is himself the most trustworthy, and at the same time the most copious source of information upon this point, and his

testimony, for obvious reasons, is not at all extensive or satisfactory. Of his father he tells us very little more than that he was "*ein echt christlicher Hausvater.*" Barbara Weninger, his mother, was a lady of rank from Mandelstein; a fact which leads us to conjecture that, through his maternal connections at least, Fr. Weninger was probably descended from the old Catholic nobility of Austria. But again, of his mother, as of his father, he seems to say as little as possible. That she was a woman of exceptional piety is the sum of his reference to her many virtues. Yet, scanty as it is, even this allusion proves to us, what we had already conjectured, that the well grounded Catholicity which was, as it were, a predominant passion in Fr. Weninger, was, in no small measure, due to the faith and piety of his parents. We venture upon this statement from our own conviction of the source of that early spirit of devotion and zeal which we observe in their son.

Much of young Weninger's youth was passed in Vienna. The family residence, however, was not in that city. The family originally resided in Marburg, and, later on, removed to Gratz in Styria, and it was at Marburg that Francis Xavier Weninger was born on the eve of the feast of All Saints, 1805.

Of his school-days, his brother, Fr. Alexander Weninger, writes as follows: "Xavier was sent to the *gymnasium* of Marburg. He showed a very great desire to become a soldier, but was opposed by his father. For this reason, young Xavier was withdrawn from the *gymnasium* and sent to a friend of his father's who was the owner of a drug-store at Laybach. Under this man's training, Xavier was to learn the business of a druggist. Before he left home, his pious mother took him on a pilgrimage to a famous shrine of our Lady. There she recommended her son to the powerful protection of the Mother of God and made the offering of a chalice from the former chapel of the castle of Wildhaus (the Weninger home) praying the ever Blessed Virgin that she might give the priest for the chalice. The priest was to be her own child, young Xavier. Xavier began his apprenticeship in the drug-store, but his thirst for knowledge was so great, that he bethought himself of ways and means to continue his interrupted studies. By the advice and consent of his guardian, the druggist, he took up the classics in leisure hours and continued his college studies. The director of the *gymnasium* allowed him to study privately, but required that his examination should be public. The progress of his studies was so brilliant that the director warmly recommended him to Count Wurmbrand, *major-*

domo of the imperial court. The reason of this recommendation was the following: When the congress of emperors met at Laybach in 1821, the Empress Carolina Augusta, wife of Francis I., commanded her *major-domo* to enquire of the director of the *gymnasium* whether any youth distinguished himself in his studies. In consequence of this recommendation, Count Wurmbbrand sent for the youth to learn from him the circumstances of his life and family. When the count heard that the boy's father was opposed to his studies, he asked Xavier whether he thought his father would persist in his opposition if the empress were to undertake the care of his education. The boy answered that he did not think so. This was decisive."⁽¹⁾ "Shortly after this," writes Fr. Weninger himself, "upon the adjournment of the imperial congress at Laybach, Count Wurmbbrand, at the wish of the empress, desired me to accompany him to Vienna. The empress was eager to undertake my education and thus assure my father of the esteem in which she held him."

Fr. Weninger's account of his journey to Vienna with the royal party is characteristic, but too lengthy for insertion here. Upon his arrival at the capital, he was entered, under the patronage of the empress, at the Klinkowström Institute. It was here that he completed his classical studies. Upon the close of this preparatory training, he became, under the same imperial patronage, attached to the university of Vienna. He studied philosophy here for the two following years, being then little more than seventeen years old.

Fr. Weninger refers his first vocation to the priesthood to this period of his studies. He was convinced of a call to holy orders, and accordingly after his two years of philosophy, he began the study of dogmatic and moral theology. He received minor orders during his third year of theology, in the church of *Maria Stiegen*,⁽²⁾ from Monsignor Roman Zängerle, Prince-Bishop of Seckau. "From this time," he used to say, speaking of his ordination, "I always dressed as a clergyman, and never, even when subsequently professor at the university of Gratz, laid aside the clerical gown." He was only twenty years and eleven months old when he completed his course of divinity and entered upon the ampler studies required and pursued by aspirants to the degree of doctor in divinity. Hence it appears that he was dispensed

⁽¹⁾ According to another account, which appears to be from Fr. Xavier Weninger's own hand, his first interview with Count Wurmbbrand took place by Xavier's own request, who had been asked by his father to lay certain documents before the empress.

⁽²⁾ *Maria ad Gradus*, to commemorate the fifteen steps which the Blessed Virgin mounted at the presentation in the temple.

from the canonical age when raised to the priesthood by his future diocesan, the prince-bishop of Gratz. Somewhat later, and after his "doctor's defence," he retired from Vienna to Gratz—a doctor of divinity, and not yet twenty-four years of age. Upon his arrival at Gratz, he was made prefect of studies in the episcopal seminary, and, a year later, became a fellow of the university and professor of dogmatic theology. It was in this city, and while laboring in this capacity, that he was first strongly drawn to the Society and became ultimately attached to it.

Alluding to his entrance into the Society, Fr. Weninger used to say that even from his very earliest youth he felt a definite call to the religious life. How he finally entered the Society is indeed interesting. As far as he is himself our authority, he was not, either then or at any earlier period, living upon particularly intimate relations with Ours. On the contrary, the Benedictines, the Camaldolese, and, in a very special manner, the Franciscans, were the special object of his veneration. He thought at one time, as probably many Franciscans have thought since, that he ought to be a son of St. Francis. God, however, had other designs, as subsequent events have shown.

The instrument which Providence employed to guide Fr. Weninger at this period of his life was his confessor. This man, Fr. Sebastian Job, director and confessor of the empress, appears to have been remarkable in many respects; and this probably induced the ardent young *protégé* of the empress to surrender himself to his direction on his entrance at the Klinkowström Institute. He was wont, he tells us, to rely implicitly on the counsels of this good man; and these frequently served him very materially, at a later day, as practical hints for the direction of souls and the conduct of his extensive missions. It was natural, then, that he should have had recourse to such a director when he felt called to the religious life. This was, as we have intimated, towards the end of his first year of philosophy. He informed Job, as he familiarly refers to him, of his inclination to the life of the contemplative orders. But his confessor did not encourage his desire; and when the young philosopher still insisted that he felt definitely called by the Holy Spirit to devote his life to God in religion, the answer with which his director used to quiet his scruples was, that he was indeed called to the sacred ministry, but that he had no vocation to a religious life.

We are not sure, however, that the reason alleged in support of this conclusion will appear satisfactory to everybody. His reason was, in about so many words, the following:

"Your divinely appointed patroness, Her Majesty the empress, does not wish this; and you must obey her." How trivial soever this reason may have appeared to him, it shaped the young man's conduct for the time being, although his preference for the religious life was not thereby altered.

Some years later, when he met the Jesuits in Gratz, his old leaning towards the life of the counsels returned, and, under the returning impulse of grace, he again consulted his old director. "I am standing" he wrote to him from Gratz at this time, "in an open plain, where all around me is in confusion. Beside me rises a mighty tower, the Society of Jesus. Should you approve of the step, I will place myself within the shelter of this tower and thus put my salvation in security; if you should not approve, I shall remain at my post as a secular priest; but in that event, your letter will one day lie upon my corpse in the coffin." He must have strongly impressed his confessor this time; for the latter answered him without hesitation: "You are now a priest" (he had assured him previously that this was indeed his vocation), "but you never before said anything to me about becoming a Jesuit. If, then, you are convinced that, before God, nothing in the world but his greater honor and your own more certain salvation induces you to take this step, then let it be taken." "This," writes the missionary, "was enough for me, and I immediately notified my ordinary of the step I was about to take. He was very ill at the time, and upon hearing of my resolution, replied: 'I lose you with regret; by this choice you have, as it were, involved yourself in the uncertainty of a mist; but the haze will gradually disappear and you will behold round about you the broad expanse of a glorious land.' A veritable prophecy; when I consider the vast field to which obedience, later on, assigned me, in the mission of the United States."⁽¹⁾

⁽¹⁾ Some light will be thrown on this period by the following extract from an interesting document from the convent of the discalced Carmelite nuns of Gratz. It bears date August 29, 1888, and the seal of the convent:—"In the chapel of *Maria-Saal* in the convent of the Carmelites at Gratz, Fr. Francis Xavier Weninger, while yet a secular priest, said Mass every day for nearly a year. It was a long road from the priest's house to the convent, which he travelled every morning through fair weather and foul, rain and snow. He loved the Carmelites, and our Lady of *Maria-Saal* attracted him. After Mass, which he was wont to say with indescribable devotion and with many tears, he locked the door of the chapel, and made his thanksgiving, which used to last very long, with extraordinary devotion. Sometimes he gave conferences to the community, which were of heavenly beauty. Once, after the midnight Mass on Christmas day, he made a little address, during which he appeared like one in an ecstasy. The good sisters were allowed to ask his counsel and advice, for they had not much other instruction. He had great confidence in our Rev. Mother Francisca, who was then prioress. One day he spoke to her of his trouble; and she, as if filled with the spirit of prophecy, said to him with great decision: 'Reverend Father, what you ought to do is to enter the Society of Jesus.' These words made a deep impression on him

Fr. Weninger made his novitiate at Gratz, and, after his probation, repeated his philosophy, probably at the novitiate, for this was customary at Gratz. His *puncta ad gradum* he prepared at Sandez in Galicia, where he passed his *examen ad gradum*. He was sent immediately afterwards to Tarnopol, to lecture publicly at the lyceum in that city, and to devote his spare time to preaching and hearing confessions among the Germans. Later on, he was at Linz for some time, and in 1830 taught moral philosophy in the scholasticate of the Austrian Province. He began his third year of probation at Gratz in 1840. During this year, he was confessor to the Duchess de Berri, then residing at Frohsdorf with her son the Count de Chambord, whom she had accompanied into exile.

Speaking of this noble lady, I cannot refrain from translating what Fr. Weninger writes about his relations with the duchess and her unfortunate family. They are highly interesting when viewed in connection with the irreverent prominence which the Bourbons and their ministers occupied at the time of the attempted suppression of the Society. "One day," writes Fr. Weninger, "the duchess asked me: 'Do you know, Father, on what day it was that Charles X. was forced to leave France?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'it was on the feast of St. Ignatius.' At the same time I said to myself: Do you know on what day and in what year it was that Charles X. suppressed the Jesuit colleges in France? It was in the same year, on the 16th of June, the feast of the French Jesuit St. Francis Regis. The enemies of the Order, animated with a hatred of the Society, advisedly chose this solemnity of the saintly French Jesuit, upon which to submit to the king the document which was to effect the suppression of their schools. In my capacity of confessor to the duchess and to her daughter the Princess Marie, and to the Duchess d'Angoulême, I enjoyed a favorable opportunity of studying the character of the French aristocracy. Numbers of the Legitimist nobility continued to pay court to the duchess and to the Count de Chambord, and, on these occasions they were accompanied by their noble retinues. Among these occasional visitors I once met the grand-nephew of the notorious Count Choiseul, who, as minister of France under Louis XV., expelled the Jesuits from France, and he went away pondering them. The next day, when he came as usual to say Mass, he said: 'This is the last time I shall say Mass here, I am going to enter the Society of Jesus.' On leaving the convent and especially the chapel, he was deeply moved and burst into tears. Once, while he was a novice, he visited us and said he was *more than happy*—voluntarily he would never leave—'if they will only keep me as a domestic servant,' he added. The pulpit in our refectory is a constant memorial of him; for it is the pulpit from which he delivered his lectures; it was given to us as a present many years ago."

and conspired with the equally infamous Portuguese premier, Pombal, for the suppression of the whole Society. Did it ever occur to Minister Choiseul that the day would come when his own grand nephew would be compelled to journey to a foreign land, to present himself before the dethroned heirs of the crown of France, and that there he would kneel at the feet of a Jesuit to receive absolution? 'Pray for me,' said the Count de Chambord to me during a similar conversation upon the Jesuits, '*vous savez bien que notre affaire est commune.*' Noble, but unfortunate prince! Scion of the House of Bourbon, I thought to myself, you have even now deeply understood this world's history!"

In 1841, after his tertianship, Fr. Weninger was sent to Innsbruck in the Tyrol, to replace the prefect of studies in the *gymnasium* at that place. He was afterwards recalled to Gratz for ministerial duties; but in 1843 was sent back to Innsbruck to lecture on theology to Ours. He remained there for the next seven years, during which time he was successively professor of scripture and Hebrew, and lecturer in ecclesiastical history. Besides these occupations, he was constantly preaching and hearing confessions. He heard, he says, twenty thousand confessions every year; and, in addition to his professorship and the confessional morning and evening, he occupied three pulpits, namely:—that of the students in the *gymnasium*, the one in our church, and that of the city parish church. He also accepted many invitations for festival and occasional sermons, gave a retreat to the people every year, conducted for seven successive years the spiritual exercises for the clergy of the diocese of Brixen, and was employed in missions among the people during the vacations.

With the revolution of 1848 the position of the Society in Austria and Germany became very embarrassing, and the usefulness of its members at home was practically impeded. Many of the Austrian and Swiss fathers were, for this reason, forced to leave their country. They accordingly placed themselves at the disposal of foreign provincials, and, before the political *status* of their own country had regained its normal quiet, many of them had become affiliated, temporarily or permanently, to other provinces of the Society.

Among the Austrian fathers who were unwilling to endure the inactivity occasioned by political persecution was Fr. Weninger. Almost immediately upon the first indications of the revolutionary storm, he wrote to Very Rev. Fr. Roothaan, offering to travel to any part of the world to which His Reverence might see fit to send him; and a few

months later, he was sent to America. He left Innsbruck on June 20, the eve of the feast of St. Aloysius, 1848, accompanied by Fr. Genelli and Dr. Fick; the latter had been professor at the Klinkowström Institute, and instructor of Francis Joseph I. Fr. Weninger writes of this voyage to America: "I travelled in my ecclesiastical dress, although an effort had been made to dissuade me. 'I am unable,' I said, 'to conceal my sacerdotal appearance, and to dress otherwise will not screen my character; I will travel as I am.' In fact, I met no opposition even in Paris, where the revolution of July, 1848, was at its height. The Pantheon was planted with cannon, and soldiers were guarding the place against the mob. As I was eager to visit our fathers in the Rue des Postes, I approached the sentinel; and when he ordered me back I said to him: *Je suis un prêtre; je dois y aller.* He scanned me from head to foot and finally said: *Passes.*"

While at Paris, Fr. Weninger visited Montmartre, and went afterwards from Paris to Havre, whence he sailed, on the feast of St. John the Baptist, for this country. The voyage lasted twelve days. He said Mass every day and preached once in German to those on board, of whom only two, who were Spaniards bound for Paraguay, were Catholics. He experienced some difficulty, on this account, in selecting a theme upon which to address such a miscellaneous audience at their own request. When he manifested his indecision on this point, a New York Jew suggested that "The Destiny of Man" would prove an interesting and popular subject. He spoke with so much earnestness and confidence on this subject, that a gentleman who had been previously boasting of his infidelity approached him and said: "I thank you, Reverend Sir; as long as I live, I shall never forget that sermon."

He landed in New York on the feast of St. James the Apostle, and proceeded at once, with Fr. Genelli, to Fordham. While resting there, he preached his first sermon in America, at Williamsburg, in the church of the Most Holy Trinity. After celebrating the feast of St. Ignatius at Fordham, he proceeded, by way of Niagara Falls and Buffalo, to St. Louis, to confer with the superior of the Missouri Mission, about his future labors in America.

Fr. Weninger's career from this date approaches as closely to the received notion of an apostolate as perhaps any which our generation will be permitted to witness. In fact, it is its apostolic magnitude that fairly discourages us when we seek to give an adequate outline of it. Hence we shall not enter at length upon the details of this remarkable career.

Many of our readers possibly have been contemporaries of Fr. Weninger, and therefore well acquainted with even the minor details of most, if not all, of his life on the mission. To these, of course, our cursory glance at it will prove unsatisfactory; but the extent of the theme and our limits oblige us to summarize, and therefore to leave much unsaid which would indeed prove both interesting and edifying. But for those who are not familiar with the missionary life of Fr. Weninger, it may help their appreciation of it, to group his labors and travels into four distinct epochs, extending over a period of forty years, and embracing, first, his labors from 1848, about which time he gave his first American mission, to the commencement of our late civil war; secondly, those between 1860 and 1864; thirdly, the work which he accomplished from 1864 until his sacerdotal jubilee in 1878, an epoch of extensive and laborious missionary excursions in this country; and finally, his labors from 1878 until 1888, the time of his saintly death, years marked by the energy of his declining strength. We do not, of course, place any particular emphasis upon this classification of his mission work; for these dates do not indicate interruptions or changes in the character of his labors, but are meant simply to help us to form a proportionate appreciation of the extensive character of his apostolate. Moreover, it is to be understood that we had not, in submitting this grouping, the remotest idea of retracing in detail each long year of travel and preaching and shriving in which Fr. Weninger was almost incessantly engaged. It will amply satisfy our aim if we shall have submitted even a general idea of the extent of his missions; to which we hope to add some notion of his method of conducting these exercises, and an estimate, at least, of the great literary labor which went hand in hand with these apostolic exertions in the ministry.

His beginnings were, as prudence would suggest, modest and tentative. He wished to proceed gradually at first, as it were to inure himself to the labors of his later and more extensive apostleship. We said above that he became attached to the Missouri Mission in July, 1848. Until late that year, in accordance with the instruction of his superiors, and with a view to his preparation for the missions, he taught theology at Cincinnati, and, as at Innsbruck, diversified his professorial duties by preaching to the German congregations of the city, hearing confessions and studying English. In the winter of 1848, he opened his first mission in the church of the Holy Family, Oldenburg, Indiana, on the feast of the Immaculate Conception. It was

continued for ten days and a half, and was attended by all the Catholics within a circuit of nearly twenty miles. His success in this first endeavor was eminent, and it was a powerful earnest of the fruit which was to attend his future endeavors. During the two following years, he devoted his time almost exclusively to the state of Ohio, giving also one or two small missions in Kentucky and Indiana. Between 1850 and 1860, he had traversed and retraversed the states of Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dominion of Canada, and the states of New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Louisiana and Texas.

The year 1850, the first, we may call it, of his apostolic tours, opened auspiciously. It began with three great missionary successes in Cincinnati and its vicinity. Fourteen thousand approached the Holy Table, the vast majority of whom, the missionary tells us, prepared themselves for this great religious event by a general confession. This excellent beginning was followed by equally effective missions in the interior of the state. Hundreds were reconciled to God. It was, we are assured, a common thing during these missions to hear confessions of twenty and thirty years. At Wiseoak,⁽¹⁾ in Ohio, we are told, an old lady of seventy years of age walked seventy miles to attend the mission.

Towards the close of 1850, Fr. Weninger was invited by the archbishop of St. Louis to extend the field of his labors further west. Accepting His Grace's invitation, he terminated, that year, in St. Louis, a series of fourteen or fifteen missions—a long series at a time when the western states were not what they are for travellers at the present day, a network of convenient railroads. We find him, early in the following year, in the environs of St. Louis, at a place called New Bremen, which, in his diary, he dignifies with the distinguished title of 'Sister city to St. Louis.' This locality has since been metamorphosed into an indifferently elegant *fau-bourg* of the great western metropolis. From New Bremen the missionary returned by way of St. Louis to Cincinnati. On his way, he retired to Florissant for his annual retreat; and while there he preached his first English sermon. There is some humor in his allusion to this event. "Before I left Florissant," he writes, "I mustered up courage enough to preach, in the neighboring church, my first English sermon, and that to a very *obscure* audience."—They were negroes!

After conducting a series of jubilee exercises in Cincinnati, he journeyed northward as far as Chicago, giving mis-

(1) Whiteoak (?)

sions at Cleveland, Shelby, Liverpool, French Creek, Avon and Sheffield. It was at the instance of Bishop Van de Velde of the Society, that he inaugurated the good work of the missions in the great 'City of the Lakes.' From Chicago he was invited to Milwaukee; for the Rt. Rev. Dr. Henni desired very much that Fr. Weninger should, for some time, make the diocese of Milwaukee the scene of his apostolate. To comply with this wish, he conducted four successive missions in the city of Milwaukee, thence proceeded to Port Washington, Manitowoc and Greenbay. At Greenbay he met FF. Anderledy and Brunner, Swiss exiles, employed upon the missions of the Missouri Province. Fr. Anderledy was, we think, recalled soon after to Germany, and Fr. Brunner was afterwards sent to Bombay. Retracing his steps southward, Fr. Weninger opened a new mission in Milwaukee, and others, successively, at Burlington City, Wheatland and Waterford (Wisconsin), in Chicago and Quincy (Illinois), at Washington and Hermann (Missouri), and finished the year's work with three remarkable missions in St. Louis.

The earlier months of 1852 were spent in Louisiana and elsewhere in the South. He preached the mission exercises this year in New Orleans, Carrollton and Mobile, among both the whites and the negroes. At a small place on the lower Mississippi, he baptized about this time fifty negroes who had been under the previous instruction of a pious creole lady. On his homeward journey in June, he opened an extensive mission at Evansville, Indiana, and then sped northward to his last year's field in Wisconsin. On his re-entrance into the state, he gave missions at Kenosha and at thirteen smaller stations throughout the diocese. He returned to Cincinnati for his annual retreat, and there closed the year 1852, in his favorite St. Philomena's church, "*mit Predigt*" as he says, "*und mit einem hochfeierlichen Te Deum.*"

The year 1853 witnessed the same round of exercises, this time in northern Ohio and in the state of Iowa. Fr. Weninger preached, this year, upwards of twenty-two missions, conducted the spiritual exercises for the clergy of the diocese of Milwaukee, delivered an eloquent oration at the laying of the corner-stone of the Milwaukee cathedral, and inaugurated the labors of 1854, in St. Louis, with a very remarkable New Year's sermon.

It was during the missions of 1853 that the phenomenon of the "cross in the heavens"⁽¹⁾ was witnessed for the first time. It appeared at the little town of Guttenberg, Ohio, on the upper Mississippi. The mission, which began on Rosary

⁽¹⁾ Cf. Crétineau-Joly, *Histoire de la Comp. de Jésus*, vol. vi, c. 8.

Sunday, had closed on Friday, October 20, and was followed in the afternoon by the erection of the mission cross. Hardly had the sacred emblem of our faith been raised aloft in the procession which was to conduct it to its position in front of the village church, when a large white cross appeared in the blue heavens. "It was" writes Fr. Weninger in his allusion to the strange event, "probably one hundred feet long and twenty-five wide, and constructed of beams about two feet in breadth. Everybody could see it until the mission cross was planted, it being definitely outlined in the heavens for about a quarter of an hour. It then gradually vanished in streams of light. On either side of the cross were visible at the same time two gigantic palm-branches of equal brilliancy with the cross."

We omitted to mention that, in leaving Cincinnati this year, Fr. Weninger, who had become peculiarly distasteful to the Know Nothings and German atheists, found it hard to decide whether to quit the town during the riots, so as not to unnecessarily provoke his enemies by remaining in the city, or to open new missions and reconcile more souls to their Redeemer.

The year 1854 marks a sojourn in the East for our missionary. His time was occupied mainly in conducting extensive missions in Buffalo, Rochester, New York City, Syracuse, Albany, Toronto and elsewhere. He received, he estimates, upwards of one hundred heretics into the Church, and preached very nearly one thousand times in German, French or English.

1855 and 1856 were one long series of small missions, mostly in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Minnesota. "We find the indefatigable traveller in 1857, back again in the East, where he opened missions in New York City, and later, in Patterson, N. J. From this place, he ran down to Richmond, Va. From Richmond he was summoned to Boston; thence back to New York State, where he conducted new missions at Stratonport, Forest Meadow and Poughkeepsie. He had not yet been to Pennsylvania. This year, however, he was asked for there, and accordingly preached missions at Goshenhoppen, Little York and Conewago. Later on, after giving a retreat to the clergy of the archdiocese of New York, preaching to large audiences in Washington, D. C., and, finally, conducting missions in Wisconsin, at Racine and Milwaukee, he hastened back to Pennsylvania, where he gave other missions in Philadelphia and its vicinity, and then returned to Cincinnati, his "American Home" as he used to call it, to close the exercises of the year with a popular mission in the church of St. Augustin.

We next find our missionary in Texas, the field of his labors for 1859. In this state, then but thinly peopled, he erected his mission cross in Galveston and Houston, and gave missions at Victoria,, Powderhorn, San Antonio, Castroville, D'Haunis, Fredericksburg, New Brownsfield and Austin. Thence travelling north and east to New York, he preached to the Catholics of Troy, Carollton and Rockport (Indiana); and gave missions in Brooklyn (Long Island) and at Rondout on the Hudson.

Texas, in 1859, was a difficult and, in some sense, a perilous mission. The settlers there were mostly Americans, and, as a rule, "shouting Methodists" of a very belligerent type. At Galveston and elsewhere through the state, they annoyed Fr. Weninger considerably. Texas is full of mixed marriages, contracted, in a multitude of instances, with a frivolity that is almost incredible. After marriage, many often see their mistake and are grieved for the step and its results. This was the case in Galveston; and many poor creatures came to confession, where their duty as Catholic wives and mothers was strongly impressed upon them. This sacramental instruction, when its effect began to tell upon the community, was misconstrued; and it was published abroad that this Jesuit preached in the confessional that it were preferable that Catholic mothers should put their children into boiling water and pull their skin off over their ears rather than suffer them to be baptized in the Protestant church. This procedure the newspaper men, and prominently among them a certain Möhling, declared was such as to call for an apology or an explanation. This Möhling, who by the way had once been a novice in some religious congregation or order, emulating the conduct of Luther, had apostatized some years before, and like the quondam monk, "*er nahm sich ein Weib.*"

"I answered these calumnies" writes Fr. Weninger, "by setting forth in a pamphlet upon this matter of the confessional, what every Catholic should know, namely, that I not only could not reveal to their sinful curiosity but not even to the pope himself anything that I hear in the confessional. I further reminded Möhling, in the course of my exposition, that it would be well for him to come to confession to me and that then he would learn for himself how I preached or conversed in the confessional. I avoided in my reply anything more of a personal character than to recall to this vituperative and uxorious apostate the saying of the German poet Arndt:

Ein solcher Wurm erstickt in seinem eigenen Gestank.

But I took advantage of this opportunity to explain to

the Protestants of Galveston some other points which, because they were misunderstood, served to intensify the hatred which Protestants foster against Catholics. On the following Sunday, I placed a copy of my pamphlet at the door of the Methodist meeting-house and distributed a thousand copies *gratis* among the Protestants. The effect was wonderful. They were dumfounded and had to hang their heads in shame. Poor Möhling, in particular, little thought that what he so shamefully enlarged upon when I landed in Galveston—namely, that I had come to Texas to bury all the Methodists—was to be first verified at his own cost. For his Methodist wife died the day after the mission. She was all the Methodism Möhling had or cared for, and he felt her taking-off all the more because, when she was dying, she bitterly reproached him for having so shamefully slandered me. He naturally held his tongue for a while after all this. Later on, however, he managed to keep alive the persecution which followed me through Texas, by circulating among the ignorant rangers the falsehood that my object in visiting the state was to separate Catholic wives from their Protestant husbands."

One of Fr. Weninger's busiest years was 1860. Most of this year he spent in Pennsylvania, Ohio, New York, Illinois and Wisconsin. We have no record of his missions in 1861, the first year of the war. His diary, however, for this year is full of reflections upon the issues involved in this struggle. But these, although very interesting as an index of his sentiments, are hardly within our present scope.

In 1862, he conducted a number of miscellaneous retreats and a few missions. In the following year, 1863, he writes: "I have to thank God, in an especial manner, that the war has not interfered in any way with my missionary work. The extent of the United States renders it feasible for me to prosecute my labors in sections which the tumult of war is not likely to invade." Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, northern Kentucky, Indiana, New York, Iowa and Minnesota were once more the region of his travels and the scene of his missionary toil. It was this year also that, at Monroe, a little town in southern Michigan, the phenomenon of the "cross in the heavens" was repeated. The occasion was a similar one—the erection of the mission cross—the circumstances were almost identical with those at Guttenberg, and the cross equally observable.

During the year 1864, if we are not misinformed, Fr. Weninger must have preached about forty-five missions in Wisconsin, Missouri, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Kentucky and Indiana; during this same interval he gave a number

of retreats, delivered the German address at the consecration of the cathedral in Buffalo and published his well known work, "Easter in Heaven."

Here ends the second epoch in Fr. Weninger's missionary career. His subsequent labors are similar, in the nature of the work pursued, but more arduous and covering a broader area. Between 1865 and 1869, Fr. Weninger had conducted, in various sections of this country, upwards of ninety-five missions, besides giving retreats here and there to every description of pious Christians. In 1866, he attended the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore as theologian to the archbishop of Cincinnati. During the same and the following year, he was engaged upon some rather lengthy apostolic processes for the examination of miracles, wrought through his own instrumentality, by the application of the relics of St. Peter Claver.⁽¹⁾ In 1868, besides the time devoted to missionary travel and labor, he secured leisure enough to publish his work on "Papal Infallibility."

His apostolic energy urged him, in 1869, to the outermost limits of the Far West—to the Pacific coast—out to California, Oregon, Nevada, Washington Territory and Vancouver's Island.⁽²⁾

In 1871, on his return trip to the East, he gave missions at Tomales, Santa Clara and Placerville, in the California gold regions; reached Omaha on the 15th of May; and proceeded thence to Cincinnati to superintend the printing of a Latin manuscript. On the 9th of July, began in Minnesota what he terms "*ein Cyclus von vielen Missionen*," and returned, in Christmas week, to his "American Capharnaum," as he styles Cincinnati.

Until Easter, 1872, he remained in the vicinity of Cincinnati, hard at work. After the Paschal festivities he proceeded to Lebanon, Pennsylvania, and thence to Baltimore. From Baltimore he visited Woodstock. He makes a reflection or two upon the occasion of this visit. "I went from Baltimore," he writes, "to pay a visit to our scholastics at Woodstock, about seventeen (?) miles from the city. This college, entirely devoted to the studies and literary training of our scholastics, is buried in the deepest solitude, that the young men may, wholly undisturbed, devote themselves to

⁽¹⁾ See previous volume, p. 106.

⁽²⁾ The missionary's own account of this period has already found place in the WOODSTOCK LETTERS. In vol. i. (p. 181), he gives the account of his journey from Cincinnati to San Francisco; in vol. ii. (p. 31), an account of his work among the German Catholics in San Francisco; in the same volume (p. 142), he recounts his experiences with the Chinese; and in three other letters (vol. ii. p. 218, vol. iii. p. 112 and p. 200), his labors in Oregon and Washington Ty.

study. There are more Jesuits gathered together here in one college than I have ever seen in Europe. They number about one hundred and twenty and are mainly scholastics from our provinces in the United States. They study here with the greatest ardor. It is a great spiritual consolation to see so many of the young sons of St. Ignatius gathered together in one place preparing themselves for future combat in the front ranks of the Church's conflict. While there I could not help asking myself, what must the devil think of all this, when, like a hell-hound, he looks at this cage of young lions whose teeth are now growing and will soon be ready to bite him."

From Woodstock, Fr. Weninger travelled as far west as St. Joe, Missouri, where he closed this year's labors. Ohio, Florida, New York and New Jersey were the field of his labors for 1873. He spent 1874 in Louisiana, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Illinois, Nebraska and Kansas. He went over the same ground in 1875, adding to it the states of Ohio, Indiana and Texas. From Texas, where he closed the missions of 1875 and opened the series of 1876, he ran northwards into the Alleghanies; thence west to Michigan; thence to Greenbay, Wisconsin; back again to Chicago; then eastward to New York; and westward, once more, to Cincinnati. He spent half of the following year in the South and the other half in the North, mostly in Wisconsin and Michigan. It was in this year that Fr. Weninger published his reply to Mr. Thompson, Secretary of the Navy, against the secretary's work "The Papacy and Civil Power." 1878 was another full year of missions, and was the year of Fr. Weninger's sacerdotal jubilee. This event he commemorated at St. Xavier's, Cincinnati. In his diary, he refers with pleasure and a grateful heart to the solemnity of this occasion. During the festivities, he received a costly stole from the negroes of Savannah, a congratulatory note from Cardinal Franzelin, who used to serve his Mass when he was at Innsbruck, and the papal blessing of His Holiness, Leo XIII.

From 1878 to 1885, about the time when he deemed it prudent to cease his travels, on account of his failing health and his advanced age, for he was getting on towards seventy-five, his missions were not so extended, although his work was, in many instances, equally burdensome with the labors of his younger days. He confined himself mainly to the middle, and a few of the western and north-western states, and to some favorite places in the East. Thus, in 1879, he was occupied in New York, Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas, Arkansas and Indiana. In 1880, he gave missions in Wash-

ington, D. C., Indianapolis, Chillicothe, Chicago and some smaller towns; and, in 1881, was in Springfield, Illinois; whence he travelled east to Long Island, back again to Hanover, Missouri, and thence to Eskanaba, Michigan. This year, he informs us, he conducted the retreat for the clergy of the diocese of Alton, then went east to Pittsburg and New York, and returned to Cincinnati towards the end of the year.

In the beginning of his diary for 1882, he quotes from Holy Writ, "The years of man are seventy, and when they are full, eighty." Upon which he makes this reflection, "Can I not, even after my death, continue to preach and to carry on the apostolic labor to which God has destined me? Can I not, in other words, through the mouths of other ministers of the sanctuary, through their proclamation of the Word of God, contribute something to the spread of the truth, something to the interest of the great God and to the salvation of souls? The press will supply the means." "Inflamed by these hopes" he continues, "I arrived at the conclusion, to hand over to my brothers in the holy office a printed series of my discourses and sermons." Seven volumes of this series made their appearance in 1882, namely: Sunday Sermons, Feast-day Sermons, Conferences for Married Men and Young Men, Conferences for Married Women and Young Ladies, May Sermons, Lenten Sermons, and Sermons on the Most Blessed Sacrament. He seems to have set much store upon this work, and ceases not, in his diary, to thank God for its successful progress. With the aid of the younger men of the province, he was able later to publish an English translation of the same series. Three other volumes appeared some years afterwards, namely: "The Mission," "The Renewal of the Mission" and "Practical Hints." We mention these works in this connection because they are, in a measure, part of what may be called the missionary's field-work. He wrote, however, much more at which we may glance later on.

During the last months of 1882, Fr. Weninger was at work once more in Indiana and Missouri and, during his tour through the former state, he was requested by the Franciscans of Oldenburg to preside at their local celebration of the six hundredth anniversary of the birth of their founder. In 1883, he pursued his missionary course, for the last time, in the north-west. The same year, he attended the provincial congregation in St. Louis, and exerted himself even more than in previous years for the religious improvement of the negroes of the United States and for the promotion of the canonization of Blessed Peter Claver. In 1884, he

attended the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, as theologian to the bishop of Marquette; and in 1885, at the advanced age of eighty years, and after a mission or two in Wisconsin and Michigan, he practically ended his missionary excursions.

This hurried review gives us, in a very garbled form, it is true, a general idea of the extent of Fr. Weninger's missionary labors, and with it we should conclude, were it not that we had promised to add a word about the manner in which Fr. Weninger conducted his missions, and another on his literary labors.

In describing his mission-methods, we shall confine ourselves to the missionary's own exposition. "The principal thing to be noted" he tells us, "is that the missions which I conducted are not to be confounded with the retreats. In the latter, one simply delivers sermons or gives instructions for three, five or eight days, twice a day, and in the meantime allows the people to prepare for confession, without preparing the different classes of people according to their various states of life. I myself gave such retreats in Europe in the places in which I was teaching. It is true that by these retreats much good is often accomplished, but they do not result in such a thorough regeneration of a congregation, that each class of the parishioners may profit. This regeneration consists rather in a thorough instruction of each portion of the congregation: married men and married women, young men and young women, and children. For this purpose, instructions adapted to these particular states, separate confessions for the different classes, and general Communion at stated times, are of immeasurable utility. In the first place, there is in an invitation to a sermon meant for a particular state in life, something specially attractive, which induces the members of these respective classes to come willingly to these separate conferences. This is especially so in the case of young men and married men who have neglected the practice of their religion or who have almost given it up. In the second place, you can never, in the presence of one class of hearers, recall to the consideration of one state, at least fully and circumstantially and with a view to their fulfilment, any or all of their specific duties, without inviting the criticism of the other classes of the congregation. In the third place, this parcelling-out of the congregation provides also for the practicability and certainty of confession. The missionary is enabled, in this way, to place before a whole class the points upon which these particular members of the parish are to examine and accuse themselves, and the confessor

will thus perhaps rid himself of much of his otherwise superfluous labor. Besides, with this method, there is much less dissipation of mind and more earnestness displayed by all classes." Fr. Weninger enlarges considerably upon the excellency of this method. "By it" he continues, "the missionary holds the reins of the whole mission in his own hands." "However," he remarks, "I do not give this plan as a rule for other missionaries; it will overtax the ordinary strength of most preachers. What surprises me, although it was the holy will of God, is that God gave me the strength necessary to carry out such a plan for thirty-seven years.

"As regards the number of times one is to preach, I myself gave ordinarily two set sermons, one of these class-conferences and an address, thus preaching four times a day. When, as was frequently the case, the congregation was a mixed one, of English, German or French, I had to preach eight times a day, or upwards of sixty times in eight days. If it happened that all three nationalities were present in large numbers in a congregation, the leading points had to be put before each nationality. Then, of course, each sermon is considerably shorter, the three taking an hour and a half. Such a mission, in the three languages, is very taxing upon the missionary, but the effect is far greater than when a special mission is given to each nationality.

"What relates to the matter of the sermons, the instructions to the various conditions of exercitants, the address, the solemnities to be observed, together with the whole conduct of the mission, I have embraced in my three volumes entitled respectively: 'The Mission,' 'The Renewal of the Mission,' and 'Practical Hints.' The solicitude to be exerted for the continuance of the fruit of the mission after the mission has closed, and the practical working of its effects, I have minutely dwelt upon in the 'Practical Hints.' To this end, the erection of sodalities for the various classes in the parish, the visiting of the mission cross, and, above all, a care to provide fitting books for family reading and in keeping with the mission, books that will prove useful for home reading and self-instruction, help very efficaciously. There is no dearth of good books I know, but I speak here of the spread of those books which suit precisely the chief need of the faithful now-a-days and particularly in America.

"For, first of all, the faithful everywhere, but especially in America, should clearly understand, and be in a condition to instruct others, that there is but one religion revealed by God and that there is but one church founded by Christ, viz: the first Christian Church, the Roman Catholic Church,

which is the only saving Church. They should know, in this way, that there are not as many kinds of churches as there are Christian denominations that believe in Christ, but that those only are, in the full meaning of the word, Christian, who recognize themselves as children of that church which Christ founded. Furthermore, every Catholic should also be in a condition to give a satisfactory answer and explanation to every objection brought against the teaching of the Church. To aid them in this, I wrote the work entitled: 'Catholicity, Protestantism and Infidelity.'

"Secondly, all the faithful should be so instructed in the doctrines of the Catholic Church that they can, in turn, teach every one that the doctrine which they, as children of the Catholic Church, are obliged to believe, was taught from the earliest days of Christianity, and is in keeping with the teachings of Holy Writ and the tradition of the Fathers.

"Thirdly, every Catholic should be intimately persuaded, that to attain to salvation, it will not alone suffice that our faith be orthodox, but our lives also must be conformed to Christ, and we must constantly advance in his knowledge and love. Now, next to a thorough grounding in the doctrine of the Church, nothing more effectually conduces to this than the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It was to foster this devotion that I wrote the 'Sacred Heart Mission Book.'

"Fourthly, Catholics must believe without any admixture of error in their faith; hence they should admit the infallible teaching authority of the head of the Church. In fact, fundamental instruction upon this point has become a matter of paramount importance for Catholics since the definition of the Vatican Council. The young, in particular, need this instruction, that the silly raillery of the enemy may not lead them into error. To supply a copious source of instruction for all upon this doctrine, I published 'The Infallibility of the Pope in defining Matters of Faith.'

"Fifthly, the whole tendency of Catholic life is directed heavenwards. What is heaven? The answer to this important question I have given in my 'Easter in Heaven.'

"Sixthly, are there any of the faithful who have already secured for themselves the blessedness of paradise? Yes; the saints have secured the happiness of heaven for all eternity. Who are the saints and what were they? I have answered this question in my 'Lives of the Saints.' Here, to a short account of their lives, I have in each instance appended a brief exhortation to their imitation and indicated methods of actually profiting by their example.

"In addition to these works I published a series of three catechisms for ordinary and for more advanced students of the Catholic doctrine.

"These seven works constitute a small house-library; and, when giving missions, I have exerted myself, as I always do, so far as to prevail upon the families attending the mission exercises to secure all these works. I withdraw from my labors with the reflection: 'What more, dear people, can I do for all of you or any one of you, than I have done; what greater solicitude am I capable of exhibiting for the future welfare of any and of all of you?'"

It is clear from this summary of the mission-methods of Fr. Weninger, that they involved a considerable amount of original literary labor on the part of the missionary himself. That Fr. Weninger did not shrink from such a labor is, we fancy, amply evinced by his extensive writings in German, English, French and Latin. In these he found his pastime; and if we may be permitted to so express it, he set as much store upon the writings which he had accumulated, the fruits of a rich experience and much thought, as a miser sets upon his gold and silver. This became singularly evident during the conflagration which destroyed our church in Cincinnati in 1882. It is amusing to hear him depict his anxiety for his papers which he considered lost in this fire.

"I occupied" he says, "a room behind the high altar in the church, and, in this apartment, actually lived under the roof of the church itself, at the side of Christ, and facing the Most Blessed Sacrament. As it was then Holy Week—a season during which I was wont, for years back, to repair to St. Paul's Church to preach, to be present at the ceremonies of Holy Week, and to celebrate the feast of the Resurrection after the German fashion—I was not in my room the night the church caught fire. Between 1 and 2 o'clock on Maundy Thursday night, the fire alarm was turned on and I heard the cry that St. Xavier's was in flames. I ran to the window of the presbytery, which was upon an eminence overlooking the city, and thence saw St. Xavier's, at a distance, encompassed in flames. The thought that, in my room in the church, all the writings which I had brought from Europe to America were locked away, created in me the sensation that I was myself in the fire. Half of me—the laboriously gathered results of years of study and experience—appeared in the heat of the bright flames to be paralyzed for the future. But I was soon able to make an act of resignation. I thought of Fr. Lancicius who, while he was offering our Lord all that he possessed, heard the

voice of Jesus from the consecrated host asking him: 'And thy writings also?' Lancicius answered: 'Lord, thou knowest what they cost me, yet, if thou dost so will it, take them also.' After this reflection, I offered all my writings in like manner to the Lord, if it should be his will that they be consumed. Meanwhile, the flames, as their fury relaxed momentarily, suggested to me the sweet words of the Psalmist: *'bonorum meorum non indiges, Domine.'* On the following day, Good Friday, I was celebrant during the ceremonies at St. Paul's, and was, for this cause, detained in the church most of the forenoon. I learned meanwhile, that everything within reach of the flames had been destroyed, and it was directly behind the high altar, and separated only by a partition, that my room was situated. The college was not very far from St. Paul's, but as I had been accustomed for years to make the Three Hours' Agony of Christ upon the cross, I did not wish to visit the fire until this duty was discharged. After the three hours, I hastened to the church, and on reaching the college door, inquired whether anything from my room had been preserved. I was told that nobody knew; that nobody had heard anything about it; and, furthermore, that no one could enter the room, as I had carried the key away with me. I then went over to the scene of the fire. The stairway leading to my room was destroyed, and the door, which remained untouched, was inaccessible except to good climbers. The man whom I sent up to open the door called down to me: 'What do you want out of your room, Father?' 'I want all that is left in it,' I answered. He then replied: 'Everything is here; the fire did not enter the room.' And, in fact, not a page in my bookcase or anywhere in the room had been harmed. I had among my effects a 'Christkindchen' (a statue of the little child Christ). It was of wax from Bethlehem, and a souvenir of a Franciscan convent in Vienna. Even this, together with a little music box for the crib, remained untouched, while the organ with its pipes was consumed in the fire and the clock dropped like wax from the tower. As I forthwith employed a number of men to carry down all my manuscripts, how thankful I felt to divine Providence! I fancied I heard these words of our Lord: 'You presented these writings to me; I have taken care of them for you.' *Vere quam bonus Israel Deus!* It is in circumstances like this that man feels, as it were palpably, with how much truth St. Paul says of Christ that he is 'the incarnate benevolence of God.'"

Fr. Weninger was, it is very well known, a student, and, like most students, was very fond of his own productions.

In this particular instance, however, it may be pretty justly conjectured that the work which he was desirous of prosecuting after his death through some of these writings (he was engaged at the time upon his sermon series) had much, if not everything, to do with his anxiety on this occasion.

Fr. Weninger's fondness for his papers leads us to say a word of his books. We have had occasion already to mention some of his literary productions. To review all he wrote, and in detail, were simply out of the question. It would be taxing patience even to name all his books, pamphlets, brochures, replies and explanations. Moreover, his works are comparatively recent, or at least so close at hand to everybody, that it would be, if not a useless task, at least a presumption, to seek to create an opinion where everybody is enabled to form his own judgment. We are loth, however, to omit stating in connection with his writings that many have been loud in their commendation of the missionary's books. For, to pass by Dr. Brownson's great admiration of his "Photographic Views, or Religious and Moral Truths reflected in the Universe," his work on "Catholicity, Protestantism and Infidelity" is very highly valued at home and abroad. Shortly after its appearance in this country, it was published in Europe, in French, Italian and Hungarian. His "Sunday and Feastday Sermons," together with the "Mission Book," were also reprinted in Bohemian. Upon his Latin work "*Summa Doctrinæ Christianæ*," Gregory XVI. congratulated Fr. Weninger in these very flattering terms: "*Purissimis fidei Catholicæ principijs juventutem erudire satagis.*" In return for a copy of his "Catholicity, Protestantism and Infidelity," Pius IX. sent the apostolic benediction. "*Ut autem*" the pontiff wrote upon the occasion, "*alacrius procedas ad convertendam istam gentem (Americanam), omnibus tuis consilijs, tentaminibus, conatibusque apostolicam impertimur benedictionem.*" The same Holy Father, upon the publication of the work on "Papal Infallibility," addressed the author in these other highly encouraging words: "You have benefitted the Church more through this book, than you could ever be in a condition to aid her by all your missions in America."⁽¹⁾

Suffice it to say that, during his travels and missions in America and Europe, Fr. Weninger published, in book or

⁽¹⁾ After quoting these words of approbation, Fr. Weninger adds: "Certain it is that, should God require me to renounce either the merits gained by my sermons or those gained by my books, I should exclaim without hesitation: 'Leave me those of my books, I renounce those of my sermons.'" v. Fr. Weninger on the Pacific Coast—WOODSTOCK LETTERS, Vol. ii, p. 39.

pamphlet form, upwards of forty different works in German; sixteen in English, either translations or original works; three in Latin and eight in French; besides composing some very generally commended pieces of sacred music.

This illustrious workman in God's vineyard had quoted the holy writings very appropriately when he said with the sacred writer: "The years of man on earth are seventy, and, when they are full, eighty." His own years were full in 1885. After this time he hardly ever went abroad, being engaged almost continuously at home, in prayer and in the compilation, we understand, of a popular exposition of sacred scripture.

Before concluding this sketch we must say a word of Fr. Weninger's domestic life. The presumption probably is that one who was so incessantly abroad had lost the habit and ways, at least, if not the spirit of community life. But those with whom his odd moments at home were spent, are unanimous in declaring that, even in very minor details of routine life in the community, Fr. Weninger rarely, and never unnecessarily, failed to set a salutary example to all. Many will bear further testimony that, during the last months of his life at St. Xavier's, he illustrated many of the most difficult virtues of the unswerving rule of strict community life. If any proof were needed, much could be gathered from the opinion entertained of his conduct by one under whose obedience he spent many of the last days of his life. I shall therefore conclude this review of Fr. Weninger's long and useful life with a quotation from this authority, the more willingly that, in it some things touching the missionary's individuality are alluded to, which cannot but edify all of us: "Work and prayer," writes this father, "were Fr. Weninger's predominant traits of character. Last Holy Week, he was, as usual, at St. Paul's Church, and a few days previous, he came to my room with a sermon on the Blessed Sacrament, written for the occasion,—*written* by a man who had spent *forty years* in preaching and writing sermons!—If I understood his diary aright, he says there that he never paid a visit or took a walk simply for pleasure's sake, and hence always found time for work. His obedience too was remarkable. It was the aim of his life to have his will in conformity with the will of his superior. When I recalled the saying that, 'chastity is the virtue of the young, obedience the virtue of the old,' and when I considered the unusual life he had led in the Society, it was to me edifying indeed, to see his anxiety to do precisely as I wished him. Last winter he travelled to Windsor, Canada,

for the benefit of a colored congregation there; at Christmas and Easter he was at St. Paul's Church; the rest of the time he spent with us, constantly occupied with his last work: 'Popular Commentaries on the Holy Scriptures.' On Sunday, June 17, he said his last Mass. Every succeeding day he received Holy Communion. He had received extreme unction about one month previously. His sufferings were great; and once when I was with him, he said as much, but remarked with earnestness that God honored him by sending him such trials. He had other trials which he bore with equal heroism, always showing himself a man of well-trying, solid virtue. After his illness became serious, I attended to his mail myself. Besides letters from different states, he received one from Australia, and one from Ceylon—all containing requests for prayers or relics or miracles. His pious death followed shortly after, and his funeral services were conducted quietly and privately, as is the custom of the Society, but with becoming veneration for the memory of the saintly departed. After the office for the dead, his remains were conveyed, by order of Rev. Fr. Provincial, to the novitiate cemetery at Florissant. On the 4th of July, the pastor of St. Paul's Church held a solemn requiem service for the repose of his soul. The singers and musicians who attended gave their services gratuitously, in honor of the illustrious dead, and, after the service, rendered a part of Fr. Weninger's *Te Deum*—a part which, because they never succeeded perfectly in giving it his interpretation, they had rehearsed over and over again under his own direction. The difficult passage was the words: 'In te Domine speravi, non confundar in æternum.' I trust that, by this time, he realizes fully the meaning of those words. He was a man who would not hear of merit; he worked for God."

We could introduce other documents of an equally laudable character, even from those outside the Society and in some instances alien to the Church, but recourse to so copious a commendation of the man and his works is better suited to the profuseness of a biography than to the limited character of a sketch. Besides, we have said enough, we think, to show that Fr. Weninger was a holy Jesuit, a hard worker and a great student. He was over and above, it is true, a distinguished missionary, a widely known writer and one of the most highly esteemed members of our Order in the United States. But from our standpoint, his missionary success will be looked upon as an accident, his literary reputation as rather an outward tribute, and his renown as a Jesuit, an ephemeral destiny. For us, his piety, his learning, his untiring zeal—the active expression of his-

toric and true Jesuitism—made him what he was and what every member of our Order who will emulate his example can become—a true Jesuit.

INDIAN TRADITIONS

AMONG THE OSAGES.

In reading the *Catholic World* for December, 1884,⁽¹⁾ I was very much amused by an account there given of Chinese traditions regarding the origin of the human family. I cannot help thinking that an account of the traditions of our western aborigines will be equally interesting; for in my estimation they can stand side by side with those of the Chinese. As my duties during the last thirty-four years of missionary life have familiarized me with the Osages more than with any other tribe, I shall limit myself to an account of their genealogy, and their social and religious traditions. Of course the poor untutored Indians of North America cannot be compared, to any advantage, with the learned mandarins of China, yet an examination into their myths and traditions will not be less interesting on that account.

In giving the origin of the human family, the Chinese account above mentioned supposes man already existing, and represents him playing short-hand tricks, as it were, with the sun and moon; but it does not tell us whence the first man came. The Osage traditions on this subject give us more satisfaction, for they tell us clearly how the first Osage man and woman came into this world, how they became the parents of a large progeny of children and grandchildren, and how from them the Osage nation was formed. Their tradition takes for granted that other nations also came into existence about the same time, but were living far apart, and unknown to them for a long while. And here I must first acknowledge that the Osages, as well as almost all other aboriginal nations, have a great many different traditions concerning their origin, but the one about which I am going to speak is, in my judgment, the best of all and most generally accepted. I learned it from one of the most intelligent Osage *Wha-conta-cki*, that is to say doctors, or, as they call them, medicine men. The Osage language not

⁽¹⁾ This account was written in July, 1885.

being written, it follows that they have no records of any kind, and all their knowledge is based on oral traditions. But as they are generally endowed with a singular gift of memory, and are very particular and even scrupulous about holding fast whatever they have once learned, so the religious knowledge they receive when initiated in the quality of medicine men, they preserve most jealously, and transmit word by word to the young men whom they prepare to succeed them in this kind of priesthood. The traditions of almost all our western Indians do not seem to go back any further than to Noah's time, and almost all believe that their ancestors, long ago, came to this continent from a land far away beyond the sea, on big floating trees. Generally they point to the east as the direction whence they came. And, as is but natural, every nation preserves special legends, all showing that, in the earliest ages of the world, something quite wonderful and divine took place in the intercourse which their great-grandfathers had with the Great Spirit. Of such tales they are as proud as the ancient Egyptians, Greeks and Romans were of their myths.

Now to come to our point, I would say that some of the most intelligent Osage medicine men have a remarkable legend concerning their origin. They say that the first Osage man came down from the sun, and the first Osage woman from the moon, both at the same time, in mature age, and gifted with intelligence. According to their traditions, this man and woman married, and in progress of time had six children, three sons and three daughters. As these children, carefully reared by their parents, grew in body and developed in mind, they became anxious to know how it was that they had come into this world, how it was that the whole firmament was moving, by whose hands the sun, moon and stars were directed, and how it was that the different seasons of the year regularly succeeded one another in such perfect harmony. They next wondered by what power germination was produced, and from what sources the rivers were daily supplied with fresh water; in a word, they felt that there must be some Great One, a Great Spirit, a Master of all things, by whom the whole world was preserved and governed. So, on this Great One they incessantly called for assistance, and to him they prayed to enlighten their minds, and explain to them the mysteries by which they were encompassed. Hereupon the older of the sons, thinking that, by offering to the Great Spirit some act of self-punishment, he might succeed in gaining his favor, and might obtain this knowledge, determined to undertake a journey of seven days through the wilderness, fasting most strictly all

the time. Accordingly, he started alone, on a western course, and kept travelling for seven days, fasting and mourning; but to no purpose, for the Great Spirit showed him no favor. When he returned to his people, the second son thought that he might succeed better. So he undertook a similar journey through the western wilderness, fasting and mourning for seven days; but he too returned disappointed, fatigued and hungry.

The failure of these two expeditions discouraged the sons greatly, and they were at a loss to know what to do in order to propitiate the Great Spirit. While they were in this mental distress, the youngest of the three daughters felt a kind of inward impulse telling her to try her chances; and accordingly, she determined to start on a similar journey, but in quite a different direction. Taking no provisions for the journey, she started all alone, hurrying over an eastern course, through a mountainous country, determined not to return unless she first had an interview with the Great Spirit. Off she went! making the mountains re-echo all the while her pitiful wailings; while the tears streaming from her eyes spoke most eloquently to the Great Spirit on her behalf. She, it seems, was not disappointed; for the Great Spirit, moved by her entreaties, took pity on her, and granted all the wishes of her pure and innocent heart. As the night of the seventh day was approaching, the poor child, exhausted by her fasting and weeping, entered into a large cave to rest. Hardly had she closed her eyes to sleep, when the evening breeze, gently murmuring through the crevices of the rocks around the cave, made a noise as of many sweet voices singing melodious songs. Hearing this, though she felt that she was awake, she could not move. All at once, a dazzling light illumined the whole cave; its brightness was like that of the sun, and a brilliant rainbow encompassed the whole place. Then she noticed that, all along the walls of that cave, most beautiful flowers were growing; she felt an enchanting fragrance coming from aromatic herbs that covered the floor of the cave, and she saw plants loaded with luxuriant fruits, the like of which she had never seen before. And lo! while she was contemplating all these wonders, the high ceiling of the cave suddenly opened, and through it she could see countless glittering stars, on a pure blue sky. She now felt as if a heavy dark veil had been removed from her mind. Her heart was at rest, and her soul enjoyed a most perfect calm. In that state of tranquillity, the secrets of nature and the principles of all knowledge were manifested to her. She felt that the great gift of knowledge, which she so earnestly desired, had now been given to her;

for at once she seemed to understand the beautiful harmony of the heavenly bodies as they revolved in their orbits; and she began to see how, through their agency and the periodical succession of the seasons, an unlimited productive power was imparted to the earth, and how, from these agencies combined, was developed the hidden virtue of roots, seeds and minerals, for the benefit of all organic life. How happy the poor child felt at the sight of so many wonders! She felt confident that the Great Spirit was friendly towards her; for he had granted her the wishes of her heart. She turned her wondering eyes in all directions and did not know which to admire more: the brightness of the stars in the sky over her head, or the most charming beauty and fragrance that surrounded her. The flowers, however, so fascinated her, that she resolved to pluck one and preserve it as a sweet souvenir of that memorable night. So she tried to stretch forth her hand to the nearest, when, all at once, the beautiful vision disappeared as suddenly as it had come. She looked around bewildered, not knowing whether she was awake or asleep. She felt that she was free and could move, but dared not do so for a while. She surveyed the whole cave; but lo! everything was changed again; all was quiet around her, and the stillness of the place was interrupted only by the breeze which was still softly moaning through the crevices of the rocks. The morning star was rising; and by the light of the moon, now disappearing in the far western horizon, she saw that she was on the very spot to which she had withdrawn to rest on the previous evening. But she was fully satisfied that the gift of knowledge had been granted to her. She felt as if an additional mental power, as well as a new vitality, had been added to her, and she returned to her people full of joy, to give them an account of her happy adventure.

Her success filled the hearts of all with gladness, and stimulated the youngest of her brothers to start on a similar journey, in the hope that perhaps the Great Spirit might be favorable to him also. So, without delay, he started in the same direction which his sister had taken, and while he was trying to walk in the footprints she had left on the sand, he made the air resound with his weird lamentations. Going on day after day in this wise, he at last reached the spot where his sister had received the gift of knowledge. Weakened by his seven days' fasting, he stopped here, and clapping his hands together, and stamping on the ground with his feet, he roared with all the strength of his lungs, calling on the Great Spirit to have pity on him, and be as good to him as he had been to his sister. Wonderful to relate, in

the midst of his excitement, he heard, as it were, a loud thunder-clap, which, being at once reverberated by a thousand echoes from the surrounding mountains, filled the air with a rumbling noise. To this was added a sudden darkness, frequently interrupted by flashes of light darting in every direction, and followed shortly after by a heavy rain. As the poor boy ran for shelter to a tree laden with dense foliage, a fierce wind from the east began to blow a hurricane, and carried with it everything in its path. Hereupon, the boy, fearing lest he too might be carried away by the violence of the wind, quickly seized the tree under which he was standing. In a moment the wind uprooted the tree, and hurled tree and boy into a very deep ravine close by. And indeed he would have been killed, had not the large branches and spreading roots of the tree broken the force of the fall, so that the boy felt no other sensation than that experienced by one who is swung through the air. On looking around him, he perceived that he was standing in a deep, unknown place, from which he knew not how to extricate himself. While in this state of suspense, not knowing what to do or where to go, a man of gigantic proportions stood before him, looking kindly upon him. The man first reached his hand towards him and invited him to follow. In a moment, he had him by the hand, and brought him up to the spot from which he had been hurled. But there a great change had taken place, for the hurricane had rooted up and carried off several trees, with an amount of dirt and gravel, leaving two high parallel rocks not very far apart. At the same time, some very tall trees, blown down from the top of the mountain, had fallen over these two rocks, forming a sort of ceiling over the intervening space, so that the whole resembled a good spacious room. Now the giant who had brought the boy up to this dwelling built by nature itself, taking two dry sticks, rubbed them together briskly, until by the friction sparks were extracted, which, falling on a pile of dry leaves and twigs, soon started a big fire. While the boy stood wondering at the huge blaze, the giant, making a lever of a long pole, raised up some huge boulders, picked some small stones from under them, and threw them on the fire. These, in a short time, melted away, showing in their liquid state different shades of color, some appearing as red as the fire itself, others the brightest yellow, and others again as bright as a looking-glass. As these cooled off, each one took a different shape, according to the different natural crevices into which they flowed. On beholding these wonderful sights, the boy felt convinced that the giant before whom he

stood must be the Great Spirit himself, and he fell on his knees to adore him; when, at once, all disappeared and he found himself by the tree which he had seized at the beginning of the storm. Considering all that had taken place, the boy felt sure that the Great Spirit had heard his prayers; for indeed he had seen and learned things of which he never before had any idea; he now understood the great power of the lever as well as of fire, and in this he saw the key of all mechanics; so, being well satisfied with the success of his expedition, he returned to his brethren.

How happy they all were when they found that the Great Spirit had favored their younger brother also! Following the impulse their minds had received from these revelations, they soon improved their condition. Before this they had lived like beasts in the open air, sheltering themselves under trees or in caves, feeding on wild fruits or on game. But now they began to till the ground, they gathered seeds and planted them, and improved the land by cultivation. They found iron, melted it, and made all kinds of utensils; and then built houses and began to live more comfortably. They married amongst themselves, the first of the sons taking the first of the daughters, the second son taking the second daughter, and the third son the third daughter. In course of time their children also married, and thus, in a short time, their number greatly increased. As was but natural, they transmitted to the rising generation the knowledge revealed to themselves; and by their labor and experience they improved daily, until, by degrees, they became a powerful people. Love of nationality soon developed in their hearts, and natural ambition excited in them the spirit of conquest. Anxious to extend their power by the discovery of new territory, they determined to start on an exploring expedition. They armed themselves with long spears made of sharp canes, and with strong bows and plenty of arrows, so as to be prepared for hunting as well as for self-defence. After a long journey through a desert country, they at last met with other nations; they attacked and conquered them. Proud of their success, they advanced still further on their march of conquest; so that in a short time they became a terror to all the neighboring nations, who, not knowing by what name to call them, named them *Wha-sha-she* which means "daring men." By this name they were called for hundreds of years by all the nations with whom they had any dealings, till at last the French Canadians, meeting with them on their voyages along the Mississippi, called them in their language *Osages* (*hommes qui osent*). No one, who has carefully followed the account of these traditions, can help

seeing a faint trace, at least, of the story of Noah's family in the days of the great flood, and of the subsequent increase and dispersion of the human race all over the world.

As to what concerns the way in which the Osage medicine men claimed to have received revelations, I do not think that they claim for themselves more supernatural assistance than the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans of old claimed in their theogonies. Of the two systems, that of the medicine men seems to be the more reasonable. In regard to the marriage of the first brothers and sisters, as handed down by the medicine men, I cannot find anything to blame; for there was no other way in which they could have propagated their race, since they knew of no other people until they started on their exploring expeditions. Nay more, their story of the multiplication of the human family is, in my opinion, far more natural than that attributed by the ancients to Deucalion and Pyrrha. Moreover, one cannot help concluding, from the existence of these traditions, that a link of some kind must certainly have existed between the descendants of Noah and the ancestors of these American aborigines. And, in fact, a thorough examination of this question will force one to admit that they must have descended from some of the lost tribes of Israel; for not only their customs and traditions but also their very type of countenance shows them to be of Asiatic origin.

By carefully studying the habits and religious practices of the Osages, and even the greater part of our western Indians, one will find that, with very few exceptions, they never admitted idolatry, but always proclaimed the existence of one supreme God, whom they call *Wha-con-ta*, which, according to the opinion of Indian philologists, is claimed to be a corruption of *Ie-ho-wah*. Nay more, according to the authority of Father Calamette, as given by Chateaubriand in his "Genius of Christianity" (Book 1, ch. 3), the North American aborigines, by the name of *Wha-con-ta* or the Great Spirit, mean a triune god in whose honor they always sing their *Ta-he-hon*. That this is in truth their liturgical chant, I myself can bear witness. Here, however, some might object that the Indians generally worship a great many manitous; how then can one say that they are not idolaters? Well, I will grant that they do worship, in a way, a great many manitous, but I must beg leave to notice that these manitous are not regarded as gods, but simply as *genii*, or tutelary spirits, inferior to the Great Spirit.

Finally, the custom for a man to marry his brother's widow, in order to keep up his brother's name, the ceremonies used in giving a name to a child, the adoption of children,

the calling of their cousins by the name of brothers and sisters, their daily supplications to the Great Spirit, at day-break, at noon, and at sunset, their psalmody, which they regularly sing on a certain number of sticks, each of which represents a different prayer, their daubing their faces with mud, and covering their head with dust and ashes, their mourning most pitifully over their dead, their fasting most rigorously for seven days, and even seven months, when they are mourning for a departed wife or children, their continual calling on the aid of a *Dear Great One Expected*, who is to come at last and give them power to revenge themselves on their enemies by killing them, etc., these and many such customs which our western Indians, especially the Osages, preserve most faithfully, bear unmistakable signs of having been inherited from the Jews. They keep up very jealously their periodical religious ceremonies at every change of the moon. Of these ceremonies, the principal are those which they perform about full moon, at the opening of spring, and which frequently coincide with our Holy Week.

Even in their home government one may notice traces of ancient Jewish institutions; for those who still preserve their ancient habits, have thus far adhered to a regular patriarchal government, of a theocratic form. The big chief, or *Callickie* as they call him, is also their high priest, and acts as such in all their religious ceremonies, and receives tithes from his people. Moreover, in the family of the chief there is a well organized dynasty; for the dignity, with all its emoluments, is hereditary; and if, on the death of a chief, his son should be too young to govern the tribe, then the brother of the deceased, or some near relative would assume the administration until the lawful heir come of age and be qualified to govern. The Salic law is still in full force in all the western tribes; and amongst the pagan Indians of to-day, woman is still the wretched slave she was in ancient times.

Their towns are laid out with remarkable symmetry. First come the lodges or wigwams of chiefs and councillors, with the braves; next to them come the other wigwams forming two and sometimes three streets. Every town has its special officers, such as chief, medicine men, doctors, etc. Of all these different offices, there are two which are considered the most important, and which are certainly the most lucrative. The first is that of town-crier. This man gives all the orders of the day, and proclaims all the news in a stentorian voice, from the four corners of the town. This done, he visits every wigwam, and is treated to some dried

meat, of which he eats what he needs, and brings the balance home to his family. The second great official is the one they call the "kettle-tender." He is a kind of public steward, who manages all feasts and ceremonies, and, as he is engaged for all public dinners, he always provides abundantly for himself and his family. As the kettle is the most prominent among his utensils, it has become the emblem of his office and has given him his name.

PAUL M. PONZIGLIONE, S. J.

TWO OLD LETTERS.

I. FR. JOHN McELROY TO ABP. McHALE.

⁽¹⁾ MATAMORAS, MEXICO, March 22, 1847.

MOST REVEREND SIR,

The voice of our distressed brethren in Ireland has reached us in this distant land, now the theatre of war, and although this is the case, we could not be unmindful of them. The sum of eight hundred dollars has been contributed, and the names of the donors are herewith enclosed. Confiding as we do in your well known charitable and benevolent disposition, we leave to Your Grace the disbursement of this our mite.

Chosen by the contributors to communicate with Your Grace, it gives me great pleasure to be able thus to address a prelate whom I have long admired for all those virtues that adorn such an exalted station, and particularly for that with which he guards the youth of Ireland from the pernicious influences of a mixed education both in colleges and in public schools.

May Heaven preserve you many years as the able defender of our holy religion, and may you see our beloved Erin what you would wish her to be, ere you are called to the great reward that awaits you.

I send this letter with our contribution under cover to Mr. Thos. Hale of New Orleans, who will purchase a bill of exchange for the amount sent, and forward the first of the set with this letter; the second will be sent by the next packet.

You will please have the goodness to acknowledge the receipt of this, and send your answer under cover to Thom-

⁽¹⁾ See Correspondence of Mexican War Chaplains in previous volume.

as Hale, Esquire, New Orleans; in this way it will come to hand safe.⁽¹⁾

My presence at Matamoras is thus accounted for. The President of the United States requested the Provincial of our Society, residing at Georgetown College, in the District of Columbia, to send two fathers with the invading army to this country. I have been at this post for eight months, in the capacity of chaplain to the U. S. troops, and have rendered all the service in my power to the Catholic soldiers, as well as to others, in the hospitals. Catholics form a majority in the regular army; as our appointment has been the first effort made to provide them with chaplains of their own faith, we hope it may be a fortunate precedent. My companion is stationed at Monterey, and attends our soldiers in an adjacent part of the country.

With our small remittance, we unite our fervent prayers for the mitigation of the distress now afflicting your devoted people. May it please the Almighty to console and comfort them in the way best known to himself!

I commend myself and the donors to your holy sacrifices and prayers, and am, with great respect,

Your Grace's devoted friend and servant in Christ,
 JOHN McELROY, S. J.,
Chaplain, U. S. Army.

*To His Grace
 The Archbishop of Tuam,
 Ireland.*

II. FR. JOHN NOBILI TO FR. GOETZ.

The following letter may be of interest, in as much as it reveals some of those petty annoyances of a missionary's life, which, though seldom coming to light, are often more painful than the most arduous labors. The writer, Fr. John Nobili, was one of the first Jesuits in the Rocky Mountains, and, afterwards, founder of the California Mission and of Santa Clara College. It was written just forty years ago on the banks of the Fraser River, British Columbia, towards the end of the only missionary journey ever undertaken by a Jesuit through that country.

⁽¹⁾ A list of subscribers accompanies the letter. It embraces 36 names representing all classes. The subscriptions range from \$2, to \$200, and the grand total is \$800, of which \$500 was contributed by the first four on the list.

June 6, 1848.—*En route.*

BELoved FATHER IN CHRIST,

P. X.

A courier is being sent out to Fort Shushwap, and I gladly seize this opportunity of writing, even though, on account of the shortness of the time, it be but a few lines, by which our mutual love may be increased, and your solitude, to some extent, lightened. For my own part, I find the greatest pleasure in reading over and over again the short letter you lately sent me, from which I learn that God has blessed us, *de rore cœli et pinguedine terræ*. Oh that he would take pity upon our poverty and the wretchedness of the Indians—to his own greater glory! He it is that has begun the work; may he also finish it! Let us wait on the Lord and be stout of heart! He will be a Father to us! Let us remember that no one hoping in the Lord, has ever been confounded. Nevertheless, I recommend you again and again to abstain from work as much as possible, and to have a prudent care of your health. Do not neglect the study of the language; for the peace of our residence depends mainly upon our being independent of the Canadians and the interpreters. Believe me; no good will ever come to us from those men. It vexes me, therefore, exceedingly that Jandron allows his time to slip away in eating and sleeping. Yet with regard to food I wish you, for the sake of our reputation, to be liberal towards him. Lafleur, I think, said to Mr. Tod: "Do not be surprised if Jandron should come back to you; for there is too much fasting with the fathers to suit him." Consequently, unless you are able to buy with tobacco an abundant supply of the fish that the Indians bring, give him from time to time a measure (*une pinte . . . notre grand pot pour le lait*) of peas or of Indian corn. This will cause us no great loss, since there is good hope of reaping an abundant harvest from what we have sown. If, therefore, it should be necessary, devote to feeding him all the grain that I left in the house. Give him also, now and again, a little gunpowder and lead, if he should need them. Behold the consolation he desires! But as to the time he wastes in sleeping, let him look to it. When I return he shall render an account of his labor. Call him, therefore, to your chamber, and tell him sweetly, in my name, that he shall have, I trust, some one to help him in sawing out the beams and planks, but that I expect to find finished on my return everything that requires only the axe or manual labor; that is to say, everything that appertains to the foundations of the house, to the roof, and the windows, those things

only excepted that cannot be finished without some special tool. But whatever is required in preparation for the use of such a tool, he must have completed. Should he need the assistance of an Indian, let him hire *one*, and promise tobacco and lead, which I will pay when I return. Explain to him kindly but clearly my mind in this matter, and tell him this especially, that Vautrin, or another who will perhaps come to help him to saw the timber more quickly, shall do only this and nothing else whatever. For the rest of the work he alone shall be responsible.

If nothing happens, I expect to reach Fort Langley tomorrow, and on the 10th of July, I hope to embrace you, my beloved Father, and perhaps a coadjutor brother also (!!). Pray for me; I need it greatly. I begin to be weary above measure, by reason, not only of the difficulty of the journey, but also of anxiety of mind. Edward Montegni and some others will set out from Fort Shushwap in the beginning of July, or even earlier, to meet us and help us on our way. I entreat you, therefore, again and again, to take this opportunity to write and send me some news of Father Joset and of our residence. Address your letter thus: "To the Rev. Father Nobili, kind care of John Tod, Esq., to be immediately forwarded by Edward Montegni—*En route*."

I am most eager to learn what Rev. Father Superior will write to us. A ship from London has reached Fort Langley, and I hope to receive letters from Very Rev. Father General. *Spera in Domino, dilectissime Pater, et fac bonitatem*. Do your best to offer the sacrifice of the Mass daily, and be mindful in it of the Indians, and of

Yours in the Lord,

JOHN NOBILI, S. J.

Rev. Fr. Goetz,
St. Joseph's Mission,
Falle d'Epinettes.

P. S. *Read Beats* (sic)—*Sont les betteraves*.—Have them sown, if you have not already done so. I am excessively fond of them.

OUR NEW SAINTS.

While our churches and colleges throughout the country were solemnizing the canonization of our new saints, Woodstock was having its triduum with all the seclusion and piety of a family celebration. It took place on the 5th, 6th and 7th of November, and was followed by a day of literary and other entertainment. The recreation hours of the three weeks preceding had been quietly given to it; bunting and drapery and emblem scrolls were made, and choir and orchestra carefully practised, while preacher and poet labored fervently at their several themes in praise of the saintly three. That all hands might join in twining garlands of laurel or evergreen and help complete the final decorations, "Vacat" was announced the Saturday previous, and by evening of that day, the main corridor was hung with gay festoons, the chapel adorned with fitting hangings, monograms, and other emblematic devices, and the refectory tastefully set off with garlands of laurel and rare conservatory plants, all placed before pictures of the saints or around some pious mottoes, chiefly texts of the sermons which were to be preached from its pulpit. The general zeal displayed in these decorations was but a prelude to the devotion manifested throughout the triduum.

On each of the three days, optional Communion was granted to all, and the Blessed Sacrament exposed from early morning until evening, when solemn Benediction was given. Rev. Fr. Meyer, Provincial of the Missouri Province, and Fr. Frieden, Rector of the college in Detroit, who had come to the consecration of Bishop Foley in Baltimore, visited us, Fr. Meyer remaining to say our community Mass, and adding by his presence to the pleasure and edification of his own scholastics and of the entire house. As announced in the programme that was printed in our last number, Rev. Fr. Provincial gave an exhortation on the evening of the third day, in which, in a plain but earnest way, he showed how union with God and detachment from self, the common elements of sanctity in our three newly canonized were virtues which, for difference of age and conditions, were also the source of the special growth in holiness of each. Naturally enough, similar thoughts were the burden of the panegyrics pronounced by scholastics each

day in the refectory. These were the most interesting features of the celebration. Addressed to hearers thoroughly at one with every thought and sentiment of the speaker, they did not fail to excite, in many instances, a visible emotion, which even the more mature of us cared not to conceal.

During Benediction each evening, the prayers *proper* were sung, and the choir, under Fr. Holaind's direction, carried out the musical programme given below. Classes were taught as usual, the circles only being omitted. On Thursday, the library, which had been gaily hung with festoon and bunting, was the scene of literary and musical exercises in honor of our three new patrons; at the close of which Fr. Meyer addressed a few earnest words to the scholastics.

The music at Benediction was as follows:—

Monday—Jesu, Fili Dei Vivi, Verdi; Lux Orta Est, De Doss, S. J.; Tantum Ergo, Palestrina.

Tuesday—Se Nascens, Berlioz; Iste Confessor, Fleming; Memorare, Hecht; Tantum Ergo, Verdussen.

Wednesday—O Salutaris, Mozart; Quis Ascendet, Lambillotte; Te Deum,—; Tantum Ergo, Gluck.

The celebration at the church of St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, the parish church of Woodstock, took the form of a five days' mission ending on Sunday, Dec. 9. The mission was conducted by FF. Brandi and Dooley. The services began each day with Mass at 5 o'clock, followed by an instruction; another instruction was given each evening, followed on alternate days either by the Way of the Cross or by the rosary. The day was closed by sermon and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. On the last day, which was especially dedicated to the new saints, Fr. Rector sang the High Mass and Fr. Prendergast preached an eloquent sermon.

The triduum at the novitiate, Frederick, which began on Dec. 9, was similar to ours. In the parish church also the people joined in the celebration, and besides the three panegyrics in the novitiate, by the scholastics, three others were given in the church. In Baltimore, the triduum began on Sunday, Nov. 4, with solemn High Mass. Bp. Keane delivered the panegyric of St. Alphonsus, His Eminence the Cardinal that of St. John Berchmans, and Bp. Foley that of St. Peter Claver. Abp. Elder was present in the sanctuary each evening during the celebration. In Philadelphia, the

triduum began at St. Joseph's on Oct. 28; Fr. F. Ryan of Baltimore was the preacher. The celebration at St. John's, Fordham, was very grand. It began on Nov. 26; the panegyrics were preached by FF. J. F. X. O'Connor, Jas. A. Doonan and Peter Cassidy; and Rev. Fr. Provincial officiated at the solemn High Mass on the closing day. At St. Peter's, Jersey City, Mgr. Seton preached the panegyric of St. John Berchmans, and Mgr. De Concilio that of St. Peter Claver; Bp. Wigger pontificated at the solemn Vespers on the third day, Nov. 25. At St. Michael's, Buffalo, Bp. Ryan was present at the opening High Mass, on Nov. 11, and preached on St. John Berchmans on the third day. One of the features of the celebration here was the solemn procession of the relics of the saints after the High Mass on the opening day.

Three Sundays, Nov. 11, 18 and 25, were devoted to the celebration in San Francisco, Cal., a triduum in honor of each of the new saints preceding each Sunday. The ornaments for the decoration of the church were imported from Paris for the occasion. At San José the celebration was similar. In New Orleans, La., Abp. Janssens officiated at one of the Masses.

The celebration at St. Mary's, Montreal, is said to have been one of the grandest ever seen in that city of grand religious festivities. It began with a *séance* given by the students, on the evening of Nov. 8, at which Mgr. Isidore Clut, the acting bishop in the absence of Abp. Fabre, presided. Hon. Mr. Mercier, Premier of the Province, was also present. The triduum began next day in the Gesù. An Oblate father preached the panegyric of St. Alphonsus; a Redemptorist, Fr. Fievez, that of St. John Berchmans; and on Sunday, Fr. Plesses, a Dominican, delivered an eloquent panegyric on St. Peter Claver. An account of the celebration at Quebec, as also that at St. Francis Xavier's, N. Y., was given in the *Varia* of our previous number.

We have not been informed of the details of the celebrations in the other colleges and churches of the Society throughout the country, but these may be taken as samples of the manner in which the great event was solemnized everywhere. In several places miniature lives of the three saints were printed and distributed among the people as souvenirs of the occasion.

FR. JOHN BAPST.

A SKETCH.

(Continued.)

For two years after his departure, in 1850, from his permanent residence at Old Town, Fr. Bapst maintained the headquarters of his numerous missions at Eastport. He had but a meagre staff of assistants, two fathers and himself being called upon to care for the spiritual wants of nearly nine thousand souls, scattered over a territory fully two hundred square miles in extent. The number of missions that had to be visited amounted to thirty-three, and, at many of these, new churches had to be built and other necessary improvements made. Fr. Bapst's zeal caused him to multiply himself, as it were, and, during these two years, as well as during the subsequent six years that elapsed before the final withdrawal of the Society from Maine, his confidence in God never wavered, and his energy in cultivating the Lord's vineyard, ever characterized by a spiritual buoyancy, carried him victoriously over every difficulty.

Fr. Bapst was long desirous of obtaining a more central position than Eastport for the missionary headquarters. His gaze turned towards Portland and Bangor, and the latter became his final choice. This desire is made manifest by the perusal of a letter written to Rev. Fr. Jos. Aschwanden, who was the temporary successor of Rev. Fr. Ignatius Brocard, the Provincial of the Maryland Province, who had died at Georgetown while still in office, in March, 1852.

EASTPORT, April 23, 1852.

REV. FR. VICE-PROVINCIAL,
P. C.

In obedience to Your Reverence's order, I herewith submit an account of the state of the Maine Mission.

Our mission, as perhaps you already know, comprises thirty-three different stations, of which the largest ministers to the spiritual wants of hardly more than a thousand Catholics. In all, the number of Catholics confided to our care does not exceed nine thousand souls; and the territory over which they are scattered takes in the whole State of Maine, with the exception of Bangor, Portland, Whitefield, Augusta, and some stations connected with the two last-named missions.

On our first arrival in Maine, there were eight chapels at our different stations, most of them in an unfinished condition; these we have now brought to completion, while three others are under construction. Two others will have to be built in a short time, making thirteen in all. Every one of these churches is put up at the expense of the different congregations for whose spiritual good they are erected; and, what is better still, there is not a penny of debt on any of them; for we do not proceed more rapidly with their construction than our resources permit.

There is not the slightest doubt that our missions have effected a great good for religion in the State of Maine; for, previous to our coming, in most of our stations the practice of religion had been almost entirely abandoned, and a most lamentable ignorance prevailed everywhere among our people. During the three and a half years, however, that we have labored in this previously sterile field, we have been able to lead back nearly all the Catholics to practical allegiance to their faith; and though we have not been able to effect many conversions among the Protestants, we have succeeded in rendering the Catholic religion more popular with them, or, at least, in removing a great number of their prejudices.

Yet it must be confessed that these numerous missions will never be of any great importance until we are able to obtain a church and residence in some large city such as Bangor or Portland, which will serve as a centre for all these small stations. These scattered stations entail much hardship and fatigue, and produce but small results. Hence it is the opinion of all the laborers in the Maine Mission, that every effort should be made to effect a permanent residence in either Bangor or Portland.

As to our financial condition, up to the present date we have had no difficulty. Each station furnishes its quota, thus enabling us to assume a very honorable position in the eyes of the world; and this, too, notwithstanding our enormous travelling expenses.

Fr. Force has enjoyed and still continues to enjoy great popularity in Maine; there is no doubt that he has labored with great zeal since he has been with me, and has accomplished much good. Fr. Hippolyte De Neckere is an excellent religious; he is effecting wonderful results in our missions, and every day increases in favor with the people. The good he is doing cannot be calculated. As to Fr. Bapst, you know him; he is always the same; if he has undergone any change, it is for the worse. May God have pity on him!

For some time our relations with the parish priest of Bangor had not been very fraternal, but recently he has been inspired with more confidence in us; he is not however without some fear of us, as he apprehends an invasion of Bangor by our fathers. . . .

In union with your prayers and holy sacrifices,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN BAPST, S. J.

Though Fr. Bapst's zealous efforts for the elevation of the Catholics, especially with reference to temperance, were fully appreciated by many of the educated Protestants, yet he had much to suffer from the contempt and covert oppo-

sition of that half-educated, fanatical class of Protestants, who, through hatred of everything foreign and Catholic, were then hastening to swell the rapidly extending ranks of the Know-Nothing party.

These rude fellows, it is true, stood in wholesome awe of the priest himself; yet they found vent for their spleen against him in the coarse, insulting remarks about him, with which they greeted the Catholic children who were at that time attending the public schools of the various towns to which Fr. Bapst's missionary labors called him at regular periods.

A little incident which happened about this time, though ridiculous in itself, as it presents Fr. Bapst in a very awkward plight, will serve to show how deep-seated was the hatred entertained against him by many of the lower class of Protestants, and how cat-like was the scrutiny to which they subjected every public act of the priest. Fr. Bapst, on one of his journeys, was obliged to put up at a public hostelry in one of the towns of Maine. Connected with the tavern were two hostlers, one a "son of the faithful isle," and the other a rude, uneducated American. While Fr. Bapst was taking some much needed refreshment, the Protestant hostler managed to occupy a sheltered corner near the dining-hall, whence he could satisfy his curiosity as to the peculiar process by which a priest was wont to consume his food. Hardly had Fr. Bapst begun his meal, when the curiosity of this man seemed to be suddenly satisfied, for he glided from his hidden vantage ground with noiseless step, and quickly made his way to the stable in quest of his fellow hostler. "That's the way your hypocritical priests do," he said, when he found the object of his search, "they make mighty stiff laws for you, and I guess beat you into keeping them, but they themselves don't care a row of buttons for them." "What's hurtin' ye now?" inquired the imperturbable Irishman. "Why, there's that priest of yours eating a chicken on the sly, and it's Friday; he didn't think there was a pair eyes on him, he didn't, but there was all the same; I seen him, the hypocrite!" "You lie, you old heathen," roared the other, now thoroughly excited. "Well, go see for yourself," replied the grinning son of the Pine-tree State. The Irishman, without further ceremony, rushed into the dining-hall, fully persuaded that the Protestant hostler had been uttering one of the oft-repeated calumnies against Catholics. Close at his heels followed his informant. When Pat looked towards the place where Fr. Bapst was quietly eating, he cried out in a tone of mingled horror and dismay, "Fr. Bapst, it's Friday!" Whereupon Fr. Bapst,

who was just conveying to his mouth a choice bit of chicken, let his fork fall from his hand, and, turning pale at the situation into which his forgetfulness had led him, could only exclaim by way of explanation: "Indeed, in my missionary wanderings, I had altogether lost my reckoning of the days." Of course such a defence failed to receive any credence from the exultant Protestant.

One of Fr. Bapst's severest trials, while in Maine, was caused by the insufficient number of Jesuits for the work of the missions. This was owing as well to the vastness of the field that was committed to their zeal, as to the fewness of priests at that time in the Maryland Province. His anxiety was further increased by the fear of having the small number of priests already engaged in the Maine Mission diminished to two. The following letter written to Fr. Aschwanden makes evident the anxious forebodings to which his mind was then a prey.

EASTPORT, May 6, 1852.

REVEREND FATHER,
P. C.

Although Your Reverence's views relative to the mission of Maine are entirely different from those of the late Rev. Fr. Brocard, yet I will conform myself exactly to your instructions, and will strive to follow faithfully the new line of conduct that you mark out for me. Accordingly, I will make no arrangements for the establishment of a college in Maine, and will think no longer of introducing the Society into the north-eastern British provinces.

But in your last two letters to me, there is a point with reference to which I beg leave to submit some considerations to Your Reverence. In your first letter, you bid me keep up the missions we have in Maine and continue to increase their influence for good; and in the second letter, you make the announcement that in all probability you, or your successor, will leave only two fathers in Maine. Now, Reverend Father, permit me to tell you that the thing is impossible, that is to say, that if you leave only two fathers here it will be impossible for them to attend to the spiritual wants of such an immense mission, where six priests would scarcely be sufficient for the work to be done. These two poor fathers will spend themselves to no purpose, nay rather, will kill themselves with work, and this with no equivalent return; and being obliged to live always at a distance from each other, their lives will be filled with bitterness; and Fr. Eck's favorite saying, "Væ soli!" will be verified.

If then you cannot spare three fathers for this mission, there is no other way out of the difficulty save to abandon the mission, either altogether or at least in part. But neither the one nor the other plan of action can be adopted (at least for the present). I do not see how we can immediately break off all the engagements we have formed with our various congregations; I do not see how we can abandon the churches which we have commenced to build, and which are neither finished nor paid for;

and although it is the faithful that furnish the money for these buildings, yet it is certain that nothing is done without the priest. Finally, I do not see how we could desert nine thousand souls, and leave them entirely deprived of all spiritual succor, before the arrival at least of some secular priests to fill our places. To abandon our missions under the present circumstances would imprint an indelible stain on the fair name of our Society, which has been, up to the present time, blessed and venerated in Maine. Hence, at present, it would be morally impossible to abandon our mission entirely, and it would be no less difficult to abandon it even in part; for although *de jure* we might sever all connection with some of our stations, yet *de facto* none of us would have the hardihood or the inhumanity to allow those poor Catholics whom we have evangelized, to die without the sacraments, whenever they would send for us to assist them in their last moments; and especially as they would have no one to whom they could apply for aid, until such time, at least, as the number of secular priests in Maine receives a substantial increase.

Therefore, Reverend Father, all that I request of you is that you do not diminish our number until you have paid a visit to the mission of Maine and viewed the field of our labors with your own eyes, that you may be able to understand our position more perfectly.

Although there are some dangers to be encountered here, as indeed there are elsewhere, yet I can testify that, up to the present, God, in his infinite goodness, has preserved us from them; and I hope that the future will find us as exemplary as the past, if not more so. . . .

Your very respectful and affectionate servant,

JOHN BAPST, S. J.

Soon after this another cause for anxiety arose. Though Fr. Bapst was by no means open to the accusation of being unduly attached to the mission of Maine, or of deriving therefrom any natural consolation—since it was at all times possible for him, during his stay in Maine, to exclaim with the aged Tobias, “We had indeed a poor life”—yet he was filled with such a burning zeal for the coming of God’s kingdom into the hearts of all men, that anything threatening the success of this advent caused him unspeakable anguish. The following letter to Fr. Aschwanden gives us an insight into the source of this new anxiety with reference to the prosperity of his beloved mission, and shows us in how masterly and yet submissive a manner Fr. Bapst could defend from destruction the mission which had been, up to that time, such a powerful instrument in promoting God’s glory.

EASTPORT, July 18, 1852.

REV. FATHER PROVINCIAL,
P. C.

It is now four weeks since I saw Your Reverence in Boston. I have therefore had time to reflect on what you said to me at that time, and in

order to free my conscience from all responsibility in the matter, I must beg leave to submit to Your Reverence the following considerations.

Your design, if I understood you aright, is to withdraw from the mission of Maine Fr. De Neckere, Fr. Force and Fr. Bapst, that is to say, all the present missionaries, at the same time, and to fill their places with three new fathers. Now, here are the difficulties which I foresee will attend this complete revolution in the entire *personnel* of the mission—difficulties which I beg Your Reverence to examine and weigh well.

First difficulty:—If all three of us leave at the same time, who will there be to introduce the three new fathers to our numerous congregations? There are thirty-three different stations, scattered over an area of two hundred square miles. How will the missionaries be guided to these different places, so far removed one from the other, if there is no one at hand already conversant with the various stations? Moreover, as their installation cannot conveniently take place on any other day than Sunday, weeks would be required to conduct them to each of these localities. To any one acquainted with the mission of Maine this first difficulty appears greater than to one not yet initiated in the mysteries of Maine missionary life.

Second difficulty:—If all three of us depart at the same time, who will bring to completion the various churches that we have commenced to build? Nothing can be done without the priest; and do not imagine, Reverend Father, that our Irish congregations are ready to give their confidence to the first priest that comes along. Fr. De Neckere, notwithstanding his great capacity, was not able to effect a continuation of the work on the churches at Old Town and Ellsworth, which the advent of winter had interrupted; so that I myself was obliged to make a journey of one hundred and fifty miles, in order to push on the work, and collect the necessary money. Now, what will these three new fathers do, with whom none of the people are acquainted, and who have no acquaintance with their new flock? It is more than likely that some grave difficulties will arise.

Third difficulty:—Maine is a state almost exclusively Protestant; but the Protestants, taken as a whole, are well disposed towards the Catholic religion; yet, to effect any good among them, it is important that the missionaries should be possessed of solid learning and no small degree of eloquence. If then you recall Fathers De Neckere and Force, it is probable that you will have none to replace them but foreigners, whose imperfect knowledge of English will render them very indifferent preachers. The contrast will be very keenly felt, and the people will be disappointed.

Fourth difficulty:—The mission of Maine is altogether unlike the other missions of the province, and has to be cared for in a manner peculiar to it alone. It is impossible to visit more than six times a year each of these thirty-three stations. During the few days that the priest is able to spend at each station, he has countless things to attend to; for, besides confessions, Communion, baptisms, marriages, and instructions to children and adults, he has to examine the condition of the Sunday schools, Temperance societies, sodalities, etc. Now the priest is the very soul of all these organizations. How then can the new fathers be initiated into this new system of mission and of retreat, if there is no one to guide them in the

beginning? What is more, the manner of travelling in Maine, where there are but few railroads or steamboats, is extremely laborious; besides this, there are two tribes of Indians, and a large number of Canadians, to whom English is almost an unknown tongue; how then, I pray, will these new fathers manage, if unacquainted with either French or English? How will they surmount all these obstacles? How will they reach their various congregations? How will they complete the unfinished churches which must not only be rendered fit for divine worship, but freed from the debt incurred in their construction? How will they be able to sustain the fatigue, the weariness, the loneliness, and the countless other difficulties incident upon a kind of mission to which they are surely not yet accustomed, especially if they have no one to initiate them? . . . It is more than likely that, by reason of their inexperience, being unable to cope with all these difficulties, they will allow things to take their own course, and then, as a consequence, everything will languish, and the mission fall back into the pitiable state from which, with God's help, we have rescued it.

I am of the opinion, therefore, Reverend Father, that the simultaneous withdrawal of all the present missionaries, and the substitution in their place of three new fathers, would under present circumstances be altogether impracticable; for this would bring about the ruin of the mission and the foundation of the high hopes which four years of untold fatigue and incredible sacrifices had inspired.

In placing before Your Reverence all these difficulties, I have only tried to discharge what I conceive to be my duty and have no other end in view than to free my conscience from all responsibility in the matter. I now leave to your prudence to decide whatever you may think best for the interests of the missions. In my own regard, I have only to express my readiness for everything. I will never seek anything else than the will of God manifested to me by the voice of my superiors.

I am, in union with your prayers and holy sacrifices,

Your most devoted brother in our Lord,

JOHN BAPST, S. J.

Fr. Bapst's strong appeals were crowned with partial success. The number of the fathers in Maine was not decreased, nor was a total change effected in the *personnel* of the missionary staff. The only one withdrawn at this time was Fr. De Neckere, who left Maine in the beginning of August, 1852, to fill a vacancy in Gonzaga College, Washington. He was succeeded by Fr. Vigilante, who labored in Maine for a few years with unselfish zeal. Though Fr. Force was also removed to another sphere of action in the beginning of Sept., 1852, about two months after Fr. Bapst's last letter to the provincial, yet, that the change of both fathers was not effected at the same time, shows the impression made by Fr. Bapst's letters on the mind of Fr. Aschwanden.

Fr. Pacciarini was sent to replace Fr. Force. The amount of good this good father was able to effect, as well while on

this mission, as afterwards during his more than twenty years' residence in the lower counties of Maryland, is truly wonderful. He was never able to master the English tongue so as to make himself easily understood while preaching, and yet, such was his zeal, such his spirit of prayer, that Catholic and Protestant alike yielded to his influence, and, acknowledging the spirit of God that animated his every action, responded either by submission to the faith or by a heartfelt reverence and love. Hence we see that Fr. Bapst's representations to the provincial prevented at least his own removal, and thus saved the mission from the danger that threatened it. The churches to which Fr. Bapst refers as being under construction or repair, and which would present peculiar difficulties for all new-comers, are those of Calais, Trescott, Machaias, Ellsworth, Old Town, and Waterville.

Fr. Bapst, at length set at ease with reference to any intention on the part of superiors to diminish the working force in the Maine Mission, does not cease to urge the provincial to increase the missionary staff by one father at least. The argument that he presents in favor of this measure is at the same time invincible and worthy of a true son of St. Ignatius. The following was the first English letter written by Fr. Bapst to his provincial, all the previous letters being written in French.⁽¹⁾

EASTPORT, Sept. 12, 1852.

REV. AND DEAR FR. PROVINCIAL,

P. C.

When your letter reached Eastport I was absent on the western mission, left alone by the removal of Fr. De Neckere. I came home yesterday only. For that reason I could not write Your Reverence sooner.

Since Your Reverence is determined not to give up these Maine missions, but on the contrary to keep and provide them conveniently, I cannot help feeling and expressing a heartfelt gratitude, not on my own account only (for I confess that, notwithstanding the toils of this our mission, still my heart, which has suffered so much for it, is with it), but principally on account of the mission itself, which is more important than some imagine (as I shall show to Your Reverence on another occasion), and also on account of our Society, that would have been blamed had she left so suddenly these missions, accepted just now and commenced with so much trouble and so many difficulties. Since I know that I am not to be removed, I feel a comfort that I have not felt since the death of Rev. Fr. Brocard; and I have twice more courage and cheerfulness to work for the salvation of those thousands of souls committed to our care; for

⁽¹⁾ The reason is evidently because Fr. Stonestreet, an American, was provincial at this time, having been appointed about a month before the date of this letter, Aug. 15, 1852.

I see that the vine that we have planted and cultivated so far, with so much pain and anxiety, is not to be given up to destruction. May the Almighty bless Your Reverence for it!

But now, as I have said in my last letter, and as Your Reverence has understood it, it is necessary that we should be four missionaries at least in Maine; namely, two in Eastport for the eastern missions, and two in Ellsworth for the western portion. I wish Your Reverence had a map of Maine to understand what I want to say. Eastport and Ellsworth, one hundred miles distant from each other, are two centres. To Eastport belong Louis Island, Calais, Robinston, Pembroke, Pleasant Point, Labec, Trescott and Machaias; to Ellsworth belong Cherryfield, Benedicta, Old Town, Frankfort, Bucksport, Belfast, Rockland and Thomaston on the Penobscot, and Waterville with Skowhegan on the Kennebec. From Eastport it is impossible to attend those western missions. It is necessary, and it was the expressed condition of the bishop, that one of us should always be in Ellsworth to attend those missions. But if we are only three, as was the case last year, the poor fellow who is alone in Ellsworth is left in the most miserable condition; he is overwhelmed by excessive occupations; and, being surrounded by dangers and difficulties of every description, he has no counsellor to advise him in his perplexities, no brother to share his labors in his sickness, and no priest to go to confession to, except the priest of Bangor who is not very accessible. Those rules of our Constitutions which provide that none of our fathers should be left without a companion, I understand now how wise they are. I am not personally acquainted with Your Reverence, but your letter has proved to me that Your Reverence has a paternal heart; therefore, with the confidence and simplicity of a child, I come to Your Reverence to beg that favor, so conformable to our Constitutions, that we may not be left alone, but may always be two and two, for the comfort of our life, the security of our conscience, and the greatest advantage of the faithful committed to our care. To know how just and how reasonable is my demand, I wish Your Reverence would ask Fr. De Neckere about the matter, for he, by a personal experience, is acquainted with all the wants and all the circumstances of our mission.

But the fourth man that Your Reverence would send us, ought to be, if possible, a good preacher, and speak good English. Fr. Vigilante speaks English imperfectly as yet; Fr. Pacciarini, being also a foreigner, is not a great orator in English; Fr. Bapst is the worst of all. After Fr. De Neckere and Force, the contrast would be too sensible. But above all, this fourth missionary must be a virtuous man. Then, if Your Reverence will comply with my petition, as your letter gives me a right to hope, Your Reverence will never repent of having done so much for this rising mission of Maine. This is my firm belief. . . .

In union with your prayers,

I am, Reverend and dear Fr. Provincial,

Your most humble servant in Christ,

JOHN BAPST, S. J.

Such is the first official letter written by Fr. Bapst in English, and when it is remembered that he was at the time

but little over four years in the country, that during this period he was so preoccupied with his multifarious duties as to have little or no time for a thorough study of the language, and that he had at the same time to acquire the Indian tongue, the letter will appear a marvel of good English diction, worthy of many a native "to the manor born."

Less than three months after this, Fr. Bapst writes again to the provincial to inform him of the arrival of a fourth father, an addition to the staff of missionaries which he had so long been urging. He was thus enabled to carry out his long cherished plan of forming two centres for the various stations; one at Ellsworth, where, from this time, he himself takes up his residence, with Fr. Vigilante, and the other at Eastport, with Fr. Pacciarini as superior and Fr. Kennedy as *operarius*. This letter affords some idea of Fr. Bapst's ability as a financier, and gives proof that resources are never wanting to the man of God in carrying on the work of his Master.

BANGOR, Dec. 9, 1852.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER PROVINCIAL,

P. C.

Fr. Kennedy is come at last. He shall be in Eastport with Fr. Pacciarini for a couple of months, and then come down to Ellsworth for variety's sake. For the present we are busily engaged in giving the jubilee. The weather is exceedingly good for the season; no snow yet, and no fire in the rooms, at least during the day.

The arrival of Fr. Kennedy gives me the chance to realize the plan which was so long in contemplation, namely, to keep two houses, one in Eastport and one in Ellsworth. Now if God continue to give us his blessing, I hope that we shall do something for his glory in the wild State of Maine, without being so much exposed as we were for years past.

With regard to the churches that are building, Your Reverence need not be uneasy about them. Most of them are about to be completed, and, what is better, to be paid for. I have not the least debt so far, and I have some money for emergencies. The system that I have adopted is to make no contract before the money is collected, or at least subscribed, and I never deviate from that rule; consequently, it is impossible for me to get into any difficulty; although I must confess that, since Fr. Force and Fr. De Neckere left here, I must rely on myself for the money. Fr. Pacciarini is very charitable, but very indifferent about getting money to carry on God's work. I hope that Fr. Kennedy, being an American, will do better in this regard: I shall observe strictly the rule given by Your Reverence about exacting an account of the receipts and the expenses every month.

To day I am going to Old Town, next week I shall be in Waterville, and the week after in Thomaston for the jubilee. The letters that Your

Reverence may write to me should be directed to Bangor until New Year's day.

Very respectfully yours in Christ,
JOHN BAPST, S. J.

P. S. For the time being any letter that Your Reverence may send me should be directed to Bangor, Me. Care of Rev. T. O'Sullivan.

From the preceding letter we can easily see that, while Fr. Bapst was possessed of the simplicity of the dove, he was also blessed, in an apostolic degree, with the prudence of the serpent. The secret of his financial success must, however, be traced to a deeper source than mere prudence of mind; it sprang from a more unwavering cause; namely, from his practical love of religious poverty. Through his exercise of this virtue, he was enabled to cut off all unnecessary outlay and to husband his resources, not as an actual possessor, but as a faithful administrator, ready at any moment to render a strict account; and while generous to all his subjects, amply providing for all their wants, he was ever most rigid towards himself, even in regard to necessaries.

An amusing incident, in which Fr. Bapst was one of the chief actors, happened about this time, and displays at once his admirable charity and his thorough detachment from all superfluities in dress. One Sunday morning, after he had finished his first Mass, at which he had preached with his usual earnestness, he retired to his room to change his shirt, the change being necessitated after every sermon by the vehemence of his action while preaching. Arrayed at length in dry linen, he handed over the discarded garment to his housekeeper, who hung it on a line in the yard, that it might be in readiness for use at the end of his second sermon. As he was proceeding to the church, he met at the gate a forlorn and hungry wayfarer with whom he returned to the house in quest of some breakfast. Having drawn with unsparring hand upon the stores of the housekeeper, he left the contented tramp at his pleasing work of destruction, bidding him help himself without stint to all the good things he saw before him. The tramp obeyed literally; and, on his departure, seeing a good thing in Fr. Bapst's shirt that hung in the yard, helped himself to that. When Fr. Bapst returned to the house after his sermon, and called for the only other shirt that he had, it was sought for by the housekeeper in vain.

(To be continued.)

NEW CHURCH OF THE GESÙ, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The congregation of the Gesù in Philadelphia have at last gone out of the little, undecorated building that had grown so dingy from its twenty years' usage, and have entered what they proudly and justly claim to be one of the grandest temples of God in the United States.

The echo of the chimes of Father Villiger's golden jubilee had not yet died away when active preparations were made to open the new church permanently. The builders worked on extra time, and, during the last week, hung the interior with electric lights, and toiled every night with hammer and trowel till ten o'clock. They had received orders that their scaffolding must come down from nave, transept, and apse, by Saturday night, whatever the stage of their progress, and down it came; but with it their work along those lines was finished. Only in the eight side-chapels, and in the galleries above, were the scaffolds allowed to remain.

The day of the dedication, December 2, was in many ways like the day of the golden jubilee. The weather was clear, fresh, and lovely; the residence was crowded with visiting priests from the city, and from the length and breadth of the province; while the streets outside were rapidly filling with an eager but patient people. Before half-past ten no one was admitted to the church except the pew-holders and their friends; who, we are happy to say, numbered about twelve hundred. This had to be done as a matter of prudence; for the procession could never have made its way along the aisles of the church, spacious as they are, if the throng in waiting had been admitted. No admission fee, however, was charged—a compliment the Reverend Pastor wished to pay his flock for the handsome manner in which they had helped him to build this temple to the glory of God.

About eleven o'clock, the procession formed in the sacristy, which looks out on the eastern side of the apse. This room, we may remark in passing, though at present quite large and commodious, is small in comparison with the generous proportions it will assume in time. It will extend back as far as the corridor of the proposed college building

on Thompson street, and, sweeping round to Eighteenth street, will enclose the sanctuary something like a crescent, being thus of itself as large as a fair-sized church. On leaving the sacristy, the procession moved over the truly vast area of the sanctuary, out through the central gate, and down the middle aisle to the door of the church. A dozen or more sparrows kept flying in and out under the arches of the galleries, chirping prettily all the while. Some forty altar boys and fifty clergy made up the procession, at the end of which walked His Grace, Archbishop Ryan, with his assistant priest and deacons of honor. All the ceremonies were under the direction of Father William-H. Carroll, whom every one congratulated on the grace and fidelity with which the complicated movements were executed.

Passing out of the church, the procession moved down Stiles street, where the great crowd hemmed them in pretty closely, to the door of the residence. They were obliged to pass through the residence to permit the sprinkling of the outside walls of the church, which here are one with the inside walls of the residence. A complete circuit of the church was then made, and the procession re-entered the church by the main door. At this point, the special male choir of eighty-five young men and boys, whom Father Buckley had trained for the occasion, burst out with the song of the litanies. They were stationed in the organ loft, a dizzy height, and at first their voices struck upon the ear like the distant warbling of birds; but only for a moment, after which they swelled out charmingly and filled the church.

After the blessing of the walls, the procession withdrew to the sanctuary for the concluding services of the dedication, and the crowd outside were admitted to the church. The noise of their entrance, though in perfect order, was like the roar of the sea. They poured in, filling the pews, the aisles, and the side-chapels, till their number must have been more than three thousand. For some time they gazed around, lost in admiration. No one who has not seen the church can form an idea of the sense of actual awe which comes over the visitor as he gazes for the first time down the long, broad church, the sight of its beauty unobstructed by pillars, except where they cluster against the walls of the transepts or side-chapels.

When the dedication ceremonies had been concluded, the archbishop was escorted to the temporary throne erected for him on the gospel side of the sanctuary, and the solemn High Mass was begun. Very Rev. P. A. Stanton, of the Augustinians, was the celebrant, and was assisted by Father

C. Jones, of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., as deacon, and Father John B. Nagle, of St. Joseph's, Troy, N. Y., as subdeacon. "The choir was the strongest and the music perhaps the finest and most impressive ever heard in this city. Mozart's Twelfth Mass was sung by a chorus of one hundred and sixty voices, with both organ and orchestra accompaniment. Before the sermon, Verdi's *Veni Creator* was given, and, at the Offertory, Zingarelli's *Laudate*, as a tenor solo. The singing by Father Buckley's choir of male voices attracted universal approval and admiration. In the mixed choir were the best singers from nearly all the Catholic church choirs in the city."

Father Augustus Langcake, the well-known missionary, was the preacher of the occasion, and took as his text the words of Genesis: "This is the house of God and the gate of heaven."

The preacher began by pointing out the desire of David to build a temple in honor of the Most High; a desire the fulfilment of which was reserved for his son and successor. He next showed how the spirit of this great work was caught up by the Christian Church as soon as it emerged from the catacombs after the period of persecution, how it was especially manifested in those ages so erroneously called the Dark Ages, and how it has not been forgotten in this new world where so many magnificent temples have been raised within the last twenty years. He then passed to the explanation of the words of the text, showing how the church is the House of God and the Gate of Heaven. Next the preacher showed why God condescends to accept these temples, not on their own account but because they point to another temple—the inner temple in the heart, built up with solid Christian virtues. Finally, he congratulated pastor and people on the fulfilment of their hopes and united endeavors, on the presence of the archbishop on this occasion, and on the grand ceremony of the day.

At the end of the Mass, His Grace, the Archbishop, before bestowing his blessing, made a short but very eloquent address. After congratulating Father Villiger and the congregation on their magnificent temple, he spoke of the beauty of its title—The Holy Name of Jesus—and dwelt especially on the love of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist, and the infallibility of the Church with which Christ ever remains.

At the dinner, which followed shortly after the Mass, the tables being spread in the great parlor, Rev. Father Provincial took occasion to make a few remarks in which he told of the pride the province felt in its chain of noble edifices

all the way from Boston to Washington, and of its loyalty to the hierarchy, whom it was always eager to assist to its fullest ability in extending the kingdom of Christ.

Another even larger congregation filled the church in the evening, at solemn Vespers. Father Alphonse Coppens, who, after ten years of labor in the Gesù parish, is now stationed at St. Mary's in Boston, was the celebrant, and was accompanied by Father Clement Lancaster, of Leonardtown, Md., as deacon, and Father Cornelius Gillespie, of Georgetown, D. C., as subdeacon. Father Buckley's special male choir sang, without organ accompaniment, the *Alme Redemptor* of Lambillotte. The augmented choir sang Rosewig's Vespers, with the *Magnificat* of Mozart's Twelfth Mass. "A very able sermon on the fall and redemption of man and on the glory of the Holy Name of Jesus was preached by Father James A. Doonan, of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, who, at the close of his eloquent discourse, after describing the life and death of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, adverted to the perpetuation of the Sacred Name in the splendid new temple in which his hearers were assembled, and warmly congratulated the pastor and his people on the glorious crowning of the noble work in which they had been engaged for the past nine years and more. The services closed with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, in connection with which Goch's *Tantum Ergo* was sung."

The interior of the church is two hundred and fifteen feet in length. Its vaulted and fretted ceiling bends over us from a height of one hundred feet, and boasts of a single span throughout, of seventy-six feet, pronounced by competent critics a triumph of architectural daring and strength. To secure the walls against the enormous pressure they must sustain—some of the iron girders of the roof weighing fifteen tons—they have been built ten feet thick. Nothing short of an earthquake could unsettle them. The nave is flanked by eight lofty chapels, twenty feet deep, four on either side, each destined to contain an altar, a confessional, and a Station of the Cross. Above them we behold cloistered galleries of the same depth, which are probably to be devoted to the use of the community and the students of the future college. The organ-loft, though hung at a great height, is still at least fifty feet from the ceiling. The pulpit, richly fashioned in wood, juts out from the wall just below the west transept beside the chapel of the Holy League, and is reached by a long narrow passage leading out from the sanctuary. In the east and west transept respectively,

which are twenty-three feet wide, stand the colossal altars of St. Francis Xavier and St. Ignatius. The life-size figure of the martyr St. Secundilla reposes beneath the one, and that of St. Urbanus beneath the other. Each is rendered peculiarly impressive by its massive brass candlesticks, its tall pillars, and its life-size painting of the saint. In a niche at the summit of St. Francis Xavier's altar, stands a statue of his patron, St. Francis of Assisi; while St. Ignatius' altar bears a statue of St. Ignatius himself.

The grand sanctuary is, of course, the most imposing portion of the church. A short distance within the railing, which bends round so as to enclose the transept altars, a flight of three steps leads to the main floor. This is forty-five feet in width by sixty in depth, a lavish allowance of room which admits of all the church ceremonies being carried out to perfection. A rich Wilton carpet, of a warm red color, relieved by interwoven black vine-leaves and branches, covers the floor, and the same pattern will afterwards be used for the side-chapels. The red makes a very restful contrast to the chaste white of walls and ceiling. The main altar is thirty feet wide at the base and rises to a height of sixty-seven feet. It is at present of wood, and cost some twelve thousand dollars; but is the same in design as it will be when of marble, when it will cost seventy-five thousand dollars. The whole altar is of a unique design and of singular solidity. Beneath the altar proper, we see the figure of "St. Eleutherius, Martyr, a boy." The tabernacle rises into a lofty dome; the upper half contains a revolving repository, in one side of which rests the crucifix, and in the other the massive ostensorium. Great brass candlesticks and candelabra flash in the sunlight. The centre of the reredos holds a picture of the Presentation, a copy of that which adorns the main altar of the Gesù in Rome. Above the picture stands a heroic-sized figure of our Savior. On either side of the reredos are sturdy pillars, one above another; while the summit is rounded off into an arch broken at the middle to give way to the cross. The gilded sanctuary lamp is a rare piece of intricate workmanship, and measures three feet in diameter. On the sides of the sanctuary, arched recesses open in, facing the body of the church, for the chapels of our Lady and St. Joseph. The pews of the church will accommodate twelve hundred persons; while about three thousand more could find standing room in the aisles and side-chapels. Though the general plan of the church is modelled on the Gesù in Rome, the main altar is vastly more majestic, and several of Ours who have been in

Rome do not hesitate to extend this praise to the whole church.

The exterior dimensions of the new church may be briefly given. The extreme length is two hundred and fifty-two feet and a half, and its extreme width one hundred and twenty-two feet. The point of the roof is one hundred and thirty-seven feet in height, and that of the central arch of the front gable, hollowed out to hold at some future time a statue of our Lord, reaches a height of one hundred and fifty-five feet. The towers which rise on either corner of the front of the building are each two hundred and sixteen feet high. The church is built in the Roman style of architecture, of pressed brick trimmed with white-painted iron. The appearance is, as a whole, odd and striking, but at the same time impresses the beholder with a sense of massive grandeur. Seen from the tower of the new City Hall, the highest structure in Philadelphia, it is the most striking figure in the whole city, rising like a veritable giant, head and shoulders above the vast area of buildings round about it.

Father Villiger came out to this part of the city twenty years ago with Father Ciampi, and found it a sparsely settled, rural place, where farmers were grazing their cattle, and where on his sick-calls he frequently had to scale the fences and chase the flocks of geese from his path. Here on the northern slope of Green Hill, where Seventeenth and Stiles streets were supposed to intersect, he purchased an ample square of land, and began the erection of a temporary chapel. Green-Spring Creek ran across one corner of the square and had to be first filled in. This done, the chapel was built on its site, the northern, eastern, and western sides of the square being reserved for the new college and church, which, even at so remote a date, Father Villiger had projected down to the smallest details. Many a head was shaken doubtfully at the project, and prophets of ill were not wanting to scout it as visionary. They asked their pastor when the new church would be opened; for he always told them that he designed the first chapel only as a prelude to a magnificent basilica. He answered them: "In twenty years," and on the 2nd of last December he had kept his promise to the very day.

ALASKA.

Extract of a letter from Fr. Robaut.

⁽¹⁾ KOSORIFFSKY, June 16, 1888.

REVEREND FATHER,
P. C.

Since the tragical death of Most Rev. Archbishop Seghers, I can scarcely determine myself to write anything at all to any one. Obedience alone forces me to do so; hence I will now give you a brief account of my station or district. It is nearly three hundred miles from Fr. Tosi, and five hundred miles from Fr. Ragaru, whose company I have enjoyed for a few days; for they hurried down to me, first Fr. Tosi, then Fr. Ragaru, on small miners' boats, intending to take the steamer from my place to Redoubt, which they did a few days ago. They decided that they both would go down to get news and that I should stay at my post to attend to the building which is about to be put up. I will be brief now, but I intend to write more next September.

When Fr. Tosi started last year for the other world (for Alaska, or the Yukon, is indeed another world), I was pretty sick from a felon on my thumb, which lasted very long; I was not able to say Mass for two whole months. I waited in St. Michael's for all the ships, to see if any one might be willing to take the bishop's body down; but as no one would do it, I buried it down there in a corner of the Russian graveyard *ad interim*, then started up to Anvik, about eight hundred miles from Redoubt (by the river), together with two Protestant ministers, who, having bought a good house, went to settle there, opening a little school, etc. I stopped there over a month, but could scarcely put my nose out of the house on account of the mosquitoes, which are so abundant that you might cut them in the atmosphere with a knife, as you would cut a piece of butter on a plate. There is no rest day or night. During my stay there, the Indians, who number about one hundred and fifty in that village, liked me pretty well; not so the ministers. When the steamer came up on her second trip, I decided to get aboard and go up to Nuklukayat, where I might have a chance to meet Fr. Tosi or some other father, and so get some news for action. I went up there in fact, and, to my

⁽¹⁾ *Kasarofski* is the spelling found in Cath. Directory.

great surprise and wonder, I welcomed FF. Tosi and Ragaru on the 1st of September. I had not expected them before the middle of October, or rather I doubted if they would reach Nuklukayat at all. I thought surely they would have to winter above at the mines. As soon as they arrived there we had a meeting together in which we decided to separate. Fr. Ragaru, who was very much exhausted, remained there, Fr. Tosi would go to Nulato, and I was to retrace my steps to Anvik; which plan we carried out.

I took along with me the brother and two boys of a Nuklukayat trader, who had been raised in Anvik, and who consequently knew that language well; but it was a terrible blunder of mine, they nearly cost me my life; and besides I have entirely lost my time, and lost, I might say, the Indians whom I had so easily gained before when I was alone. At Christmas I thought surely I should not see New Year's day; I told the brother to break up our boat for my coffin and to take me up to Nulato with sled and dogs as soon as the roads would be passable. I don't know what good soul prevented me from dying, for I was so glad to go and rejoin my most venerated and beloved companion and father. In less than a week I was, to my great astonishment, up and well, entirely out of danger. But, partly on account of my own incapacity, and almost wholly on account of my boys' stupidity and great meanness, my presence has been more hurtful to the Indians than my absence would have been. Besides, I was as poor and destitute of everything as a mouse, whilst the ministers were well provided; and to these Indians, the man who gives the most is the best. So, considering everything, I thought it was a good deal better to give up that place and come down fifty miles below, where I knew, from last year, that there was a larger village, with better Indians, and with a much better prospect than at Anvik. Therefore, as soon as I thought it prudent to travel, which was on the 23d of October, I started for Kosoriffsky, where I was received with open arms by the Indians, who had been urging me the whole winter to come down to them; nay, they themselves, when they heard that I would come, sent me three sleds with eighteen dogs to take me. Since that time I have been here with them and feel most happy.

There are here from two hundred to two hundred and fifty souls never moving from the village the whole year long, more peaceful and good than you would ever imagine. Twenty miles below, there is another village of about three hundred souls, many of whom are children; about twenty-five miles above, there is another village containing from

fifty to seventy persons ; about four miles below this place, is the mouth of Chageluk River, on which we found five villages, one is pretty large ; and fifty miles above, as I said before, is Anvik. Now all these villages are for me.

The Russian priest, who is a half-breed, or rather a pure Indian, as many think him to be, has moved heaven and earth to prevent me from settling here. He sent his deacon, came himself several times, threatened me and the Indians, and tried even by force to take away the pictures and medals I had given them ; but all his efforts were vain and useless, no one would side with him, all told him to his face, at the end of a long speech he had made to them, that he had better shut up, pack up and go, that no one would listen to him. It is useless, of course, to add that he slandered me in every possible way and told all kinds of lies about me, telling them, for instance, that I was not a priest, that I would not stop with them, but would soon leave them as all the others had done before in Nulato and Nuklukayat, where several priests and two bishops, with several Protestant ministers had been, but no one had remained. All of this is very true about that place, and the Indians told us plainly, if we also should leave these missions, not to dare to come any more to them ; and so all these missions would be lost forever and we would be laughed at by the people. The same Russian priest also tried to rebaptize a baby I had myself baptized, saying that my baptism was not good ; but he could not succeed, the Indians took away the child and hid him. After this he sent me word to go down to the mouth of Chageluk River, where he was at the time with a few of my Indians, who were fishing there. Fr. Tosi was here when I got the news ; I wrote down a few words in a most polite way begging him to accept my excuses for not being able to move from my place for the moment, but inviting him to come up himself to me, that he would be welcome at my house. After my short note Fr. Tosi wrote another one, but in a very different style (*era proprio coi fiocchi*) ; we sent it to him right away by the same Indian express ; but cunning as he is, fearing probably I would really go down, he did not wait for me, but, as soon as the express was out of sight, he took his boat and sailed down to his mission as fast as he could, so that he did not get my letter at the time. Were I a poet or humorist, I might write a most beautiful romance about this Russian priest whose mission is a hundred and fifty miles below mine. He is a trader and nothing else ; he baptizes all the people, sells them crosses for skins, and that's all his priestly work. His Indians, if you except the baptism he administers them, are

mere pagans; they don't know the very first elements of Christian religion, not even the Sign of the Cross; and he pretends that all these Indians as far up as Nulato belong to him and to the Russian Church, because he has baptized them. I might say a good deal more about this priest, but it is better to pass over the rest in silence. Should he be the first to write and publish anything against me, then I will come out.

When the roads are good I can reach in one day the farthest village, Anvik, where the Protestants are now, and Chageluk on the other side. All these Indians are not only willing, but most anxious to give me all their children if we open a school, and I think we could begin right away with a hundred children, if we could get a contract school with the American government. The sisters, who are ready to come at any time from Victoria, and who, I hope, are by this time at St. Michael's, are necessary for this enterprise, and to get rid of the Protestants above and even the Russians below. At two days' journey from here, there is a very large village of over three hundred Indians. If the Russians do not send a priest to them, another father could easily reside there. There would be very easy communication with the priest residing in Kosoriffsky, and around that village many others are to be found, who could easily be attended to by the same fathers. But the Russian arch-priest from San Francisco told us last year he intended to send one of his priests to the said place, Kuskoquim River. We shall see. Down on the coast there are thousands and thousands of Indians, as good as nature could ever make them, who have never been visited by anybody. There is no other way of travelling here except either by water, in the summer, or with snow-shoes or sled and dogs, in winter. For my part I am not a lover of sled and dogs. I got enough of it last winter. Sometimes I would have drowned both dogs and sled, had it been in my power; but of course we must get used to it. We ought to have our own good teams and then we would be all right.

I say nothing now about the archbishop, as I intend to write again when I shall have heard news from below. Up to the present I have only the prayers and a little catechism made in this language. I had forgotten to say that all the fathers who are destined to Alaska should know something about medicine if they want to do good. As you already know, we have no communication at all with the rest of the world except once a year, towards the end of June or in the beginning of July, when the Fur Company steamers arrive at St. Michael's with their provisions for the Yukon. Since

I left the Rocky Mountains, I have not heard a word about either America or Europe, or any other place, except a few things that Fr. Tosi told me. I recommend myself to your prayers and holy sacrifices.

Your servant in Christ,
A. ROBAUT, S. J.

Our address is: St. Michael's Post on the Yukon, Alaska Territory (North America), *via* San Francisco.

THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART AND THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

Rev. Fr. Provincial has recently addressed a circular to the province exhorting Ours to labor strenuously for the Holy League and its organ *The Messenger*. The account we subjoin will give some idea of what is being done by the Holy League, and will, we hope, incite all to help on the good work.

With the constant growth in size and wider circulation of the periodicals issued from the office of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, and with the great and ever-increasing diffusion of the other publications of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer, it has been found necessary to remove the editorial rooms and business offices to a more central part of the city of Philadelphia. For this purpose, an entire second floor has been providentially secured in the building next the well-known establishment of the *Daily Evening Telegraph*, and immediately adjoining the offices of McLaughlin Bros. Co., where the printing of the periodicals is now done, No. 114 South Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Three years ago, the *Messenger*, then entering on its majority—it was beginning its twenty-first year—took a new flight. Its aspirations have been fulfilled in a measure; and from eking out a bare subsistence it has come to a fair prospect of prosperity.

Its increasing circulation has been made use of to enlarge greatly the number and improve the style of its pages, so that with the coming year it will bear comparison with the better class of secular magazines of the same price. When it is remembered how large a circulation these enjoy, it will

be seen what sincere efforts are being made to render the work deserving of the support of the Catholic reading public.

The fact that the Society is willing to set apart a number of its men for the sole purpose of carrying on such a work is not without significance. It is now two hundred years since our Lord expressed his will that the Society should use its influence in starting up everywhere the devotion to his Sacred Heart. From the beginning, also, it had been a special aim of the Society to use the power of the press in bringing before the minds of men the true meaning, the motives and urgent claims, of Christ's religion! This has by no means been limited to theological works designed for the thoughtful and the studious alone. 'Flying leaves and pamphlets, touching on every point of Christian devotion and appealing to every class of reader, have been issued from the houses of the Society for more than three hundred years. It would be strange if, sooner or later, a religious order of this kind should not make use of the magazine, with its regular instalments of interest and edification, for the same purpose. The chain of *Messengers of the Sacred Heart* that now girdles the world will show what has been the blessing of God on this movement.

The interests of the *Messenger* are, of course, intimately bound up with those of the *Apostleship of Prayer* and the sodalities of the Blessed Virgin, of which it is the organ. It is impossible for intelligent or lasting work to be done in either of these great devotions without some such representative of public information and direction. Much of the lamentable confusion that now exists in regard to both would have been avoided if this fact had been properly recognized. A good idea of what the *Messenger* has been doing herein for the last three years may be gathered from recent summaries in its mid-monthly *Pilgrim*. Seventy archbishops and bishops of the United States have given their approbation for its establishment in their respective dioceses, many of their letters containing gracious words of encouragement and their episcopal blessing on the work; 444 local centres have been aggregated up to November 1888; that is, the American Head Director has signed and sent to various parishes and communities that number of Diplomas of Aggregation, with an equal number of Local Directors' Diplomas, 888 in all. Of these, 8 were for ecclesiastical seminaries, 20 for colleges, 48 for other schools, 2 for sodalities of the Blessed Virgin, and 183 for convents. The 203 others were for parish churches, amongst which are numbered several cathedrals. The area covered represents 62 dioceses, in 39 states and territories.

The great majority of these centres have shown by their reports that the League is no idle work or mere "joining" society in their midst. They prove that just as the League is adapted to all places, so its practices may be taken up by all persons alike. Several bishops even personally direct its working in their own cathedrals.

Among the different religious orders and congregations of men, the League enjoys the labors, as local directors, of Augustinians, Basilians, Benedictines, Carmelites, Dominicans, Franciscans, Fathers of the Holy Cross, Jesuits, Lazarists, Fathers of Mary, Fathers of Mercy, Oblates, Passionists, Paulists, Redemptorists, Sanguinists, Fathers of the Sacred Heart, Servites, Sulpicians, Fathers of St. Viator. Also, the Christian Brothers, the Franciscan Brothers, the Brothers of Mary, the Brothers of the Sacred Heart, and the Xaverian Brothers are among the active promoters of the League.

The communities of religious women where local centres have been established include convents of the Carmelite Nuns, Sisters of St. Benedict, Sisters of St. Dominic, of St. Francis, the various Sisters of Charity (of St. Vincent de Paul, of St. Augustin, St. Elizabeth, of the Blessed Virgin Mary), Franciscans of the Perpetual Adoration, Sisters of the Good Shepherd, of the Holy Child Jesus, of the Holy Cross, of the Humility of Mary, of the Immaculate Heart, of St. Joseph, of St. Joseph of the Immaculate Conception, Loretto Sisters, Sisters of St. Mary, of Mercy, of Nazareth, of Notre Dame, of the Precious Blood, Presentation Sisters and Sisters of Providence, Ladies of the Sacred Heart, Servite Sisters, Ursulines, Nuns of the Visitation, and others. Many of these communities, having their general superiors in this country, have granted to the Holy League a full participation in all their merits, prayers, and good works. They have thus swelled largely the list of religious orders and congregations which had already entered into this generous communication with our universal League.

The Promoters whose names have been recorded in the register at the American Head Centre, as having received the official Diploma and Indulged Cross, now number nearly 2000.

The monthly Rosary and Calendar Tickets are now issued for more than 13,000 Bands, that is, for over 200,000 associates of the League who practise its Second Degree, and are in full communion of its union of mutual prayer and good works.

Sodality of the Blessed Virgin.—Sodalities seem to grow proportionately with the spread of the devotion to the

Sacred Heart as practised by the League. In many parishes the League has shown the necessity of a sodality for those who desire to form together a public association, making special profession of piety. Thus, where before neither League nor Sodality existed, the Sodality soon followed after the establishment of the League.

Our record shows that 248 sodalities of the Blessed Virgin have been erected and affiliated to the Roman *Prima Primaria*, thus gaining a title to its indulgences. None but those acquainted with the formalities required can appreciate the amount of work this number of affiliations has entailed.

The sodalities erected, exclusively for men, number 21; those for young men, 42; for boys, 20; for married women, 31; for young women, 62; for girls, 40. The remaining 32 were for persons of both sexes and all ages.

Bona Mors Association.—The work of transmitting applications to the Very Reverend Father General of the Society of Jesus for diplomas of affiliation to the Roman Primary for the Bona Mors associations, is also done in the *Messenger* office. The formalities to be observed are similar to those for the Blessed Virgin's Sodality. Diplomas canonically erecting and affiliating the Bona Mors Association have been obtained for 11 churches. They entitle all persons, irrespective of age and sex, to be enrolled. The patron, as usual where there is question of a happy death, has always been St. Joseph.

ESTABLISHMENTS OF THE LEAGUE.

The fathers connected with the *Messenger* have been pretty busily employed during these years in founding the League, as the following items will show.

A Sunday is previously chosen for the purpose, and on that day the League is explained at all the Masses, at Sunday-school and sodality meetings, and, where possible, an evening sermon is given on the practice of devotion to the Sacred Heart by the Apostleship of Prayer of the League. The essential part of all—the starting and organizing of the lay promoters of the work—is completed during the day. The same occasion is often taken for side-foundations in communities and schools.

Fr. Dewey has thus established the League in person at St. Malachy's, the Assumption, the Sacred Heart, St. Elizabeth's, St. James', St. Philip's, St. Charles', St. Stephen's, Visitation, in the city of Philadelphia; St. Leo's, Tacony; St. Joachim's, at Frankford; St. Dominic's, Holmesburg; St. John's, Manayunk; St. Peter's, and St. Paul's, Jersey

City; Sacred Heart and St. Stephen's, New York; Gate of Heaven and St. Mary's, Boston; St. Mary's, Waltham; St. John's, Baltimore. He has also spoken at St. Francis', and St. Charles', Philadelphia; at St. John's College, Fordham; Georgetown College, Georgetown Convent, Woodstock College; Notre Dame Convent, Sacred Heart Convent, and Convent of Mercy, Philadelphia; St. Ignatius', and Carmelite Convent, Baltimore; Boston College, Good Shepherd Convent, Boston; and the Convent of Mercy, New York.

Fr. Brady personally established the League at Sts. Peter and Paul's Church, and the Convent of Mercy, Towanda, Pa.; St. Thomas', Ivy Mills; Nativity B. V. M., Media; St. Mary's, Catasauqua; St. Martin's, New Hope; Blessed Sacrament, Bally; St. Joseph's, Hanover; Sacred Heart, Conewago; St. Aloysius', New Oxford; Immaculate Heart, Paradise; St. Mary's, Lancaster; St. Mary's, Bordentown; St. Ambrose's, Schuylkill Haven; St. Joseph's, Summit Hill; St. Joseph's Convent, Chestnut Hill; Sacred Heart Convent, Eden Hall; St. Joseph's Convent, McSherrystown; Convent of Mercy, Bordentown; Sisters of Charity, Lancaster; St. Ann's Widows' Asylum, Phila.; St. Joachim's, Holmesburg (renewal). He has also spoken, at the *Reception of Promoters*, at St. Joachim's, Holmesburg; Sacred Heart Convent, Eden Hall; Sacred Heart Church, and St. James', Phila.; St. Thomas', Ivy Mills; Nativity B. V. M., Media; and, at the *Reception of Badges*, at St. Francis', Sacred Heart, St. Elizabeth's, Phila.; St. Joachim's, Frankford; and at St. Malachy's, Phila. at the unveiling of the statue of the Sacred Heart. All these places are in the State of Pennsylvania.

Fr. Buckley has established the League at Cathedral, N. Y.; Cathedral, Portland; Cathedral, Trenton; Immaculate Conception, Boston; St. Mary's, New Britain, Conn.; St. Thomas', Woodbury, Md.; St. Michael's, Phila. He has also spoken on the League at Holy Cross College, Worcester; Notre Dame Convent, Roxbury, Mass.; Good Shepherd, Boston; Cathedral school, N. Y.; St. John's, Manayunk, Pa.; and Notre Dame Convent, Govanstown, Md.

The register of the local League at the Gesù, in Philadelphia, Pa., shows a total membership of nearly 19,000 in that city. Of these, 12,279 belong to the 2nd Degree, or that entailing the daily recitation of a decade of the Rosary; while some 6195 belong to the 3rd Degree, or weekly or monthly Communion of Reparation. Of the latter, 1067 men and 5128 women make the monthly Communion, and 67 men and 597 women the weekly Communion. The Promoters, or those who start and direct Rosary Bands, number 520, the men numbering 74; two are colored women, and,

marvellous yet true! one is blind and another bedridden; fifteen have entered convents of eight different orders, and three have gone to the ecclesiastical seminary.

OBITUARY.

FR. JOSEPH TADINI.

Father Tadini was born in Piedmont on March 19, in the year 1816. Little is known of his life before his entrance into the Society, except that he had embraced the career of a secular priest, and as such was received into the novitiate in 1853. During his noviceship, the cholera visited Italy, and Fr. Tadini showed great heroism in attending the sick and dying. Obligated by the severity of the laws against the Society to leave Italy, Fr. Tadini came to America, where, as he belonged to the province of Turin, he joined the mission of that province in California and the Rocky Mountains, and arrived in Santa Clara about the year 1857.

Having taught philosophy at Santa Clara for about a year, he was sent to the Rocky Mountains, where, for ten years, he labored in company with Fr. Mengarini, Joset, Goetz, and others of the first companions of Fr. De Smet. He then returned to California, and taught philosophy in St. Ignatius' College till about the year 1878, when superiors transferred him from this office and allowed him to pass the evening of his days in the duties of the ministry.

On Monday, November 19, Fr. Tadini said Mass for the last time. He was, it is true, far from well, but there were no indications that the end was so near. On the evening of Wednesday the 21st, the doctor made his usual visit, but, finding his patient asleep, did not wish to disturb him. The following morning the infirmarian visited him at 5.30 and brought him a cup of black coffee that he had asked for. He drank it eagerly, and then lay down again. Suddenly he began to breathe heavily. His neighbor, Fr. Varsi, was called, and came just in time to give the last absolution.

Thus, on November 22, 1888, in the 73rd year of his age, Fr. Tadini passed away. Little remains to be said by way of panegyric. His soul was eminently a simple soul; his life, a hidden life. The number of penitents that mourn his loss proves, however, that it was not a useless life; and one had but to draw him into conversation to discover that his simplicity was the fruit of holiness. For several years he was in charge of the library of St. Ignatius' College, and, for the care and discretion he used in increasing it, he has earned the gratitude of the community. He was for a considerable time chaplain to St. Rose's Convent, and he used to prepare his sermons for the nuns with great diligence. He would never think of preaching unless his sermon had previously been corrected, as regards its diction, by a competent authority, and consequently he

became a very good English scholar. But, although he overcame the difficulties of style, he never thoroughly mastered the pronunciation, and so his labor was often thrown away. Fr. Tadini was a great student. He was continually in the library. His knowledge of the history of Europe, during the present century, was most extensive, and any efforts to draw it out of him were richly rewarded. His body lies in the burial place of the Society at Santa Clara.—R. I. P.

FR. PETER BARCELÓ.

(From the *Revista Catolica.*)

Fr. Peter Barceló, whose death we announced in our last number, was born in the State of Sonora, Mexico, on the first of August, 1838. When quite young, he entered our college at Santa Clara, Cal., where he won the reputation of a brilliant scholar. He entered the Society of Jesus on the 9th of Sept., 1861. After his course of philosophy, he spent some years in his *Alma Mater*, teaching mathematics and other sciences. Soon afterwards, he was sent to Woodstock to study theology, and was ordained priest in 1870. On his return to the college of Santa Clara, he was appointed professor of philosophy and higher mathematics. In 1877, he was sent as missionary to the Rocky Mountains, and he was allotted for the field of his apostolic labors the tribe of the Indians called Crow-foot, with whom he stayed until, his strength being exhausted, and his health broken down, he was called by his superior to Spokane Falls. There he did much for the good of souls, and there it was that a death precious in the sight of God crowned the apostolic labors and the eminent virtues of this worthy son of St. Ignatius.—R. I. P.

MR. WILLIAM F. MCGINN.

Mr. Wm. F. McGinn died in St. Ignatius' College, Chicago, Aug. 4, 1888. Although he had been quite sick for several weeks, most of the time unable to leave his room or even his bed, yet he had passed the crisis, and was thought by his physician to be recovering. His death therefore was an unlooked for event and a decided shock to all.

Mr. McGinn was born in Chicago, Aug. 11, 1862. After spending some time at a parochial school, he was sent to St. Ignatius' College. At first he entered the commercial course and went with ease and success through its classes. Suddenly he quit the commercial to begin the classical course, and applied himself with even greater earnestness to his studies. Always at the head of his classes, and distinguished by a winning gaiety, an unaffected piety and affability towards all, he was very popular with his fellow students as well as with his professors. In Sept. 1882, at the age of twenty, he was admitted to the novitiate of the Society at Florissant. As a novice he was marked by the same quiet yet winning and sterling qualities as at college, only in a much higher degree. In his second year of novice life he was made manufacturer of the novices. In Sept. 1884, having taken his vows, he began his two years of study in the juniorate. In the second of these two years he met with an accident that occasioned

him three years of suffering and prepared his system for the disease that caused his death. From that time he began to be unwell and was obliged to lie down very often to get some relief. Yet his superior was loth to give to another the office whose duties he discharged so faithfully. He himself used to say that there was something broken inside. Though suffering severely and getting only occasional relief, he dragged out the year studying as well as he could.

He was then sent to Woodstock. There too he cloaked his suffering under a cheerful smile, and went bravely on. As he showed no exterior signs of illness, few if any among his companions knew how much he suffered. He became weak and wasted, and superiors feared he was falling into a decline. He studied faithfully when able to do so, and all that were intimate with him saw that under more favorable circumstances he would have made an exceptionally brilliant course.

Towards the end of April, 1888, he was called from Woodstock to Chicago to be near his father who was then dying. In a short time he was given something to attend to besides reading his philosophy.

Early every morning, and late every afternoon, he went from the college to the residence of the Sacred Heart to teach a class of lads who wished to enter the college the following September. He showed a readiness for work and a marked interest in his little class, most of whom persevered and were prepared for the Second Academic class. Thus far his residence in Chicago, and his native air seemed to be a boon to him. He was steadily improving, and hoped to do full work the following year. But about the middle of June he was suddenly confined to his bed with a long and tedious fever, which finally revealed itself as a form of typhoid, accompanied by inflammation of the bowels. After the crisis was past, hope was entertained of his speedy improvement and recovery; but his system had become so wasted that all recuperative power was gone. A change for the worse took place on the 2nd of August, an acute attack of peritonitis supervened, and on the afternoon of the 4th, whilst the prayers for the dying were being recited, he peacefully passed away.

Mr. McGinn was a thorough religious. He was faithful and exact in performing every duty. Above all, he had a universal kindness and charity. Of few men in or out of the Society can it be truly said, "Never was he known to offend." Yet this is literal truth with regard to Mr. McGinn. Quite as remarkable, though not so manifest, was his patience. He never complained. Others complained for him, sometimes warmly, but he always held his peace. He appreciated highly and remembered gratefully any little service no matter how slight. That he would have been, with life and health, an exceedingly valuable man in the Society, is the opinion of those competent to judge. But the will of his Master seems to have been, that his virtue should be perfected in suffering. *Consummatus in brevi explevit tempora multa.*—R. I. P.

VARIA.

Alaska, Abp. Seghers.—As so much has been said in our Alaska letters about the sad death of Abp. Seghers of the diocese of Vancouver Island and of Alaska, it is fitting that the final interment also be recorded. It will be remembered that the archbishop was assassinated near Nulato on the Yukon, A. T., on Nov. 26, 1886. He was buried temporarily at Fort St. Michael on July 6, 1887, disinterred and taken aboard U. S. S. *Thetis* on Sept. 11, 1888, and on the 14th of last November his remains were received with solemn pomp at Victoria. The prompt action of the U. S. Consul at Victoria in securing orders from Washington for the transfer of the remains, and the respectful manner in which Captain Emory of the *Thetis* carried out these instructions will be gratefully remembered by Bp. Lemmens (the new bishop of Victoria) and the people of the diocese of Vancouver Island. As the remains left the *Thetis* for Victoria in one of the ship's cutters, the stars and stripes were placed at half-mast, and as the funeral procession of boats passed H. M. S. *Espeigle*, the British ensign was lowered to half-mast and a detachment of marines stood on the quarter-deck presenting arms. The bell on board the *Thetis* kept tolling mournfully all the while, and the flags on all the other steamers passed in the harbor were lowered. The funeral took place on the next day from the pro-cathedral. Abp. Gross of Portland, Oregon, celebrated the solemn Requiem Mass, and Bp. Brondel of Montana preached. The other prelates present were Bp. Lemmens of Vancouver Island, Bp. Junger of Vancouver, W. T., and Bp. Durieu of New Westminster, B. C.

Austria, Innsbruck.—Mr. Bechtel was ordained subdeacon on Nov. 24, deacon on Nov. 30, and priest on Dec. 2, at Feldkirch, by the Rt. Rev. John M. Zobl, Bishop of Evaria and Coadjutor to the bishop of Brixen. He celebrated his first Mass at the high altar of the university church on the feast of St. Francis Xavier. All the American scholastics and nearly all the American seminarians were present in the sanctuary. After Mass Fr. Bechtel gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament according to the Tyrolese rite. At 9 A. M. on the same day, the scholastics held an *academia* in honor of Fr. Bechtel, during which Mr. O'Connor read a Latin poem, Mr. Moynihan, one in French, Mr. Opitz, the poet of the Austrian Province, in German, and Mr. Gasson in English.—Fr. J. N. Mayr, Rector of our college at Mariaschein in Bohemia and former Rector of Innsbruck, has received the Order of Leo from the pope, on account of his earnest and successful endeavors to have the pope's jubilee fittingly celebrated in Austria.—In the seminary there are 157 students. Among these are one prince, four knights, two barons, one count, ten Benedictines, three Cistercians, five Premonstratensians, four Teutonic knights, and one member of the Order of St. John of God. In addition to these there are 134 seculars, representing 63 dioceses. The lectures are also attended by 32 Jesuits, 2 Franciscans, 2 Cistercians, 5 Premonstratensians, 3 Benedictines,

9 Servites and 67 seculars. — All the American scholastics have preached in the refectory, and the consequence has been that nearly every one desires to learn English. They are promised plenty of willing pupils next vacation. — The university catalogue for the present year contains, in the faculty of theology, the names of 14 Jesuits. Eight of these are *ordinary* professors, two are *extraordinary* professors, and four are *privat doctentes*. Fr. Stentrup is the dean of the faculty. Professor Gustav Bickell, who lectures on Semitic languages, is the only secular priest in the faculty of theology.

Vienna.—The advent conferences in Vienna last year, for the educated gentlemen of the Austrian capital, were preached by Fr. Vincent Kolb, S. J. They were given in St. Peter's Church on Mondays and Thursdays at 7 P. M. The subject was "Christianity and the Mistakes of Modern Philosophy."—Fr. Stephen Raschner with four lay-brothers has gone to the Australian Mission.

Belgium, Miracle of Fr. Beckx.—A letter from Holland relates it as follows: A sick woman prayed to St. John Berchmans to cure her. He appeared to her and said: "Do not pray to me, but to this father," pointing to a venerable father standing by his side, "he will cure you." The sick woman prayed to the father without knowing him and was cured. She was shown pictures of our saints and asked whether she recognized him who had cured her. She did not. But when a photograph of Fr. Beckx was shown, she immediately exclaimed: "That is he! He has cured me!"—*Fr. Pfister.*

Actus publicus.—A Scholastic of Enghien, Francis Hendrichs, on July 25, 1888, gave a public act, in which he defended 121 theses de *universa philosophia*. His theses were dedicated to the bishop of Tournay.

Books.—The following reprints of works of Fr. Dirckinck are announced by the scholastics of Uclès as soon to appear: *Horologium Spirituale Scholasticorum*, S. J.; *Horologium Excitatorium*.

Père Mercier is preparing a life of P. de Plas. He was recently at Brest to collect information.

Father L. Li has written an explanation of the *Salve Regina* in Chinese, in 12mo, 54 pages.

Les Etudes had 4004 subscribers on Sept. 1.

J. Bucceroni, S. J., *Commentarius in Constitutionem Benedicti XIV., Sacramentum Pœnitentiæ*, Editio Altera.

Gesù Cristo Verbo Incarnato, Considerazioni, per Ruggero Freddi, S. J.

The 5th Edition of Fr. Lehmkuhl's *Moral Theology* is out.

Fr. Heinzele has published in neat pamphlet form his translation of Fr. Cathrein's papers on the Land Question. The pamphlet bears the title: "The Champions of Agrarian Socialism." The publisher is Peter Paul, Buffalo.

Sur La Tension Electrique, par le Père Joseph Delsaulx, S. J., Professeur au Collège de la Compagnie de Jésus à Louvain.

Fr. Hagen has begun a series of articles in the *Stimmen* on the progress of astronomy during the last decade.

Fr. Plenkens tells, in the *Stimmen*, the history of the conversion of Anne of Denmark, wife of King James I. Queen Anne was converted in Scotland by Father Abercromby of our Society. Fr. Plenkens holds that her apostasy, after she had become Queen of England, is not proved, though asserted by many Protestants.

Differential and Integral Calculus, by Rev. Joseph Bayma, S. J., Professor of

Mathematics at Santa Clara College; 250 pp., 12 mo, San Francisco, A. Waldteufel.

Fr. Palmieri is engaged in the work of publishing the manuscripts of Fr. Ballerini.

The Spiritual Works of St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, S. J. have been published in Spanish at Barcelona. They consist of three volumes 12mo, each volume about 800 pages.

Fr. Adolphus Petit, S. J. has just published at Brussels, "Sacros Rite Instructus piis exercitationibus menstruæ recollectionis," 12mo, 286 pp.

La Prédication (grands maîtres et grandes lois) par le R. P. Longhaye, S. J., 8vo.

Vie du Père F. X. Gautrelet, S. J., par le P. Burnichon, un volume in 18, orné d'un portrait.

Boston, Mass.—Fr. Fulton has already received \$25,000 to aid him in carrying out a plan recently set before the Catholics of Boston. The plan includes an addition to the college, a Catholic high-school (for graduates of the parochial schools), and a building for the Young Men's Catholic Association. The total cost is estimated at \$125,000 and the work is expected to begin in the spring. The sum mentioned above was contributed at one day's meetings, in response to an appeal from Fr. Fulton.

Brazil, College of Itù.—Fr. R. M. Galanti writes as follows: "In my last communication I told you something about the small-pox, which was then raging in this town. We thought we were already out of danger and free from fear, but our trial was just coming on. About the middle of September a servant fell sick and small-pox appeared. He was removed, but, perhaps, too late. A second and a third servant also fell, and soon a few boys were attacked. There was no other means of preventing further disaster than to close the college. Accordingly, in a few days, the students were sent home in the best manner possible under the circumstances. Still, in order to assist such as had to stand their examination for the university, Fr. Rector told them they could go to St. Paul, where a house and a few teachers would be provided for them by October 15. We had just arrived in St. Paul when, on the 13th, two fathers arrived from Europe. One of them (Fr. Collangeli) was so sick that he could not proceed to Itù, and on the 20th he died of yellow fever, which he had taken at Rio Janeiro. The other (Fr. Chiari), who seemed then very well, went to Itù, but he also died suddenly on the 19th, also of yellow fever. But our trials were not to stop here. After a few days a boy fell sick, and he also died within a week. Next, a fire broke out one night in the college, threatening total destruction. Happily it was soon put out, and the damage was not very great. Nor is that all. Fr. Nardi, who had spent the last fifteen years teaching music in the college with a rare zeal and diligence, being sent to Nova Friburgo in order to prepare for the feast at the end of the year, arrived there unwell, fell sick, and died within a few days. Still, as we are doing God's work, we have no reason to be discouraged. God will help us, no doubt. The college has lost very much in money, but nothing in its reputation; since all have approved and applauded the measures we have taken in these trying circumstances. We therefore have every reason to hope for a sufficient number of boys next year. The college will be opened again on the 20th of February, and in due time I shall tell you what our position will be. Meanwhile, several fathers are preaching missions in different parts of this province, and they are doing a marked deal of good.

The result of our examinations, both in St. Paul and in other places, has been splendid, and perhaps better than in any other year.—The college of Nova Friburgo is going on very well, although there too they had to fight this year with several diseases, chiefly with measles.”

California.—Dr. Wall, father of Bernard Wall, S. J., who died last year during his noviceship, visited the novitiate at Los Gatos, where his old friend Fr. Mans is master of novices, and determined to erect there, in memory of his son, a chapel dedicated to our Lady of Lourdes. The building is to be commenced immediately.

Canada, Letter from Fr. F. X. Renaud, Jan. 29, 1889.—“There was a rumor afloat that the Holy Father had given one half of the *Biens des Jésuites* to the Laval University, and the other half to us. There is nothing official in this, but we are afraid that it may turn out true. In the same rumor it was said that St. Mary’s College could give the degrees, with the exception of that of Doctor. The reason of the delay in the settlement is the following: The bill that passed at the Provincial Parliament of Quebec, allowing \$400,000 to settle the Jesuits’ claims, had to be ratified by the Federal Government. This ratification is given by the fact of the government not vetoing the bill during the year that follows its presentation to the Federal authorities. The year will expire next August. Before making the division of the \$400,000, the Sovereign Pontiff wished to make sure that the bill would not be disallowed. Consequently, the Prime Minister of the Provincial Government inquired at Ottawa as to the intentions of the Federal authorities. These refused to answer. Lately, owing to what influence I could not say, the Federal cabinet informed Hon. H. Mercier that the Jesuit bill would not be vetoed. I think the solution will soon come now, and, if I mistake not, too soon for our sake. A little delay would be better for us. At all events, up to the time of the division, the interest at four per cent is accumulating for us.

There is some hope of resuming the long course at our scholasticate next year. The number of students in our college is 300.”

China.—In the mission of Tche-li (Champagne) there are six fathers of the Society and five secular priests who are native Chinese. In the mission of Nankin (Paris) there are fifteen Chinese fathers who are Jesuits, and thirteen who are secular priests.

Colombia.—*Extracts from a letter of Fr. Caceres, from the college of St. Bartholomew, Bogota, Sept. 29, 1888.* . . . “I shall tell you mainly of the missions in which I have taken part. We set out from this place at the beginning of the present year in the direction of Santander, in the capital of which, Bucaramanga, a mission had been given the year previous with splendid results . . . During the last eight months we have been overrunning almost the whole territory (Colombia) and have given about 20 missions in the principal cities. The following are especially worthy of mention: San Gil, El Socorro (the ancient capital of Colombia), Barichára, Piedecuesta, Giron, Lebrija, Rionegra, Arboledas, Salazar. It was the old story: the harvest was plentiful but the laborers few. The bishop of Pamplona accompanied us through his entire diocese. To secure the good we had done, we established the Apostleship of Prayer for all classes; the Children of Mary for girls, and *Hermanos de San Luis* for the boys. These societies were organized with

the approval and encouragement of the Curés. Mission crosses were set up in prominent positions, both as a remembrance of the mission and as an ever present object of veneration. Our welcomes and our leave-takings were things not soon to be forgotten . . . According to the *concordat* lately established between the Holy See and Colombia, the government is to give \$100,000 annually, for the maintenance of divine service, and for the establishment and support of seminaries, missions, etc. . . . The League of the Sacred Heart is taking a strong hold in the republic."

N. B. Fr. Caceres, judging from a few words in his letter, is trying to introduce base-ball and some other American (i.e. U. States) sports to the boys of Bogota.

The Academy of Colombia held at Santa Fé de Bogota an extraordinary meeting in honor of St. Peter Claver. The archbishop, the minister of state, and a great number of persons of influence were present. The president of the republic accepted the honorary presidency, and a number of essays in honor of the saint were read.—The oldest man in the world is Michael Solis, born in 1708 and therefore 180 years old. He lives in the republic of San Salvador.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Curiosities of Literature, *Le P. Grou chez M. Cousin.*—Fr. de Bonniot in the December number of the *Etudes* has an interesting article entitled *Le P. Grou chez M. Cousin*. The famous Victor Cousin is the reputed author of a translation of Plato for which he received great praise. Fr. de Bonniot gives an ocular demonstration that Cousin's translation of the dialogues is neither more nor less than a copy of Fr. Grou's translation. *Sic vos non vobis* . . . Fr. Jean Nicolas Grou, S. J., died Dec. 13, 1803.

Fr. Claude François Milliet de Challes.—The following item comes from the novitiate at Frederick: We have in our library a translation of Euclid's Elements made into French by one of Ours and done over into English by one Reeve Williams. It is dedicated to Samuel Pepys. Considering the latter's position in literature and his some-time greatness in matters of state in England, and the fact that the book is the *first* presentation of Euclid in English, it may be worth recording that it was owing to one of Ours that the thing was possible. An abridgment of the title page reads, "The Elements of Euclid, explained and demonstrated in a new and easy method, by Claude François Milliet de Challes, a Jesuit. Done out of French by Reeve Williams, Philomath. London: printed for A. Lea, Globe-maker, at the Atlas and Hercules in Cheap-side, near Friday street, 1703." In the dedication to the "Honourable Samuel Pepys, Esq., Principal Officer of the Navy, Secretary of the Admiralty and President of the Royal Society," the translator refers to the author as "the learned de Challes," and in the translator's preface occurs the line, "our author de Challes who is well known to the Learned of this Age by his several excellent Mathematical Tracts." This preface is signed by Reeve Williams, "From my School in the Virginia Coffee-House in St. Michael's Alley in Cornhill."

Denver, Col., *College of the Sacred Heart.*—We learn from *The Highlander*, the college monthly whose first number came out in December, that this new college now numbers 135 students. Fr. Tisdall of our province is now stopping at the college and is warmly welcomed in the columns of the college paper. We find there also an account of the celebration in honor of the canonization of the Jesuit saints. We regret not having received it sooner. The celebration took place on Oct. 28, 29, 30. Bishops Macheboeuf and Matz

celebrated pontifical High Mass during the triduum; the former on Sunday and Monday, the latter on Tuesday. The celebration closed with solemn Benediction given by Rev. Fr. Marra.—Fr. Damen recently paid a visit to the college. Fr. Colle has left for Las Vegas.—The corner-stone of Fr. Guida's school in the Sacred Heart parish was laid on Thanksgiving day.—Fr. Morrison is one of the assistants in this parish.

Ecuador.—The last congress determined to ask the Holy Father to divide the Indian missions of Ecuador into four sections, three of which should depend on the Propaganda. One will be entrusted to the Dominicans who are already there and who are going to introduce Dominican sisters from France. Another will be given to the Salesian fathers of Don Bosco, who have resided at Quito for the past year. The Franciscans who have charge of a neighboring mission in Peru will have care of the third division. The Society will keep the part where our fathers are at present. They have been compelled on account of want of missionaries to give up the old reductions and to retire to the territory they now occupy. Rev. Father Tovia, Apostolic Vicar of Napo, is in Europe procuring subjects from the Apostolic Schools, and this is the sole hope of the mission. The new president shows himself a *liberal* Catholic, which does not promise well for the future. Fr. Muñoz gave the two retreats to the diocesan clergy, who were much pleased. In preceding years a considerable time of the retreat was spent in attacking Probabilism and St. Ignatius' method of prayer.—*Fr. Pfister.*

France, Our Colleges.—The number of students in our colleges in France is ever increasing. At Rue des Postes, Paris (the scientific school), every place is occupied and many have to be refused. There are now four divisions in this school, the first for those preparing for the Polytechnic, the second and third for candidates for St. Cyr, the government military school, the fourth for the lower classes.—A new building was erected last year and is now occupied by the fourth division. Père Joubert has left the college where he had taught the higher mathematics for thirty-four years. He has gone to Angers as professor of higher mathematics. Père d'Esclaibes takes his place at Rue des Postes. The students of this college examined for admission to St. Cyr this year met with the greatest success, 157 being admitted. This number surpasses by far that of any other college. Furious articles appeared in the Radical journals against the college.—Vaugirard opened with 540 students, Canterbury with a small increase, Vannes with 374, of which number 230 are boarders.—Père Aubier, formerly of the New York and Canada Mission, was last year at the Apostolic School (Mungret College, Limerick, Ireland), teaching French. He returned in Sept. to his old post at Brest.

Lille.—The two fathers of the province of Champagne who had been sent to the Trappist monastery near Lille, one as master of novices, the other as professor of theology, were recalled after two years. Their provincial had given them to the superior general of the Trappists only on condition that they were to train the novices and scholastics of the whole order. For that purpose one novitiate and scholasticate was to be established for all. But the general chapter refused to give its assent when the condition was proposed by the Rev. Fr. Abbot. The latter, fully convinced of the necessity of such a measure, went to Rome and obtained from the Holy Father a decision binding all the Trappists to have one common novitiate and scholasticate in France. As the headquarters of the abbot are at Sept-Fonds, it is proper that the training house also should be there. Hence the work was withdrawn

from the fathers of Champagne and handed over to the province of Lyons. Our fathers at Lille have purchased a large lot near the city, on which to build a large house for spiritual retreats. The structure is intended to be quite monastical, with cloisters and wide dormitories accommodated for *patronages* and sodalities of workmen. The edifice will be begun next spring.

Reims.—Fr. Charles Lacouture delivered a series of conferences which were a great success. For the first course, at the Circus, the cards of invitation were signed by several Radicals, Free-Thinkers, and Protestants. A Radical paper, *L'Indépendant Rémois*, invited its readers to the Circus, while a Catholic paper, *La Croix de Reims*, complained that it had got no notice of the matter. After the first conference the papers changed about. The *Indépendant* was incensed for having been deceived, the *Croix* exhorted its readers to attend the conferences. The raging of the former proved powerless to check the excitement, and Free Thinkers, Protestants, and Radicals attended not only the lectures at the Circus but also those at the Cathedral, where more than 3000 men (ladies being excluded) were counted.

Father de Plas.—Fr. de Plas was born in 1809 and died April 19, 1888, at the age of 79. At the age of 15 he entered the naval school at Angoulême. When raised to the grade of post-captain, he had expressed the desire of consecrating the rest of his life to the service of God in the Society of Jesus. As, however, the superiors whom he consulted represented to him that he was doing more good in the world by his example and by the practice of the virtues to which he wished to bind himself by vow, he humbly submitted to their judgment. But when, in 1869, his age entitled him to be placed on the retired list, he hastened to the Jesuit fathers and said to them: "Now that I am no longer anything, you cannot refuse me." He was received and ordained priest after a few years of study and sent to Brest where he spent his remaining years laboring among the sailors whom he loved so well. "My career," he was once heard to say, "has been a happy and successful one, and I could have been an admiral; but I have known happiness, true happiness, only since my entrance into the Society of Jesus." His funeral is thus described in *L'Océan* of Brest, April 23, 1888: "Saturday at 9.30 o'clock, at the church of St. Louis, were celebrated the obsequies of Rev. Fr. de Plas, Priest of the Society of Jesus, Post-Captain and Commander of the Legion of Honor. On the coffin were the stole of the priest, the cross of Commander of the Legion of Honor and that of the Order of St. Sulpice. The vice-admiral, who is also maritime prefect and commander-in-chief, assisted at the funeral service. In the procession were the rear-admiral major general of the Navy, the rear-admiral major of the Fleet, most of the superior and lower officers of the Army and Navy, and deputations from all the religious communities of our city. At the grave, when the coffin was about to be sprinkled with holy water, Rear-Admiral de Caverville, Major of the Fleet, advanced and in a few heartfelt words, which drew tears from his listeners, bade a last farewell to his old brother in arms, the ex-brigade major of the Navy who, after a brilliant career, judging that his duty was not yet fulfilled, passed from the ranks of his country's army to the company of the valiant hero of Pampeluna."

Frederick.—The catechism class for the Catholic children at the Maryland School for the Deaf in this city is giving great satisfaction. Two of the juniors have charge of it and give them religious instructions by means of the sign-language every week, on Sunday to the boys, and on Thursday to the girls. They have twenty children in their class, nearly all of whom are

greatly in earnest and correspond to the efforts which their teachers are making for them. The authorities at the school are extremely obliging, and the children have no obstacle put in their way in the practice of their religious duties. They attend Mass regularly and approach the sacraments at stated times. On a recent visit to Frederick, Card. Gibbons confirmed seven of the deaf-mutes. His Eminence, accompanied by two of the fathers from the novitiate and by the catechists, visited the school and was warmly received by the principal, Mr. Ely. The most friendly relations exist between the school and us, which it is our desire to foster in every way. The work at the school was begun nearly eight years ago. It has been conducted by the juniors and novices, and since that time nearly forty Catholic deaf-mutes have been instructed in the truths of their holy faith, and most of them, as far as we have been able to ascertain, are now leading the lives of good Catholics.

Georgetown College.—The work of preparation for the coming centennial is progressing. The class-rooms and parlors are finished, the tiling of the lower class-room corridor completed, after a pattern and in colors much more beautiful than in the upper corridor, the parlors and the main entrance, as far as it is to go at present, are just finished, and now the good work goes on with the grand stair-case leading from the parlors to the Coleman Museum. The celebration will open on Feb. 20. The programme was published in our previous number. Two circulars have lately been sent out by the Secretary of the Alumni Association, one announcing reduced railroad rates on all lines during the celebration, the other calling for prompt orders for the centennial medal by those who wish to secure that souvenir.—The *College Journal* for December contains an edifying account of the establishment of the League of the Sacred Heart; the article speaks of the success of the movement as “a *solvitur ambulando* argument against the non-existence of a religious feeling among the boys of Georgetown,” and a “decided refutation of many invidious attacks on the want of piety in American youth.”

Havana, Visit of Mr. James Anthony Froude.—The noted English historian, Mr. James Anthony Froude, in the course of a tour through the West Indies, paid a visit to the college of our fathers in Havana and was introduced to Fr. Viñes, Director of the observatory, by the governor of the island, who was a former pupil of the college. Mr. Froude has given a detailed account of this visit in his last published work entitled: “The English in the West Indies or the Bow of Ulysses.” After having explained the manner in which our fathers became possessed of their present college and property in Havana, he gives an interesting description, which we here omit, of the observatory and its various instruments, and concludes his account in the following words: “As far as I could judge, the fathers are more careful of their pupils’ comforts than of their own. As we were passing through one of the corridors, our guide gave us a glimpse of his own room. I saw four bare walls, an uncarpeted floor, a bed, with a crucifix resting on the pillow. There is no parade of ecclesiasticism in the house. The libraries are well furnished with scientific rather than with ascetical works; the chapel has little ornamentation—a few plain, religious paintings here and there. Everything is peculiarly fitted for its purpose, even the gymnasium and bath-rooms. The expenses of the establishment are paid from the tuition-money which the wealthier pupils give; and by an intelligent economy the fathers are enabled to receive their poorer pupils free of charge. They practise a most complete sacrifice of their own personal advantages and comforts. When we were bidding farewell to

the father who had acted as our guide, the marquis respectfully kissed the wrinkled hand of his old teacher—a privilege which, I confess, I greatly envied him.”

Hungary, Letter from Fr. Pold,—Kalocsa.—This town of 12,000 inhabitants, is situated on the left bank of the Danube, 18 geographical miles south from Budapesth, the capital of Hungary. St. Stephen I., the apostolic king, founded at Kalocsa an archiepiscopal see. In the last century a certain religious order opened here a Latin school, which met with some success until the year 1859. Mgr. Joseph Kunst, then Archbishop of Kalocsa, wished to make his residence a centre of Christian education, the whole southern part of the kingdom being without colleges. But, for want of a sufficient staff of teachers and for other reasons, the Religious mentioned above were not able to meet this prelate's aspirations. Then Ours answered the call of His Lordship to take charge of the vacant chairs. Mgr. Kunst erected a gothic college church, enlarged the other buildings, and procured liberal endowments for the support of our fathers. He was always a loving father to Ours. Besides, the State authorities accorded to our schools the right of conferring diplomas of maturity, which granted academic citizenship in State universities. Finally, our professors were qualified as public State professors. Our first rector, Fr. Alexander Weninger, brother of the late Fr. F. X. Weninger of Cincinnati, O., began in the month of October 1860, with four classes, adding every year one class-room more, until the whole *gymnasium* of eight courses was completed. Cardinal Haynald, our Archbishop since the year 1867, built and improved a substantial observatory, added two wings to the college, and augmented the endowments of his predecessor.—This year, 22 fathers and 7 secular assistants are instructing over 500 students; 177 of them live in the Stephaneum, 18 in the Josephinum, both boarding-houses superintended by Ours; 40 are pupils of the diocesan seminary, a secular priest presiding; the rest are day-scholars.—The obligatory studies are: evidences of religion, the Latin, Greek, Hungarian and German languages, philosophy, poetry, rhetoric, physics, mathematics, geometry, history, geography. Elective studies: gymnastics, stenography, drawing, music (both vocal and instrumental), astronomy, French. The teaching is done in Hungarian.

Budapesth.—Ours are erecting here, by the munificence of some aristocrats, a fine residence and church. Two fathers here are already engaged in missionary work.

Travnik.—The college of Travnik, Bosnia, is the newest jewel of our province. After the expulsion of the Turks from Bosnia and Herzegovina, in 1879, the victorious Austrians resolved to found their polities in those Mohammedan provinces upon a Christian basis and develop occidental civilization. The old Catholic hierarchy was restored, and Ours called to Travnik to instruct the youth of Bosnia in the spirit of Jesus Christ. The government built a commodious college and secured the professors. This year the seventh class was opened, next year the eighth will be introduced, completing the number of the courses in the *gymnasium*. The language of instruction is Illyrian, a sister language to the Polish and Russian. In the progress of time theological courses will be established. Just now a descendant of the old kings of Bosnia, deposed by the Turks, is preparing himself for the Catholic priesthood.

At Prague, where I spent some months, I was happy to be the guide of FF. Brett and Conway, of Maryland. I showed them the tombs of St. John Nepomucene, St. Wenceslas, Vitus, Ludmila, Sigismund, the room where Bl.

Campian lived, and several other treasures, sacred and profane, which Prague possesses in abundance.

India.—Most Rev. George Porter, Archbishop of Bombay, received the last sacraments at Kinkee, he came very near dying before his brother Thomas, but has recovered and is gradually regaining his strength.—There is a famine in several of the districts of India on account of the drought. No rain, no harvest; so there is little hope for the next harvest. There is not even seed to sow, it being all consumed for food. At Kendal one of the missionaries is besieged from early morning till night by the natives demanding bread. He has been able to give to all who came.

The college of Bombay has 1500 pupils, Trichinopoly 1200, Calcutta between 800 and 900, Mangalore 400 to 500. Darjeeling was opened on February 14, 1888, with 50 pupils. A Protestant paper of Darjeeling, *The Englishman*, says: "The Jesuit Fathers will, in a few years, have at Darjeeling one of the greatest and best schools in India. They have the hearty goodwill of the whole population."—*Lettres de Jersey*.

Bengal.—The mission of Chota-Nagpore is more and more blessed with conversions. Fr. Lievens writes: "There are catechumens in forty of the villages. The eve of the month of May, I received 68 families into the church, all converts from paganism. I endeavor to take each village as a whole; it is better even in a material point. Lately I received four villages and I put off five others because several families were wanting . . . Whole villages come to be received one after another. Since last year the number of catechumens has been increased threefold, 100 chapels built, and the schools multiplied."—P. Haghenbeck writes that from the first of May to the first of July he had received converts in nearly 80 villages of the Uraons, where before there was not a single Catholic. A Protestant Uraon has been converted and by his influence he aids the missionaries very much.

We learn the following from the *Katholische Missionen*: The astonishing and most consoling successes of the Belgian fathers among the *Kolhs* of Chota-Nagpore are growing apace. In August 1887, they counted 15,000 neophytes; in August 1888, they had reached 50,351. Only five fathers are laboring in this rich field, but each of them has forty native catechists to assist him. These catechists are filled with burning zeal and enthusiasm. The author and the soul of the whole movement is the indefatigable Father Lievens.

Mangalore.—The whole of Mangalore has been thrown into deep mourning by the sudden death of Fr. Urban Stein, S. J., for nearly ten years vicar of the cathedral of Mangalore. He went to the Indian missions in 1870, remaining at Bombay for eight years, where on completing his studies he was ordained in 1876. In December 1878, he left Bombay for Mangalore, which place was destined to be the chief seat of his apostolic labors. He was esteemed by all for his piety, his zeal, his charity and his humility.

Italy.—News has reached us that His Holiness, fearing for the spiritual welfare of the Italian population of New York City, requested Abp. Corrigan to take measures in their behalf. The archbishop placed the matter in the hands of Rev. Fr. Provincial, who referred it to V. Rev. Fr. General, begging him to send some Italian fathers to undertake the work. This appeal induced V. Rev. Fr. General to send a letter to the five provinces of Italy asking for fathers willing to labor among their fellow countrymen in New York. Many offered their services, among others Fr. Degni, our Prof. of Physics of last year.—Fr. Bucceroni has been appointed consultor to the Congregation of

Bishops and Regulars, and theologian of the *Dataria*.—Fr. de Maria has been promoted to the consultorship of the Congregation of the Index.—The Gregorian University numbers 707 students; 400 for dogmatic theology, of whom 28 are of the Society (4 biennists).—We are informed by Fr. Pfister that this university is to be partly demolished by the opening of a new street. The refectory and half of the buildings will have to come down. It is hoped that what remains will be sufficient for the university.—At St. Andrea the rooms of St. Stanislaus will lose one of their chapels. These rooms are disposed in the shape of a T. The middle one, where the saint died, and where his beautiful statue by Gros is kept, will not be touched, but the one in the left-arm of the T, in which our Holy Father Leo XIII. said his first Mass, will be torn down.—The Sovereign Pontiff has announced that he will give an altar to the new chapel of the German College—it will be the main altar.

Jesuit Bishops.—Bengal, Mgr. Goethals, Archb. of Calcutta—Belgian.
Bombay, Mgr. George Porter, Archbp. of Bombay—English.
Poona, Mgr. Beiderlinden, Bp. of Poona—German.
Madura, Mgr. Canoz (lately deceased), Bp. of Trichinopoly—French.
Mangalore, Mgr. Pagani, Bp. of Mangalore—Italian.
Malabar, Mgr. Lavigne, Vicar Apostolic of Cottoyam for the Catholics of the Chaldee rite—French.
Kiang-nan, Mgr. Garnier, Vicar Apostolic of Kiang-nan—French.
Tche-li East, Mgr. Bulté, Vicar Apostolic of Tche-li—French.
Madagascar, Mgr. Cazet, Vicar Apostolic—French.
Mauritius, Mgr. Meurin, Vic. Apost. of M., Titular Abp. of Nisibis—German.
Colombia, Mgr. Paul, Archbp. of Santa Fé—Colombian.
Colombia, Mgr. Velasco, Bishop of Pasto—Colombian.
Ecuador, Mgr. Pozo, Bishop of Gayaquil—Ecuadorian.
Demerara, Mgr. Butler, Vicar Apostolic—English.
Jamaica, Rev. Fr. Thomas Porter (lately deceased), Pro-Vic. Apost.—English.
British Honduras, Rev. Fr. Di Pietro, Prefect Apostolic—Italian.

Messenger.—The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for the New Year announces its final installation in the city offices (at 114 South Third St., Philadelphia, Pa.). It puts this forward as "a guarantee that it has come to take its permanent place among the magazines of the country." The January number, enlarged and with an increased space devoted to illustration, would seem to argue as much. The Frontispiece—according to a specialty of this magazine—reproduces, from a recent painter, a charming domestic scene, "Christ Child's Come!" The first instalment is given of a richly illustrated article—"a Flight into Egypt"—on "the blessed tree which, tradition says, gave shelter to the Holy Family on their arrival in Egypt." The other illustrated article, evidently by some travelled American lady, deals with "Two Meek Saints' Tombs," at Annecy in Savoy. Of the two poems, also, each is beautifully illuminated: "The Favorite Madonna" is by Helen Grace Smith, a name beginning to appear in the secular magazines; "Ireland's Golden Noon," with its fine 14th-century border, is by Joseph E. Barnaby. The complete long story of the number—"The Holdings of a Vest-Pocket," by Harry Vincent—is a remarkably real, almost photographic, delineation of the struggle and fall of a young man in hopeless search after employment in the great city of New York. The sad truth of the story, apart from its lesson of devotion, is an important instruction for parents and children alike. A biographical sketch is given of "The American Knight of St. Sylvester"

(Col. Garesché, killed at Murfreesboro, 1862), by one whose fifty years of experience well enable to resume the interesting *Life* lately published by the hero's son. "The Reader" reviews the Church, at home and abroad, and the "Evangelical Alliance." A series of articles of popular theology on "The Promises of the Sacred Heart" is begun; the "General Intention" treats of the coming centenary of the French Revolution; and besides the usual devotional articles, there is an interesting and detailed account of "The Present State of the Universal League" of the Sacred Heart, of which the 29 *Messengers*, issued in 14 languages through the world, are the official organs.

Missouri Province, Detroit.—In a letter from Fr. Frieden, Rector of Detroit College, the hope is expressed that his long cherished plan of erecting a new college building will soon be realized. The sum required for the work is \$100,000 of which \$35,000 have already been subscribed by seven gentlemen of the parish. There is a fair prospect that the remaining \$65,000 will be secured by next July.—On the feast of the Holy name, Bp. Foley pontificated in our church, and Rev. Fr. Meyer preached. In the evening of the same day the new bishop delivered a sermon to the people.

Cincinnati.—The Alumni of St. Xavier's College have formed an association and adopted a constitution—40 members.

Fr. Weninger.—The following is a convert Jew's tribute to Fr. Weninger. It is written from New Orleans, La., June 30, 1888:—"To my sincere sorrow, I read in to-day's paper of the demise of Fr. Weninger of Cincinnati. Not having had the pleasure of knowing him personally, I have learned to love him from studying some of his works, and it was for some time a favorite idea of mine, when passing through Cincinnati, to call on him and thank him for the great spiritual benefit I derived by perusing his books. His picture is hanging over my desk, and if the prayers of a poor sinful Hebrew convert, whom by his writings he has helped to find again the true and only way that leads to salvation, are acceptable toward the repose of his soul, I will thus try to show him my gratitude."—*Pilgrim*.

Osage Mission.—Fr. Paul M. Ponziglione, the veteran pioneer missionary of Kansas and Indian Territory, will celebrate the golden jubilee of his entrance into the Society, on Feb. 27, at Osage Mission, Kan.

The lay-brothers of this province were invested with the habit of the Society on the feast of St. Alphonsus Rodriguez.

As we go to press we are informed of the appointment of Fr. John P. Frieden as provincial of this province.

Mission of New Orleans.—Contracts for the erection of water-works at Spring Hill were let last fall. The works will cost \$3500, and will supply 10,000 gallons daily, by means of 10-horse power turbine water wheels. The water tower will be 80 feet high and give a pressure of 38 pounds. The water supply comes from a spring at the foot of the hill which flows at the rate of 26 gallons per minute. Next Summer, arc and incandescent electric lights, and ventilator fans will be introduced, the same power being utilized.

New York, St. Francis Xavier's.—The new college-hall will be ready in March. A class specimen has been given by every class from 3rd Grammar to Rhetoric. The annual retreat of the Alumni was given by Fr. Merrick. The class-rooms have been provided with new desks.

Fordham, St. John's.—A pious association has been formed at the college, composed of twenty students, for the purpose of aiding Fr. Gélinas in the

instruction of the infirm on Randall's Island. The little band of apostles is under the leadership of two members of the philosophy class.

Keyser Island.—An island near Norwalk, Connecticut, on the New York and New Haven Rail Road, and forty-three miles from New York, has been recently bought by the Maryland New York Province. It is intended to make of it a house of retreat for gentlemen. The island is reached by a bridge and is only twenty minutes' walk from the station, which is one hour's ride from New York. It is known, from the former occupant, as Keyser's Island, but the name will be changed as soon as a suitable one can be found. There are three dwellings and a hot-house, on the island. The dwellings contain 30 rooms, and have a south-eastern exposure so as to catch the sea breeze. A beautiful beach surrounds the island affording excellent opportunities for boating and bathing, while the seclusion afforded is all that can be desired.

Philadelphia, Gesu, St. John Berchmans Sanctuary Society.—Although sanctuary societies are given the name of St. John Berchmans in many of our churches, yet it does not seem to be generally known that a society under the patronage of our young saint was especially approved by the Holy Father. To spread the knowledge of this society, those who have the direction of it at our church of the Gesu in Philadelphia have printed a little handbook for the use of the members. From this source we learn that The Saint John Berchmans Sanctuary Society was founded, in 1865, by Fr. Vincent Basile, a Jesuit missionary in Slavonia, who the same year obtained from Pope Pius IX. his approval of the society. The Holy Father was furthermore pleased to enrich it with many indulgences, and to permit any priest to establish it in his church, with the single condition that the consent of the Ordinary of the diocese be obtained. This same little handbook contains a list of the indulgences granted, extracts from the rules of the society, the five prayers to be recited at the meetings (indulgenced), and a calendar of the feasts of the society. The handbook bears the *imprimatur* of His Grace, the Archbishop of Philadelphia.

Rocky Mt. Mission, Washington Ty.—Fr. Garrand writes to Rev. Fr. Cataldo, on Dec. 4, "The Indians frequently put me to great inconvenience by summoning me for sick calls when there is no real need. Sometimes I have found the supposed sick person consuming at one meal more food than I would eat in two days—a rather decided sign of life, not to say health. Consequently, I told them not to call me except in cases of real necessity, as it interfered with my other necessary duties. Now they resort to another expedient. About a month ago, Hilaire appeared bringing in his wagon his wife Elizabeth to receive the last sacraments. Had she been really in danger of death the 25 miles' ride would have been enough to kill her. Indeed she did seem very weak, so that I hastened to hear her confession, but as I saw that she was not dying I delayed to give her Holy Communion till the next morning, and refused extreme unction. And, in fact, after four or five days she had quite recovered. This last week an ex-pupil of Salem died of consumption in a very miserable manner. I had been after him several times to get him to go to confession and make his first Communion, but he had always some excuse. He knew English perfectly and I had given him a prayer-book and catechism. Last Easter he went to confession, but could not be induced to go to Communion. A week ago he was dying, and his father, instead of sending for me, called in the medicine man, who answered the summons, and

just as he was beginning his incantations the young man died. This death, in the very act of superstitious worship, has produced a great effect upon the Indians, who see in it the just judgment of God. Yesterday we celebrated the patronal feast at St. Francis Xavier's school, and an agreeable surprise awaited me in the excellent singing of four English canticles by the Indian children. I believe Your Reverence knew that they were preparing this surprise. But I can astonish Your Reverence more by inviting you to the Opera House at North Yakima on Christmas night, when the children of the Yakima Indian Catholic Schools will give their first exhibition on the stage. The subject is the 'Nativity of our Lord and the Adoration of the Shepherds.' The scenes are very simple. In the mountains some shepherds hear the good news from those who have been to Bethlehem, and are invited to go and see the sight. They go and find the girls adoring the new-born Child. All bring offerings with them except one little girl, who cries because she has nothing to give; they console her and bid her offer her heart. The boys have skins of all kinds to lay at the manger, and all feel *indignant* at the way in which the rich people of Bethlehem treated St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin. Such is our present occupation, training poor Indian children to preach to the whites. And the whites will perhaps never have heard such a lesson before—and that too from Indians, at the Opera House." The same father writes on Dec. 26:

"Had Your Reverence assisted last night at the exhibition, you would have felt proud of the success of the pupils both of the academy and of the Indian school. The Indians were the last on the programme, but, though they played after the whites, they proudly sustained the comparison. Ignace, who had three of his grandchildren in the representation, was present with several others of the tribe. They expressed their satisfaction as well as their surprise at the children's performance. The girls, in Eastern costume, were as attractive as any of the whites; and one of the Indian boys showed a real talent for declamation. I got a magic lantern to amuse the Indian children during the holidays, but I intend to make it the medium of imparting useful information both sacred and secular. At midnight Mass more than 100 received Holy Communion; Yakima had never before seen such a beautiful Christmas celebration."

Montana.—At St. Ignatius' Mission there were over 600 Communions on Christmas day. Our fathers have not less than 80 boys in their school, and the sisters not less than 90 girls. Fr. Jacquet is prefect of studies.—At St. Peter's, on the other slope of the Rocky Mountains, some 120 children are educated by the Jesuits and the Ursulines. The number of students is increasing, and applicants are refused for lack of room. Christmas night was truly beautiful, and many approached the Holy Table.—Improvements are taking place in the northern part of the territory. Father Damiani has paid several long visits to the Piegans, who have retained their superstitious practices in spite of the zeal of the missionaries. Two years ago, Fr. Damiani obtained from "White Calf," their chief, a considerable tract of land at the foot of the Rockies in a place called "Two Medicine." After he had planted the cross as his landmark he started the work. The logs were hewn and hauled by the Indians, the church has been built, and next spring they expect to put up a residence for the missionary and a school-house for the children. The Cheyenne Mission was closed last November, and all, missionary and nuns, left the place. This step was taken in order to punish the Indians for their lukewarmness. But, as they seem to repent, Fr. Van der Velden and the sisters have returned to them.

Scientific Notes, Georgetown College Observatory.—Fr. Hagen has kindly furnished us with the following account of what has been done at the observatory up to Jan. 18: "The work done up to the present time is confined to repairs. The cellar has received a concrete floor, a good whitewashing and a hot-air furnace. The dome has got new shutters, fresh paint and a new gearing, after an ingenious plan of Mr. Gardner of the Naval Observatory, by which the shaft of the pinion has nearly an inch play by means of springs so as never to lose contact with the rack, the latter having the shape of an elliptical ring, as is the case in most domes. Some book-shelves in the library, and a storm-door at the entrance, finish the list of things that may be said to be complete.

"A wire has been run from the Western Union Telegraph office to the observatory, but the apparatus has not yet been procured to receive time-signals. Only five poles had to be erected along the road leading up to the houses near the observatory, the telegraph company allowing the use of their own poles as far as the bridge across the Potomac, and the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company allowing the use of theirs from the bridge to the aforesaid road; on condition, however, that our wires be not placed nearer than three feet to their telephone wire. Mr. Gardner, who has received the thanks of Congress for his efficient management of the public time service, has kindly offered both to plan and to execute all the electric connections within our observatory and with the Naval Observatory.—Professor Pickering, of the Harvard College Observatory, has made us a very valuable present, a set of the beautiful astronomical engravings prepared by the late Prof. Winlock, for the purpose of adorning the walls of our observatory.

"Finally, it may be added that the first contact of the solar eclipse on New Year's day was observed here, and the result published. Although the beginning of the eclipse took place only sixteen minutes before sunset, the observation was favored by an exceptionally clear horizon.

"Some instantaneous photographic plates were held in readiness for the last lunar eclipse of Jan 16, but the moon did not show herself all that night."

An Observatory at Woodstock.—Fr. Hedrick has constructed a small but neat observatory a little south-east of the hot-house, where he has a fine sweep of the sky. The dome is twelve feet in diameter, and, being covered with painted canvas, is very light and revolves with the greatest ease. An opening two feet wide extends, not as usual only from the base to the top, but from base to base, through 180°. This arrangement permits a rapid and thorough ventilation of the dome, so as to get the same temperature inside and out. The shutters, by an ingenious arrangement, slide sideways on iron rails instead of turning up. An iron tube 12 feet long is set 7 feet deep into a concrete pier and forms a support for a small equatorial with a 3 inch object glass. At present, however, it is occupied by a universal instrument belonging to Georgetown, with which the latitude and longitude of the observatory is shortly to be more accurately obtained. We hope to publish the results in our next issue.

The Observatory of Pekin and Father Verbiest.—*Nature* for Nov. 8, 1888, contains an abstract of a lecture by Prof. Russell on this observatory. It appears that it is the oldest observatory in the world, having been established in 1279; the oldest in Europe being that of Denmark founded in 1576. The instruments still exist and it is curious to observe that they are exactly similar to those constructed by Tyche Brahe, who was the first European to make astronomical instruments of metal. The Chinese thus anticipated European astronomers by at least three centuries. What interests us is that Verbiest,

the Jesuit father, found the instruments out of order and very clumsy, and, on account of the profuseness of ornament, the stars could not be observed at all with some of them. In the year 1670, so bad were they that Fr. Verbiest was ordered to make six new instruments. It appears that when the high ministers of state were ordered to go to the observatory and make certain observations, the calculations of Fr. Verbiest were verified as correct, while those of Wu Ming Hsuen, the Chinese astronomer, were proved to be wrong. And so Fr. Verbiest was entrusted with the calculation of the calendar and the construction of these instruments, which were of the same general character as the old ones, but much more accurate and more easily adjustable. They are still *in situ*, and pictures of them taken from photographs appeared lately in the French journal *L'Illustration*, from which they were copied into the *Scientific American Supplement* for January 12, 1889.

Fr. Viñes S. J., of Belen College, Havana, continues his meteorological and magnetic observations, and has just published, with beautiful plates, the "4. Trimestre, Octubre-Diciembre, 1886."

Electrical Tension.—The last number of the Annals of the Scientific Society of Brussels contains an interesting and neat proof, by the Rev. Joseph Delsaulx, S. J., Professor of Physics in the Scholasticate at Louvain, of a remarkable and important theorem due to Clerk Maxwell, on electrical tension. Many proofs have hitherto appeared, but this of Père Delsaulx seems to be the most simple. We are indebted to the learned author for a copy of his little *brochure*, containing this elegant piece of analysis.

At *Madagascar* a new observatory is in process of construction at the expense of the mission; the instruments, some of which are of great value, have been given by the French Navy.

Fr. S. J. Perry has been elected Member of the French Astronomical Society.

Soudan.—Mgr. Sogaro, Vicar Apostolic of Central Africa, writes as follows: "The long experience of my predecessors as well as my own, and the advice of influential persons, induced me to express to the Sovereign Pontiff the wish that our missionaries and their pupils might be formed into a congregation with perpetual vows. The Holy Father deigned not only to approve this plan, but also to bring about its execution. For he empowered me to inform the Very Rev. Fr. General of the Society of Jesus that it was the wish of His Holiness that two Jesuit fathers might be sent to us to form our first novices. Thus, in Oct. 1885, we were able to realize the ardent wish of my predecessor Mgr. Comboni, to have the formation of our novices put into the hands of the Jesuit fathers. Since that time all is well with us. The novitiate is in Verona and lasts two years. Last October ten of our novices took their vows."—*Katholische Missionen*.

Spain, Loyola.—The feast of St. Ignatius was celebrated this year with greater pomp than ever before. At the same time the triduum in honor of our new saints was celebrated and the new church opened. Begun two centuries ago, it has just been finished, thanks to the devoted assistance of the inhabitants. There is perhaps not a single one who has not wished to do his share and to work for the glory of St. Ignatius. Relays of laboring men succeeded one another daily, and they worked *gratis*, without lifting their eyes, it is said, or smoking a cigarette.

Gandia.—The palace in which St. Francis Borgia was born at Gandia has been purchased by our fathers, and is to be used as a residence.

Majorca.—The canonization of St. Alphonsus Rodriguez was celebrated with much enthusiasm.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Home News.—*Autumn Disputations*, Nov. 30, and Dec. 1, 1888.

EX TRACTATU DE DEO CREANTE—*Defender*, Fr. Eicher; *Objectors*, FF. Colgan and De Smedt.

EX TRACTATU DE VERBO INCARNATO—*Defender*, Fr. de la Motte; *Objectors*, Fr. Crimont and Mr. de la Morinière.

EX SACRA SCRIPTURA—"Quid mihi et tibi est, mulier?" Dissertation by Fr. Laure.

EX ETHICA—*Defender*, Mr. F. Connell; *Objectors*, MM. Otting and Connors.

DE INTELLECTU HUMANO—*Defender*, Mr. Raby; *Objectors*, MM. Heman and Russell.

DE QUANTITATE MUNDANA—*Defender*, Mr. Taelman; *Objectors*, MM. Weis and McNiff.

Mr. McMenamy gave a lecture on Gravitation, illustrated by new and interesting experiments. The lecturer was assisted in the experiments by MM. Talbot and Singleton.

Laundry.—A new laundry has been erected near the old one, supplied with a 20-horse power boiler and a 12-horse power engine, a steam mangle, a centrifugal wringer, two washing machines, and a steam drying closet. A cistern of about 4000 gal. capacity has been built just below the laundry, fed from the spring near the gate of the old football field. A line of three inch pipe has been laid from the cistern to the skating pond, by means of which the pond can be flooded in 15 minutes.

Library.—Our thanks are due to Fr. Prachensky who has presented the college library with the first seven volumes, magnificently gotten up, of a German translation of the *Summa* of St. Thomas. The translator is Dr. C. Schneider, a man of considerable ability, but a rabid Thomist, who interprets St. Thomas according to his own preconceived notions. He is violently opposed to the great Jesuit interpreters of the Angelic Doctor.

Parish.—The little parish church at Woodstock has undergone a marked change since Fr. Brandi took charge last summer. Memorial windows in imitation of stained glass, all very beautiful in design, a grand chandelier of polished brass with crystal pendants, and the painting and frescoing of walls and ceiling, give the whole interior an elegant and at the same time devotional appearance. All this has been done at a cost of \$850, all of which was defrayed by the little congregation. The walks and terraces around the church have also been put in order, and a new fence put around the graveyard.

The American Ecclesiastical Review, which takes the place of *The Pastor*, announces in the February number that Fr. Sabetti will hereafter have charge of the *casus conscientie* and their solutions.

As we go to press we hear that the residence at Goshenhoppen (Bally, Berks Co., Pa.) has been given to the bishop. The residence of Ours at El Paso, Texas, has also been abandoned.

Fructus Ministerii PP. Provinciae Missourianae, Jul. 1887, ad Jul. 1888.

DOMICILIA	Bapt. Infant.	Bapt. Adult.	Confess. Partic.	Confess. General.	Commun. in T.	Commun. extra T.	Matrimon. Bened.	Matrimon. Revalid.	Ultim. Sacram.	Parat. ad 1 Commun.	Parat. ad Confirm.	Catecheses	Concion. et Exhort.	Exercit. Presbyt.	Exercit. Religios.	Exercit. Studios.	Exercit. Privat.	Mission.	Noven. et Trid.	Visit. Hospit.	Visit. Carcer.	Visit. Infirm.	Sodalitat.	Num. Sodal.	Pueri in Schol. Puroch.	Puellae in Schol. Puroch.	
UNIVERSIT. STI. LUDOVICI ..	212	176	123114	3511	91300	107754	89	34	178	564	267	1543	1678	2	16	1	...	54	17	235	30	515	10	2045	211	216	
RESID. STI. JOSEPHI.....	290	37	46778	636	37877	52	10	150	223	215	571	294	...	2	1	3	43	462	6	1673	498	513	
DOM. PROB. STI. STANISLAI	1	64	11500	3489	1000	14000	1	9	2	212	936	603	...	2	...	12	21	7	1	50	
RESID. { ECCL. STI. FERDIN.	59	3	4700	25	8190	30	6	1	13	37	38	150	90	...	1	3	136	48	60		
S. FERD. { ECCL. SS. CORDIS..	45	1	4310	25	4860	15	6	32	31	31	160	59	...	1	3	3	230	70	64		
RESID. STI. CAROLI	37	6	15445	5600	8850	12	17	29	45	121	119	...	2	7	61	3	174		
RESID. WASHINGTONIENSIS	79	3	9705	570	9205	45	18	1	31	103	560	221	...	1	8	80	8	550	190	212	
RESID. KANSANOPOLIT.	40	6	6795	50	4155	240	10	1	12	23	35	96	120	...	1	7	65	4	195	30	40	
RESID. STAE. ANNAE	16	1800	10	700	300	6	10	10	160	100	25	
COLLEG. STI. IGNATHI	1256	87	203281	3556	180914	30899	261	10	603	998	901	1490	1166	1	7	4	8	15	45	36	6248	9	5014	1890	2383	
RESID. CHICAGIENSIS	301	5	39547	234	38990	230	68	14	87	177	181	172	226	...	2	4	8	776	7	1451	455	561	
COLLEG. STAE. MARIE	94	10	16227	275	6155	3120	12	7	60	68	151	190	397	1	6	4	145	8	452	
INSTITUT. OSAGIANI	58	13	12650	219	11386	10	2	13	95	134	380	390	...	4	2	4	225	7	584	200	201	
COLLEG. DETROITENSIS	104	38	63242	1636	59775	10636	41	1	67	81	191	773	274	3	7	3	2	9	90	22	1278	5	877	147	156	
COLLEG. CREIGHTONENSIS ..	6	6435	5500	11	15	86	198	1	5	2	5	30	13	2	
RESID. OMAHENSIS	147	23	13633	10045	21	6	53	75	154	153	155	3	7	363	4	403	120	240	
MISSIONIS NEBRACEN. I.	42	1350	11	980	5	13	50	41	65	4	16	1	97	30	25	
“ “ II.	108	2	1800	750	1500	12	5	27	82	124	141	320	6	2	3	44	4	120	38	42	
“ “ III.	85	1	1290	8	1220	5	2	2	28	20	104	75	3	2	12	1	32	12	
“ “ IV.	80	1	1200	20	600	900	14	1	30	36	160	30	120	6	2	150	3	112	52	60	
COLLEG. STI. F. XAVERII	465	67	134654	1901	99819	75701	58	11	729	284	267	856	892	2	13	7	4	4	14	537	120	1995	16	3902	715	702	
COLLEG. MARQUETTENSIS ..	134	18	41336	29698	20544	50	8	103	96	118	306	646	12	4	1	7	28	5	231	4	672	180	195
RESID. MILWAUKIENSIS	120	18	27950	450	32400	170	38	4	60	120	97	120	160	1	1	7	30	600	9	730	195	190	
<i>Summa Totalis</i>	3779	579	787745	17376	613429	273434	595	127	2303	3437	3129	9229	8308	10	80	21	27	116	157	1024	207	13359	117	19499	5081	5860	



WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. XVIII, No. 2.

FR. JOHN BAPST.

A SKETCH.

(Continued.)

Fr. Bapst maintained temporary headquarters of the southern Maine missions at Bangor from the beginning of December, 1852, until the opening of the new year. During this interval he resided with Fr. O'Sullivan, the parish priest of St. Michael's Church, Bangor. In the early part of January, 1853, he took up his permanent residence at Ellsworth, where the Catholics had hired a house for him. Though not the first priest to visit Ellsworth, he was the first to reside there. There was then at Ellsworth a small Catholic church, which the priest of Bangor had been wont to attend from time to time; but the success of Fr. Bapst's zeal in bringing back lukewarm Catholics and converting many of those outside the fold soon rendered the erection of a larger church a necessity. With the generous aid of his poor but devoted people he was enabled to build a much larger church, which he had ready for use fully four months before the close of his first year at Ellsworth.

In April, 1853, Fr. Augustin K. Kennedy was appointed one of the collectors for Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., which was then very heavily in debt, and he was accordingly withdrawn from the missions of Maine. He returned, however, in the following year, and died at Eastport before the close of the year. In September, 1853, Fr. Cotting and Fr. John McGuigan were sent to Ellsworth to assist Fr. Bapst, but they remained only a month

on the missions. About this time, Fr. O'Sullivan, the secular priest stationed at Bangor, was removed by Dr. Fitzpatrick, Bishop of Boston. Fr. Bapst had always been anxious to obtain a permanent residence at Bangor, since it was better suited to serve as the headquarters of the southern missions than Ellsworth, being situated nearly 27 miles north-west of Ellsworth, inland, on the Kennebec River. Ellsworth was situated on the Union River, not far from the sea-coast, and did not possess so central a position with reference to the various stations visited by the missionaries. This desire of Fr. Bapst was shared by Fr. Stonestreet, who was then provincial, as appears from the following extracts from Fr. Bapst's letters written to him at this time.

ELLSWORTH, August 17, 1853.

. The Rev. Fr. O'Sullivan, priest of Bangor, has been removed by the bishop, who has requested me to attend Bangor the best I could till he finds another priest to take Fr. O'Sullivan's place. If, as I understand it, Your Reverence is not willing to keep the mission of Maine unless Bangor (which is a central and very important place) is given to us, now is the time to settle it. Anyhow, I hope Your Reverence will soon tell me your determination, about Bangor in particular and the missions in general. . . .

I understood in Georgetown from Your Reverence, that our province would give up the Maine missions unless Bangor be given to us. This, in fact, is the only practical plan; for our missions without Bangor are nothing, and with Bangor they are the very best missions in the province. Now the time is come to make a final decision. The bishop of Boston is going to Rome in January next. Before he leaves, he must either restore Fr. O'Sullivan to Bangor, or send somebody else there, or give the mission to us. If Fr. O'Sullivan is restored, or another priest appointed, then Bangor is lost for us. But now the bishop is no longer under compliment to anybody, since Fr. Coskery has declined, and nobody has been appointed in his place; and, moreover, he seems willing to give us Bangor rather than to lose us altogether. Therefore, as I said, now is the time, if ever, to come to a conclusion. If Your Reverence should accept Bangor, only one man more would be required in Maine, provided he be a smart man. Fr. Moore, who wants to be alone, might do well enough in Thomaston and Belfast, and Fr. Pacciarini with Fr. Kennedy will do very well in Eastport; another man like FF. De Neckere, Force, McGuigan, or the like, with me will do for Bangor. Thus the missions will be settled at last, and a great deal of good will be done. But if it is not the will of Your Reverence to accept Bangor, let us at once dispose everything in the mission for our final removal from Maine, which might be effected in the course of a few months, and in the meantime let everything remain *in statu quo*: Fr. Moore in Bangor, Fr. Bapst in Ellsworth and FF. Pacciarini and Kennedy in Eastport. I would have no objection to be left alone for a few months more, if I was sure to be removed; but

Your Reverence will forgive me for telling you that I feel weary and discouraged at having to live in the state of indecision and uncertainty in which I have been left for a year and a half; a state of uncertainty that shakes all the resolution and energy of my soul, spoils my undertakings, checks my zeal, and prevents my making provisions, which otherwise would be necessary, for the house here and for the ministry in the different missions. I have always present to my mind this thought: "What is the use of doing this or that, if I have to leave the mission soon?" And my trouble and embarrassment is greater yet when there is question of commencing a new building or of repairing an old one, as is very often the case; for I am always fearful that, having commenced anything of importance, I may not have time to carry it out.

Now Very Rev. and dear Fr. Provincial, I have opened my mind to you in all simplicity, and proposed the plan I think the best. The decision belongs to you, and I assure you that I have courage enough to submit cheerfully to any decision whatever, and moreover, if it is necessary, I am ready to live many months more in the same darkness relating to my destination, whatever may be the uneasiness of my mind. . . .

Fr. Bapst retained his residence at Ellsworth until June, 1854, visiting Bangor at stated intervals. He was aided in his care of Bangor by Fr. James Moore, who was in Maine at the time collecting for Worcester College. Fr. Moore resided at Bangor until Fr. Bapst came to that town to preside over the congregation of St. Michael's as its permanent pastor.

The following extract is taken from one of the last official letters sent by Fr. Bapst from Ellsworth, prior to his removal to Bangor.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FR. PROVINCIAL,

P. C.

. As a fitting substitute for these two fathers I would propose Fr. Charlier, who I believe possesses all the qualifications to be a useful missionary in Maine in the present circumstances. But in case Fr. Charlier could not be spared I would make another proposition. One of the best missionaries is Fr. Pacciarini. If only Your Reverence could supply Eastport, I would not ask for any better. I must confess though that to remove Fr. Pacciarini from Eastport, would be in my opinion, to inflict a mortal blow on the mission.

With regard to Fr. Ciampi, I have to give Your Reverence many thanks for such a favor. When the people know that he has been president of Worcester College, they will feel proud, and they will have no more occasion to complain that they have been slighted. . . .

By losing Fr. Bixio,⁽¹⁾ we lose a missionary excellent in every regard. He is a precious man. It makes me feel very bad to part with him, but I

⁽¹⁾ This was Fr. Joseph Bixio, whose obituary will be found in the present number.

suppose Your Reverence cannot help removing him; the climate, the doctor says, would certainly be injurious to his health.

Now, before I conclude, I beg leave to make a remark. So many changes, which occur every year, and almost every month, in our missionaries, are very injurious to the good of our missions. The people are dissatisfied; scarcely are they acquainted with a man when he is taken away. Any work of improvement is sure to be abortive. Every plan or measure adopted by one is given up by his successor. Even in regard to money matters, the people say they will give nothing until they have a settled priest.

Your obedient servant in Christ,

JOHN BAPST, S. J.

From Ellsworth, Fr. Bapst continued to make visits at stated intervals to the Indians of Old Town. These, his first spiritual children in the New World, always received their beloved father with every demonstration of joy; and even to this day the older members of the tribe manifest great joy whenever they hear mentioned the name of *le Père* Bapst. About this period, Fr. Bapst accompanied one of the new missionaries to Old Town, in order to introduce him to the Indians. A great banquet in their honor was prepared by the chief squaws. The first course over, Fr. Bapst cautioned his companion not to be so rash as to demand a clean plate for the second, but to content himself with that which had served him for the first, otherwise dreadful would be the result. In a moment of inadvertence, the new father passed his plate to one of the squaws, and made her understand his desire for a clean one. Thereupon his appetite for further food suddenly deserted him, put to rout by the unique Indian method of furnishing clean table ware. The squaw gravely took the plate, and, without even a by-your-leave, rendered it, in presence of her astonished guest, as good as new by a copious and direct application of saliva rubbed off with great dexterity by the use of a fish-stained and greasy apron. The new father never again asked for a second plate.

Fr. Bapst changed his residence from Ellsworth to Bangor on June 7, 1854. This change was ordered by the bishop of Boston, who still retained Maine within his spiritual jurisdiction. The bishop was forced to place Fr. Bapst in permanent charge of Bangor by a chain of circumstances which left him no choice in the matter, but in view of after events it is only just to say that the bishop would never have allowed Bangor, the most important mission of Maine, to pass out of the control of his secular clergy, had not a terrible crisis in Catholic affairs at Ellsworth precluded the adoption of any other course. When he first committed Bangor

to the charge of the Jesuits, he had intended to burden them with its care only for a short time, until he could choose a competent secular priest as successor to Fr. O'Sullivan.

The events that led to Fr. Bapst's hasty removal to Bangor are of an exciting nature, and are best learned from his own narration, made to the compiler of this sketch many years ago, from the reminiscences of his faithful housekeeper, and from letters written to the provincial at about this period.

FR. BAPST'S NARRATIVE—When I first came to Ellsworth I began a course of Sunday afternoon lectures on the doctrines of the Church. These instructions drew to the afternoon service on Sundays a large concourse of Protestants, curious to know what could be said in defence of a religious system which in their opinion had long before been thoroughly exploded. The results of my labors were most gratifying. Before many months had elapsed I had gathered into the fold a goodly number of Protestants, and among them twelve young ladies, all members of prominent families of the town.⁽¹⁾ Religious feeling ran high in consequence. I was denounced, from the pulpit and in the press, as a perverter of the young. I was warned to stop my work of proselyting, and of reducing free-born Americans to Rome's galling yoke. All manner of threats were uttered against me.

To add fuel to the already fiercely burning fire of religious hatred, Catholics whose children attended the public schools of the town protested against the law recently passed by the school committee of Ellsworth, whereby their sons and daughters were forced under pain of expulsion to read in the school the Protestant version of the Bible and to join in the Protestant prayers. They petitioned the committee to permit the Catholic children to read the Catholic version, or else to excuse them from reading any. In their petition they expressly declared that they had no desire to interfere with the right of Protestant children to read any version deemed proper by their parents, but simply wished to protect the religious faith of their own children. I knew that the board as a whole had an intense hatred of all that was Catholic and foreign, but I found some of the committee, as well as the teachers, willing to accede to my request that the children be not forced to act against the dictates of their

⁽¹⁾ Of these twelve young ladies one was the authoress, Miss Mary Agnes Tincker, who was ever after a most devoted friend of Fr. Bapst. She has faithfully portrayed the Ellsworth excitement in a beautiful tale entitled "The House of Yorke."

consciences by reading a Protestant version of the Bible and by uniting in prayers not approved by the Church.

I was the more anxious to ward off these dangers, as I knew on good authority that one of the members of the school board had said openly: "We are determined to protestantize the Catholic children; they shall read the Protestant Bible or be dismissed from the schools; and should we find them loafing around the wharves we will clap them into jail." I could not, therefore, in conscience permit my Catholic children to join in the Protestant religious exercises, as such a course would be a virtual profession of Protestantism, seeing that the regulation was insisted upon in hatred of the true faith. I did not wish to excite our enemies unnecessarily, and did all I could to lower the high pitch to which the public mind had been excited. I held in check the overwrought feelings of my flock, and abstained from all bitterness in pushing the righteous claims of my people. But in vain! The protest, signed by over a hundred Catholics, which was presented to the consideration of the school board one morning in November, 1853, by Mr. White and myself, was rejected with insult and abuse. Next day Messrs. Tisdale and Richards, two members of the board, went to the school where most of the Catholic children attended, and forthwith expelled all who refused to read the Protestant Bible.

I was therefore obliged to provide means of instruction for these dear little confessors of Christ. I opened a Catholic school in our old chapel, but in thus baffling the plan of our adversaries, who were intent upon obtaining an unconditional surrender on the part of the Catholics, I was much pained to find that I only increased their blind fury against us. The chapel was blown up one night, and we were obliged to transfer the school to the galleries of the new church. To try whether the law would provide a remedy by declaring the cause of the school board unconstitutional, a test case was made in behalf of the son of Lawrence Donahoe, and a suit commenced against the committee, but to no purpose. Bigotry won the day.

An incident that happened shortly before the dismissal of the children from the school added fuel to the flames. I was drawn, much against my will, into a controversy with one of the Protestant ministers of the town, and defeated him so completely as to put the Protestants present to the blush for their poor champion. It came about as follows. One morning business called me to the office of one of the town lawyers, and while I was engaged with him, who should come in but the other powers of the town, the lead-

ing minister and the most popular doctor of the place. After I had politely saluted them both, I overheard the lawyer whisper to the minister: "Now you have got the papist priest at your mercy; give it to him!" I saw from the confident smile of the lawyer and doctor that they anticipated an easy victory for their clerical champion. He, no wise unwilling, entered the fray without gloves, and abruptly put forth this astonishing statement: "You Catholics despise the Bible. You have no faith in the written Word of God. How can you call yourselves Christians?" To this exceedingly ill-timed remark I would have gladly avoided giving an answer, but as I considered that silence would be taken for assent, I quietly and gently proceeded to pursue a line of argument whereby the minister would be put to rout by his own admission. "Well," said I, "supposing, Reverend Sir, that your statement be correct, that we set no value on the Bible, granting this to be true for the sake of argument, may I ask you, with all due respect, do you set any value on oral tradition?" "No, of course not," replied the minister with a deep frown, "that is a popish doctrine." "Well then," I said, "may I ask you why you value the Bible so highly? How do you know it is the Word of God?" "Why," he replied, "it bears the divine imprint on its every page." "Those who have read the Koran and the works of Confucius," I said, "have found them very like in style to the Bible, yet these are certainly not the Word of God." "Well," replied the now greatly excited minister, "our forefathers have always revered the Bible as the Word of God, and have so taught their descendants." "But how were your forefathers able with certainty to hold the Bible as from God?" "Why, my dear sir, how simple you are! They had the testimony of their ancestors to that effect, and these ancestors had the testimony of theirs, and so on up to the time of Christ." "Well, Reverend Sir, excuse me if I ask one more question. What do you call that *oral testimony*? I am sure you are too honest to deny that this is *oral tradition* under another name, and therefore your Bible has no intrinsic value without the aid of *tradition*."

The expression of the minister's face was terrible to behold. It was one of baffled hatred and shame. He did not venture a reply, but turned from me abruptly, and sought the fellowship of the two spectators who had been in full sympathy with him from the opening of the tilt. When I was leaving the office I overheard the lawyer mutter the following words expressive of his deep chagrin: "Well, I could have stood our parson's being overcome by an enlightened American, but to have had him completely routed by one

of these Romish foreigners—a man who can't speak two words of English correctly—it's a crying shame!"

The fanatical fury of the Know-nothing party increased with time, and at length reached such a pitch that, after destroying the old church, they broke the windows of my dwelling. This happened on the evening of June 3, 1854. From the early part of the preceding November the agitation was kept alive by the Ellsworth *Herald* in its daily attacks on the Catholics, and on Sundays by the tirades of the minister. On June 6, the mob broke the windows of our church, and then went to the nearest tavern to muster up courage for further outrages, threatening all the while to inflict all manner of injury upon the Catholics.

At this stage of the excitement I was directed by Bishop Fitzpatrick of Boston to take up my permanent abode at Bangor, which I had previously cared for as its temporary pastor, pending the appointment of a secular priest as successor to Fr. O'Sullivan. I was ordered by the bishop not to return to Ellsworth even for the Sunday services, but to send another father who was not connected with the school trouble. Thus good came out of evil. By this disposition of affairs I secured for the missions the long-desired centre in Bangor, which would never have been my good fortune had it not been for the trouble at Ellsworth.

On the morning of July 16, word came to Bangor that the untiring mob of Ellsworth had attempted to burn down the chapel at one o'clock that morning. The fire was luckily discovered in time by Amory Otis, one of the right-minded citizens of Ellsworth, and put out before any damage was done except to the cellar.

HOUSEKEEPER'S ACCOUNT.⁽¹⁾—Before entering Fr. Bapst's service I had been housekeeper for Fr. O'Sullivan, parish priest of Bangor. Fr. Bapst used to stop over with us from time to time on his way to his various missions. I first met him shortly after his arrival from Europe, when he could as yet speak but a very few words of English. Sometimes, while at Fr. O'Sullivan's, he would be called upon to administer the pledge, and I would make him understand what was wanted by raising an imaginary glass to my lips and then pointing at the poor drunkard.

One day an amusing incident occurred. Fr. Bapst, as yet ignorant of English, was sitting in the library convers-

⁽¹⁾ Mary Hennessy, now Sister Mary Borgia, extern sister of the House of the Good Shepherd, N. Y. One of those rare souls, full of faith and possessed of unflinching devotion to the Church. She was a great help to Fr. Bapst in those days of affliction.

ing with Fr. O'Sullivan in French, when the niece of the parish priest entered, and exhibited a costly bottle of cologne which she had just received as a present. She held it out to Fr. Bapst that he might admire it, but he mistaking her intention and thinking she wished to make him a present for the Indians, took the bottle and slipped it into his coat pocket, exclaiming again and again with a most winning smile: "Merci, mademoiselle, merci." The poor girl was deeply grieved at her loss, but gave up all attempts to recover her treasure, knowing full well that any hint, whereby she might seek to enlighten Fr. Bapst on the true situation of affairs, would be entirely lost upon him, owing to his ignorance of English.

When Fr. Bapst went to live permanently at Ellsworth in January, 1853, he was very desirous of securing my services as housekeeper. He was so kind as to think me prudent enough and of sufficiently mature age to make him a good housekeeper. On my part, I had learned to admire his sanctity, gentleness, and burning zeal so much that I would have gone through fire and water for him. An agreement, therefore, was easily reached, whereby I left Bangor to take charge of the house in Ellsworth, procured for Fr. Bapst by the Catholics of that town shortly before my arrival. Fr. Bapst was generally at home in Ellsworth from Saturday till Monday of each week, but during the other days of the week he was frequently absent attending to the other missions lying around Ellsworth.

From November, 1853, till the October of the following year, great feelings of hatred towards the Catholics and their priest were aroused among the Protestants; and the rowdy element of the town with many who styled themselves respectable began hostile proceedings against Fr. Bapst. The excitement had its origin in the father's success as a missionary and in his position with respect to the school question. The agitation reached such an alarming pitch by June, 1854, that I feared for Fr. Bapst's life. On Saturday June 3, I had been able to unearth a secret plot whereby the Know-nothings hoped to seize Fr. Bapst, and wreak their vengeance upon him. The dear father had just returned from his missions, and a sick-call from a distant station awaited him. He was inclined to defer attendance on this case until after Sunday, being averse to leaving the Catholics of Ellsworth without Mass on that day. With a boldness that afterwards surprised me, and moved by a presentiment of evil that seemed inspired from above (for I did not then know that an immediate attack was meditated by his enemies), I bade the dear father not delay bringing the consola-

tions of religion to the poor sick man. "Go, Father, in the name of God!" I pleaded. My entreaties prevailed, and he started on the sick-call that very day.

That night, Saturday June 3, 1853, a mob surrounded the priest's house. They were dressed entirely in white with a dark belt encircling their waists. Their faces were securely masked. They thundered at the door, and demanded instant admission. I was alone in the house, and though greatly alarmed I retained my presence of mind. Some good Catholics had brought me news of their approach and I bethought myself of the necessity of saving such goods as would be most likely to suffer at the hands of the invaders. Among these Fr. Bapst's books were the chief objects of my care. I knew the villains would destroy those first. I therefore conveyed the contents of his library to the top story of the house. Hardly had I finished my labors when I heard the mob at the front door demanding admission. I answered the call with fear and trembling and a silent prayer to God for help. "What do you want, gentlemen?" I said to the crowd that was crammed into the space around the door, intent on rushing into the house. "Where's that——Bapst?" they shouted in chorus. Their sacrilegious way of naming the man of God aroused all my spirit, and though never given to profanity I forgot myself in my just indignation, and answered, "It's none of your——business." This bold reply startled them at first and made them cower. Then, in more guarded language, they expressed their determination of searching the house for the priest. Not wishing to give them unnecessary offence, I assumed a tone of great mildness, though my heart was bursting with indignation at the insolence of the crowd, and I tried to dissuade them from entering, saying: "Gentlemen, Fr. Bapst left here this morning to go on a sick-call, and it is doubtful when he will return. I, a lone unprotected woman, am the only occupant of the house. Will you be so cowardly as to enter this house when you have no one to resist you but a poor, weak woman?" My words seemed to stir up their better natures; they gave over making any further efforts to effect an entrance, but they vented their hatred against the priest by riddling with stones nearly every window in the house. The next day being their *Sabbath*, they remained quiet, not wishing to desecrate the day.

On Tuesday, June 6, Fr. Bapst returned after dark to Ellsworth, and so quietly that his coming was not known to his foes, for he had received news on the road of the attack on his house.

That night the mob reassembled in the town, and, with

the fury of demons, rushed towards our church and made a fierce assault upon its doors. Col. Charles Jarvis, one of nature's noblemen, who though a Protestant was a great admirer of Fr. Bapst, hastened on horseback to the rescue of the church. He dashed into the midst of the crowd, shouting to the foremost aggressors to desist from their work of destruction. Then quickly leaping from his horse he mounted the church steps, and thus addressed the rioters: "Till to-day I was ever proud of being called a freeborn American. I gloried in the liberty accorded to all by our country; but to-day, for the first time, the thought of having to claim a common country with fellows that can be guilty of such a gross invasion of the most sacred rights of others brings a blush to my cheek. Think of it, men, the poor Irish, who get but a dollar a day in wages, live from day to day on potatoes alone, and this that they may have money to spare wherewith to erect a temple in which they may worship God according to the dictates of their consciences. And you, who call yourselves free Americans, would destroy the fruits of their hard labors in a night! Shame upon you!"

His forcible remonstrance had some temporary effect, the attack on the church was not immediately renewed, but the rioters continued to hang around the church until the colonel had departed, when they gave full fling to their hatred against us by breaking all the windows. The colonel, who had reached one of the bridges that span the Union River, on hearing that the work of destruction had recommenced, came riding back at a furious pace, but too late to save the windows. When he reached the spot the crowd was dispersing. Fr. Bapst was persuaded by me to vacate his ordinary bed-room, and seek a safer one in the upper part of the house. No attempt, however, was made that night to attack the house, as the Know-nothings did not dream that he had returned.

The next morning Fr. Bapst received a telegram from Woodstock, Maine, about 180 miles west of Ellsworth, near the New Hampshire border, asking his spiritual assistance for a person sick at that place. He started for Woodstock early on Wednesday morning, and on his return, instead of going to Ellsworth, went direct to Bangor. This he did by order of the bishop, who wished him to take up his permanent quarters at that town for the future, and never to return to Ellsworth. I soon followed him to Bangor, and there continued in my office of housekeeper until 1859.

In October, 1854, Fr. Bapst was obliged to visit Cherryfield, 24 miles beyond Ellsworth, to attend a sick-call. To do this he had to pass through Ellsworth. He therefore de-

terminated to stop over Sunday in that town, in order to hear the confessions of the Catholics there and say Mass for them. He arrived in Ellsworth on Saturday night, full of hopes that no attempt would be made to molest him, as he thought that the old agitation had died out. That night he was taken out by a mob, and tarred and feathered. He said Mass, however, on Sunday morning in Ellsworth, remained with Col. Jarvis Sunday night, and returned to Bangor on Monday morning. I was nearly dead with anxiety, for news of the outrage had reached Bangor Sunday morning. I was for setting out myself to seek the dear father, and bring him home in safety, when his arrival in Bangor made such a course unnecessary. I had everything ready to render him comfortable after his sad experience. A hot bath was placed in his room with plenty of new rum to apply after the bath. Fr. Bapst immediately availed himself of these remedies against a reaction, and after some time emerged from his bed-room as fresh as before the assault, and as eager as ever for work in the Lord's vineyard.

Portions of Fr. Bapst's clothing that he had worn on that terrible night, and that were covered with tar and feathers, were brought to me from Ellsworth together with the broken crystal of his watch. These I have treasured as most precious relics through all these long years.⁽¹⁾

On Dec. 8, 1854, Bishop Fitzpatrick, assisted by the recently appointed bishop of the new diocese of Portland, Rt. Rev. David Bacon, laid the corner-stone of Fr. Bapst's new church in Bangor. By direction of Bishop Fitzpatrick, I deposited in a bottle a small portion of the clothing worn by Fr. Bapst at the time of the outrage. It was spattered with tar to which some of the feathers were still clinging. The bishop wrote the following inscription which was also placed in the bottle before it was sealed: "This is a piece of the clothing worn by the builder of this church, Rev. John Bapst, S. J., on the night of October 13, 1854, when he was tarred and feathered, in hatred of the faith, by the Know-nothings of Ellsworth." The bottle was placed beneath the corner-stone by the bishop himself.

In the autumn of 1859, the Jesuits were withdrawn from Maine by their superior; and when, in 1860, Fr. Bapst was appointed superior of the scholasticate at Boston, he urged me to come to that city and take charge of the college laundry. I gladly availed myself of an opportunity that allowed me to see the saintly father from time to time. I retained

⁽¹⁾ A portion of the shirt torn from Fr. Bapst's body during the outrage, and the broken crystal, have been recently presented to the museum of Woodstock College by this good housekeeper.

this position until 1869, when, through Fr. Bapst's influence, I gained the accomplishment of my life's desire—admission into the Order of the Good Shepherd in New York. It was my great happiness to have Fr. Bapst preside at my religious profession.

In the fall of 1883, Fr. Bapst, whose mind was then greatly weakened, passed through New York on his way from West Park to Frederick. Rev. Fr. Brady, then Provincial, knowing how happy I would be to see Fr. Bapst, caused the dear father to be conducted from St. Francis Xavier's College to the residence of St. Lawrence's Church, and sent me word at the same time to go to the latter house if I wished to see my old pastor. The Brother Porter told me it would be useless to call Fr. Bapst to the parlor, for he would not recognize me, as he did not remember his own name, nor those of his own brethren. But I assured the brother that he would certainly remember his old house-keeper. One of the fathers soon brought him to the corridor in which I was waiting, and when the saintly old man saw me his face was lit up with a smile, and to the astonishment of all around he cried out: "Ah! there's my Mary." That was the last time I saw Fr. Bapst. If any one deserved heaven, he certainly did, for his life at home and abroad was that of a true man of God.

Extracts from Letters of Fr. Bapst to the Provincial of the Maryland Province, touching the origin of the excitement in Ellsworth.

ELLSWORTH, October, 1853.

. . . . I have to inform Your Reverence of another difficulty. A town school-teacher, out of bigotry, being the son of a parson, has established in his school, that all the scholars should read the Protestant version of the Bible or leave the school; he prevailed, to a certain extent, on the school committee to have such a rule approved, and immediately dismissed the two Catholic children he had in his school because they would not read this version. The case has already created some excitement among Catholics and Protestants. Next Sunday a petition will be presented to the committee requesting that the Catholic children should be free to read their own Bible, or no Bible at all, in the schools. I cannot foresee the result; all the Catholics seem to be determined not to have their rights trampled upon, and will sign the petition. I have visited the committee, and succeeded in convincing them of our right, but they are afraid of becoming too unpopular by doing their duty. Poor committee! I shall inform you of the result, and in the meantime recommend myself to the prayers and holy sacrifices of Your Reverence.

ELLSWORTH, November 16, 1853.

. . . . With reference to the school and Bible question, which has created so much excitement, I have to state that the position of the Catholics is every day getting better and brighter. Our rights begin to be acknowledged. The committee-men are already somewhat ashamed of themselves; public opinion and the press are turning against them; the best men here say that they have exceeded their powers, and violated the Constitution by compelling our children to read the Protestant Bible, or by turning them out of school in case of non-compliance. But the Catholics seem determined to go ahead, and although it is very probable that our children will be readmitted into the school for the next term without being obliged to read any Bible, still the Catholics seem to prefer to establish their own school, which will be a great blessing for themselves and a bitter mortification and a great disappointment for the bigots, who thought already that our children were going to turn Protestants *en masse* sooner than leave the town school.

Yours in Xt. very respectfully,
JOHN BAPST, S. J.

After events show that the view of the situation in Ellsworth as expressed by Fr. Bapst in these extracts was too sanguine by far. He did not then know what the coming year had in store for him.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

MEMOIRS OF FR. GREGORY MENGARINI.

(*Concluded.*)

The custom of flogging had existed among these Indians long before the coming of the missionaries. It was a part of their criminal code, as had been the case for ages among Christian and civilized nations; it was decreed by the chiefs and administered by their authority. One day an aged Indian woman came to me with marks of blood upon her face and told me that her son had ill-treated her. I called all the fathers and mothers together and laid the case before them. I had to act prudently because the father of the boy was a bad man and had already attempted suicide. I insisted that they should put down such conduct in children, and I set before them in forcible terms the effect of such examples

upon their own families. I then dismissed the assembly, and afterwards learned that the boy had been persuaded by his father to go to the chiefs to be flogged for his fault. He also begged pardon of his mother, and lived a Christian life until he was carried off a year afterwards by the plague.

Among those who had accompanied me in my return from Vancouver, was a Canadian named Biledot. He came to build and put in working order two mills at the mission, a flour mill and a saw mill. The foundations of a second house and church, larger and more commodious than the first, had been already laid.

When May came the flour mill was already in operation and the saw mill was ready for starting. But the brightest light will cast the darkest shadow; the bright light of the fairest of months was to do this for our mission. Fr. Zerbinati was always delicate in health but never seriously ill. His stomach was weak and he was subject to cramps, but we trusted that the invigorating air of the mountains would in time restore him to sound health. The afternoon for setting the mill in motion came, and Br. Classens invited me to go with him and see the thing done. Before I left home, Fr. Zerbinati, who was to remain behind, asked me for a little wine. The brother was already at the mill and had the key of the store-room in his pocket. I promised therefore to tell the brother to give the wine, and, on my arrival at the mill, I kept my promise. The starting was not as successful as we had anticipated, and while laboring to remove impediments to the successful working of the mill, the order that I had given the brother concerning the wine slipped very naturally from his memory.

The whole day passed in earnest labor, and when I returned to the house in the evening, Fr. Zerbinati was not there. No bell had been rung for evening devotions, as was our wont at the mission, and it was already far beyond the usual time. I hastened therefore to ring the bell and to begin the prayers. "Where is Fr. Zerbinati?" I asked myself. I strove in vain to quiet my apprehensions by saying, "He is not far away; perhaps he is a little more unwell than usual; there is no cause for fear." Thus did I vainly try to remove my own anxiety, as we are accustomed to strive to quiet our minds when we apprehend some real misfortune yet would fain hide it from ourselves. I began the prayers, but the thought still haunted me, "Where is Fr. Zerbinati? Where is Fr. Zerbinati?" I became more and more uneasy. Where was he? I could not go on; so interrupting the prayers I bade all go in search of the missing father.

It was now dark, but torches were soon gleaming in all

directions, and a hundred quick eyes were in active search of some clue to his whereabouts. Meanwhile I went over the whole house calling him by name but receiving no answer. How lonely the place seemed! I went to his room, he was not there. I went over the house again and again, hoping against hope that after all I might have overlooked some nook or corner. Fr. Zerbinati was not at home, and it was already night; these two sad truths seemed staring me in the face wherever I went. At last I found a clue. The hook and line were not in his room. He had gone to the river to fish. Immediately the word spread among the Indians, and they hastened to search along the river-bank. Soon I heard steps approaching. Had they found him? A party of searchers entered with what they thought to be human legs. I did not know what they had brought; for my mind was too horrified to conceive anything but that he had been murdered and dismembered. Soon Br. Barris entered bearing on the leaf of a river plant what seemed to be human brains. The horror was too great. He had been slain by the Blackfeet, thought I; and my senses fled. Thus I lay unconscious until I heard a voice, "Fr. Zerbinati is found." "Then he is not dead," said I, for the joy of that announcement had restored consciousness.

Alas! he was dead; not killed indeed by the Blackfeet, but suffocated by those waters that rippled so softly upon the banks a few rods away. They had found him in the river, drowned. He had gone to take a bath, a cramp had seized him and he was now lifeless. Every effort was made to revive him, but in vain. Broken hearted and disconsolate, I performed the last sad offices of love, and turned from his new-made grave to bear my burden alone.

In the autumn of 1845, I travelled with Br. Coughlin and two Indians to the Cœur d'Alènes. On our journey we came to a very high mountain, and spent nearly the whole day in reaching the top. The brother, who was in charge of two unloaded horses, was bringing up the rear; but when the Indians and myself reached the summit and looked back for him, he was not in sight. We waited some time, but he did not come. Two Indians went to look for him and returned only the next morning. The brother had been found after passing the night in the wilderness, but the horses had strayed and were never recovered.

In the spring of 1846, the Indians prepared for their usual hunt. There were about thirty Flatheads and forty Pends d'Oreilles under their aged chief Frizé, all young men, strong and robust. Although by my own experience and that of others I was persuaded that little good was to be gained by

following the Indians on their hunt, I felt moved to go on this expedition. I made known my intention to the chiefs, who merely glanced at one another and said nothing. All was soon ready and we started. On the second day of our journey we reached the Columbia River, and we were travelling along a steep ravine when suddenly we saw one of the pack horses darting down the steep incline and plunging into the river. It was folly to think of stopping him, so he had to be given his own way. When he had reached the middle of the stream, the packages, all of which had been loosened by the waters, slipped off his back and sank in the current. Then he turned quietly around, swam ashore, and rejoined the party.

Imagine my feelings when I found that the articles thus lost were my blanket and provisions, and all the necessaries for saying Mass. Somebody had conceived the idea of transferring my things to the back of this wild horse, and now I was left in a state of destitution. I knew nothing of the change, and now knew as little what to do. Should I go forward or go back? No blankets, no provisions, no Mass! Was it not a manifestation of God's will that I should not go on the expedition? But after all was not the accident rather the effect of carelessness than anything else? I settled these doubts by resolving to go ahead, and so I did. Biledot accompanied us, for he had finished his work in the mills and was returning to Canada.

After a few days passed, our party fell in with that of an old French trader from whom we obtained an abundant supply of ammunition. Two or three days were spent in barter, and again we pressed onward over mountains after mountains until the Missouri burst upon our view. Biledot was no longer with us. He had remained with the trader. Eventually he reached Canada, and died there surnamed "the saint," so upright was his life.

The Missouri at the place where we were to cross it was about one mile wide. The Indian men plunged boldly in, driving the horses before them. Every two horses supported a bundle between them, and whenever they showed signs of fatigue the men raised the war cry to stir up in the animals all the energy that still remained. Women clad in their dresses swam to the other side. Children too young to brave the current were placed on top of the folded skins of a wigwam and towed over by a horse or two. As I could not swim, I had to imitate the ways of childhood, and getting down on my hands and knees, I passed over on one of the bundles. The passage was very tedious, and occupied

more than an hour, for the current was strong and carried us far down the stream before we could gain the other side. But we met with no mishap, and having lighted large fires and dried ourselves and our clothing, we formed our party once more and started in search of buffaloes.

After eight days we found what, as I afterwards learned, was more to the taste of our warriors than antelope or bison, a camp of Blackfeet. Preparations for a pitched battle among Indians are far more expeditious than those among white men. When the enemy is sighted, word flies from mouth to mouth, and all is hurry and bustle for a few minutes. Some strip themselves naked. These are the poor men from whom the enemy can expect to get little. Others clothe themselves in calicoes of flaming colors to show their riches and invite the "attack of such as dare face them."¹ One thing yet remained to be done; the women and children and the missionary must be taken to a place of safety. A thicket was chosen and Frizè ordered me to go to it. I protested that I would accompany the warriors. The order to go was repeated, and immediately two Indians placed themselves one on either side of me, and escorted me to the thicket.

Firing had already begun on both sides, and the plain was covered with horsemen curvetting and striving to get a chance to kill some one of the enemy. An Indian battle consists of a multitude of single combats. There are no ranks, no battalions, no united efforts. "Every man for himself" is the ruling principle, and victory depends on personal bravery and good horsemanship. There is no random shooting, every Flathead or Blackfoot always aims for the waist.

Arrived at the thicket, I found it already fortified by the old men and the women who had retired thither. Lodges had been set up in various places, and behind these the Flatheads would make their last stand if beaten in the field. A hillock separated us from the plain, but we could hear the whizzing of the balls as they passed over our heads. No cry was raised during the battle, but we heard the reports of the rifles nearer and nearer, and knew that our warriors were hard pressed. I had no sooner reached the thicket than I raised my hands to heaven and prayed fervently. The battle lasted nearly all day, but excitement and anxiety caused hours to pass like moments. The sun was already low in the heavens when a man entered the thicket and asked for ammunition. I questioned him about the fortunes

¹ The Blackfeet were accustomed to strip the dead; the Flatheads took nothing but the horse, arms, ammunition, saddle and blanket of the fallen.

of the battle. "Four are already killed," said he, "and others are wounded. The day is lost. Our men are retreating and will soon be here. The Blackfeet will then surround us and all will soon be over." The children, hearing his words, began to cry most piteously. I gave the warrior what powder I could find, and off he hastened to join once more in the battle.

The cry of the children was heart-rending, and if ever a fervent prayer went up from my heart it went up then. The warrior who had just left us was met by the retreating Flatheads. "What is the father doing?" they asked. "He is praying for us," was the answer. Immediately, as with one voice, they raised a joyous cry and all to a man darted down the hill to meet the enemy. The Blackfeet, thinking perhaps that the man brought news of reinforcements, turned and fled, four hundred before seventy. The shots, at first loud and numerous, grew fewer and fainter in the distance, and as the sun was sinking in the west our victorious warriors returned, bearing with them the bodies of the four slain. The enemy, leaving twenty-four upon the field, had sought safety in their camp.

Upon starting next morning I heard some shots, and asking the reason, I was told that the battle had been renewed. I told the chief that we had come to hunt buffaloes and not to fight. He recalled his warriors and they obeyed, but with great reluctance. He told me that we could not avoid passing before the Blackfeet, and, in fact, no sooner had we passed the hillock which had sheltered us than we saw the Blackfeet upon the mountains, but behaving like people that scarcely knew what to do. I was afterwards told that, had I not called the Flatheads from the fight, the village of the enemy, with all its ammunition, traps, and skins, would have been ours. I knew nothing of the panic that had seized upon the Blackfeet, and considering it as a special grace that we had come forth victorious the day before, I thought that it would be tempting God to endanger our lives again. The Flatheads viewed the matter from a different standpoint, and secret discontent was widespread among them.

Immediately after the engagement on the preceding day we buried our dead. The men scooped holes in the earth with crooked sticks, spoons, etc., until cavities were made three or four feet deep, and each large enough to receive a human body. The earth thus dug was placed upon skins. The bodies were lowered into their graves, then covered with earth, and lastly with grass. Manure was then spread over the place and the horses were made to

trample it down, to make it appear that they had been kept there. Thus the Flatheads concealed their dead from a jealous and vengeful enemy.

After travelling about ten or twelve miles, we halted and encamped to refresh both ourselves and our jaded animals. Soon a man wearing two horns as a kind of head-dress appeared on a hill near at hand. Gabriel advanced, and recognized in him a Frenchman named Chouquet, who lived among the Blackfeet and who had fought against us the day before. Invited to come to the camp and explain his mission, he approached, and on seeing me said, "Your warriors, Father, are truly glorious. The Blackfeet, though five times their number, have been utterly defeated, and mourn twenty-four killed and about forty wounded." He then explained that he had come to ask for the saddle and blanket of one of his wife's servants who had been killed on the preceding day. I called the man who had these articles and bade him restore them to Chouquet, promising that he would lose nothing by so doing. He obeyed without hesitation, greatly to the Frenchman's delight. "What will the Blackfeet say when I go back," said he, "seeing me returning thus, though I gave no compensation?" "That the Flatheads are warriors and not traders" I replied. He answered very kindly and hinted that it would be well for me to return with him and treat of peace with the Blackfeet. I was only too willing to consent, but judged it expedient to call a meeting of the warriors. They listened attentively to what I had to say, and when I had ended, Frizè, though still a pagan, arose, and with a countenance perfectly unmoved and without even casting a glance at Chouquet, said: "Father, you little know the man with whom you deal. If you knew him you would not go. If, however, you are bent on going, we shall accompany you, and remain on the summits of the surrounding hills while you go to the camp of the enemy. And if while you are there we hear the report of a gun, we shall take it for granted that it is a gun levelled against your life. Then shall we descend to avenge your death, and we shall not cease until either we or the others will be utterly destroyed. Go then if you will, but such is our decision." Chouquet who knew no Flathead did not know the purport of this speech. I excused myself to him as unable to go at that time, for I did not wish to imperil the expedition for my own sake. He left our camp and took with him his recovered property.

The Flatheads had sent back on the preceding evening two women captured during the battle, and whom I, not knowing their full history, had insisted on having sent back.

"Father," said one of my Indians when they had complied with my order, "these women do more harm to our tribe than a dozen men." "How?" I asked in astonishment. "Because," replied he, "they have again and again made signs to warriors of our nation that they had some information to impart, and have thus drawn our men within rifle-shot of the Blackfeet who were concealed near at hand." Had I known this at first I would have acted with greater caution.

The Blackfeet did not dare molest us again, and as we soon fell in with buffaloes, the hunt began. This lasted until we had abundance of meat, and then the party scattered, each to return home how and when he pleased. Ten lodges remained with me, and we started homeward. When the band was still two days' journey from the village, I started ahead and found to my surprise everybody on the point of abandoning the place, for the report had been spread that we had fallen victims to the Blackfeet. The news of our victory changed their terror into joy, and the safe arrival of all the others with their loads of buffalo meat filled the measure of Flathead happiness. No, the measure was not quite full, for the remembrance of their recall from the battle, and of the dismissal of the captives, was fresh in their minds and caused much discontent. Moreover, from this time the best of the Indians began to be snatched away by death. One by one they disappeared, until the Indians themselves began to marvel at the fact and asked me what I thought of it. To them I gave evasive answers, but unbosoming myself to Very Rev. Fr. General, I wrote: "It is my firm belief that God has established this mission for the salvation of certain chosen souls, and that when these are saved the mission will be no more."

In 1847, the trouble with Little Farò reached the culminating point. He was a man of medium height, rather thin but sinewy, possessed of a good amount of talent, and he had long been most ambitious to become a chief. Fortune, however, did not smile upon him; and he was not a chief. Once when the warriors were starting on a hunting expedition, Farò came to me and said, "I am going hunting; where shall we make our prayer?" "Make it in your lodge" I answered, referring to him personally. Farò left me and started on his journey. At the first halting place he rang a bell and called all the people to his lodge. This was usurping the rights of the chief and was entirely beyond my intention. "The father says that prayer should be made in my lodge" was his announcement when all had assembled. Dissensions immediately arose. Some remained there out of respect

for me, others, indignant that I should thus determine chiefs, went away. I called the people together and disclaimed having had any part in Farò's action.

This turned Farò against me, for he saw that I would not be a tool for the furtherance of his ambitious plans. He therefore began to depreciate Catholic missionaries and to praise the Protestant ministers, saying that nobody among these Indians knew how to read, etc., but that, if Protestants were there, things would be far different. He even went so far as to get up in the church, after I had left it at the end of my instruction, and harangue the people. I refused to say Mass and laid an interdict upon the church unless the disorder was stopped. The Indians forced Farò to go on his knees before the chiefs and receive a slight punishment. He submitted outwardly, for the time being, but soon began to grumble again and to spread dissatisfaction among the Indians. How aptly could I apply the words of the Gospel. "Inimici hominis domestici ejus."⁽¹⁾

Amid the darkness surrounding the Flathead mission, there were at times rays of light, special graces granted. One of the greatest of these was the saving of Br. Bellomo. I relate the facts as I received them from the lips of the brother. He had been sent with Br. Savio to the Cœur d'Alènes, and in crossing a very swift creek, the raft on which they were struck a stump and upset. Clothing, boxes, Indian, and brothers were soon in the water. Br. Savio and the Indian could swim, Br. Bellomo could not, and soon sank. Br. Savio, who had enough to do to save his own life, swam ashore, while the Indian swam around searching for Br. Bellomo, but could not find him. "I sank feet downward," said the brother in relating the facts to me, "until I reached the bottom, and there I remained. Looking upward, I seemed to see the sky, blue and spangled with stars, but everything was far off and dim. 'O holy Virgin,' said I, 'if my time has come, I am ready.' At the same moment I felt myself pushed upwards, and when I reached the surface, the Indian grasped me by the hair, and I was saved." According to all accounts, he had remained so long under water that, without supernatural intervention, he must

⁽¹⁾ The Flathead mission was not the only one in which there had been trouble. The Cœur d'Alènes, ungrateful for the efforts of their missionaries, also proved refractory. I myself, when once on a visit to their mission, beheld an old man, torch in hand, staggering towards a keg of powder to set fire to it. He had been displeased at a division of goods that had been made, and not knowing what he did in the excess of his passion, he was only prevented from doing a great deal of mischief by some of the younger men who seized him in time. The missionaries, in fact, abandoned the place and left the tribe six months without spiritual help. This brought the Cœur d'Alènes to terms, and ever after they were more tractable.

have been drowned. Half naked the three of them travelled by land to the mission; the box arrived by water some days before them, and was found by our Indians floating in the lake. It was found to contain puppets which had been obtained for the mission in order to afford some amusement on days of festivity.

It was about this time that the Indians as usual went hunting. It happened, however, that one day they were sadly in need of water, and, though they searched long and earnestly, were unable to find any. At length they came upon a stagnant pool, and, urged by thirst, many of the less prudent drank deeply. Soon they began to complain of feeling unwell, and after a few days some died. Others grew thin and weak, and reached home in an exhausted condition. Having inquired into the matter, I became convinced that the evil lay in the water which had been drunk, and I administered purgatives to the sufferers. My convictions were true. The water had contained the spawn of fishes and frogs, and many of the eggs had been hatched and were alive and contented in the stomachs of those who had drunk at the stagnant pool. Such unpleasant tenants having been summarily evicted, my patients rapidly improved and were soon well. The number saved, however, was small; for most of the sick had perished before reaching home.

With the year 1848 came the last days of the mission, though neither I nor anybody else foresaw that the catastrophe was so near at hand. I had indeed already written to Very Rev. Fr. General that if things kept on as they were going I would give the mission but two years more to last; still the blow when it came took me by surprise. The Indians had started upon their usual hunt, Grand Chief Victor remaining behind at the village. Far away from the mission, and freed from his control, they gave themselves up to the indulgence of their passions. One day a young man arrived on horseback at the village; he was personally unknown to me, but had come from the hunting party. "O Father," said he, "if you only knew how the people have behaved! They have behaved even worse than they did before you came." I was shocked at his recital, but merely answered that on their return they would hear me.

The young man left the village and retraced his steps to the camp. What he said to the hunters I do not know, but when the hunt was over and the people returned, the young folks kept aloof, and only the old men and the married women came to smoke the pipe with me. I spoke about the hunt but made no mention of their disorders; I appoint-

ed separate days for the confessions of the young and old, married and unmarried, and then dismissed them. That very day, while making my thanksgiving after Mass, I heard a great deal of talking and bustle outside, and when, on finishing my thanksgiving, I went to investigate the cause, I saw a great number of horses packed for a journey. The owners soon mounted and rode away, and I remained alone with those Indians that had not gone hunting. The others, after having travelled about eight miles, pitched their camp. The chasm separating me and my flock was now marked and open; the grand chief alone could bring them to a sense of their duty, so I applied to him; but his only answer was: "*Tas misten?* (What can I do?)"

The runaways encamped near two Americans, Messrs. Owens and Porter, and as these gentlemen had already visited the mission and invited me to return their visit, I set out hoping to find some means of bringing back those who had strayed from the fold. I was kindly received and entertained, but no Indians except little Faro put in an appearance. Sorrowfully, as evening approached, I turned my face towards St. Mary's and considered what I should do. The time for our yearly consultation had arrived, so in a day or two I set out for the Cœur d'Alènes. There we decided that the mission among the discontented Indians should be closed for a time, in order to punish them and bring them to a sense of duty.

I then asked that I might be allowed to go to some place where I should hear nothing of what was going on. I was accordingly sent to Willamette, where I arrived safely after a long journey, and sent back the two Indians who had accompanied me. Poor fellows! they were attacked on their way back by the Blackfeet; one was badly wounded, and they barely escaped with their lives. I remained in Oregon for a few years, and was then ordered to California, so that when sorrow for the past had taken possession of the Flatheads, and Victor came in the name of his tribe to ask me to return, I was already far away. Often have I tried to get back, but without success; yet, though constrained by obedience to be separated in body, my love goes back, and will ever go back to the joys, sorrows, and trials of my dear Flathead mission.

LETTERS FROM A CHAPLAIN IN THE WAR
OF 1861.

(*Eighth Letter.*)

CAMP BROWN, SANTA ROSA ISLAND,
December 31, 1861.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER TELLIER,
P. C.

Here I am seated on a little ten-pounder "parrot" cannon, a small but wicked gun, as the enemy can testify. Though no match for her thirty, sixty or one hundred-pound sisters, she is the pride of the camp. To the rear, to the right and left, lies an expanse of salt water; in front, a sheet of white, glistening sand extends as far as the eye can reach. Overhead is a broiling, unsparing sun, which darts down upon me its almost perpendicular rays. Around me are men whiling away, in every conceivable manner, time the most precious. Scattered here and there, on all available pieces of level surface, are squads of soldiers going through every species of military exercise except actual battle. Abundant sources of meditation, you will say, but poor encouragement to write a letter. Ample materials, however, are at hand, especially these last days, for a lengthy communication; but, contrary perhaps to what you may imagine, I have but very little leisure to use them. The hospitals alone constantly call for a large portion of my attention, as you may see from the following statement.

There are on the island three regular stations, into which are gathered those in need of medical or surgical treatment, to each of which I make a daily visit. These establishments are situated at a distance of two miles from each other. Therefore, starting from the central building, near which are my quarters, I have to walk eight miles in order to see the sick and wounded and return to camp. The time required for this little journey over the sandy desert depends on the number and condition of the patients. For in these infirmaries I have a little chat with each of the inmates, Catholics, Protestants, Jews and Gentiles. I give them the latest news, distribute a few numbers of the *N. Y. Tablet*, write letters

for some poor fellows, teach a little catechism and a few prayers; and if time allows, I show an interest in a game of draughts or chess played by parties of the convalescent. We thus become well acquainted and great friends. The Catholics, of course, go to confession; some Protestants ask for instruction on various points, and in due time receive baptism and die children of the Church. These poor fellows see in Protestantism no sacraments for the dying, no consolation for the soldier; and, above all, they see for poor soldiers no forgiveness of sins. In this simple, unostentatious way, incalculable good is done during these regular and leisurely calls at the hospitals. Those restored to health remain within my easy reach and become very efficient instruments of good among their comrades.

It takes hours to complete the rounds and return to quarters; for, besides the delay in the various wards, the walk itself over the fine dry sand is necessarily slow and fatiguing. At times I say my office on the way, and thus gain some time; but generally, on account of the glare of the sand under the scorching sun, I find it impossible to read in the open air. After an absence of several hours, I return, thoroughly exhausted, to the camp. I am then expected to report at headquarters whatever I may have noticed worthy of remark in the treatment of sick and wounded. This alone, you would say, is a good day's work. Besides these stated calls, I am of course occasionally summoned day and night either to the hospital, or to the picket or guard-line for sudden cases. Boats, too, from the men-of-war anchored far off, or from newly arrived vessels, come from time to time to the island to take me out to attend to some sailor or marine whose disease or wounds have brought him to the close of life.

The terrific bombardment of Fort Pickens took place on Friday, the 22nd of November last. We had been expecting this great event from the very day we began to land our forces on Santa Rosa. At last, when we were about to renounce all hope of beholding this awful display of artificial thunder and the consequent destruction it was sure to effect, it burst on us with the irresistible fury of the hurricane. The general and remote reason of the bombardment is evident to all; the immediate reason, if any, is as yet unknown outside the near vicinity of department headquarters. Many causes may be and are assigned, but these have existed since our first landing here.

Owing to the shallowness of the water near the forts and batteries held by the enemy, the heavy draught of some of our vessels, and the small caliber of the armament of others,

the fleet was unable to take the prominent part in the engagement which that branch of the service was expected to take. As it was, the work of the navy was more effective than that of the army. The *Richmond* (whose surgeon is John Murphy, graduate of Fordham College) and the flag-ship *Niagara* were the only men-of-war of the squadron whose long-range guns enabled them to keep up the fight at ebb tide. The other vessels, receding with the fall of the tide, reluctantly saw themselves reduced to mere spectators, during low tide, for want of guns of proper range.

On the 20th of November we were officially notified that the bombardment of the enemy's forts and batteries would be opened immediately, and that the infantry were to have a part in it. The 20th and 21st passed by without bringing forth anything very unusual. Yet the suppressed excitement was so intense that no one thought of sleeping at night, or scarcely of eating during the day. The trusted Sixth Regiment was put on guard, in order to remove even the possibility of a deserter escaping from the island to convey to the enemy tidings of our intentions.

Some misgivings about the result found utterance here and there, especially amongst the infantry. If we should be worsted, and the fort silenced, what could prevent Gen. Bragg from putting thirty thousand troops on Santa Rosa? If we should succeed in silencing the enemy, we have no means of following up our success; we have no boats. These were some of the doubts and fears expressed by a few.

On the night of the 21st, an orderly from department headquarters in Pickens informed us that next day we should open on the enemy's defences, forts and batteries, and that the flag-ship *Niagara* would hoist a red flag as a signal that all was in readiness. At early dawn every eye was directed towards the *Niagara* in search of the all-important signal. But where is the *Niagara*? Where is our fleet? What a transformation has taken place! When the sun rose, the surface of the gulf was as clear and unruffled as that of a mirror; yet our men-of-war presented the appearance of having passed through a terrific storm. The spars had all disappeared, the masts, which had been lowered, seemed to have been snapped off at the middle, the jib-booms had been hauled in; aye, the very bowsprits had in some way been withdrawn from sight. The gallant ships had during night divested themselves of their exquisite beauty and symmetry, and assumed the garb and position of intrepid combatants determined to conquer or die.

We had taken our frugal breakfast; the morning was passing away; and yet the *Niagara* failed to hoist the anx-

iously expected signal. At 8 o'clock precisely, at the top of the flag-ship's now stumpy mainmast, the long-watched-for flag appeared. A signal is run up on the flag-staff of Fort Pickens, and down goes the all-important banner of the *Niagara*. From Pickens three steamboats are seen starting down the bay from Pensacola towards the navy yard. Presently an aide-de-camp is seen galloping along the commands and batteries, informing them that the authorities have decided to postpone the opening shot till these three boats reach their docks, when we shall have an additional opportunity of punishing the enemy. Down come the unsuspecting steamers with flying colors, now the object of our concentrated attention. They reach their docks. They are moored.

At 9.30 A. M. precisely, all is in readiness. Up goes the flag once more, and instantaneously every cannon on the island belches forth its worst. The squadron, in fighting trim, slipped their cables, and boldly moved in towards the enemy's defences, as near as the depth of the water permitted, taking charge of Fort McCrae and the adjoining batteries. The roar of artillery on our side is incessant, whilst not a shot is fired by those on the other side. They have been taken by surprise, and know not what to do; or, not expecting an attack, the men are absent from their guns. Shell and solid shot continued to be sent across the bay; yet no response came. After about fifteen minutes a roaring shell is heard ploughing its way over to us from the navy yard, and immediately every hostile fort and battery sends a shower of metal on poor Santa Rosa. The fleet seems to be concentrating its fire against Fort McCrae. Ships armed with heavy guns are driving terrible projectiles against its venerable sides. Shell after shell drops into the old defender of Pensacola, and explodes with telling effect. For we see rising out of it a column of smoke which is becoming blacker and denser every instant. The interior is evidently on fire. The flag-staff is shattered by a shell, but the flag in its fall is caught by some projection, and defiantly flutters in our faces. McCrae slackens its fire, but the men-of-war have made up their minds to destroy it. In dead earnest they send one broadside after another into and against the tottering sentinel. They have completely silenced the historic fort. Not a shot comes from it, but no sign of surrendering is visible, no white flag appears. The batteries, whose barking has, till now, been almost unheeded by the vessels, become in their turn the object of the destructive naval batteries that have knocked McCrae *hors de combat*.

The Zouaves, who, up to this time, have been merely look-

ing on from their camp at the fierce struggle, are now ordered by signal to march to the fort and batteries. A body of men moving over the white field of sand will be an unresisting target for the southern cannon. Calling his staff around him, Col. Wilson said: "What am I to do? If I tell the men to march forward singly behind the sand-hills, and dodge the shots of the hostile batteries, I shall be accused of cowardice, and punished as a coward. If I lead them in open view of the enemy, I shall be accused of uselessly exposing the soldiers' lives, and punished for such recklessness."

After a brief exchange of opinions, it was unanimously agreed that we should boldly march along the northern beach, exposed to the hostile fire. Off we moved. Shell and shot sped over us, before us, and behind us, yet not one of us was hurt. We reached the batteries safely, but Wilson was publicly reprimanded for unnecessarily exposing the lives of the soldiers. Some of the Zouaves were detailed among the batteries, others were stationed as sentinels to report any indication of the enemy's preparing to make an attempt at landing on our island. Very little damage had thus far been done by our adversaries' shells and solid balls. They went wide of the mark.

About noon, Captain Chalfin of the regular army, a convert to our faith, who had charge of a cannon stationed on the parapet, sent me word that he would like to see me for a moment at his dangerous position. Hastening up to the place indicated, I met old Colonel Brown, Commander-in-chief, who fiercely asked me why I thus exposed my life. On learning that I was obeying a call to duty, he said, "Well done, Father. I shan't forget this in public orders." Arriving at Captain Chalfin's battery, I enquired who was hurt. "No one" replied the brave captain, "but our situation is most dangerous. In the lower batteries men and officers have bomb-proof protection, here we have no kind of covering. We stand in full view, exposed to every shot. Being all Catholics in charge of this gun, we have christened it 'The Immaculate Conception,' and we request you now to bless it and us." On the high parapet, facing the forts and batteries of our determined opponents, the captain and his brave and faithful Catholic soldiers knelt down, and from the bottom of my heart I gave the blessing asked.

In spite of the imminent danger surrounding the place, I was strongly tempted to remain on the battlement and contemplate the havoc effected by our monstrous guns and the earnest and continuous efforts manifested all along both lines to destroy all barriers to complete success. As a shell came

screeching towards us, Chalfin said: "Father, take one short look at the work of the fleet on your left, and go down out of this place, as soon as you can, to a casemate for safety." The fleet was enveloped in a dense cloud of smoke, from which issued continuous sheets of flame, an indication of the giant projectiles rapidly and forcibly cast against the opposing works. Descending from the parapet, I again met Col. Brown, who, with field-glass in hand, was surveying the condition of affairs. "Attended to your work up there?" he said enquiringly. On receiving my answer he continued: "It is a fierce fight, and very little damage done. Nothing has happened to us, and we have done little else than silence McCrae, and check its adjacent batteries. The enemy have on wheels a heavy gun which they keep moving from point to point, and whose range we cannot get. It may do us a deal of harm. Firing no two shots from the same position, it easily evades our gunners. Its managers have us clearly within exact range, but the shells fail to explode." He then called my attention to the fleet receding from the batteries. The tide is ebbing and the vessels have to keep to the deep water. The fort and batteries, aided by only two men-of-war, the *Niagara* and *Richmond*, whose long-range guns enable them to keep up the fight, have now to sustain the combat till the returning tide permits the others to resume their place in the obstinate conflict.

Having come down to one of the batteries, a bomb-proof, managed by Company I of the Zouaves, I was besieged by questions about the appearance of things outside, especially about the fleet's work. The roar of artillery was incessant and crushing till half past three p. m., when all the cannon became dangerously heated. The firing then had to be considerably slackened. At four p. m. I was summoned to an advance battery, where, the messenger said, a hostile shell had done dreadful work. Dodging through flying projectiles, amidst the hurrahs of the boys, I reached the scene of the casualty. The case was not so bad as I had been given to understand. One was killed and another badly wounded, both the result of reckless courage. Having eaten nothing since morning, I thankfully accepted the invitation of the men of the battery to partake of the rations just then distributed amongst them; and as these poor fellows, being nearest to the enemy, were the most exposed of the command, I resolved to remain with them. At 6.30 p. m. the canonade practically ceased.

The weather had been intensely oppressive all day. Not a breath of air had been stirring. About 7 p. m. the clouds rapidly rose and gathered over the scene of this day's ex-

pensive work. About 8 p. m. the rain began to fall in torrents — something like the old-time rainy season. The shower lasted an hour, without, however, preventing occasional shots from the opposing batteries.

As a precautionary measure against any attempt at landing on Santa Rosa, a strong, double guard is stationed along the beach. The men-of-war have recourse to steam as a safeguard against any move made by Bragg's men to board them. They have a contrivance whereby they can readily scald to death any force climbing up their sides. During the entire night we kept up the fight by mortars placed at intervals along the north beach. Every discharge from these monster instruments of destruction (the shells used were fifteen inches in diameter) shook our island like an earthquake.

Casualties of the first day's action — one killed, one wounded; both the result of recklessness.

Saturday, November 23. Weather beautiful; no attempt at a surprise was made by either party; flags are flying defiantly on both sides; the fleet has been augmented by the arrival of more ships eager for the fray, which, however, are without long-range guns; all are in fighting trim. The usual morning routine of camp life is carried out; all the various calls have been beaten and answered. "Is the bombardment over?" ask the soldiers.

At 8.30 a. m. "quarters" are beaten; the *Niagara* runs up her flag. At 9 precisely the bombardment is renewed with increased force, perhaps with increased animosity. The gallant ships signalled "shoreward," slipped their anchors, and with flying colors, and every man at his post, advanced to look for an antagonist and resume the fight. They had little to do. Fort McCrae is prostrate. The batteries within reach of the vessels near the "point" are silent. After a few moments delay, Barrancas and its neighboring batteries responded to Pickens' fire. Both sides had better range, and consequently were doing more damage to property. The *Richmond* and *Niagara*, the former in advance, finding in the outer waters no foe worthy of their steel, steamed in to engage Barrancas and its supports, which had continued to offer such a stout resistance to the heavy blows inflicted by Pickens and its brave auxiliaries. The *Richmond's* shells were soon dropping with disastrous effect into Barrancas; for we heard some explosions, and beheld smoke and flames shoot up from the interior for a while. The flag, however, remained proudly waving. All our heavy guns were then trained on the old Spanish relic—Barrancas. Its responses

from some cause became weak; but it persistently refused to haul down its colors.

But the "movable" heavy gun, whose sudden appearance and disappearance yesterday annoyed Col. Brown not a little, ran down behind a hill or a piece of woodland, and accepted the daring challenge of the two men-of-war armed with powerful batteries. The tide was rapidly ebbing. The majority of the vessels had already withdrawn to deeper water. The batteries and forts seem to slacken their fire for a while in order to enjoy the fierce conflict between the flag-ship and her consort on one side, and the mysterious cannon on the other. The ships are evidently firing at random; but the ubiquitous gun takes accurate aim and hits nearly every time. The noble steamers are evidently cramped in their movements by the want of deep water. They now use only their bow batteries. The water has become so dangerously shallow that they dare not lie in a position to give broadsides.

There! the *Richmond* is fast aground! Terrible target for the "movable!" The *Niagara*, fearing a similar fate, abandons her position and consort, and puts off for the gulf. "Poor Richmond!" was the sympathetic expression on every one's lips. The other vessels endeavored to come to her aid but their efforts were in vain—their shots fell short. The fort and batteries gave a little help. All the guns of long range, and the mortars, were trailed in the direction of the concealed antagonist, to discover and disable him. But he kept jumping from place to place and taking unerring aim at the now stationary target. Still the noble *Richmond* continued single-handed the uneven contest as serenely as if she was riding in fifty fathoms. Shot after shot struck the stranded ship till, from some cause, she swung round, and her altered position enabled the untiring gunners to work their pieces with greater advantage. After a few bitter shots, now nearly broadside on, from the hampered *Richmond*, the great "movable" became absolutely silent. We afterwards heard that one of the powerful shells of the grounded steamer had struck and completely disabled him.

Having now no adversary, the indomitable ship triumphantly awaited the returning tide to attack at close quarters the remaining defences of the enemy. She had not long to wait. "The *Richmond* is free! Three cheers for the *Richmond*!" was shouted all along the water batteries.

The unflinching ship, no doubt badly hurt, but, as far as we can see, by no means disabled, gave a few lusty blasts of her whistle, and with flying colors advanced and threw her monstrous shells once more against Barrancas. After hav-

ing shown her ability to keep up the fight, and probably fearful of touching bottom so far in towards the bay, the undaunted man-of-war steamed out into the gulf to examine her timbers. In the fierce contest which she so nobly maintained, she had several of her brave men wounded, but only one killed—a gunner whose head was shot off whilst he was in the act of sighting his piece.

Whilst the *Richmond* was thus gallantly defending herself, and covering herself and the fleet with imperishable honors, the navy-yard battery got a good range on an angle of Pickens, whose bricks it caused to fly. Shot after shot struck exactly the same spot, and seemed to threaten a breach. Col. Brown then ordered the fire to be concentrated on that battery. But this effort caused only a loss of the range, it did not silence the guns. As the incipient breach assumed a serious appearance, the venerable colonel asked for volunteers to climb up and repair the gap. A score of hands were raised, the repairs were effected, and the terribly earnest cannonade went on.

I should remark here that the projectors and constructors of Fort Pickens never calculated on the possibility of a serious attack on its rear face. Their object was to render the fort invulnerable on the ocean side, from which alone an enemy was to be expected. Hence, whilst arming the three irregular faces (east, west, and south), with three tiers of casemate guns, and the parapet with barbette guns, they left the fourth face or north side, which fronts the bay and hostile batteries, comparatively weak, without glacis or any other protection. They thought, no doubt, that it would be a useless expenditure. Col. Brown remedied the oversight, as far as possible, by a liberal use of sand-bags. As the enemy were as well acquainted with the details of the structure of Pickens as our own officers were, they planted heavy columbiads opposite the weak side in order to effect a breach; and they were very near seeing their efforts crowned with success—a result which, I think, would have proved disastrous to us.

Early in the afternoon, word came to the battery where I had taken up my quarters, that Captain Chalfin's gun on the parapet had exploded, and had killed or wounded all belonging to it. Rushing up to the dangerous location, I found indeed only the fragments of "The Immaculate Conception," but the captain and his men were unhurt. On examination it was discovered that there had been a flaw in the casting, and the wonder was that all around it were not killed. The brave and pious captain attributed the preser-

vation of himself and his men to the protection of our Blessed Mother. He and his men, amidst the flying and fear-inspiring missiles, knelt down and offered their grateful thanks to her whose aid has never been invoked in vain.

As evening approached, some of the enemy's batteries became slack. But a new and vigorous battery opened on us from the town of Warrington or Woolsey—two hamlets near the navy yard. As this was evidently calculated to do us considerable mischief, and as the houses prevented us from determining its location, Captain Robinson, who commanded a water battery, was directed to burn the town and thus reach this new enemy. He immediately had his furnaces made ready, and sent across the bay a shower of red-hot shot. It was thought that these red-hot balls would penetrate deep into barns, stables, residences, etc., and, gradually heating the combustible matter in which they would lodge, start conflagrations simultaneously in different quarters of the town, and thus drive off or expose to view the battery that threatened so much mischief. The result corresponded but poorly to the expectations of the projectors of this kind of attack; for no flames were seen to start up, and the battery continued to throw from the village a lively and well directed shower of shot and shell against Pickens and its supports. Towards sunset, Captain Robinson told me that as soon as the order to interrupt the bombardment for the night should be issued, he would use rock and rope-fire to effect what red-hot shot had failed to do.

About 5 P. M. an orderly came to request my presence in one of the casemates of the fort. Hastening to the place indicated, I found seven men stretched on the floor. They were all living, but severely if not mortally wounded, and bleeding profusely. I heard the confessions of the poor fellows, and was about to administer extreme unction, when a couple of surgeons arrived, who examined and dressed the wounds, and assured me there was no necessity for anointing the patients, as there was no immediate danger. The casualty was caused in a rather singular manner. A large shell, fired from one of the enemy's guns, had struck the edge of a port-hole and knocked off bricks and pieces of bricks which were driven in with great force upon the men, terribly cutting and bruising them about the face and head. The ponderous shell itself, crashing through the port-hole with the bricks, did not touch the men, but smashed the gun-carriage, and then rolled amongst the prostrate men over the floor of the casemate towards the powder magazine, the door of which was open. The fuse continued to burn and sparkle as the crushing mass was

making its way into the magazine, where an immense supply of fixed ammunition and some loose powder were stored. Two of the nine men in the casemate were uninjured, but so paralyzed by the knowledge of what they were sure must soon happen, that they made no motion to extinguish the fuse till the shell had passed through the open door into the magazine. Then recovering their senses, they rushed to do what they should have done whilst the instrument of destruction was within their reach. But to their utter surprise and satisfaction they found the fuse extinguished. Had the shell exploded, the fort would have been blown up; and no doubt, as there would be no one to explain the cause of the calamity, the dreadful occurrence would have been attributed to the treachery or carelessness of some of our own men.

At sunset, the cannonade, which had been rather weak on both sides all the afternoon, was brought to a close for the day. The casualties for the army for this day were seven wounded, no one killed. On board the *Richmond* seventeen were wounded, and one killed. No one was hurt on board the other vessels.

No sooner had the sun withdrawn from the scene of this day's havoc than Captain Robinson sent for me, and informed me that, notwithstanding his great desire to save it, the little Catholic chapel of Warrington across the bay was doomed to annihilation. The battery, ensconced in or behind the village, had got too correct a range to be allowed to live another day. After the result of to-day's efforts it was evident, he said, that in order to dislodge the obnoxious guns he must burn Warrington. Whilst he was speaking, his fifteen-inch mortars were being charged. "Now Father," he said to me, "though you will witness the ruin of the sacred edifice of your brethren across the bay, it will be worth your while to pass the night in my battery, and view the awful scene of a town set on fire, and no one allowed to extinguish the conflagration." Pending the proper moment for the commencement of these fiery hostilities, supper was served, and occasional shots were exchanged to prevent either side from resting.

It was about dark when Captain Robinson said to me: "Take your stand here, Father; you can see everything without incurring much danger. Time to begin!" The order was given. The mortars in quick succession belched forth the terrible shells carrying in their fiery bosoms such destructive materials as rope-fire, which, on the explosion of the shell high in the air over the fated town, fell down on the roofs in long trains somewhat resembling ropes; or such as rock-fire, which the bursting shell let fall in lumps

or blazing showers, and which fastening on combustible matter speedily set it on fire.

Presently flames began to shoot up here and there; fire-bells, or what we took for fire-bells, were heard reverberating over the water, calling together the people to check the devouring fiend. The blaze, however, continuing to rise and spread, showed us that the conflagration was not confined to a few houses, and that any attempt on the part of the citizens to extinguish it was useless. The flames were soon bursting forth from the roofs, and simultaneously from opposite points. In a very short time the entire towns of Woolsey and Warrington were lighted up by their own destroyer. The humble cottage, the home of the employe of the navy yard, the neat white steeple of the Catholic church, and the buildings which, before the war, had served as residences for naval officers and their families, all were ablaze. Cannon and mortars, whose shells were plainly visible by the ring of fire described by the burning fuse, have ceased their terrific roar. Officers and soldiers, receiving no response to their last shots, looked in silent wonder on the fierce conflagration they had started. The flames, descending through roofs and steeples which they had consumed, reached the interior of church and dwelling. The burning houses seemed gradually to approach, till the conflagration, viewed from our distant position, was one broad sheet of flame and smoke, rising heavenward and throwing a fearful glare over bay, forts, island, ships, and gulf. When the fire appeared to be at its height, the wind rose and caught the blaze, which, like a storm-struck forest, swayed to and fro. The reflection of the fiery sheets along the edge of the bay, playing through what was still in position of the dark rigging of the men-of-war, gave our ships the appearance of dismal spectres grimly rejoicing at the awful havoc. We could even imagine that we heard distinctly the surging and roaring of the unsparing waves of flame. Towards morning the wind turned seawards, and brought across the bay to our shores clouds of smoke which enveloped Santa Rosa and caused us no little alarm at our own destructive work.

Sunday, November 24, dawned bright and clear on us and on our houseless friends and enemies on the other side. Many of those who lost their property, probably their all, by this bombardment, are old employes of the United States, staunch friends of the Union. Such is war. The army and navy, mindful of what these people did for Lieut. Slemmer, will reimburse them for their losses. As far as we could see, little beyond smoking and smouldering ruins

remained for these old friends. For want of the necessary articles, we could not offer the holy sacrifice to-day. We ardently hope that vestments, etc., to replace those lost on the 9th of October, will soon be sent to us. All feel lonely on Sundays without the celebration of Mass. Perhaps our afflicted brethren in Warrington and Woolsey are suffering to-day from the same privation. At 8 A. M. Col. Brown informed the command that he would not disturb the "quiet of the Sabbath" by resuming hostilities unless the enemy opened on us. There was plenty of time for a little sermon and abundant matter for reflection. Everything passed off quietly, and nothing happened to mar in the least the quiet of the day.

Monday the 25th.—All were at work early, each one making his own preparations in expectation of the immediate resumption of the battle; but to the astonishment of all, Col. Brown issued an order at 8 A. M., declaring the bombardment at an end unless the enemy should attack. Freed by this announcement from a good deal of the restraint which the previous cannonade had placed on our movements, men and officers, led by a spirit of curiosity, dispersed over the western extremity of the island, around the fort and batteries, to see the effect of the thundering shells the enemy had sent us. We found those monstrous instruments of devastation lying solid everywhere. Very few comparatively of the enemy's shells had exploded. This accounts to some extent for the small number of casualties on our side. The powder was probably wet or bad, or the shells had been too long charged. Reaching the site of our old camp, we found here and there bombs scattered in profusion, but none of them exploded. No harm, consequently, had been done to our tents which we had left standing.

Whilst we were discussing the great error of Bragg's cannoners in wasting so much powder and time to destroy an abandoned camp, we heard the screech of a shell ploughing through the air towards us. Nearer and nearer it came. As there was no shelter to which we could retreat, we silently and motionlessly awaited our fate. Will it explode over us, and scattering its fragments do more harm than was done during the entire bombardment? The deafening sound tells us that the iron messenger is at our sides. There! a terrible thud! The bomb fell about thirty feet from us; the fuse was still sparkling. Throwing ourselves prostrate on the ground, we awaited the report, which came in a few seconds. With the noise of a clap of thunder the murderous monster was blown into fragments, but no one was hurt. Will this once more renew the fight? Returning

to Pickens we were informed that the authorities were uncertain as to what they should do. "It was only one shot," remarked Col. Brown, "and very probably it was an accidental discharge or a bravado bolt by some unauthorized soldier." After some delay, and without receiving a second challenge, it was decided to send to the hostile batteries an iron messenger in return. There was no rejoinder; and quiet was again restored.

In the afternoon Captain Chalfin invited me to take a little stroll with him. We visited the wounded, who, though disfigured for life, are doing well. "Father," said this unflinching Catholic soldier, "the scene at night was truly awful. Those fiery shells hissing along through the dark air, and leaving a red track through the heavens, were enough to chill the blood in the veins of the innocent victims inhabiting Woolsey and Warrington. May God in his mercy watch over the poor soldier, and shelter the inoffensive victims of war."

Tuesday the 26th.—Fearing some mishap from the large number of charged bombs lying within and without the fort, Col. Brown gave orders to the ordnance officer to have them carefully removed to some place where no danger could be apprehended from an accidental bursting of any of them. Selecting his help from amongst the most skilful of the regulars, the sergeant appointed to execute the orders began his rather perilous work. Some soldiers, curious to know what was the cause of the non-explosion, scooped out some of the powder of the fuseless shells, in order to subject it to an examination; others took some to send home as a relic or a trophy. The sergeant superintending the handling of these apparently harmless iron balls repeatedly called the attention of the idlers who were foraging amongst them, to the extreme danger to which they were exposing themselves. But all advice was useless. Finally, for the protection of himself and his men, he sent for the officer of the guard to clear those foolhardy prowlers away. But presently a fifteen-inch shell exploded, sending its death-dealing fragments through the crowd of idle on-lookers with fearful effect. When the smoke had been wasted away, and we had recovered sufficiently from the shock to open our eyes and look about us, we saw five men dead—torn to pieces—and nine horribly wounded. We suffered in this a greater loss of life than the entire bombardment had cost us.

One of the victims of this deplorable accident was an engaging drummer boy, in whom Madam Hardey and other Ladies of the Sacred Heart took a lively and to him beneficial interest. His innocence, indeed, con-

trusted so strangely with the kind of life he was leading, and with the wild lives, unfortunately far from edifying at times, of some of those with whom he was obliged continually to associate, that one could not refrain from being deeply concerned about the boy. His innocence was, I think, preserved by the wonderful facility with which he kept himself always employed at something useful or instructive. When free from duty, he did not loll in his tent, or on the warm sand near the spent breakers, but occupied his mind and his hands with amusing incidents or useful objects. For instance, he would devote his free time to the examination of various parts of artillery wagons and harness, to the management of horses and mules, to the working of a cannon in battery or on wheels, or to the polishing and brightening of his buttons, buckles, and drum.

During the bombardment, this lad was the post-adjutant's orderly, and as such had to carry directions from headquarters in Pickens to the various commands stationed in the batteries along the bay-shore. Arrayed in his full uniform, and mounted on a magnificent saddle-mule, he rode up to our quarters the first morning of the bombardment, evidently full of a soldier's pride, to inform me of the important and dangerous post to which he had been assigned, and to make "a little confession." Throughout the big duel, the little fellow, in carrying his orders from post to post, had many narrow escapes, and, young as he was, displayed extraordinary coolness and bravery.

Sad indeed was it that after having gone through the bombardment unharmed, our little drummer should have lost his life by the accidental explosion mentioned above. A flying piece of metal tore his head and neck from his body.

The fierce cannonade with its resulting melancholy accidents is now at an end, to the satisfaction, it is hoped, of all concerned. The only cause of gratification I can see, in the enormous expense incurred by the government, is that we have proved to the enemy that Fort Pickens and Santa Rosa, which a few months ago did not possess as much as an old musket, are now armed with the most powerful ordnance, and defended by the bravest soldiers that any country could wish to possess. Had we the proper means of transportation, we could now easily effect a landing in the neighborhood of Fort McCrae, and outflank all batteries below Barrancas, and thus diminish the enemy's strongholds. Washington answers our appeal for boats with "We have none just now to spare." The gaps opened up to-day, if not seized by us, will soon be repaired by the enemy, and

must be taken again at a sacrifice of life and treasure. Hoping that we shall soon have peace with its many attending blessings, I remain,

Your son in Christ,
MICHAEL NASH, S. J.

INNSBRUCK.

A SANCTUARY OF THE OLD SOCIETY.

The Society was first called to Innsbruck in 1560. In that year the Emperor Ferdinand I., who was greatly alarmed lest the faith of the Tyrolese should be tainted by the heresies of the 16th century, invited Bl. Peter Canisius and Fr. Nicholas Lanoy to open a college in Innsbruck. Several fathers were appointed for the task, and in 1561 they began to build a large college, which now forms part of the university buildings, and a church for public services. The church was finished in 1571 and was almost entirely the gift of the Archduke Ferdinand II. It was dedicated to the Holy Trinity, but was known among the people as the *Jesuitenkirche*. So numerous were the people of all ranks who came to hear the earnest preaching of Ours, that the necessity of erecting a larger edifice was clear to all. The additional land necessary was bought by the pious Archduke Maximilian, of the Order of Teutonic Knights, and the corner-stone of the new church was laid in 1615. The expenses were defrayed by the archduke and the nobility of Innsbruck, and in 1626 the sacred building was ready for consecration. By some strange mishap, the foundations were so poorly built that in this same year a portion of the edifice fell to the ground, and the rest showed such a want of stability that it was resolved to pull down the entire building and to commence the work over again. This time the Society found a generous benefactor in the Archduke Leopold V., who chose the 1st of May, 1627, for the laying of the corner-stone, and who wished that the church might be the burial-vault of himself and his descendants. The troublous times, especially the Swedish wars, were a great hindrance to the completion of the work, and it was not until 1646 that the church was consecrated by Anton von Krosin, Bishop of Brixen. It stands to-day with but few changes since the beginning of this century.

Judged from an architectural stand-point it is said to be the finest church in the city, for it is in a great measure free from the glaring defects of the other Innsbruck churches. The broad front is built in the early Doric style, and its present venerable aspect is very striking. The original plan contemplated two massive towers in front, but these have never been built, and the bells are protected by a wooden structure that is sadly out of harmony with the rest of the building. On each side of the nave are three side-chapels; those on the left are dedicated to our Lady, to St. Pirminius, and to St. Ignatius; those on the right to the Sacred Heart, St. Fortunatus, and St. Francis Xavier. The church, without considering the chapels, is 40 feet broad and 170 feet long. Above the chapels and over the entrance are large galleries for the use of the scholastics, the seminarians, and the male portion of the congregation. The galleries are so arranged that only those in the first bench can see the altar, and as the flooring is of stone, they are anything but desirable places on a cold winter's day. From the arms of the cross springs aloft a magnificently formed cupola, which is as high as the church is long. This cupola, on account of its graceful outlines, is a very conspicuous object in Innsbruck, and it stands out prominently among the many other towers of the neighborhood.

The decorations of the church are very simple, consisting chiefly of a few paintings and statues, and large pillars of a dull reddish marble. These pillars form one of the most expensive features of the church, but their want of finish and their peculiar color hide their beauty, and, at a distance, they look like grim sentinels weeping over the past glories of a once famous temple. The side altars are of a fine Italian marble and of exquisite workmanship. They are all decorated with richly worked relic cases, and among these treasures is the body of St. Pirminius, whose memory is especially honored in the upper Rhine provinces, where he preached the faith in the eighth century. He built the abbey of Hornbach, near the village of Mendelsheim in the diocese of Spires, and there he closed his saintly life on Nov. 3, 754. Here his body rested in peace until 1540, when the abbey passed into the hands of Protestants, who were only too glad to be relieved of their treasure. The sacred relics were then brought to Innsbruck.

The high altar is of marble and of decorated metal work. The latter displays wonderful skill, and gives the altar a very massive and solid appearance. Some of the work is unquestionably fantastic in design, and there are two angels by the tabernacle, apparently almost miraculously held in mid-

air, but the general finish is far superior to anything of the kind one meets with in America. There are two frescoes in the sanctuary, but the figures have no prototypes that I am aware of in nature, and the coloring is so alarming in tone that one cannot help regretting their existence.

The church is sadly in need of repairs. As it has never been given back to the Society but is still held by the government, there are slight hopes of the much desired restoration. The Society is allowed to use it as the university church, all our celebrations take place there, and most of the fathers say Mass there. The services are well attended but the small number of men present is very noticeable.

For the triduum in honor of the three new saints, the sanctuary was tastefully decorated with massive reliquaries and candles, while the ledges of the many niches were adorned with flowers. Solemn Pontifical Mass and Benediction was celebrated on each of the three days; on Sunday by the Premonstratensian Abbot of Wilten, on Monday by the Benedictine Abbot of Fiecht, and on Tuesday by the Cistercian Abbot of Stams. The sermon on Sunday evening was preached by a Franciscan, on Monday by a Capuchin, and on Tuesday by Mgr. Mayr, a secular priest.

The Benedictions appear very strange to those accustomed to the Roman rite. For example, on the first Sunday of the month devotions are held in honor of the Sacred Heart. At half past three Benediction is given with the Blessed Sacrament enclosed in the ciborium. This is followed by the rosary, which is recited from the pulpit by one of the scholastics. At the end of the rosary, Benediction is again given with the ciborium. Then comes the sermon, during which many of the people leave their seats and stand directly opposite the pulpit, which is on the gospel side of the nave and about the middle of the church. The sermons vary in length, but usually last from forty-five minutes to an hour. After the sermon we have the solemn Benediction, which is given in the following manner. When the clergy have entered the sanctuary, the deacon exposes the Blessed Sacrament, after which he joins the celebrant and subdeacon, who ascend the altar-steps; then the deacon hands the ostensorium to the celebrant who intones the *Tantum Ergo*. The celebrant holds the Blessed Sacrament aloft to the kneeling people until the words *novo cedat ritui*, when the worshippers receive the blessing. The ostensorium is then placed upon the throne, the ministers descend to the floor, the litanies are sung, and prayers to the Sacred Heart are recited. When the prayers have been said, the Blessed Sacrament is again given by the deacon to the

celebrant, who intones the *Genitori*, and performs the same ceremony as before, until the words *sit et benedictio*, when the final benediction is given and the Blessed Sacrament is replaced in the tabernacle. Perhaps the sacred ceremony seems thus deprived of the dignity and solemnity which must be claimed for the Roman rite, but the pious Tyrolese are very much attached to their customs, and woe betide the hapless clergyman who dares to hint at a change.

This church must ever be dear to the members of the Society, for it has been the scene of the labors of many whose names are still held in benediction by the nations who never failed in their loyalty to the faith. Deep down in the vaults rest the bodies of the fathers of the old Society who passed to their reward while toiling in the Tyrol. There is little sunlight in the church, and the visitor naturally thinks it a fitter place for shadows than for cheery sunbeams until it is restored to those who modestly claim the heritage of their forefathers.

THE JESUITS IN BRAZIL, 1848-1865.

MEMOIRS OF FR. J. RAZZINI.

The Jesuits had been expelled from Brazil in 1760 by the iniquitous contrivances of Pombal. It was not until the year 1840 that they again set foot in that country. The first to make their reappearance were a few fathers from the province of Aragon, who landed on the coast of the province of St. Catherine, and established themselves at Desterro, the capital of the province. Here Sunday schools for children were opened, and missions given with such success, that the citizens applied to the fathers to have a college opened in their town. A college was accordingly built there, and went on flourishing until 1856, when the fathers abandoned it. They then left the province of St. Catherine and retired to the Spanish possessions where the province of Aragon had colleges and residences. Three fathers however remained in Brazil for the purpose of opening a residence in the province of Rio Grande do Sul.

In 1848, some German fathers also took up their abode among the Germans who had formed a colony called St. Leopold. Many of these people were Catholics and the fathers had been sent thither in the quality of pastors to take

charge of them. This fact caused many more Germans to emigrate to that colony and more fathers to follow them; so that in 1863 the mission was attended by seven fathers and three brothers.

In 1861, the Right Rev. Bishop Larangeiza of Porto Alegre brought along with him, on his way from Rome to his diocese, four fathers whom he had obtained from Very Rev. Fr. General. His intention was to give them charge of his seminary. Meeting, however, with opposition from its actual managers, the bishop could place but two of the fathers there and gave the other two charge of a church.

Towards the close of 1863, Very Rev. Father General sent a visitor to Brazil, with instructions to open some house or college in that vast empire already watered by the blood of so many martyrs of the old Society; and especially to open negotiations with the provincial assembly of Desterro for laying the foundations of a college in that city, in pursuance of a request made for the purpose by those honorable deputies.

The empire of Brazil is divided into eighteen provinces, each of which is governed by a president and assembly invested with full powers, with the exception of a few cases reserved to the government of Rio Janeiro. The president, in each province, is the representative of the emperor's government, and has power to veto decrees of the assembly; in which case they are returned to the assembly, and, should they there receive a two-thirds majority, they are entitled to the president's signature.

The organization of many of the provinces is the result of the work of our fathers. In their missionary labors among the savages, they were not unmindful of the worldly welfare of their converts; they gathered the Indians in reductions, taught them the useful arts, especially husbandry, and thus gave rise to flourishing communities, which in the course of time developed into well settled countries. Thus sprang up the provinces of São Paulo, Espirito Santo, Pernambuco, Ceará, Maranhão, and Paraná.

Brazil was tributary to the crown of Portugal until 1821, when it threw off the yoke, declared itself an independent state, drew up a constitution, and invested an emperor with the government of the nation. The present emperor, Pedro II., is an upright, good-hearted man, well versed in literature and philosophy, though not in the best acceptance of the word.

Freemasonry is vastly extended in Brazil, and has, in fact, strongholds in every province of the empire. The slanders and prejudices spread by the artful Pombal against the So-

ciety are still fresh in the Brazilians' minds; it was therefore to be expected that, as all enterprises for the glory of God are to meet with thwarting and difficulties, so also the new project of re-establishing the Society in Brazil was to undergo bitter opposition. As soon as it became known that a college of the Society would probably be opened in the province of St. Catherine, the press began a most bitter attack on the Society. God, however, knew how to turn this evil to our good. Alongside of the defamatory articles, able vindications were published. Rev. Fr. Visitor furnished the material, whilst an elegant scholar put it in good style. It is a custom peculiar to Brazilian journalists to publish both sides of a controversy, provided they be paid for it. The defence of the Society being published in one of the most widely circulated papers in Brazil, a wonderful change was effected in the public mind concerning the Society. People were undeceived, and prejudices dispelled, as was afterwards proved by the general goodwill shown to the fathers, and the liberal donations forwarded to them at the proper time. Rev. Fr. Visitor experienced this shortly after on his journey to the province of Rio Grande, where he was shown great deference and goodwill by the gentlemen who happened to travel with him.

The province of Rio Grande do Sul stood certainly far below the standard in religious and mental training, and its clergy were not of the best in point of morality. The ministry of the two fathers, who, as we have said, had been given charge of a parish, did not meet with any apparent success; whilst the other two who had been placed in the seminary of Porto Alegre, one as rector and the other as vice-rector, had to encounter serious obstacles in bringing about the reform which the seminary stood so much in need of. The professors of the seminary were appointed and paid by the government, the bishop having little authority over them. Many of the priests were displeased because the charge of the seminary had been given to strangers; and some of the professors were far from promoting in their pupils esteem and affection for their new directors.

On account of this unpleasant state of things, the bishop was informed that the fathers in charge of the seminary would be withdrawn by the end of the scholastic year, as their help would be required in the college which was to be opened at Desterro. Rev. Fr. Visitor therefore hastened to that city to conclude negotiations and come to an agreement with the assembly about the college. On his way thither, however, he was obliged to stop at Rio Janeiro to settle an important affair. The colony of St.

Leopold was in a state of complete disorder, and the fathers there were threatened with expulsion. The German Protestants pretended that their lives were in danger because the priests had aroused the Catholics against them. They therefore flew to arms, protesting that by so doing they meant nothing else but to withstand the attacks premeditated by the Catholics. This strange proceeding, however, was only a stratagem by means of which the Protestants had hoped to obtain from the government the removal of the fathers. The Catholics did not fail to see into the crafty manœuvring of their Protestant fellow-countrymen. Accordingly, they abandoned the more isolated dwellings, and, gathering in compact bodies, they prepared for self defence; whilst a goodly number of staunch Catholics made arrangements to defend the dwelling of the fathers. They even protested, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the fathers, that they would even oppose the government's action in case any attempt should be made to remove their pastors from their midst.

In this extremity, nothing seemed more efficient to Rev. Fr. Visitor than to have direct recourse to the government at Rio Janeiro. Accordingly, knowing that the prime minister was favorable to the Catholics, he sent him a memorial, requesting that, before proceeding against the fathers of the colony, an inquiry should be made into the case by persons of known integrity and impartiality. The minister, who had already been informed of the uprising and its nature, kindly granted the petition, and told Rev. Fr. Visitor to reassure the fathers of their safety, and tell the Catholics of the colony that the Protestants would soon be called to order. This plan produced the desired effect; measures were immediately taken by the government, and complete order was restored.

Rev. Fr. Visitor, having seen this affair settled, left for the province of St. Catherine. It was then the beginning of the year 1864. On his arrival there he was visited by some of the most influential deputies in the province, who were favorable to the project of a college. With these he drew up the basis of a contract, which, having been brought before the assembly, was carried, after some violent opposition. The document was signed the next day by the president, who wished to have it also signed by the Rev. Fr. Visitor, and directed that a part of the appropriation should immediately be forwarded to him for the fitting up of the college. It will be well to bear in mind this legal transaction for the better understanding of future events. The college

was as yet under the superintendence of a secular; and two months' time was given him to seek other employment.

Rev. Fr. Visitor took advantage of this time to pay a visit to the colony of St. Leopold. The fathers there had three residences with parochial churches as central points from which they were carrying on their ministry. As many Catholic families were a great distance from the church, the fathers made frequent excursions among them, to instruct them and hear their confessions, to bless matrimonial alliances, and perform baptisms. It was a very consoling and edifying sight to see with how great zeal and interest they spent themselves in maintaining the faith and piety of those Catholics, and in bringing about the conversion of Protestants. They cheerfully undertook hard labor and dangerous journeys to bring the last consolations to the dying, and on Saturdays and holy-days they spent long hours in the confessional, frequently not finishing before noon, and then they began Mass, which was very frequently a High Mass.

These good Germans loved the fathers, and repaid their labors by leading truly Christian lives. They regularly came a distance of seven miles or more to attend the services on Sundays and holy-days. It was really edifying to see with how much recollection and devotion they assisted at all the services, and to hear them singing at High Mass and Benediction. There were numerous Communions every Sunday, and it was not a rare occurrence to see all present approach the holy table.

At about this time the bishop of Porto Alegre came to the colony on a pastoral visit. Upon his arrival at São Miguel, one of the missions, the whole Catholic colony turned out to welcome him, and to beg his blessing on their knees, although the soil was wet and muddy on account of recently fallen rain. His Grace stopped over three days at São Miguel, receiving and blessing the colonists, who were coming in crowds to show him homage and devotion, and to bring the fathers the best things they had for the good treatment of the bishop. On the day appointed for receiving new candidates for the sacrament of confirmation, the church was crowded with these good people, and they gave such evident proofs of solid piety, that the bishop, in public discourses and private conversations with the fathers, could not help speaking of his high admiration of the work accomplished in the colony, and could not help saying that the days spent there had been the happiest days of his life.

The time had now come to take possession of the college at Desterro. Rev. Fr. Visitor, therefore, proceeded to that city, and called on the president to receive the formal investiture,

but to his great surprise he found that the president had changed, and showed himself rather indifferent; he promised, however, that on the appointed day the college would be given up, if nothing should come in the way. It was the president's evident duty to carry out the agreement already signed, but he intimated that he would not proceed further in the affair without having it referred to the government of Rio Janeiro. He had come to this determination on account of two clauses in the agreement, by which (1) full liberty was granted as to the choice of professors, text-books, and the administration of the college; and (2) an annual appropriation was made for the college from the rents and taxes which were most sure to come to the provincial treasury. The president now claimed the privilege of testing the professors' abilities by a previous examination, of inspecting the books, schools, and studies, and of modifying in fact the entire plan of the agreement. It was of no avail to remind him that the deed had already been signed by his own hand, and that the provincial assembly had full powers, independently of Rio Janeiro, in regard to education. Rev. Father Visitor therefore declared to him his intention of laying the case himself before the government of Rio Janeiro. The president tried to dissuade him from this with vague words and promises, but Rev. Fr. Visitor was not to be deterred from what he deemed necessary to insure the validity of the contract, and he requested a free pass on the next steamer bound for Rio Janeiro, to which he had been entitled by the provincial assembly.

A few days after Rev. Fr. Visitor's arrival in Rio Janeiro, the contract, such as it had been concluded in St. Catherine, appeared in an official paper. It was sent from St. Catherine with a protest from the actual professors of the college. The article concluded with the following remark: "The government will see that the contract be carried out." It is however of no rare occurrence in Brazil to see the president of a province acting arbitrarily and in disregard of law; and such was now the case. Rev. Fr. Visitor found a good supporter of his project in Monsignor Sanguigni, Internuncio to Brazil, who was a nephew of Cardinal Antonelli. He advised that the integrity of the contract should be upheld, and kindly offered to countenance the action. It was therefore concluded to employ every means to interest the senator and representatives of St. Catherine in the matter, and to induce them to maintain before the parliament the rights of their provincial assembly. Rev. Fr. Visitor accordingly interviewed the senator and the representatives, who kindly listened to him, and all promised their support. The pres-

ident of the ministry was also interviewed on the subject, and he openly asserted that there was no need of bringing the affair before parliament, but that it was simply the duty of the president of St. Catherine to carry out the contract in its minutest details. It belonged, however, to the chancellor of the empire to see that the president of St. Catherine should do his duty. The chancellor declared that equal rights and liberties should be enjoyed by all, the Jesuits not excluded, that he saw nothing against the validity of the contract, and that all differences would soon come to an end.

These expressions of goodwill, however, were only simulated, for he presently declared that he found the proposed modifications in the contract quite reasonable. Here again Rev. Fr. Visitor remarked that the agreement would be substantially invalidated by such modifications, in which case he preferred to renounce all pretensions to it, and to open negotiations with the assembly of St. Catherine upon another basis. The two deputies from St. Catherine, who were also present at the interview, concurred in the father's views, and declared that the proposed modifications were a direct attack on the liberties of the assembly, that the new president of St. Catherine had become insupportable by trampling under foot the religious feelings of the citizens of Desterro, that the professors in their educational institutions were incompetent, that the college was never on a good footing except under the fathers' direction, and that it was intolerable that now, when they themselves offered their services to the country, opposition should be thrown in their way by those who should most favor their projects. The chancellor, intimidated by this protest, promised to transmit the contract to Rev. Fr. Visitor, formulated to the full satisfaction of the latter, within two days. But he did not keep his promise.

Meanwhile, bundles of letters and memorials were coming from St. Catherine to the senator and representatives, in favor of the college, and against the president; the lay professors of the college also sent a protest against the contract. This latter gave an opportunity to one of the representatives of Rio Janeiro to make in parliament the following declaration: "He was positively informed that the Jesuits were coming into the country with the intention of establishing colleges in the provinces; and that not only they were not to be seconded in their project, but that they were excluded by law from having a footing in the land." The parliament refused to hear him further, but referred his pro-

posal to the commission on internal affairs. This occurrence proved of no immediate consequence to the Society in Brazil, but it was thought necessary for future security to ask whether the proscription of the Society in Brazil, enacted by Pombal, might be revived or not. The ministers did not agree as to the answer, and Rev. Fr. Visitor concluded that the emperor was the only competent judge in the case. He therefore begged the senator and representatives of St. Catherine to present to the emperor a memorial. It was composed by an able lawyer, and in it the emperor was requested, in the name of the leading men of the province of St. Catherine, to enjoin the carrying out of the contract. It was also ably shown that since the time that Brazil had been given a new constitution, all the laws enacted by a minister of Portugal had been abrogated. The new constitution also openly declared that no foreigner was to be excluded from Brazil unless convicted of crime; and as the fact of being a Jesuit was not a crime, the Society was entitled by law to settle in Brazil.

The memorial was sent to Desterro to be signed by the principal families there. The emperor, who had been informed of the transaction by some favorable ministers, manifested a desire to see the memorial, and Rev. Fr. Visitor was admitted into His Majesty's presence. The reception was most friendly, and the emperor complimented Rev. Fr. Visitor by saying that he wished all his subjects were as good as the Jesuits were. He then expressed his prejudices against them in the following way: "I know full well that the Jesuits form a powerful society, everywhere striving for authority, expert in the confessional, eager to spread and to meddle in state affairs. Governments never watch them enough, but I will know how to keep an eye on them." Rev. Fr. Visitor thought the time had now come to find out His Majesty's intention about the permanence of the Jesuits in the empire; he therefore begged to remark that he was perfectly satisfied that the Society should be watched, but as the Jesuits had powerful enemies in Brazil on account of old prejudices, he foresaw that they would not escape calumnies, which, on account of His Majesty's preoccupation, would readily be listened to; and thus the condition of the Society in Brazil would be most precarious. Rev. Fr. Visitor also gave His Majesty to understand that he came here empowered by Rev. Fr. General to remove to the Spanish dominions the fathers who were working in Rio Grande, in case he should not be allowed to found colleges in Brazil, in which case he himself was to return to Europe by the next steamer. "Not at all," said the emperor, "the Jesuits

may remain in Brazil and establish colleges in Brazil, and the supervision will be made by persons favorable to you and to your cause."

Proceeding to discuss the contract, the emperor found certain concessions too large; "but then," he said, "a contract, when made, must be carried out." It was now easy for Rev. Fr. Visitor to convince him that by revoking the clauses in question the contract itself would be annulled. He remarked to His Majesty that the privileges included in the contract were all-important to the existence of the college, that they had been discussed and approved by the provincial assembly, and that to disregard or declare them illegal would be a slight on that honorable body. The emperor then gave his word that no substantial change would be made in the contract. Rev. Fr. Visitor had obtained his purpose. Before leaving, however, he besought His Majesty, that, since he had been so long delayed in the settlement of this affair, he might see it now speedily concluded. His Majesty promised to have it done within the space of eight days.

The audience lasted three quarters of an hour, to the great astonishment and impatience of the chamberlains, who had been waiting the while to introduce persons of high rank into the imperial presence. The emperor kept his word. After five days he sent the memorial to the president of the ministry, and enjoined also on his chancellor not to exact more than had been agreed upon, and to surrender the college. The opposition, however, was not yet at an end; for whilst Rev. Fr. Visitor was waiting for the chancellor to give him the papers, the ministry resigned, and the chancellor, being thrown out of office with the rest, was no longer competent to conclude the affair. Fortunately, however, a new ministry was formed and entered into office within two days, and the new chancellor happened to be on excellent terms with the internuncio. This kind prelate succeeded in interesting the chancellor in favor of the college, and in making him promise that, as soon as parliament would close, he would attend to this affair, and do all he could to gratify him.

The parliament closed after a short session; but a violent insurrection broke out in Rio Janeiro and the neighboring provinces on account of the bankruptcy of the principal banker of the capital. There was scarcely any one who had not deposited money in that bank. A general distrust of banking institutions began to prevail, a run was made on the other banks, and the depositors withdrew all their money. Troops were stationed in different parts of the city

to check disorder while the ministers were holding a council to determine on the best way of readjusting matters. Owing to this fact, Rev. Fr. Visitor could not interview the chancellor until nineteen days after his election. Furnished with letters of recommendation from the internuncio and from an old professor of the chancellor, Rev. Fr. Visitor was most kindly received and reassured that His Majesty's directions would be faithfully carried out; and the president of St. Catherine was notified by telegraph that on the arrival of Rev. Fr. Visitor in Desterro, he should be put into immediate possession of the college. The affair being finally concluded, Rev. Fr. Visitor spent a few more days in Rio Janeiro to provide whatever was necessary for the college.

Before leaving Rio Janeiro, however, particular mention should be made of the kindness and important services rendered to the Society by Mr. J. Andrew and family. He showed the kindest hospitality and attentions to Rev. Fr. Visitor during his long stay in Rio Janeiro, as he had always done to any of Ours who came to that city. Only a few days remained before the steamer would leave for Desterro, and as many provisions were yet to be made for the college, this kind gentleman wished to undertake the task. He called for a note of everything that was needed; he shipped over to Desterro whatever was most needed the very next day, and promised to forward the rest in due time. What is most worthy of mention is, that he acquitted himself of his trust with great skill and celerity, and in the very same warehouses where Rev. Fr. Visitor had been only a few weeks before, he bought goods for half the price which had been asked from Rev. Fr. Visitor.

On Rev. Fr. Visitor's arrival in Desterro he was welcomed by every one favorable to the Society. Even the president complimented him on his success, and after a few days handed over to him the keys of the college. As the building was not high enough to accommodate the boys already received, another story was added, and it was not until the 3rd of February that the college was opened. This impressive ceremony was honored by the presence of the president of the province, the assembly, all the captains, delegates, and other authorities, the clergy, and the principal citizens.

(To be continued.)

GEORGETOWN'S CENTENNIAL.

As the WOODSTOCK LETTERS are supposed to contain "a record of current events and historical notes connected with the colleges and missions of the Society in America," in these pages, if anywhere, should be found a detailed account of the great celebration that has recently attracted so much attention—the hundredth anniversary of what may be called the mother house of the old Maryland Province and what is in reality the oldest Catholic college in the United States.

Much might be said about this great celebration that would be of interest to old students and professors of Georgetown, but the *College Journal* will, no doubt, satisfy this class of friends of the college. The present chronicle will be confined to such facts as may be expected to especially interest Ours, not only in America but wherever these LETTERS will be read, not only the reader of to-day but the annalist of the future. This statement will explain why some parts of the celebration will here be dwelt upon more at length, while others will be touched upon more briefly.

That the reader may enter into the spirit of the celebration, a brief description of the centennial decorations is necessary. The buildings of the law and medical departments in Washington were decked with bunting in honor of the occasion, but the scene of the celebration was at Georgetown, where all the college buildings, old and new, presented a rare display of flags, banners, and inscriptions. At the entrance to the college grounds a triumphal arch was erected, bearing the inscription :

QVOD · BONVM · FAVSTVM · QVE · SIT
TIBI · ET · VNIVERSIS · TVIS · DVLCISSIMA · PARENS
DOCTORES · TE · CONSENTIENTES · CVM · DISCIPVLIS
CONSALVTANT
MATREM · ACADEMIARVM · FECVNDAM

Passing under the arch, the visitor gets a full view of the beautiful building, the main entrance of which had just been completed in time for the celebration. The scene from the gate was one worth remembering, but grander than the writer dares attempt to depict. From the flag-staff in the

centre of the building floated the national emblem, and a pleasing variety of banners and streamers, of the brightest colors judiciously combined, gave a holiday appearance to the handsome building without concealing its natural beauty. Over the main entrance appeared the inscription :

SALVETE · BONI · AVSPICES · FELICIS · AEVI

and two banners, elaborately wrought, were suspended one at either side. The inscription on the banner to the right recalled the labors of our first fathers in America, and silently admonished the reader to look around him on the harvest which their followers have already reaped. The legend was simply this :

CALVERTON—1640

NEWTOWN—1677

BOHEMIA—1740

GEORGETOWN—1789

The banner on the opposite side of the entrance was similar in style and presented a Russian quatrain from Michlaoff, symbolic of the preservation of the Society in Russia. Passing to the rear of the new building, the visitor found himself in the college quadrangle. Here again, flags, banners, streamers, and inscriptions were seen on every side. Naturally one turned towards the venerable old building of 1789; its front of imported brick was decked with bunting and garlands of laurel. Over the entrance appeared the inscription :

AEDES · QVAS · HEIC · SPECTAS

VETVSTATE · DILABENTES

IOANNES · CARROLL · E · SOC · IESV

LAPIDE · AVSPICALI · IACTO · INCHOAVIT

AN · M · DCC · LXXXVIII

The old north building directly opposite told its story in the words :

DE · MAIORIBVS · SIBI · GRATVLANS

IN · MINORES · SPEM · HABENS

AD · OPTATAM · PROPERAT · METAM

while still another inscription, over the rear porch of the new building, thus expressed the cordial salutation of Georgetown's numerous sons :

EVGE · VENERABILIS · MATER · SAPIENTVM · NVTRIX

TV · SOLA · INTER · OMNES

VIXISTI · PATRIAE · ANNOS

VIVAS · VALEAS · VINCAS

One word more about the interior decorations. Entering the main building and strolling along the beautifully tiled and arched corridors, the visitor was met by banners and inscriptions, in Latin, Greek, German, Sanscrit, and Arabic. One of these, an Arabic inscription in Kufic characters, told the visitor "To God belongs dominion over the past and present." Another, in Sanscrit, announced "Hail to Your Lordships!" In Gaston Memorial Hall, where the principal exercises took place during the celebration, the decorations showed the same combination of patriotism with intellectual and spiritual culture. The papal coat of arms occupied a prominent position in the centre of the background of the stage. At night, this hall, as well as the front of the new building and the college quadrangle, was lighted by electricity.

Such then was the picture presented by Georgetown College on her hundredth birthday; but the reader must call on his own imagination to form an idea of the life that was added to the picture by the thousands of visitors—from the President of the United States and the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore and the graduate of fifty or more years ago, down to the college cadets in their bright uniforms and the ubiquitous small boy of to-day—all full of the spirit of the occasion, glad as Americans, as Catholics, as friends of Georgetown, because of the glorious jubilee of the mother of American Catholic colleges.

The general programme of the celebration was the same as announced in the *Varia* in earlier numbers of the LETTERS. On the eve of the first day, Tuesday, Feb. 19, a pleasant little prelude to the celebration was the reception tendered to His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons. At about three o'clock in the afternoon, the college cadets, in dress uniform, headed by a detachment of the Marine Band, marched down to Washington Circle in Washington. Here they met the cardinal, and escorted him to the college, where he was received by the faculty and students in Gaston Memorial Hall. Some of the students delivered speeches and read poems, all expressive of the loyalty of Georgetown's sons to the primate of North America. Referring to "The Blue and the Gray," the title of a poem read by one of the students, the cardinal said: "There is pregnant

thought in that sentiment. The men who a few years ago fought against each other, now legislate together in the halls of congress and throughout the land. There is no parallel in ancient history Plato said he had two things to be thankful for—he lived in enlightened Greece and had Socrates for a teacher. You have much more to be thankful for. Born in this country, your lives are cast in pleasant places and you have the advantage of more enlightened teachers than Socrates—the Jesuits, who are acknowledged the foremost teachers.”

Wednesday morning dawned bright and glorious on the towers of Georgetown; bright, likewise, expectant, and even anxious were the faces of all about the college. The celebration was to open with Solemn Pontifical Mass, and the corridor in which the procession was to form presented a rare assemblage of bishops, monsignori, priests, members of the different faculties, members of the alumni association, students, and altar boys. Fr. Wm. H. Carroll of Philadelphia, who had labored for a month before the celebration in making preparations, acted as master of ceremonies on this and on the following days. Under his skilful direction the procession was soon formed, and at 10 o'clock began to move through the long class-room corridor and down the massive oaken stairway leading to the main vestibule. Never before had the people of Washington and Georgetown witnessed so numerous an assemblage of clerics as moved towards old Trinity Church on that first day of the celebration. A striking contrast it must have been to the little gathering which met in the narrow hall of the old college building one hundred years ago.

The order of the procession was as follows:

Section 1, Marine band; military escort, college cadets, Company A; censer-bearers; cross-bearer with acolytes; sanctuary boys; students in school of arts, students in law, students in medicine; the alumni; the Xaverian Brothers; the Brothers of the Christian Schools; the members of the Carroll family; the reverend clergy in cassock and surplice; the presidents and representatives of other colleges.

Section 2, the faculty of law, the faculty of medicine, the faculty of arts; the acolytes of the missal and torches; the reverend clergy, in chasubles; the very reverend dignitaries, in copes; the right reverend bishops, attended by their chaplains and their train bearers; the subdeacon of the Mass, the deacon of the Mass, the assistant priest; military guard of honor, college cadets, Company B; the archiepiscopal cross-bearer; the deacons of honor; His Eminence the Cardinal; mitre and crosier-bearers.

When the procession reached old Trinity Church, the galleries were already filled, but the body of the church was reserved. The sidewalks were lined with spectators, the men reverently lifting their hats as the dignitaries passed. The Solemn Pontifical Mass was celebrated by His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons; assistant priest, Very Rev. A. Magnien, S. S., D. D., Rector of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore; deacons of honor, Rev. P. J. Garrigan, D. D., Vice-rector of the new Catholic university at Washington, and Rev. Edward P. Allen, D. D., Rector of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Md.; deacons of the Mass, Rev. Chas. Lang, C. P., Rector of St. Joseph's Passionist Retreat, Baltimore, Md.; subdeacon of the Mass, Rev. P. L. Chapelle, D. D. The following archbishops and bishops were present during the celebration, though not all in time for these opening exercises: Most Rev. M. A. Corrigan, Archbishop of New York; Most Rev. P. J. Ryan, Archbishop of Philadelphia; Rt. Rev. John Loughlin, Bishop of Brooklyn; Rt. Rev. Alfred A. Curtis, of Wilmington, Del.; Rt. Rev. Joseph Dwenger, of Fort Wayne, Ind.; Rt. Rev. D. M. Bradley, of Manchester, N. H.; Rt. Rev. John J. Kain, of Wheeling, W. V.; Rt. Rev. Tobias Mullen, of Erie, Pa.; Rt. Rev. T. A. Chatard, of Indianapolis, Ind.; Rt. Rev. Laurence McMahon, of Hartford, Conn.; Rt. Rev. Richard Gilmour, of Cleveland, O.; Rt. Rev. John Moore, of St. Augustine, Fla.; Rt. Rev. Richard Phelan, of Alleghany, Pa.; Rt. Rev. John Sweeny, of St. John's, N. B.; Rt. Rev. J. J. Conroy, of Curium; Rt. Rev. John Rogers, of Chatham, N. B.; and Rt. Rev. Wm. O'Hara, of Scranton, Pa. The following monsignori were also present: Mgr. T. S. Preston of New York; Mgr. J. De Concilio of Jersey City; Mgr. Jas. A. Corcoran of Overbrook, Pa.; and Mgr. Hippolyte De Regge of Rochester.

The celebration of the Mass was not different from the usual Pontifical Mass except in the number of priests and the fact that it was celebrated with military honors. At the consecration, the officers of the college cadets were ranged inside the sanctuary and surrounding the celebrant. At the tolling of the bell these officers drew their swords and gave the military salute. At the same instant the cadets all down the centre aisle presented arms. The picture as seen from the gallery at the rear of the church was beautiful and impressive. The rich purple, red, and gold robes of the church dignitaries within the sanctuary, with the grey uniform of the cadets surrounding them and stretching down the centre aisle, and the white surplices of the 200 clergy on either side of them, gave plenty of color, and the in-

stant's flash of bright steel, while startling in such company, did not seem out of place. While this brilliant scene was being enacted within the church, a salute was fired without by two field pieces.

The Mass sung was Gounod's "St. Cecilia," and it was rendered with superior effect by over 30 professional voices with full orchestral accompaniment. The centennial sermon was preached by Fr. James A. Doonan. When the reader is reminded that Fr. Doonan was not only a student of old Georgetown but also for many years connected with the college as professor, and from 1882 to 1888 as rector, no description of his eloquent sermon will be needed here; suffice it to state that the sermon presented a parallel between the great prophet and lawgiver looking from the summit of Mt. Nebo into the promised land, and the venerable John Carroll, the founder of Georgetown College, who foresaw in part the wonderful growth of his country and the influence that would be exerted by the seat of learning which he established. The sermon closed with the hope that the spirit of Georgetown's founder might "dwell ever in the work which his noble mind conceived and his abiding faith made possible," and that the followers of John Carroll should "strive that no act of theirs bedim their inherited glory."

After the Mass, the clergy and the different faculties of the university returned in procession to the college, where they were greeted, as they passed the triumphal arch at the college gate, by the booming of cannon and a jubilee chime from the bells in the tower.

The next exercise in the centennial programme was the conferring of theological degrees in Gaston Memorial Hall at 8 o'clock in the evening. Long before the appointed time the hall and galleries were crowded, and an excellent orchestra in the rear gallery awaited the signal for the exercises to begin. At 8.15 the procession filed in upon the stage, headed by a company of cadets, and composed of His Eminence the Cardinal, archbishops, bishops, and priests, among them the candidates for the degree of Doctor of Divinity. A Latin address was first read by the chancellor, Fr. E. H. Welch. Mgr. T. S. Preston, Vicar-general of the archdiocese of New York, then read the profession of faith for himself and the other candidates. Then followed the conferring of degrees and investiture with the doctor's cap and ring on the following candidates:—Rt. Rev. Mgr. T. S. Preston, V. G., New York; Rt. Rev. Mgr. J. de Concilio, Jersey City; Rev. Chas. F. Kelly (in course), Towanda, Pa.; Rev. Edward P. Allen, Emmitsburg, Md.; Rev. Thomas D.

GEORGETOWN'S CENTENNIAL.

Beaven, Holyoke, Mass.; Rev. Wm. Stang, Providence, R. I.; Very Rev. Jas. S. M. Lynch, V. G., Syracuse, N. Y.; Rev. Peter J. Prendergast, Rondout, N. Y.; Rev. John W. McMahon, Charlestown, Mass.; Rev. Chas. M. O'Keefe, LL. D., New York; Very Rev. James J. Dougherty, New York; Very Rev. Stephen Wall, V. G., Pittsburg, Pa.; Rev. Francis M. L. Dumont, S. S.; Very Rev. John E. Fitzmaurice, Overbrook, Pa.; and Rev. T. J. Conaty, Worcester, Mass. The orchestra then played the "Centennial March," which had been composed for the occasion; after which Mgr. Preston arose, and speaking for all who had just received their degrees, expressed earnest and heartfelt gratitude for the honor conferred. He said that now that he and his companions were entitled to have their names enrolled among the alumni of Georgetown College, they too would go forth resolved to honor the fair name that had passed through so many storms without receiving spot or wrinkle. He said that he loved the fathers of the Society of Jesus because he had read their writings and had made them his masters and instructors before he entered the Catholic Church. His speech was full of feeling and eloquence, and was frequently interrupted by the hearty applause of an audience fully in sympathy with his theme.

Before the close of the exercises, Fr. Richards, the Rector of the college, made a few remarks expressive of the gratification he felt in being able to announce that a Washington gentleman, E. Francis Riggs, had given \$10,000 as a birthday gift to the college, to help towards the completion of the new library. The cardinal and clergy were then escorted to the Coleman Museum, where a throne and dais had been prepared for His Eminence, and where all who were present were given an opportunity of kissing the cardinal's ring.

As the large crowd surged from the grand entrance of the college, they found the grounds ablaze with Chinese lanterns and colored fire, and the front of the new building brilliantly illuminated, while two field pieces were telling the city of Washington and the hills of Virginia that the little academy founded by John Carroll in 1789, before the establishment of the seat of government at Washington, was now a hundred years old, and that her children were proud of her record.

Thursday, the second day of the celebration, called "Alumni Day," brought thousands of old students and friends to the college. Shortly after 10 A. M., the bishops, faculty and distinguished guests assembled in the already crowded Gaston Memorial Hall, to hear the centennial poem

and oration. Occupying a prominent position in the front row of seats on the stage, were the members of the Corean legation, their gaudy Eastern costume contrasting strongly with the sombre black of the clergy. The members of the alumni association occupied 400 seats in the front of the hall.

Before the regular exercises began, the following cablegram from the pope was read: "Roma, 21st Feb. — To Richards, Præses, Georgetown.—Leo XIII. gratulans bene precatur rectori, professoribus, alumniis." Other messages were also read from the university of Christiania, Sweden; from Harvard University, appointing Prof. Dwight and Hon. P. A. Collins as its representatives; from the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, and Notre Dame College, Canada; from Michigan University, nominating Senator Palmer and Representative Cutcheon as its representatives; from St. John's College, Fordham, and St. Francis Xavier's, N. Y.; from Columbian University, Washington, D. C.; from Rutgers's, Hobart, Trinity and Vassar; from Mercer University, Macon, Ga., New York College, N. Y., and St. Mary's, Montreal; from Lehigh University, Pa., transmitting a set of resolutions passed by its faculty; and from the University of Western Pennsylvania.

Mr. Condé B. Pallen of St. Louis, a distinguished alumnus of Georgetown, was then introduced, and read the centennial poem. Mr. Martin F. Morris of Washington, a staunch friend of the college and a professor in the law school, followed with the centennial oration. Much might be said in praise of these productions, both overflowing with genuine love for the college, but the present sketch has to deal with other phases of the celebration. There were no other exercises at the college on this day, but the alumni banquet took place in the evening at Willard's Hotel in Washington. Besides the members of the association, there were present several bishops, among them Abp. Corrigan of New York and Abp. Ryan of Philadelphia.

Friday, Feb. 22, was the closing day of the celebration, and although the weather was not as favorable as on the two preceding days, the crowd of visitors during the day, and especially in the evening, even surpassed the previous gatherings. The morning was set apart for class and college-society reunions, but the grand academic session in the afternoon was the crowning event of the celebration.

At about 3 P. M. the firing of the presidential salute of twenty-one guns by the field pieces on the college campus announced the arrival of President Cleveland. A detachment of the college cadets had met the president's carriage

and escorted it up to the college. There the president was met by Fr. Gillespie, Vice-president of the college, and conducted to Fr. Richard's room, where he was met by the archbishops and bishops and immediately escorted to the hall. A bugle call announced to the crowd assembled in Gaston Memorial Hall that the procession was starting towards the stage. First came the president, arm in arm with the cardinal; next came the secretary of state, Rev. Fr. Provincial, the president of the college, the chief justice and four associates; and after these a double file of archbishops, bishops, priests, members of the diplomatic corps, members of the different faculties, and other invited guests. Arrived on the stage, the president and the cardinal took seats in the centre, and before the end of the long procession had arrived the great stage was as densely packed as the rest of the hall.

Before the appointed exercises were allowed to proceed, the vast assembly was informed of the arrival of other telegrams of congratulation besides those read on the preceding day. Among these was a cablegram from Rome which read as follows:—"To President Richards, Georgetown College. Congratulations and best wishes. (Signed) Keane." The sender was Bishop Keane, Rector of the new Catholic university.⁽¹⁾

A Latin address by the chancellor, Fr. Welch, followed the reading of these messages. The degree of Doctor of Laws was then conferred on the Honorable Thomas F. Bayard, Secretary of State; Hon. Honoré Mercier, Prime Minister of Quebec; Hon. Augustus H. Garland, Attorney General of the United States; Hon. Felix Cipriano C. Zagarra, Ambassador Extraordinary of Peru, and Hon. Emilio de Muruaga, Minister of Spain, both graduates of the college; Hon. John Lee Carroll, Ex-Governor of Maryland; Hon. Nathan Goff; Gen. W. S. Rosecrans; Hon. Zachariah Montgomery; John Gilmary Shea; and others of less prominence. The other degrees conferred were Doctor of Philosophy, Doctor of Music, and Master of Arts. Next followed three addresses by representatives of the three schools of the university, and the presentation of three gold medals. The first was presented to John Gilmary Shea, I.L.D., the

⁽¹⁾ Besides the colleges already mentioned, communications were received either during or after the celebration, from the following: universities of Vienna, Würzburg, Brussels, Prague, Bologna, Salamanca, Halle-Wittenberg, Leyden, Gronigen, Utrecht, Czernowitz, Innsbruck, Bern, Göttingen, McGill, Dartmouth, Cambridge, Indiana, California, and Syracuse; also from Creighton College, 'Canisius', Mt. St. Mary's, St. Benedict's, St. Boniface's, St. Thomas' of Villanova, College of Charleston, and from the alumni association of St. Xavier's, Cincinnati. Representatives of all the colleges of the Maryland New York Province were present, and several from other provinces.

historian of the Catholic Church in America, for his work entitled "The Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll;" the second was presented by the alumni association to His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, for the archiepiscopal see of Baltimore; and the third, like the preceding, to the President, Grover Cleveland, for the Government of the United States.

As soon as the storm of applause following the presentation of a gold medal to President Cleveland had subsided, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons arose and paid a glowing tribute to Archbishop Carroll the founder of Georgetown College and of the archiepiscopal see of Baltimore. After touching upon the character of the illustrious prelate and the difficulties that he met and surmounted, the cardinal thus continued:—

"One hundred years ago, a short time before his episcopal consecration, Georgetown College was founded by the Rev. John Carroll. Like all great and beneficent undertakings the work met with serious resistance at the outset. Father Carroll was confronted by poverty, by indifference, and even by the active opposition of his own brethren. Rev. Leonard Neale, afterwards Archbishop Carroll's successor in the see of Baltimore, opposed the enterprise on the plea of insufficient means. To all these timid counsels John Carroll replied in language worthy of a man of faith: 'I will consecrate my time, my energies, and my talents to the prosecution of this work, in the cause of Christian education, and, with the blessing of God, it shall succeed.' And, gentlemen, thank God it has succeeded far beyond the most sanguine hopes of its illustrious founder. The graduates who have gone forth from these halls during the last one hundred years, and who have enlightened by their learning and ennobled by their virtues the various walks of life, they attest its success. And you, gentlemen, who have come from the most remote sections of our common country and who are assembled here to-day to pay homage to your *alma mater*, you bear witness to its success. And you, honored President, and your associates, when you reflect on the history of the college, can bear testimony to the success of the college. And with a pious enthusiasm inspired by hope you can exclaim, *Prosperè procede, et regna. Multæ filiæ congregaverunt divitiâs; tu supergressa es universas.* Other institutions have sprung from thee, many daughters are born of thee, O cherished mother, but thou hast surpassed all in the wealth of thy venerable traditions and hallowed associations!

"The learned professors of Georgetown College, like their illustrious predecessors, are battling in the cause of religion and education. Alexander the Great conquered kingdom after kingdom. By the sword he conquered and by the sword he kept his subjects in bondage. But scarcely was he laid in his grave when his colossal empire was dismembered and his subjects shook off the yoke that had been forced upon them. The soldiers of the cross, assembled within these walls, are enlarging the bounds of the great republics of letters and religion. They are conquering, not by the material sword, but by the sword of the spirit, which is the Word of God; not by force, but by persuasion; not by shedding the blood of others, but

by consecrating their own lives on the altar of charity ; not by enslaving the bodies of men, but by rescuing their souls from ignorance and sin. And the republic of letters and religion which they are developing is kept together, not by frowning fortifications, but by the undying influence of moral and religious ideas It has been the custom of the chief magistrates of the nation, from the days of Washington, to honor Georgetown College by their presence on public and festive occasions. I am happy to see that our present illustrious president is no exception to the rule, and that he has been pleased to lend additional lustre to these ceremonies by his distinguished presence.

"May those who in the long years to come will gather together to celebrate the next centennial be able to record a success as consoling as that which we commemorate to-day."

At the close of the cardinal's address, when it was announced that President Cleveland had consented to speak, the audience went wild with enthusiasm, and it was several minutes before quiet was restored. The speech was so short that it may easily be inserted here as delivered.

"In the moment that I shall occupy," he said, "I will not speak of the importance, in a general sense, of liberal education, or refer to the value of universities like this as the means for acquiring such education ; nor will I remind you of all the causes for congratulation which this centennial occasion affords. These things have been presented to you in all that you have seen and heard in the days just passed, and they are suggested by the atmosphere all about us. I am thinking of this college as an *alma mater*, and calling to mind the volume of love and affection which has been turned towards her from the great outside world of her alumni, during the hundred years of her life, and at this time especially awakened. To-day the young graduate whose *alma mater* occupies a broad place in his life, turns to her with warm enthusiasm. The middle-aged graduate to-day pauses in the bustle and turmoil of business activity to give a loving glance and affectionate greeting to his *alma mater*. The aged graduate to-day in memory passes over scenes and events of more recent date to recall through the mellowing light of years the incidents of college life, while he breathes a fervent prayer for his *alma mater*. If the dead graduates are not with you to-day in spirit, the loving bands which attached them to *alma mater*, though broken by death, are here, hallowing the place where they are kept and making at this honored institution a sacred shrine.

"Another thought, born, I suppose, of the solemn trust which I have held for the American people, prompts me to say a word concerning the relation which such an institution as this should bear to American citizenship. Men of learning we at all times need, but we also need good citizenship. There should not be that selfishness in education which leads its possessor to live within himself, and to hug his treasure with sordid satisfaction. The least an educated man should do is to make himself a good, true American citizen ; and he fails to do his entire duty if he does not also improve the citizenship of others. His love of country should be great, his interest in public affairs should at all times be active, and his discharge of the duties of citizenship should be guided by all the intelligence he possesses, and aided by all the learning he has acquired. Georgetown College should be

proud of the impress she has made upon the citizenship of our country. On her roll of graduates are found the names of many who have performed public duty better for her teaching, while her alumni have swollen the ranks of those who, in private stations, have done their duty intelligently and well.

"I cannot express my friendship for your college better than to wish for her in the future, as she has had in the past, an army of alumni, learned, patriotic, and useful, cherishing the good of their country as an object of loftiest effort, and deeming their contribution to good citizenship a supremely worthy use of the education they have acquired within these walls."

With the president's speech ended the session in the hall, and the cadets cleared a passage from the stage to the Coleman Museum, where the president and secretary of state received the alumni. This reception over, the president spent a few moments with distinguished guests in Fr. Richard's room and was then escorted to his carriage.

Another grand illumination of the building and grounds, booming of cannon and a display of fireworks greeted the throng as they left the college halls, an outward manifestation of the joy and thankfulness of the venerable institution for the blessings of the past, and for the appreciation, kind feelings, and goodwill expressed by so many of her sons and friends during these glorious festivities. May we not be permitted to re-echo the fervent wish expressed by the centennial orator at the close of his brilliant oration? "May she survive in all her vigor unimpaired, when the second, and the fifth, and the tenth century shall have rolled away. May a thousand and ten thousand generations rise to bless her name!"

Before closing this chronicle it may be well to add, for the sake especially of those whose lines are cast where the Church and the Society are despised and persecuted, a word about the recognition of this great event by the secular press. The Catholic papers of the country, of course, had much to say in praise of the college, of her record in the past and the success of this celebration. This, however, will surprise no one. But many of these only copied the elaborate accounts of the celebration and the sketches of the college's history from the secular press of Washington. All the Washington papers and many of the other secular papers throughout the country gave full accounts of the history of the college, and were earnest in their good wishes for her future prosperity. The *Washington Press*, to select one from many specimens, concludes a flattering editorial with the words: "Occasions of this character are beneficial to us all individually and to the country. They are inspiring because they present a vivid picture of a glorious past

and teem with omens of a more glorious future. All hail, Georgetown University! May the light which is before her be one that will brighten and continue to brighten in the sphere of education, the greatest boon to mankind." But these favorable comments were not confined to the secular press of Washington. The *New York Herald*, the best known and most widely circulated paper perhaps in the world, printed the following tribute: "This centennial celebration has been something more than the anniversary of a modest institution of learning, something more than a spectacular function by a religious denomination, the most ceremonious and ornate in the Christian world. It has brought the Jesuit Order conspicuously to public notice, and, as one might say, to public judgment, in respect to its relations to the history, the intellectual and moral interests, and the political system of the American republic; and it is both true and just to say that the scrutiny has been well endured. Despite the friction and turmoil with which the name of the Society of Jesus has for centuries been associated in the politics and the religious polity of the old world, and in some of the Spanish-American countries, its history among us has been one unbroken era of peace and inoffensiveness. The political activeness of its members has been exerted only in their character of individuals and citizens of the republic, and upon those great patriotic occasions when to have refrained would have been to-day a cause of reproach and distrust. In their educational work, the Jesuits have undividedly followed a system which anticipates all the arguments made against the current prevalence of looseness in the elective system of courses, of an excessive crowding of the mind and memory of pupils with facts and assumed facts, and of an exclusive and sedulous cultivation of a godless intellect. In their attitude toward the political institutions of the country, they have asked and striven only for equality of toleration in religious principles and practice. Looking back over this Georgetown centennial, the mind rests at intervals upon certain features of the celebration. The scholarly and artistic character of the decorations of the building is rare in this country. The open-air procession to divine service, in its spectacular effects and high color, was a revelation to many upon the subject of the externals of religion, and the same might be said of the elaborate music and the chancel service at the Mass and of the unique feature here of a military salute by presentation of arms at the elevation of the Host."

As a souvenir of the centennial celebration, a large medal

was struck by the alumni association. The face of the medal bears the college coat of arms and the inscription :

COLLEGIVM · GEORGIOPOLITANVM
· MDCCLXXXVIII · INCOHATVM

The reverse shows a double wreath of oak and laurel surrounding the inscription :

SODALES
ALUMNI
ALMAE · MATRIS
SAECVLARIA · FESTA
PRIMUM · DEDICANT
· MDCCLXXXVIII

As this sketch goes to press we are put in possession of the two following letters, from the Holy Father and from Very Reverend Father General to the president of Georgetown College, in answer to communications addressed to them shortly before the centennial celebration.

*R. P. Josepho H. Richards, Rectori Collegii Georgiopolitani,
Directi a Patribus e Societate Jesu :*

REVERENDE PATER: Ea qua præstat benignitate exceptit Sanctissimus Dominus Leo XIII. obsequiosas litteras, per quas, appetentibus sæcularibus solemnibus ortus collegii cui præsidet, ab Eo posebas cum religiosis sodalibus tuis, ut benediceret Vobis alumnisque vestris ceterisque qui Ephæbeum istud ope sua juvant utilemve illi operam conferunt. Voluit itaque Sanctitas Sua patefieri Tibi ministerio meo, se non modo Apostolicam Benedictionem paterna caritate impertiri Tibi, moderatoribus, magistris alumnisque istius collegii, aliisque pro quibus flagitas; sed etiam gratulari vobis ex animo quod jucundam hanc solemnitatem, testem divini favoris et vestræ sedulitatis, latantes in Domino celebrare potueritis. Insuper fausta et felicia omnia huic collegio adprecatur, ut ad Ecclesiæ decus et salutem fidelium istius regionis majora habeat incrementa et diutissime floreat.

Ego vero meas adjiciens gratulationes et omnia, sensus Tibi profiteor sinceræ existimationis, qua sum ex animo, Tui, Reverende Pater,

Addictissimus,

M. CARD. RAMPOLLA.

ROMAE, die 18 Martii, 1889.

FESULIS, 15 Martii, 1889.

REVERENDE IN CHRISTO PATER, PAX CHRISTI: Pergrata mihi advenerunt litteræ ornatissimæ quibus certior factus sum celebrari apud vos sollemni, ut decet, pompa et apparatu, sæcularem ab ortu istius collegii annum; eodemque fere tempore accepi aureum numisma cusum hujus rei memoriæ causa præclareque cælatum. Tibi, carissime Pater, sociisque omnibus quorum nomine scribebas, gratias quam maximas refero quod, festos dies anniversarios agentes, communis vestri gaudii participem et socium me esse voluistis. Haud equidem immemor vestri vestræque erga me benevolentia, vos vestraque omnia Sacrosanctam Hostiam litans, Deo Optimo Maximo enixe commendavi, atque convenire vos si minus corpore potui ac præsentem, quod summe optassem, salutationis officio, at certe animo et summo in vos studio adfui faustissimæ vestræ festivitati quæ magnam secum adfert consolationis materiam ubertatemque gratulationis.

Hanc ad vos scribendi occasionem nactus, laudes gratesque debitas omnibus referendas duco, qui communi studio atque opera utilitatem et prosperitatem istius collegii ita promoverunt ut sæcularem annum ætatis suæ ingrederetur florens vicensque litterarum, scientiæ, bonarum artium laude, et quod caput est, inter omnium bonorum plausus ac favores, sincera pietate et recta Christianæ juventutis institutione commendatum. Neque dubito quin vos, dulcem excitantes memoriam beneficiorum ingentium quæ in istud collegium Summus omnium bonorum Largitor liberalissime per integrum sæculum profudit, conatus quoque magnos et validos in Ejus obsequium rependatis atque enitamini in posterum ut ejus tutelam ac præsidium promereri valeatis. Quæ dum vobis ego ex animo precor, omnibus et singulis paternam meam benedictionem peramanter impertio, meque SS. SS. et orationibus vestris valde commendo.

Reverentiæ Vestræ Servus in Christo,

A. MAR. ANDERLEDY, S. J.

R. P. JOSEPHO H. RICHARDS, S. J.

No more fitting sentiment can be found with which to close this sketch than that expressed in one of the inscriptions which graced the college walls during the celebration. It expresses Georgetown's wish and ours—

INTEGRA · PATRVM · VIRTVS
IN · NEPOTES · DESCENDAT

FATHER THEODORE THIRY.

A SKETCH.

Father Theodore Thiry was born on Dec. 14, 1823, at Metz, in Alsace, at that time a part of the French dominions. Of his early life but few details have come down to us. We know, however, that while yet quite young he was called upon to suffer, in the death of his father, a sorrow that must have been extremely keen to a heart so easily touched by grief in others. This sad loss only redoubled his love for his mother, and under her watchful care he was well instructed in the practice of the Catholic religion. At an early age he was sent to our college in Metz, St. Clement's, and there received the first intimation of God's will to spend his life among the members of the Society. Several years were passed at St. Clement's and then, under the impulse of the Holy Spirit, he applied for admission into the Society to Rev. Fr. Boulanger, at that time provincial of the province of France.

On Sept. 11, 1843, he entered the novitiate of St. Acheul, a shrine so hallowed in its history by the examples of saintly members of the Society. Here engaged in the ordinary duties of the noviceship, a few months quickly passed, and before he was fairly initiated in the many mysteries of novice-life, he was surprised by a most unexpected change. It came about in this way. Shortly after his entrance into the novitiate, Rev. Fr. Boulanger had been succeeded by Rev. Fr. Rubillon, who found himself called on to establish a new novitiate. The old province of Paris had been divided, and as St. Acheul was in the new province of Champagne, a new novitiate had to be opened for the province of Paris.

In looking for a suitable location, an estate was offered which for certain reasons could be had only at the end of a year. In the 18th century it had been an Antonian convent, but in the storm of the French Revolution it had shared the fate of many of God's sanctuaries; the inmates had been driven out and the property given over to secular uses. This was Isenheim, an estate of eight acres in the north-eastern part of France. With the changes brought about by time, it had come into the possession of its present

owner, who had used it as a private residence; but the alterations it had undergone were so extensive that it had no longer the appearance of a religious house, nor were the interior arrangements suitable to one. Still it found great favor in the eyes of superiors, and believing the time ripe for founding their new novitiate they were willing to take Isenheim, if they could secure immediate possession. The present occupant was a Quaker, who with his wife and family was leading a quiet life in keeping with his creed, and who seemed determined to remain in possession till the last day of his lease had expired. By some agreement, however, he finally withdrew from the main building, and retiring with his household to one of the smaller houses on the same property, left the way clear for the coming of the novices. To found this new house Fr. Thiry and three companions were called from St. Acheul to continue their noviceship at Isenheim, first under Fr. De Lehen and later under Fr. Cotel, who held this position at Isenheim for seventeen years.

Like all beginnings, the first days of the new novitiate offered many trials of patience, and many occasions of self-denial, not to speak of real suffering. The garden had been entirely neglected for many years and the novices had more outdoor work than usually falls to their lot. The grounds had to be laid out anew, and here Fr. Thiry gave evidence of the activity that characterized him through life. Naturally of a lively disposition, active, diligent, above all charitable, he won the hearts of his fellow-novices and especially of the brothers for whom he seems to have had a special love.

We have it from an eye-witness that among other works planned and carried out at Isenheim under Fr. Thiry's direction, was the making of a pond, in which he appears to have been greatly interested. Noticing that a brook flowed through one part of the grounds without adding anything to their beauty, the novices determined to bring nature, by a little art, to help in beautifying this recovered garden of the Church. After innumerable difficulties the pond was completed, and stocked with fish; the end was apparently gained as it certainly did improve the surroundings; but now alas! the utilitarian principle appeared on the scene and busied itself in building, in the centre of the pond, an island, on which soon after arose a structure of very doubtful architecture. This turned out to be the novices' bathing house, and hither they came after nightfall to enjoy in some measure the fruits of their labors. No doubt they admired the beauty of their miniature lake very much, but probably they appreciated its usefulness still more.

When the novices arrived at Isenheim, they found at a short distance from the main building a heap of blackened ruins. On inquiry, they discovered that in this heap was all that remained of the once handsome convent church which had been burnt many years before, but whether by accident or design no one was able to ascertain. In removing the rubbish, the workmen found scattered about many human bones and some almost entire skeletons, the remains of the monks whose tombs in the vaults of the church had been disturbed by the falling walls. Precious relics of an earlier religious home, almost the only things left to tell of those who in that spot had lived and died in God's service! They were reverently collected and given a final resting place in the little cemetery of the novitiate.

Amid scenes such as these, doubly sacred by their twofold consecration to God's service, Fr. Thiry's noviceship passed quickly, to bring the day on which the desires of his heart were to find full expression in his vows; and how well the vows that bound him to the Society were riveted that day, his long and laborious life can best bear witness. His noviceship completed, he was sent to Brugelette in Belgium, there to begin his philosophy. It was about this time that he felt the impulse of the Holy Ghost to devote his life to the service of the American missions, and like many of his fellow countrymen he completed the sacrifice of self by renouncing the next dearest ties of home and country. The United States owe much to France for the timely aid she nobly offered in the War of Independence, when victory still hung in the balance, and when it was so uncertain whether defeat or triumph would terminate the struggle; but the Catholic Church of America owes her much more for the many generous-hearted priests she sent to our shores, whose work still lives in the strength of our Catholicity, whose sufferings and disappointments cannot be realized by those now enjoying the peace and prosperity which these pioneers have bequeathed to us. Fr. Thiry was but one of the many who came among us ready for any work, provided it led souls to God.

In 1847, he left France never to see it again, and after the usual unpleasant voyage of those days arrived in New York. A few days later he went to Fordham, there to begin his theology. New York even at that recent date had not the vast proportions it glories in at present, and although now Fordham is within the city limits, it was then a village miles beyond the city's northernmost boundary. Yet this city that first received him proved later on to be the scene of his labors, where he was to spend almost uninterruptedly

the remaining forty-two years of his life. With his life in this new field of labor, where by his patience he reaped a golden harvest, we have chiefly to deal.

On May 25, 1850, he was raised to the priesthood by that sturdy champion of the faith, Archbishop John Hughes, and was sent to St. Francis Xavier's, New York, to begin his labors as a teacher. At that time St. Francis Xavier's, after many reverses, had been established on its present site, and hither he came to fill the office of subminister and to teach the Third Grammar class. In the eyes of Fr. Thiry there was no class in the college so important as this, and he entered upon his duty as teacher, determined to succeed. His experience with the young American character must have been valuable to him, as he solved what has been for many foreigners an insoluble difficulty. He set to work to understand the boys, and once that was done he had an experience which served him well in later years. That he succeeded as a teacher of the grammar classes is clear, if we may judge of his success by the after-work of those who passed their first years of Latin in his keeping; for among those whom he drilled in the rudiments of grammar we may mention His Lordship Bishop Wigger of Newark, our own Rev. Fr. Provincial, a host of other clergymen, and many professional and business men in New York and elsewhere.

He found in his class the usual variety of pupils, the good, the bad, and the indifferent, but to none did the hours seem long once he had introduced his methods of making class-work interesting. He had the Frenchman's gift of becoming enthusiastic in everything he undertook, and what is more, he infused the same spirit into others; and with the camps, sides, batallions and drawn battles in the class, he soon had the boys working with a vigor that they never thought themselves capable of possessing. Expedients of all kinds were used, and when the boys had passed from his hands and found the work of a higher class somewhat tedious, they longed to go back to the teacher who made study attractive, by methods old indeed in the history of the Society, but new to that generation of students.

Fr. Thiry was a man especially fitted by nature to deal with boys, they had a special attraction for him, and his kindly eye and ready smile at once gained their confidence and made them feel that in him they had a friend. He had the faculty of interesting himself in their sports, he encouraged them in their youthful enterprises, he watched them at work and at play, and gave them what they prized highly, his word of praise. He could talk to boys on subjects that boys delight in, he could without losing any of the dignity

due to his character come down to their level for a moment, and, by drawing them on little by little to talk of themselves, could give as fair an estimate of their character after one conversation as if he had known them intimately for weeks. This interest in their welfare made the boys in turn look upon him as their friend, and by these means he brought them so close to himself, and gave them so prominent a place in his great heart, that each of his young friends looked upon himself as the object of Fr. Thiry's special attention. For many this affection on the part of the boys would have been but a passing bond, easily broken by absence or strained by the lapse of years, but it was not so with him. Years made no difference to him, and the doctor, the lawyer, the priest, were always to him his boys of former years, while for them he was ever the same good counsellor and friend. And so it was that as the boys came to know him better they spoke of him away from college, and others became curious to see this great friend of the boys, until his name became familiar and his face well known in every part of the city.

In 1852 he established the sodality of the Queen of Angels for the students of the grammar course, and of this and other sodalities in the college he was director for many years, even long after he had ceased his work in the classroom. That same year it was found necessary to place the Sunday schools of the parish on a good footing, and reduce their work to a system. The schools consisted of the usual one preparatory to First Communion, and what is known as the Class of the Catechism of Perseverance, which was made up of a single large class of children who had passed a successful examination in the whole of the smaller catechism, and had made their First Communion. Usually numbering about 500 pupils, it assembled in the upper church every Sunday and received an instruction from one of the fathers or scholastics. The course was of four years duration, and embraced full instructions on the Apostles' Creed, the commandments of God, those of the Church, the sacraments and portions of Church history. At the end of this course the members were free to withdraw. To undertake the direction of this work was no light task, and required no little self-sacrifice; but it was a congenial work to Fr. Thiry, and, appointed to it by obedience, he gladly set about doing what he could. It was work among those he loved best, a work offering great opportunities of increasing God's glory, and with a cheerful heart he took up this new burden to set it down again permanently only after many years.

Deeply interested in his work, three or four years passed quickly by. He had now taught the three grammar classes, some of them several years, and had just completed another year in Third Grammar when he was taken away from all his work and was sent for his tertianship to Canada in 1858. The next year we find him at St. Mary's College, Montreal, filling the office of spiritual father. But no sooner had this year passed, than he was back again among his boys in New York, for whose good he worked till death. Here, in 1860, he took up his work where he had dropped it in 1858, and entered upon it with an energy born of a two years' separation from those among whom he loved to toil. He now formed a new catechism class for public-school and working boys, who had not yet made their First Communion. This class met every Wednesday evening, and Fr. Thiry catechized them, instructed them, illustrated his teaching so bountifully with stories from Bible history and made the class so interesting that few boys cared to miss it.

In 1863, having taught eleven years, Fr. Thiry severed his connection with the college as a teacher, and gave nearly all his time and attention to managing his parochial work. The parochial schools had been established, and it became necessary to put them in the hands of one whose good judgment could be relied upon to gain the object intended by the Church. Who more fitted by his work in the Sunday school and classroom than Fr. Thiry? Such work was a pleasure to him, and another weight was added to his already heavy load. The school for boys was placed in the hands of the Christian Brothers, while the one for girls was under the immediate care of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. Although not requiring his constant presence, the work was too important, too full of great results, not to become in his eyes a most serious duty and to engross a large share of his thoughts. He visited them most faithfully, inspected the work done, praised and rewarded the diligent, censured and threatened the idle. The natural result was, that the schools were a success, and soon took the first place among their class in the city. The men's sodality now numbered hundreds, the juvenile sodality, which he had organized in 1860, and over which he had continued to preside, was growing too numerous to be handled well; it was composed of young men and boys, and in 1867, he divided it into two sodalities, forming a boy's sodality of all those under eighteen years of age, and a young men's, of all over that age and unmarried. There were now three sodalities over which he continued to preside, each having its Saturday for confession, its Sunday for Communion in a body, and

its monthly meeting on the same Sunday evening, together with the other services common to all sodalities. On every Sunday, too, he had a Mass for the girls at 8 o'clock and another for the boys at 9, after each of which he gave an instruction. Friday afternoons were given up to hearing the confessions of those preparing for First Communion.

While busily engaged with these duties, a far greater work was placed before him. About the year 1863, the reports of the work of the Society in the empire of China, the terrible tales of the cruelty of Chinese parents towards their children, the discovery of this vast harvest of souls, and the almost incredible success of the reapers caused quite a commotion in the Catholic world. Success seemed certain, the willingness of rulers to allow the missionaries to begin their work, the readiness of the people to embrace the faith, the confidence with which parents entrusted their children to the care of the priests, all promised great results if the means were furnished to keep up the good work so well begun. Money was sadly needed, and the prayers of the missionaries and their pagan converts reached Europe. Appeals were sent to America, and the appeals fell on willing ears. Thousands of dollars were collected, and finally the Association of the Holy Childhood was founded in America, with its head centre in New York. The position of director was assigned Fr. Thiry in 1866. Those alone know how great was the labor this work entailed, who realize the difficulty of introducing it throughout the country, the editing of the *Annals* and the *Annual Reports*, the need of exactly accounting for all money received and transmitted to Paris, and the necessarily vast correspondence with the different branches of the association in all the larger cities of the Union. This alone was enough for any one man, but for Fr. Thiry it was only an addition to what he had already. It was a great work for him to take upon himself, burdened as he was, but he took up the load relying on him who never fails. Need it be said that success justified the judgment of those who entrusted this work to his hands? Let the many souls saved by his self-sacrifice bear testimony to his good work, and let them welcome him to the home which, through his instrumentality, was purchased for them.

Fr. Thiry was a very methodical man; in fact he had to be, to conduct so many different societies successfully, and to look after them in all their details. His order, however, was his own, and no one but himself knew the magic word that called forth order from what appeared to everybody else the greatest disorder. To one who visited his well

known office, everything appeared in the greatest confusion ; all kinds of articles, from models of Chinese apparel, and cast-off clothing given him for his poor, up through all the varying grades to sacred pictures, scapulars, and medals, seemed heaped together in hopeless disorder. Yet in the midst of all this chaos, if he were asked for any article in the room, he could put his hand on it at once, so orderly did that office present itself to his mind.

As early as 1869 it was a problem to see how he could be replaced ; and one day, when the superior of the New York and Canada Mission came to the novitiate and was asked if Fr. Thiry was likely to be changed, he replied laughing, that such a removal he would not make without due deliberation, as, after it, he thought it would be unsafe to show himself on the streets. Probably the affection of the boys for Fr. Thiry is a little exaggerated here, but the words properly interpreted will show how much his young friends were attached to him.

In the midst of all these occupations, one thought was troubling him. He had found by the experience of years that, though the tie of the sodalities was strong, it could not stand every strain, and that the members, drifting to different parishes, unacquainted with the priests and having no one to cheer them on, often slowly but surely lost the good habits of monthly confession and Communion. He now sought some other means of binding them more closely to their Church. Different plans suggested themselves, and he finally decided on forming a literary society, not so distinct as to be entirely cut off from the sodalities, and yet such as would give the members more opportunities of social intercourse. But the plan did not meet with great approval on the part of those who had charge of the parish. Experience had taught them that such societies were not always successful, and not unfrequently reflected little credit on those most interested in them. From time to time similar societies had sprung up in different parishes of the city, had succeeded brilliantly for a time, then, gradually losing their literary aspect, had turned into social clubs, or dropped from sight. The same sad fate was feared for the new society, and superiors hesitated before allowing it to spring into life. Finally it was decided to give it a chance to win by success its right to a permanent place ; if at the end of a specified time the outlook was promising it was to continue ; if unfavorable, it was to disband. Into this work Fr. Thiry now threw himself with all his old-time enthusiasm, and with that vigor which accompanied all his work when there was question of the good of souls ; and

gathering about him a little band of supporters as enthusiastic as himself he laid the foundations of the Literary Society of St. Francis Xavier's Church, in February, 1871.

Its beginning was a hard struggle for existence; difficulties were numerous, encouragements few. It was frowned upon by many who by a word might have given it substantial support, and but for the cheering words and deeds of its devoted moderator the society might have ceased to exist long before the allotted time of trial had come to a close. At the end of six months, a meeting, to which the friends of the society were invited, was held in the old school hall with such success, that it gave the society a good standing in the eyes of the fathers and parishioners. The crisis was now passed and the future promised success; from a doubtful life it passed to a state of great activity; there was no longer a lack of aspirants to membership; students and ex-students of our college, graduates of New York College, pupils of the parochial and public schools, many young men engaged in business, now sought admission and, after giving evidence of the necessary qualifications, were received. It may be added that hopes built on such good beginnings were fully realized. For many this society was the means of continuing an education cut short by force of circumstances, for others the occasion of forming strong Catholic friendships, and for all a means of keeping up the love and practice of their religion. When it is remembered that one of the necessary qualifications for admission was to be a regular and approved member of one of the sodalities, it looks as if Fr. Thiry's plan for keeping up a Catholic spirit while fostering a love for learning was a living reality.

Over this, his last, if not his greatest work for his boys, he watched to the last with a vigilant eye, and the society survives him as one of the many monuments of the great care and good judgment he exercised in his undertakings. It has so far fulfilled its promise; it has kept the young men together and in union with the Church; its ranks are supplied from the sodalities, and the devotion of its members seems to increase in proportion as years go by. The members now occupy a house within the shadow of the church, to the purchase of which they largely contributed; and on the wall of their meeting-room, in a most conspicuous position, hangs a fine crayon portrait of their regretted founder, more revered now than ever.

But the good derived from this society was not confined to the boys alone; the care bestowed by the fathers was repaid in the generous aid the society was enabled to give to several worthy enterprises. The Catholic Union, the

Holy Childhood, and the new church of St. Francis Xavier shared its liberality; and after the novitiate at West Park was established, and many difficulties were encountered, principally from want of funds, these young men hit upon a useful way of showing their appreciation of what the fathers had done for them, by sending the novices, among whom were two of their own number, a substantial present, the entire proceeds of one of their semi-annual entertainments.

As may be judged from what has already been said, Fr. Thiry believed in the boys enjoying innocent amusement and was always prepared to help along any scheme apt to give them suitable recreation. About 1872, quite a fever for exercise broke out among them which resulted in the forming of two boat clubs. Two boats, one of which was named Theodore, were purchased, and were in continual service. Fr. Thiry was interested at once, and occasionally gave the plan his approval by spending an evening with the boys on the water. Such occasions were looked forward to with no little pleasure on their part, and from the elaborate preparations which were made one might have thought that an admiral was expected. Yet it was only Fr. Thiry, but for him nothing was too good; and when he finally took his seat in the boat, not one of the boys thought it possible that any mishap could befall them while he was in their midst. No doubt Fr. Thiry had his own good reasons for encouraging this form of recreation; that it kept many from dangerous occasions of sin cannot easily be doubted.

It was often remarked that his labor seemed directed to the good of the men and boys and that his dealings with women, except with the indigent poor, were very limited; and the remark was true. Not that he ever was rude or did anything to repel them, but they seemed to feel instinctively that he was not for them, but for the especial good of boys and men. Yet withal they revered him very much, and they were quick to perceive, that while he was working for brothers and sons and husbands, and keeping them up to their obligations, he was conferring a greater benefit on the women than if he were laboring directly for them.

Hard work was a thing that Fr. Thiry never feared and often sought. He usually retired between 10 and 11 o'clock, rose for many years at 4, said Mass at 5.30, and was ready to begin a long and tedious day's work at 6.30. But even this did not satisfy him. He asked for and obtained the privilege of attending the sick-calls at night, and when asked why he did not take his needed rest, he replied that he

often found his greatest consolation in preparing the dying to meet death well. That this consolation was not confined to the work done at the sick-bed will be made clear from the following incident, which will also show much better than words how constant he was in doing God's work and increasing his glory whenever an opportunity presented itself.

One morning, at about 1.30, he was called to attend a man lying ill some distance from the church. A more unpleasant morning could hardly be imagined. A dense fog enveloped the city, sleet was falling, and the chilly air seemed to penetrate the thickest clothing. He boarded a Sixth Avenue car and found himself the solitary passenger. Seeing the driver facing the storm on the front platform, and hoping to cheer him up a little by a few kind words, he placed himself at his side and began speaking of the hard work that kept him in such an exposed position night after night. The driver proved to be an Irishman and a Catholic. Fr. Thiry now felt at home. A few more questions led the man to talk of his family, of himself, and of his religion, and before many blocks were passed the driver handed over the reins to his companion, knelt on the platform, and made his confession. A few minutes later Fr. Thiry left the car for his sick-call, leaving the driver no doubt under the impression that his passenger was an angel in disguise. Fr. Thiry was a man who had often found himself in strange positions, but we may easily believe that he was never in a stranger one than when driving a car on the Sixth Avenue line. How few suspected that at two in the morning, on the platform of a car, in the midst of a falling rain, a sacrament had been administered and a soul cleansed! It was probably the first and last time that Fr. Thiry was engaged in the service of the railroad, and it is no breach of charity to say that a better driver never found employment in the same service.

The love the men and boys had for him remained to the last, and even when they had neglected their duties and wandered from the straight path so often pointed out to them, as soon as sickness came or danger threatened, they sent for Fr. Thiry to come to help them in their hour of need. These appeals always met with a prompt response, and he often made them the occasion of doing good, not only to the dying, but also to those enjoying the blessing of health. On these occasions he often invited some one of the young men to accompany him, partly, no doubt, to have a companion, but principally for the young man's benefit. This plan was not without its good results; for many a

young man, exposed to the manifold temptations of a great city, learned at the bed-side of the dying more lasting lessons than could be taught either in sodality or pulpit.

In 1880, in the midst of all these labors, Fr. Thiry received a stroke of paralysis, soon followed by a second, and for a time his life, so precious to others, was despaired of; but his hardy old-country constitution bore the attack well, and after a few months of forced retirement and much needed rest he appeared once more in public.

While convalescent, superiors sent him to the novitiate at West Park, hoping that the change of scene, the quiet of the country, and the company of the novices would give back strength to mind and body, both weakened by his late illness. Their hopes were realized, but after a manner they neither wished nor expected. It appears he went boating one day with the novices, and after going up the river several miles, stopped on the eastern bank to rest. All left the boat, and Fr. Thiry climbing up the bank with some assistance, stood for a moment on the edge admiring the scene. Some one, noticing that the spot on which he stood was a mere ledge of earth, stepped forward to warn him of his danger, but before anything could be done to save him, the bank gave way beneath his weight and he fell, rolling to the water's edge. In his fall he struck a projecting rock, and when the novices reached him they found him senseless and bleeding from a wound in the forehead. Under copious applications of cold water he soon recovered consciousness, the blood was staunched, and in fear and trembling the novices set out for home as fast as their oars could bring them. To anybody else such a mishap would have been fatal, but to Fr. Thiry it was really a blessing in disguise. The shock he received seemed to counteract the effects of his paralytic stroke, the wound proved to be of a slight nature, and a few days later he returned to New York appearing much improved by his short but eventful sojourn among the novices.

But it was only a partial restoration to health. He never fully recovered from this long illness. Age, which seemed to have avoided him for so many years, now appeared to claim its due; and the strain of so much work, combined with his late sufferings, little by little showed loving eyes that he had not come forth from the struggle with death unscathed. Superiors, too, saw that the burden of his labors had grown too heavy for the shoulders already bending beneath the load, and they relieved him of some of his cares. The Sunday schools, the parochial schools, the boy's and the young men's sodalities, were given into the charge of other fathers; but he still retained the literary society, the

men's sodality, the St. Vincent de Paul's Society and the Holy Childhood, now grown so vast under his management. He readily relinquished his work to other hands, but even then it seemed to him that the threads of life were slipping from his grasp and that these changes were so many signs of his approaching death. Yet, like the soldier of Christ that he was, he put down all at the voice of obedience, just as readily as at the same voice he had years before taken them up.

As director of the St. Vincent de Paul's Society, he showed himself ever the true friend of the poor. Those who sought aid at the parlor he saw personally, and after examining the case, if he thought the assistance well bestowed he gave it with a liberal hand. It was, according to the beatings of his heart, better to err on the side of generosity than to probably hurt the feelings of those who came seeking assistance. The hour appointed for the needy to come to the parlor was from 1.30 to 2.30 P. M., and though kept busy at work for many hours consecutively he was able to spend but few unbroken hours in recreation with the other fathers. Almost invariably he was called to meet his poor, to hear their tales of suffering and misery, but no matter how pleasant it might have been to remain with the fathers, he went at once to attend to this duty, at perhaps the most difficult hour of the day. Occasionally it was difficult to supply all the needs of the parish with the limited resources he had at his disposal; for though the parish is classed among the wealthy ones of the city it has within its limits many poor. During severe winters, when the relief fund was getting low, the treasurer of the St. Vincent de Paul's Society informed Fr. Thiry of the fact and inquired what was to be done. "Go on as usual," was the reply, "and God will send some help." And help would surely come, to the surprise and joy of the members of the conference, who found themselves enabled to continue their work. But the fact was, that their worthy director had many wealthy friends who looked upon a demand from Fr. Thiry in behalf of his poor in the light of a favor, and he as champion of the poor never hesitated to confer such favors.

Relieved of some of his more difficult duties, the last few years of his life passed quietly in the various occupations of the parish, taking any and every opportunity that offered itself to do good, until last October, when Bright's disease, from which he had been suffering for a long time, made such inroads on his health that he had to give up all work and take to his bed. There, broken by sickness, his wonderful

vitality manifested itself over and over again. Sinking from time to time so low that watchful friends thought the end was near, he rallied so often, and so well preserved through it all his lightness of heart, that after a month or two his apparent recovery was so great that hope was rekindled in the hearts of those who longed to see him once more among them. Physicians, however, declared a permanent cure impossible, as the disease was slowly but surely eating away his life.

During all this time but few friends were admitted to his bedside. An amanuensis was on hand, and generally answered the numerous letters that daily poured into the sick-room laden with good wishes and words of encouragement, and expressing the hope that he would soon take his place among his numerous friends. Through it all, Fr. Thiry remained entirely indifferent to life or to death; he was in God's hands, he said, and if his time had come he was ready to obey the call of his Master. Even under these distressing circumstances he found time to work, and while confined to his bed his last work was the report of the Holy Childhood for the year 1888. The care of his Master's work was constant even in the shadow of death, and when the Master came he found his faithful steward ready to render his account.

At length, as the night of the 12th of March drew near, a change for the worse made its appearance. Devoted hands sought to alleviate the intense suffering that seemed only to increase. That night was one of agony; and slowly the hours crept on bringing relief only at dawn; his last dawn on earth, his first, we trust, in heaven. The last lines of a life-history were being written in the great book of life, and with the coming of day the record was ended, the life-work of Fr. Thiry was done, and free from bodily suffering he passed calmly to his reward, fortified by the last rites of the Church. His body was exposed in the parlor of the residence, and thousands came to look upon the face of one who had made life's trials less intolerable and life's journey less dreary.

The funeral services were the usual simple ceremonies of our dead; the Mass was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Provincial, and the absolution was given by His Grace, Abp. Corrigan. The office of the dead was recited by one hundred priests of the New York and neighboring dioceses, and in the presence of between 3000 and 4000 men.

At the end of the ceremonies, the crowd thronged the aisles to look for the last time on the face so dear to them.

Then gradually withdrawing from the church, they stood with heads uncovered in the street till the hearse, followed by many carriages, had passed from sight on its way to St. John's College, Fordham. "I'm surprised," said one gentleman to another, after the funeral services were over, "I'm surprised that some one of his friends did not say a few words at the ceremony."—"We all knew him well," replied his companion, "and we needed no words to tell us his worth;" and truly may it be said that each one treasured up in his heart memories of Fr. Thiry's virtues that no eulogy could equal.

His place will be a difficult one to fill; the absence of his familiar face will be felt by all the students, young and old, for no boy ever attended St. Francis Xavier's without knowing him; but he will be more especially missed by the old students, as he was among the few still left from whom they could confidently expect recognition. The confessor of many, the consoler of others, the trusted friend of all, his presence will be missed and a void left that it will take many years to fill. Others will take his work, but they cannot take his place in the hearts of his friends, where the memory of his virtues will remain sacred for all time.

His body was laid to rest in the cemetery at Fordham, which holds the dust of many of the most intimate friends of his religious life. This his first American home, from which he had gone forth in the early dawn of his priesthood with the new glory of the sacerdotal dignity still shining on his brow, now opens her arms to receive him back, worn out in the service to which he had been sent. Willingly had he set out, manfully had he labored, nobly had he died. Tired with helping stumbling souls over rough places, wearied with seeking and leading back souls that had strayed, he found new life and strength in redoubling his efforts to bring other souls to God. His joy brought peace to the troubled, his word, comfort to the sad, his very presence, hope to the despondent; the light of his life had streamed afar over the path of the unfortunate, and even in the presence of death the flickering flame cast its feeble ray to light to his Master timid souls affrighted at the difficulties of the path which leads to light eternal. He entered God's service in the first hour and bore the heat and burden of the day. How great shall be his reward?

FATHER DOMINIC YENNI.

A SKETCH.

When our Very Rev. Fr. General read in the catalogue of the mission of New Orleans for the year '87-'88, "P. Dominicus Yenni — Doc. inf. gram. an. 51 mag.," he thus wrote: "Ex catalogis nostris cum admiratione cognovi, R. V^{am} annum jam quinquagesimum in scholis, idque in scholis grammatices decurrere. Res perrara, atque ad memoriam et exemplum insignis."⁽¹⁾ Words that plainly show how he realized the story told by the catalogue.

What a vista of untold sacrifice and monotonous drudgery unfolds itself before us at the bare mention of fifty years of labor in a grammar class! But when we are told that at the farther end of this vista there was a tall, dark-haired, dark-featured stripling, full of zeal for his work, light-hearted, affectionate, ready to "trade" as best he may with the "talents" his Master had given him, and when as he draws nigh the end we see that he is unchanged, save that the face is furrowed and the hair blanched and the "talents" bright from use, the monotony remains, indeed, but it is the monotony of the cloudless blue of heaven, or rather, the grand monotony of Fr. Yenni's native Alps. Now, just as it is well nigh impossible so to limn the Alps that the picture may make the exile's heart beat faster and the stranger stand in awe, so too is it difficult to sketch the career of Fr. Yenni in such a manner that those who knew him not may in some way realize the beauty and calm peace of his soul, and that those who lived and worked with him may see him before them once more. Still, an attempt must be made, that this bright example of the hidden life in the new Society may not be lost to us. "Ad virtutem pertinet," says Very Rev. Fr. General, "meritorum grato cum sensu esse memorem."⁽²⁾

The modest, saintly Dominic Yenni⁽³⁾ was born at Dornbirn, a market town of the principality of Vorarlberg in Tyrol, on Jan. 1, 1810. Of the first twenty years of his life we know nothing, save that he studied at St. Gallen, in the Swiss canton of that name, and that while there he re-

⁽¹⁾ WOODSTOCK LETTERS, July, 1888. ⁽²⁾ *ibid.* ⁽³⁾ Originally written Jenni.

ceived his first lessons on the violin. We may judge, however, of his youth by his old age, since the Scriptures tell us: "As the days of thy youth, so also shall thy old age be." In his twenty-first year he felt called to join the ranks of those whose vocation it is "insignes se exhibere in omni servitio sui Regis æterni." In obedience to the divine command, he set out in the fall of 1830 for Gratz in Styria, carrying with him his loved violin, and on Nov. 7, he began his novitiate there under Fr. Lœffler. Here he learned to love poverty and mortification with a practical love, which was to abide with him to the end. After his novitiate he seems to have taught, and at the same time read his theology, in our college at Tarnopol, Galicia, and to have been for some time subminister of our college at Innsbruck. It must be said, however, that of the first seventeen years of his religious life we possess but scant information.

When the revolutionary era of '48 was within measurable distance, like so many others who have devoted their lives to the building up of the Church in America, he turned his eyes to the western world, where he would be free to devote himself without let or hindrance to the service of God. His mind was quickly made up, he would go to America, and having obtained the necessary permission he bade Europe a final adieu in Oct. 1846. This exile, voluntary though it was, must have gone to his heart, for his was a singularly affectionate nature. Of how he loved his dear Tyrol we may judge by a little incident that happened at his jubilee in 1880. On that occasion an old friend of his, Fr. C. M. Widmann, sent him a few verses in the dialect of his country; the almost forgotten words moved the old man to tears, and with the eagerness of a child he showed the verses to all who might perchance understand them.

On his arrival in New York, our fathers introduced him to Archbishop Hughes. Almost immediately he proceeded to Cincinnati, where he spent a few months in acquiring as much of our language as was absolutely necessary for the classroom. He had very little time however for preparation. In July, 1846, the province of Lyons accepted Spring Hill College from Bishop Portier of Mobile, and teachers were needed. Under these circumstances, Fr. Yenni was called from Cincinnati to New Orleans in Feb. 1847, and was immediately sent to Spring Hill, which, with a brief interruption, was to be the scene of his labors for forty-one years. This interruption was caused by the burning of the college on the night of Feb. 5, 1869. The destruction of Spring Hill was a calamity in the life of Fr. Yenni, for he had already come to love every brick and timber of the building;

and of the two things he prized most, his crucifix and his violin, the former was all he could save; his Cremona was gone forever.

On Feb. 19, the students and faculty were transferred to Grand Coteau, there to finish the scholastic year. Fr. Yenni never took to his new home, and his longing for Spring Hill developed, as one who lived with him at the time tells us, into a real case of home-sickness, so that superiors were obliged to send him back as soon as the vacations came. To Fr. Yenni's great joy, Spring Hill was opened again on the 8th of December following, and he was never again asked to leave the loved spot until called away to his heavenly home.

Such was the only break in his life; for the rest, one day was like another, and the year following like to the preceding. When he was a younger man he had to act as prefect, and this caused him much suffering, for the social conditions of the time rendered the boys less submissive to discipline than they are nowadays. Yet he was never known to complain; and here it may be added that no one ever heard him speak of, or hint at, the long years he spent in the classroom, and nothing was farther from his mind than to ask for a change. God, in the person of superiors, placed Fr. Yenni in the classroom, and there he was contented to remain; and there, as Very Rev. Fr. General has said, "*fratribus suis, qui sunt in iisdem scholæ laboribus socii, exemplum exhibuit, quo commoti gravem hanc vocationis nostræ partem nova æstimatione colant et tractent, quo sanctam patientiam, quæ in hac palæstra præ ceteris est necessaria, discant, quo novum fatiscenti naturæ animum et stimulum addant.*"⁽¹⁾

"In the treatment of his pupils," writes one who knew him well, "Fr. Yenni invariably kept cool. He had no particular friends among them, neither did he make any of them an enemy. He never scolded, and yet somehow the boys felt that the work had to be done." "The dullest boys," writes a student of his, "progressed under him, and I have often heard my school-mates remark that the good old man *made* them learn." We are not surprised at this, when we come to think of the care with which, to the end, he prepared for class. Each day's matter was carefully synopsised, and the best way of putting it studied out with all the pains a young scholastic could bestow on it. Of late years this preparation mainly consisted in working up amusing examples, and devising schemes to excite emulation, so

⁽¹⁾ WOODSTOCK LETTERS, July, 1888.

that class hours, even though he was a strict disciplinarian, were anything but irksome.

Here is a brief sketch of a day under Fr. Yenni as given by one of his students. "On entering the classroom we would silently and noiselessly take our places, fold our arms until the usual *Hail Mary* was recited, and then in silence present our exercises one after another. Fr. Yenni's first remark to us was: 'Hands on the desk, doctors,'—for 'doctors' was our sobriquet—and there our hands had to remain during the class. If any amongst us were too tardy in complying with this order, the old gentleman would never hesitate to give the regular quarter of an hour 'arrest.' (This is the name the recreation of a boy, spent in the cheerful company of a picket fence, goes by at Spring Hill.) Fr. Yenni was very strict in the correction of our exercises. Faults of spelling, solecisms, and barbarisms had each their particular mark. Barbarisms were in an especial manner an abomination to him. One morning, in reading my exercise, he came across one of these things. I remember how his features grew sterner than usual, when all at once, darting a look at me which made me tremble in my seat, and taking off his skull-cap, he crushed the exercise in his hands, and threw it into the waste-paper basket, saying at the same time: 'Boy, this is what I do with such an exercise,' and then he ordered the windows opened (it was a day in January) to clear the atmosphere. The whole affair struck me so much that I do not remember having ever repeated the faults contained in that luckless exercise. But with all this sternness he was fond of a joke. I shall never forget the trick he played upon us towards the close of my year with him. It was to be our last combat, we were divided into two armies, the Romans and Carthaginians, and the leaders had been dubbed Scipio and Hannibal. The victorious army was to carry off the plunder, a large basket of grapes. For an hour or more the two armies fought desperately. Every exception, irregular verb, noun, and adjective in the grammar was proposed and answered by one side or the other. At the close, the victorious Romans (for, as of old they had proved themselves the better warriors, so on this occasion they had shown themselves to be the better grammarians) rushed out of class in great glee. But oh, what a chop-fallen lot they were when they opened the basket! There it was, filled with old shoes and slippers, deftly covered over with vine leaves, and a handful of grapes on top. Hannibal's spirit was soothed, and the Carthaginians felt that they were not quite annihilated. A recitation missed or an exercise negligently written had to be accounted for

during recreation, when the old man would come to the yard, and, with an *oh! mon camarade*, call the delinquent, whilst those who felt safe would gather round to see the fun."

Among the fruits of Fr. Yenni's experience in the classroom are his Latin and Greek grammars. The Latin grammar was begun in the scholastic year of '52—'53, when Fr. Yenni had paradigms of the declensions and conjugations, together with a few of the simplest rules of syntax, printed in Mobile. It is scarcely necessary to say that the greatest care was bestowed on both works. Some parts of the Latin grammar, we are told, were written out ten or twelve times, and it is a notorious fact that the publishers complained loudly of the good father's continual correction. Some of Ours were of opinion that the book would never come out, and there is no knowing what might have been its fate had not Fr. J. Montillot, Rector of Spring Hill, profiting by the absence of Fr. Yenni in Grand Coteau after the burning of the college, ordered its publication as it stood.

The life of unceasing toil, of which some idea may be formed from what has been said, was relieved by the simplest kind of relaxation. On class days, when work was finished and the weather was fine, Fr. Yenni could always be found sitting on the balcony, telling his beads, his eyes fixed the while on the western sky where the day was dying behind the pine-clad hills in all the gorgeous hues of a southern sunset. When the weekly holiday came round, it was his wont, until within two years of his death, to walk to Mobile and back. Here is a picture that might be seen on Spring Hill Avenue on those Thursday afternoons. A tall, strongly built, dark-featured man; though advanced in years, he is perfectly erect and precise as a soldier in his every movement; his massive head, covered with short white hair, has a little inclination forward; the forehead is high and broad, and the firm square jaw tells the story of his character; the eyes beam brightly behind a pair of spectacles that rest on a well shaped nose, and a placid smile plays on his thin lips; his whole appearance and bearing is modest and saintly. This is Fr. Yenni. Add a troop of children, whom he dearly loved, and the picture is complete. The little ones along the route know him well, and await his coming; for he has cakes and bonbons and pictures for them. Often they lead him to their homes, and through them, like another Xavier, he wins the parents.

If the weather was bad, or some untoward circumstance deprived him of his walk, he solaced himself with his violin. His passion for music was so great that at one time he

deemed it a duty to mortify himself in this regard, and in consequence his violin was silent for years. Finally the matter was brought to the notice of superiors, and they insisted that the instrument should once more speak in the master's hands, and he in his childlike humility obeyed. Its new-found voice was lost forever after the 23rd of October, 1887, the jubilee of Fr. Roduit. That was the last time Fr. Yenni played. A friend of his, himself a musician, thus writes of his playing on this occasion: "His purity of intonation and grace of execution were not those of old. It was plain that he was soon to end his musical career on earth, to join the celestial choir in sounding the praises of his God, whom he had served so well and long."

That he was master of his instrument is the unanimous testimony of those competent to form a judgment; and this perfection he owed more to inborn talent and his own exertions, than to any exterior training. The following incident speaks volumes for his skill. He was playing at a public exhibition when one string snapped, and then another; nothing daunted he continued, and his hearers saw no difference in his execution. His squarely built figure, bearing we are told a strong resemblance to the late Cardinal Franzelin, was to be seen among the members of the college orchestra at all the exhibitions, erect and avoiding all unnecessary motion. He seldom played solos in public. If you wanted one you had to apply to his friends, the little boys. They might have to use all their influence, but should they be refused there was no resource left but to see the rector, or wait until the next jubilee of one of Ours came round. His choice of music too was typical of the man. His favorites were Spohr, Mayseder, and Molique, and because modern music was at variance with their classical simplicity and ease, he not only took no pleasure in it, but disliked it thoroughly.

So much might the world see of him, but for his brothers in religion there was reserved the beautiful spectacle of his religious life, which is thus summed up by one who knew him longest and best: "*Totus in Deo raptus, vix præsentiam Ejus amittebat. In omnibus virtutibus religiosis constanter versatus, prælucebat sociis tanquam perfectum exemplar.*" Of all his virtues, those that stood out most prominently were modesty and mortification. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that he was a living model of the rules of modesty; and as to mortification, the most obvious proofs of it were found in the facts that he never used to lean back in his chair, never crossed his legs, never sat in a rocking-chair, and bore without a murmur the terrible headaches to which

he was subject. He was of a timorous and delicate conscience, and but for his profound humility and childlike obedience, would have been extremely scrupulous. He was, as we have seen, inclined to be strict as a disciplinarian; this trait was noticeable too in his religious life, in which, as far as he was personally concerned, he ever inclined to the more rigorous.

But notwithstanding all this he was far from being gloomy; quite the contrary, he was lively and full of innocent fun, so that no one, save the rector, was safe from his tricks. Those who have lived with Fr. Yenni may remember how glad the old man used to be whenever the rector and minister chanced to be absent from table. Being the senior, he was superior for the nonce, and was ever in a hurry to give *Deo Gratias*. While speaking of his virtues, his great love of poverty must not be lost sight of. Some half dozen books were all it was usual for him to have in his room at one time, he was never known to wear anything new, and yet he was the neatest member of the community. Of his longing to remain hidden and unknown it is not necessary to speak. His destruction of the letter, in which Very Rev. Fr. General thanked him, in the name of the Society, for his life's work, bears eloquent witness to his humility. "He destroyed it," wrote Rev. Fr. T. W. Butler, then superior of the mission, "fearing that it would be found after his death and probably published, and that thus he would receive praise which, in his opinion, he does not think he deserves."⁽¹⁾

The objects of his more especial devotion were, we are told, the Blessed Sacrament and St. Benedict Joseph Labre. The life of this saint he had read seven or eight times, and the volume was found in his room after his death. A small bronze statue of the same hero of God stood on his desk, and the modest adornment of the walls of his room was a picture of this saint, in canonizing whom, the enemies of the Church sneeringly said, Leo XIII. had canonized rags and dirt. His devotion to the Blessed Sacrament is well exemplified by an incident from the last winter of his life, showing his desire of always living near the chapel. Through some defect of the steam coil in his room, Fr. Yenni suffered much from cold during that winter, yet he could not be induced to change the room for one more comfortable but farther removed from the domestic chapel. The same devotion to the Prisoner of the Tabernacle was the reason why he so carefully prepared in the evening the Mass of the following day.

(1) WOODSTOCK LETTERS, March, 1888.

Such is an imperfect sketch of the saintly Jesuit who closed his eyes in death at Spring Hill on July 8, 1888, in the 78th year of his age, and the 58th of his religious life. In an account of his last days we read: "He grew so weak towards the end, that he could do nothing but say his beads, which he held for hours and hours in his hands; and his only recreation was to talk a little with Fr. Rector, whose company he sought as being the representative of God. His mind quite failed him the last few weeks, but he had already received the last sacraments. He had lucid intervals, in which he felt his condition very keenly, and used to say that he was now making his purgatory. Doubtless that was all the expiation his pure soul had to suffer."

In conclusion, may we not apply to Fr. Yenni the simile by which a poet has described a man—the creation perchance of his muse—who had all Fr. Yenni's love for children and Fr. Yenni's untiring devotion to a hidden laborious life?

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

TWO GOLDEN JUBILEES.

I. FR. PAUL MARY PONZIGLIONE.

The name of Fr. Ponziglione is familiar to the readers of the LETTERS as the annalist of Osage Mission, Kansas. The fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the Society was celebrated with great pomp on Wednesday, Feb. 27, at St. Francis' Institution, Osage Mission. The celebration of the jubilee began at 9 o'clock Tuesday morning, when a reception was given Fr. Ponziglione by the children of the parish. A pleasing feature of this entertainment was the recitation of an original poem commemorating the little church in which "Father Paul" first celebrated Mass in Osage Mission. The children also presented the venerable priest with a set of altar cards and a beautiful pair of golden cruets, all of which were used in the Mass the day following. At 3 P. M. a musical entertainment was given in the hall of St. Ann's Academy, an institution for girls under the direction of the Sisters of Loretto. This consisted mainly of the presentation of Cardinal Wiseman's drama, *Fabiola*. At night a

third reception was tendered the veteran priest in the college hall, when addresses of congratulation were delivered and two elegant candelabra were presented. After a selection by the Osage Mission Band, a trio from St. Francis' choir sang the jubilarian's favorite hymn, "Ave Maris Stella," by Bellazaro. Several of the visiting clergy then made short addresses and presented gifts. Hon. P. W. Mess, Mayor of the city, then delivered an address, and in behalf of the married men's and married ladies' sodalities presented a sanctuary carpet. In behalf of the young men's sodality, a large and handsome baptismal font was presented. A jubilee ode, written for the occasion by Rev. T. A. Butler of St. Louis, was read by Very Rev. E. Bononcini in the name of the deanery of Parsons.

His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII. honored the occasion by sending his special blessing to Fr. Ponziglione, as the following message testifies:

ROME, February 1, 1889.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER,
P. C.

The Holy Father very willingly grants his special blessing to Fr. Ponziglione for his golden jubilee, and to all present on the celebration day. I join my heartfelt congratulations, and recommending myself to your holy sacrifices, I remain, Yours in J. C.,

C. CARDINAL MAZZELLA.

At the close of these exercises, the venerable father satisfied the wishes of his many friends present, by giving a brief but humorous sketch of his early life in Kansas. The jubilee gifts already mentioned were only a few of the many received by the beloved missionary; but the present which gave the good father more pleasure perhaps than all the others was a cope sent by the Osage Indians who are now in Indian Territory.

On Wednesday, Feb. 27, the jubilee Mass was sung in the church of St. Hieronymo. Fr. Ponziglione was assisted by Rev. T. A. Butler of St. Louis. Fr. P. Scholl of Independence was deacon, and Fr. James Hartman of Wichita subdeacon. The sermon was delivered by Fr. H. Moeller. Over 1200 people were present at the Mass, and during the grand ceremonies many doubtless recalled the early Masses said in Osage Mission by the venerable priest who was celebrating the entrance upon his fiftieth year as a Jesuit priest, and the far different surroundings at that time. Then his altar was erected in a wild land, over which, as Father Moeller aptly expressed it, angel bands had been hovering for

years, waiting to be called to bear upward to God the most pure sacrifice of the Mass, waiting for an altar, waiting for a Host to watch over and give perpetual adoration. The cross was erected among a tribe of red-men and the early life of this now strong Catholic place was that of a mission among savages. The first Mass was sung amidst rude surroundings and before unlearned congregations; while this jubilee Mass with its grand ceremonies, the church in which it was celebrated, and the numerous priests who filled the chancel gave evidence of the great advance the Church had made since "Father Paul," as he is lovingly called, not only by his associates but also by his parishioners, first came to the mission.

After the Mass came the jubilee banquet, over which Rt. Rev. Bishop Scannel of Concordia presided, with Rt. Rev. Bishop Hennessy of Wichita on his left and Fr. Ponziglione on his right. Besides the bishops and priests already mentioned, there were present Rev. Fr. Frieden, Provincial of the Missouri Province and several other fathers of the same province; V. Rev. Fr. Heyden, Dean of Topeka; Abbot Innocent Wolf, O. S. B., of Atchison; and many secular priests from Leavenworth, Hutchison, Dodge City, Wichita, Cheryvale, Manhattan, Winfield, and Greenbush. — *Ad multos annos.*

2. FR. JOHN B. EMIG.

On Tuesday, March 12, Fr. John B. Emig, Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Hanover, Pa., celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. The day was observed as a general holiday by the Catholics of the vicinity in honor of the occasion, and hundreds came from the neighboring parishes to attend the jubilee Mass. Many of those who came from a distance were unable to gain admittance to the church, but they joined with the members of the congregation of St. Joseph's in doing honor to the venerable and beloved pastor. The jubilee Mass was sung by Fr. Emig himself, assisted by Rev. T. J. Crotty of Littlestown, Pa., as deacon, Rev. J. W. Burke of Bonneauville, Pa., as subdeacon, and Rev. Joseph A. Boll of Gettysburg, Pa., as master of ceremonies. The jubilee sermon was preached by Fr. John J. Murphy of Georgetown College. Rt. Rev. Bishop McGovern was present on the occasion and delivered a congratulatory address. Among the other clergymen present were Rev. Fr. Provincial and several others of the venerable father's religious brethren, besides secular priests from York, Lancaster, and Columbia, Pa.

Fr. Emig received several jubilee gifts on the occasion, among them the collection taken up at the jubilee Mass. Though eighty-one years old, Fr. Emig is still in the enjoyment of excellent health and administers unaided to the wants of his large flock with as much vigor as he did twenty years ago. As a contributor to the WOODSTOCK LETTERS from '72 to '75, his accounts of missions given in Frederick County and elsewhere, will be remembered by many, and hence we regret the more that we have not received a detailed account of his jubilee. May he be preserved for many years to carry on the good work of his Master!

Catalogus Sociorum
Missionis
AMERICÆ FŒDERATÆ
SOCIETATIS JESU

Ineunte Anno 1811.

R. P.

CAROLUS NEALE
SUPERIOR MISSIONIS

A DIE 9 DEC., 1808.

IN DISTRICTU COLUMBIÆ
COLLEGIUM GEORGIOPOLITANUM

- P. Franciscus Neale, *Praes. coll., Sup. dom., Proc. Miss., Rect. eccl. SS. Trinit., Excurr. ad Alexandriam.*
 P. Joannes Grassi, *Praef. schol., Doc. ling. ital. et hisp.*
 P. Petrus Epinette, *Mag. nov., Doc. theol.*

MAGISTRI

- Adamus Marshall, *Aud. theol.*
 Carolus Bowling, *Aud. philos.*
 Jacobus Ord, " "

COADJUTORES

- Joannes McElroy, *Empt., Adj. proc. miss.*
 Laurentius Lynch, *Ad dom.*
 Patritius McLaughlin, *Ad dom.*
 Petrus Kiernan, *Ad dom.*

NOVITII SCHOLASTICI

- P. Gulielmus Matthews, *a die 17 Mart. 1809, Recl. eccl. S. Patritii, Washington.*
 Josephus Clarke, *a die 1 Oct. 1809*
 Simon Gartland, " " "
 Franciscus Hopkins, " 28 Dec. "
 Samuel Cooper, " 26 Maii 1810
 Joannes B. Cary, " 3 Sep. "
 Joannes Rossiter, " 1 Oct. "

NOVITII COADJUTORES

- Christophorus O'Hare, *a die 11 Jul. 1808*
 Christianus Simmering, " 20 Dec. "
 Bartholomæus Redmond, " 1 Oct. 1809
 Gulielmus Mullen, " " "
 Gulielmus Byrne, " 28 Dec. "
 Gulielmus McDevitt, " " "

IN STATU NEO-EBORACENSI

RESIDENTIA AD S. PETRI

et Collegium Inchoatum
 New York Literary Institution

- P. Antonius Kohlmann, *Sup., Vic. Gen., Administr. diœc. sede vacante, Recl. eccl., Conf. et conc. in T., Conf. alumn.*
 P. Benedictus J. Fenwick, *Cur. ger. collegii, Adj. recl. eccl.*

MAGISTRI

- Michael White, *Doc. ling. lat., græc. et angl.*
 Jacobus Redmond.
 Jacobus Wallace, *Doc. mathes.*
 Josephus Marshall, *Coadj., Ad omnia.*

IN STATU MARYLANDIÆ

RESIDENTIA AD S. THOMÆ

- R. P. CAROLUS NEALE, *Superior Missionis, Dirig. Moniales Montis Carmeli.*
 P. Joannes Henry, *Oper., Excurr.*

RESIDENTIA AD S. IGNATII

- Gaulterus Barron, *Coadj.*
 Josephus Mobberty, " *Cur. ger. præd.*

RESIDENTIA AD NEWTOWN

- P. Leonardus Edelen, *Oper.*

RESIDENTIA FRIDERICOPOLITANA

- P. Franciscus Malevé, *Oper., Excurr. ad stationes in Maryland. et Virginia.*

RESIDENTIA BALTIMORENSIS

Ad S. Petri

P. Enoch Fenwick, *Recł. eccl., Socius Illmi Archiep. Carroll.*

IN STATU PENNSYLVANIÆ

RESIDENTIA PHILADELPHIENSIS

Ad SS. Trinitatis

P. Adamus Britt, *Recł. eccl., Oper.*

RESIDENTIA LANCASTRIENSIS

Ad S. Mariæ

P. J. Gulielmus Beschter, *Recł. eccl., Oper., Excurr.*

Residentia Conewaginis, Goshenhoppenensis, et ad S. Josephi, Philadelphiae, in Statu Pennsylvaniae; et Bohemiensis, Alba Paludana, et ad S. Josephi in Comitatu Talbot, in Statu Maryland., propter penuriam Nostrorum, ab aliis sacerdotibus occupantur.

VITA FUNCTUS

P. Sylvester Boarman, 7 Jan. 1811, *Resid. ad Newport.*

Index Domorum et Numerus Sociorum

DOMICILIA	SACER.	SCHOL.	COADJ.	UNIV.
R. P. Superior Missionis.....	1			1
Collegium Georgiopolitanum	4	9	10	23
Resid. Neo-Ebor. et Coll. Inchoat.	2	3	1	6
Residentia ad S. Thomæ.....	1			1
Residentia ad S. Ignatii			2	2
Residentia ad Newtown	1			1
Residentia Baltimorensis	1			1
Residentia Fridericopolitana	1			1
Residentia Philadelphiensis.....	1			1
Residentia Lancastriensis.....	1			1
<i>Numerantur</i>	13	12	13	38

INDEX ALPHABETICUS SOCIORUM

INEUNTE ANNO 1811

COGNOMEN ET NOMEN	ORTUS	INGRESSUS	GRADUS
B C			
SACERDOTES			
P. Beschter <i>J. Gulielmus</i> ...	20 Mai.	1763 10 Oct.	1807
P. Britt <i>Adamus</i>	10 Oct.	1743 14 Sep.	1764 20 Sep. 1808
SCHOLASTICI			
Bowling <i>Carolus</i>	7 Jan.	1789 10 Oct.	1806
Cary <i>Joannes B.</i>	16 Jul.	1772 3 Sep.	1810
Clarke <i>Josephus</i>	12 Mai.	1789 1 Oct.	1809
Cooper <i>Samuel</i>	— Jan.	1771 26 Mai.	1810
COADIUTORES			
Barron <i>Gualterus</i>	14 Aug.	1769 10 Oct.	1807
Byrne <i>Gulielmus</i>	15 Apr.	1790 28 Dec.	1809
E F G			
SACERDOTES			
P. Epinette <i>Petrus</i>	24 Sep.	1760 2 Jun.	1805
P. Edelen <i>Leonardus</i>	20 Oct.	1783 10 Oct.	1806
P. Fenwick <i>Benedictus</i>	3 Sep.	1782 10 Oct.	1806
P. Fenwick <i>Enoch</i>	15 Mai.	1780 10 Oct.	1806
P. Grassi <i>Joannes</i>	10 Sep.	1775 16 Nov.	1799
SCHOLASTICUS			
Gartland <i>Simon</i>	12 Mai.	1790 1 Oct.	1809
H K L M			
SACERDOTES			
P. Henry <i>Joannes</i>	15 Sep.	1765 18 Jul.	1804
P. Kohlmann <i>Antonius</i>	16 Mai.	1771 12 Jul.	1805
P. Malevé <i>Franciscus</i>	1 Dec.	1770 1 Sep.	1804
P. Matthews <i>Gulielmus</i>	16 Dec.	1770 17 Mar.	1809
SCHOLASTICI			
Hopkins <i>Franciscus</i>	25 Aug.	1792 28 Dec.	1809
Marshall <i>Adamus</i>	18 Nov.	1785 10 Oct.	1807

COGNOMEN ET NOMEN	ORTUS	INGRESSUS	GRADUS
COADJUTORES			
Kiernan <i>Petrus</i>	12 Jan. 1767	7 Jul. 1808	
Lynch <i>Laurentius</i>	7 Jan. 1783	10 Oct. 1807	
McDevitt <i>Gulielmus</i>	25 Apr. 1792	28 Dec. 1809	
McElroy <i>Joannes</i>	14 Mai. 1782	10 Oct. 1806	
McLaughlin <i>Patritius</i>	17 Mar. 1768	10 Oct. 1806	
Marshall <i>Josephus</i>	10 Mai. 1788	6 Dec. 1807	
Mobberly <i>Josephus</i>	12 Jan. 1779	10 Oct. 1807	
Mullen <i>Gulielmus</i>	12 Mai. 1785	1 Oct. 1809	
N			
SACERDOTES			
R. P. NEALE CAROLUS.....	10 Oct. 1751	7 Sep. 1771	13 Nov. 1806
P. Neale <i>Franciscus</i>	2 Jan. 1756	10 Oct. 1806	
O R S			
SCHOLASTICI			
Ord <i>Jacobus</i>	7 Jan. 1789	10 Oct. 1806	
Redmond <i>Jacobus</i>	2 Nov. 1776	10 Oct. 1807	
Rossiter <i>Joannes</i>	16 Jul. 1780	1 Oct. 1810	
COADJUTORES			
O'Hare <i>Christophorus</i>	12 Jan. 1779	17 Jul. 1808	
Redmond <i>Bartholomæus</i>	25 Aug. 1767	1 Oct. 1809	
Simmering <i>Christianus</i>	12 Jan. 1780	20 Dec. 1808	
W			
SCHOLASTICI			
Wallace <i>Jacobus</i>	11 Mar. 1787	10 Oct. 1807	
White <i>Michael</i>	7 Jan. 1789	10 Oct. 1806	

MISSION AND PROVINCE CATALOGUES.

The series of catalogues of the "Mission of the United States of America," and of the "Province of Maryland," preserved in the province archives, begins with the year 1820.

The catalogues for the years 1820 to 1833 are in manuscript, and are written out in full, one for each year.

In 1820 the mission numbers 25 priests, 33 scholastics and 30 coadjutors.

In 1823 the "Mission of Missouri" was begun with 2 priests, 6 scholastics, and 2 coadjutors.

In 1829 the following note appears: "A mission has been begun among the Indian tribes in the State of Maine, Diocese of Boston. Father Virgil Horace Barber is the missionary to the two tribes of Passamaquoddy and Penobscot Indians. Both tribes are Catholic and have, since the suppression of the Society, persevered with fidelity in the faith received from Ours. The aforesaid Fr. Barber is now engaged in opening a school for them at Pleasant Point where they already have a church built of wood. At St. Louis in Missouri a house or college is being built."

The "Mission of the United States of America" was erected into a province, to be known as the "Province of Maryland," and Fr. William McSherry was appointed first provincial on Feb. 3, 1833.

The catalogues for 1834 and 1835 are in manuscript. In 1836 the first printed catalogue appears. Langtree and O'Sullivan, Georgetown, were printers for 1836 and 1837; 1838 is in manuscript, 1839 appears in print, 1840 was lithographed at the Roman College, and from 1841 there is an uninterrupted succession of printed catalogues.

The imprint of Woodstock College first appears on the catalogue for 1878.

* * The compilation of catalogues for the years 1807-1819 is continued in the present number of the LETTERS. Any authentic information concerning our fathers and brothers during the years mentioned, will be gratefully received by the editor of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS, for the compiler of the catalogues. Letters, entries in church records and account books, newspapers, etc. will be of use, at least to verify facts already gathered.

THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART
AND THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

Letter from the Gesù, Philadelphia.

The Holy League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer, continues to spread with the most consoling rapidity. During the last two months alone, Father Buckley has established it personally in St. Augustine's Church, South Boston; St. James', Boston; St. Patrick's, Roxbury; and at Peabody, Cohasset, East Weymouth, Malden, Hyde Park, and Arlington, all in Massachusetts; at Valley Falls and Pawtucket in Rhode Island; and at St. Patrick's and St. Mary's the Star of the Sea, in Baltimore; besides addressing meetings of Promoters, that is, lay people devoted to the spread of the work, at Sts. Peter and Paul's Church, South Boston, and at Waltham, Mass., and at the New York Cathedral. During May and June he will continue his foundations in Syracuse, N. Y.; the Wheeling, W. Va., Cathedral; Pittsburg and Altoona, Penn.; Bridgeport, Conn.; and Holyoke and Boston, Mass.; while several other parishes are in immediate prospect.

Besides these personal foundations, the Apostleship of Prayer has been established in at least forty other cities, embracing dioceses all over the United States. We may mention in particular the cathedrals of Los Angeles and Lincoln, and churches in Montana, Washington, California, Colorado, Kansas and Louisiana. All these foundations are regularly chronicled in the *Messenger*, which, we are happy to say, is steadily and substantially growing in popular favor.

In connection with the Apostleship of Prayer, we cannot fail to notice the beautiful devotion recently proposed by its Director-general, the Consecration of Families to the Divine Heart of Jesus. We quote the following words from the official explanation of the work issued, with the approbation of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Toulouse, by the Rev. Director-general of the League of the Sacred Heart.

"On the 17th of June, 1689, our Lord himself, in one of his revelations to Blessed Margaret Mary, asked for a social consecration of Christians to his Divine Heart. France then called itself the most Christian kingdom, but the in-

vation was unheeded. One hundred years later, day for day, on the 17th of June, 1789, began the great French Revolution, which has led the nations of the world to regard only the so-called rights of man and to neglect the law of God. A second century, ending this present year, 1889, has not, generally at least, brought nearer the official consecration of nations, though the South American Republic of Ecuador, in the midst of civil and religious conflict, has proved a most happy exception. But the wide spread of the devotion, and of different associations, rendered possible the official consecration of nearly all the dioceses of the Christian Church, with the approbation of the Sovereign Pontiff Pius IX., in 1875—the bi-centennial year of the great revelations concerning the Sacred Heart. May it not be hoped that this centenary of our Lord's appeal to the societies of men will at least find an answer in the consecration of Christian families to His Divine Heart? May this consecration of families become truly popular and reach every Christian home. The families of poor and rich alike will find therein strength and consolation, and choice favors from the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and of Mary."

Father Dewey has just issued the following circular, on the new edition of valuable religious works which he has begun publishing in connection with the *Messenger*:—

"The attention of the reverend clergy and religious communities is earnestly invited to the new *Sacred Heart Library*, to be issued as a quarterly supplement of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, beginning with June, 1889. It will form a periodical publication of standard expositions of the theology of Catholic devotion, each number making a thick handsome 12mo pamphlet, strongly bound, of some 150 pages. Where one work runs through two numbers the paging will be consecutive, to admit of binding in a single volume. Each number will be printed on good paper and in clear type, so as to form a worthy addition to any library. This method of publication is, practically, the only way of issuing cheaply, or even at all, works of this serious kind, which have not a regular sale sufficient to induce the ordinary booksellers to keep them in print. The first two numbers will comprise the classical work of Father Ramière on The Apostleship of Prayer. These will be followed by a new edition of Galliffet's standard work on the Devotion of the Sacred Heart, which will be directly printed for the *Library* from the plates of the late English edition, already out of print. It is intended to follow up the series with other works of the highest interest to those who are engaged by profession or inclination in the solid study of religion.

An endeavor will be made to choose and prepare works for the use of those who may be called on to instruct others. Of the works in contemplation, several have been hitherto quite inaccessible to English readers, such as the remarkable exposition called *The Hidden Treasure*, written by the Jesuit Juan de Loyola in the last century. The success of the similar undertaking (*La Petite Bibliothèque*) of Father Vanderspeeten in Belgium, gives good reason to hope that this endeavor at supplying English-speaking Catholics with clear and comprehensive expositions of the practical points of their religion will not fail to meet with favor from the reverend clergy and religious communities, on whom we must principally rely for the success of the publication. We also beg their good offices in bringing the work under the notice of intelligent Catholics likely to take advantage of such reading."

The work of the New York agency of the Holy Childhood which Father Thiry so long and successfully superintended, has been transferred to the office of the *Messenger*. It will be continued pretty much upon the old lines. The extensive connections, however, of the *Messenger*, which now reaches into every corner of the country, will probably contribute largely to spread it into hitherto unknown fields. The preparation of the bi-monthly *Annals* and all the details as to the printing will remain as before in the hands of Father Daniel, a secular priest of Montreal, who is the head-director of the work in North America. The *Messenger* will of course print its own local yearly *Report*.

Our new St. Joseph's College, in connection with the church of the Gesù, will open its first classes next September. Only the two lowest grades will be started, though the number of classes promises to be at least four. The intention is that the students of what shall now be the higher grade shall form the new grades as they pass their examinations year after year. When they graduate, this system will have enabled us to commend them as young men wholly of our own training. The old church is already being transformed into a double line of lofty and spacious classrooms. Four of them will stand on either side of the corridor, which will be a continuation of the present corridor of the residence. The students will enter through the Seventeenth-street door. This suite of rooms will give us every desirable accommodation, and promises to present a very imposing appearance. It will be remembered that when the foundations of the old church were laid twenty years ago, every detail of the present arrangement was provided for. Our announcements will shortly appear in the papers,

and we are all sanguine of a large and intelligent body of students. The great lot adjoining the church, which is now the daily scene of the Wild-West revels of the altar-boys, will serve as a capital playground for the college. Tuition at the new college will be free, the only expenses being the charge made for books and stationery, and even this will not be made in the case of promising pupils whose means may be limited.

For the first time in the history of the Gesù, the Holy Week services were this year carried out in full. The spacious sanctuary invites to thoughts of grandeur and elaborateness which our narrow limits of the past twenty years precluded. The white marble sodality-altar of the Blessed Virgin has been completed, while that of St. Patrick is being built up very rapidly. Mass was celebrated at the latter altar on St. Patrick's day at five o'clock, and in spite of the early hour a great crowd attended. The altar is a massive one and is composed entirely of marble imported expressly for it from Ireland. The main parts are of pure white, and the panellings of deep green veined with bronze and gold. The granite basin of one of the holy-water fountains of the middle aisle is also a present from the Island of Saints. The Gesù, by the way, is proud at possessing the only authentic relic of St. Patrick in this country, Fr. Villiger having taken no little pains to procure it from Rome.

Another present to the church, all the way from the shrine of Einsiedeln in Switzerland, is the handsome statue of the Sacred Heart which now adorns the chapel of the Apostleship of Prayer. It is already reputed to be the source of many extraordinary spiritual favors, and a group of worshippers are constantly seen kneeling before it. A rich marble altar is to be placed in the chapel of the Apostleship before many months. The cost is to be at least five thousand dollars, and the members of the Holy League, who alone are to bear the expense, are showing themselves enthusiastic and generous. The local League is acquiring fresh vigor every day and now numbers some twenty-five thousand members. Father Pardow's lecture on Paray-le-Monial was given in the old church under the auspices of the League on April 25th, and met with a success far surpassing the most sanguine expectations. Tickets were sold by none but members of the League, and only Promoters acted as ushers to the lecture. The hall was crowded to the very doors by members from all over the city and suburbs, making up an audience whose refinement and intelligence must have been very gratifying to the reverend lecturer.

The first Friday of June will be celebrated in the new church by a grand public consecration of families to the Sacred Heart. The act of consecration will be read from the pulpit, and will be repeated in unison by all the representatives of the different families.

THE SCAPULARS.

The following answers to doubts about the scapulars have been received recently by Fr. Socius from the Rev. Procurator-general of the Society.

Resp. ad quæsitâ in litt. 12 Martii data :

1) Utrum quinque lanæ chordæ diversi debeant esse coloris, sc. coloris scapularis, rubri pro scapulari Passionis, et ita deinceps?

2) Utrum illæ chordæ ita contorqueantur ut unam forment?

Ad hæc respondeo dicendo quæ sint essentialia scapularium; quibus fit ut (accidentibus benedictione et impositione) indulgentiæ lucrari valeant.

1) Scap. de M. Carm. fiat ex *lana*, coloris *tannei* (habitus PP. Carmelitarum), aut nigri.

2) SS. Trinit.—ex *lana*, coloris *albi*.

3) B. V. Concept. Immac.—ex *lana*, coloris *cærulei*.

4) 7 Dolor. B. V.—ex *lana*, coloris *nigri*.

5) SS. Passionis D. N.—ex *lana*, coloris *rubri*.

Itaque materia sit ex *lana*, non ex alia materia.

Scap. de SS. Trinit. habeat crucem coloris rubri-cærulei, sic ut trabs *verticalis* sit coloris rubri, *horizontalis* cærulei; hæc crux sit *lanca*.

Scap. de Passione habeat in uno latere Salvatorem in cruce, ad crucis pedem sint instrumenta passionis, et circum crucem verba: "S. Passio Dni N. J. C. salva nos." In altero latere sint SS. Corda Jesu et Mariæ, super quæ crux, quæ ex ambobus sursum elevatur; et subscriptio sit: "SS. Corda Jesu et Mariæ defendite nos."

In ceteris scapularibus *potest* esse aliqua imago, sed non est ad essentiam necessaria.

Forma sit *quadrata* (non rotunda).

Duo panniculi sint ligati chordulis *cujusvis* materiæ; scap-

ulare tantum Passionis requirit *essentialiter* chordulas *laneas, rubri* coloris.

Si quinque scapularia simul junguntur, chordulæ sufficiunt *unæ*, sed sint *laneæ, rubri* coloris, eo quod pertinent ad essentialiam scapularis SS. Passionis.

Non est necesse ut omnes singulorum scapularium chordulæ in unas contorqueantur.

Junctio scapularium fit ita: aut singula scapularia cum singulis chordulis assuantur simul ad partes superiores; aut scapularia cum unis chordulis laneis rubri coloris assuantur ad partes superiores; aut scapularia assuantur in medio. Quomocumque jungentur, observandum est semper singula scapularia *esse debere bene distincta*; extrema ab una parte sint Scap. SS. Trinitatis, ut evidens sit crux, ab altera parte, SS. Passionis, ut videatur imago (de qua supra).

N. B. Si quis perdiderit aut mutare voluerit scapulare prima vice rite acceptum, potest sibi substituere aliud. Solum pro scapulari SS. Trinitatis quoties renovatur, denuo benedictio scapularis requiritur (*non est impositio renovanda*).

Denique essentielle est ut unus panniculus pendatur in pectore, alter in dorso.

Credo sic sufficienter me respondisse ad duo dubia supradicta.

Ad 3^{um}.—Utrum habitus noster locum teneat scapulariorum, etc.?

Non habemus habitum proprie dictum, sed “vestitum honestum ad communem et approbatum sacerdotum regionis usum accommodatum” (Inst. P. 6, c. 2, § 15.); hic vero vestitus *nullo modo* locum tenet scapularium, quidquid de eare Nostri sint edocti. Neque moniales ex habitu ullo privilegio gaudent.

Non peto facultatem benedicendi numismata quibus applicatur benedictio papalis (v. 3 vol. Inst. Leonis XII. 1826, inter vicennales n. 19, pag. 354).

F. PLOEGMAN, S. J.

Roma, 10 April., 1889.

CANADA.

JESUITS VS. ORANGEMEN.

The angry cloud which has been hanging over the Society in Canada during the past few months, in the matter of the Estates Bill, has not yet entirely disappeared, still the sky is brightening up again and the world has begun to move on quietly as before. But after the marvellous outburst of combined patriotism and fanaticism of Her Brittanic Majesty's loyal Orange subjects, this new dawn of peace is hardly what we expected. The violent and thundering language employed in the Protestant pulpits and in the Orange newspapers against the Society, made nervous people begin to think that the Jesuits were soon to take their final trip across the Styx, that our modern Iroquois friends, the Orangemen, were about to come down from their haunts in Ontario and take our Jesuitical heads to decorate the lamp-posts of Canada. Happily, we have been left to tell the story of our escape, and to chronicle the amount of labor the Orangemen underwent to bring forth a mouse.

The readers of the LETTERS may know that a grant of \$400,000 was made last year out of the Provincial Treasury of Quebec to the Catholic Church of that province, in restitution for the estates belonging to the Old Society, which had been unjustly confiscated by the Crown of England, after the death of the last Jesuit, Father Casot, in 1800. The passage of this bill occasioned little discussion in the public press. The Protestant organs popped objections now and then during the debate, but they were promptly refuted; and matters ran on smoothly to the end. Even the fact that a Jesuit, Father Turgeon, had been chosen to treat with the Quebec government did not ruffle the good temper of the Protestant element.

The compensation grant, being merely a provincial act, was subject to disallowance by the federal authorities at Ottawa. But Sir John A. Macdonald's government, recognizing the principle of provincial autonomy, that Quebec could take care of herself, refused to veto the bill.

The whole affair should have ended with this sanction. With the exception of a fanatical protest from the Evangelical Alliance of Montreal, which did not represent more than

a fraction of the Protestants of the Province of Quebec, complete satisfaction was shown by the population which had to foot the bill. But the sympathetic Orangemen of Ontario, surprised at the seeming unconcern of the Protestant minority of the neighboring "priest-ridden" province, declared themselves deeply aggrieved at the decision of the federal cabinet to let the bill go by without their veto, and began to pass resolutions condemnatory of the act.

The arrival of a despatch from Rome, expressing approval of the result of the negotiation with the Quebec government, made the Orangemen indignant, but the receipt of the decree giving the pope's decision regarding the final disposition of the \$400,000 transformed their mild indignation into an unparalleled fury. Instead of simply protesting and passing resolutions against allowance, the Orangemen threatened to oust Sir John from power if he did not revoke his decision and veto the obnoxious bill.

The occasion of this increase of bile was the perfectly lawful and necessary part taken by the pope in the disposal of ecclesiastical property; but the fact that "an alien potentate," as they called him, mixed himself up, even indirectly, with the affairs of a British colony was too straining for the nerves of loyal Orangemen; and they vented their wrath on Leo XIII., Sir John Macdonald, Hon. Mr. Mercier, the Jesuits, and on every one in general. It is hardly possible to realize the bitterness of the language employed. Few dreamed that there was such a pent-up mass of fanaticism awaiting an outlet in the fair dominion.

The *Toronto Daily Mail*, probably the most influential newspaper in Canada, the *World and Orange Sentinel* of Toronto, and the *Ottawa Journal*, all recognized champions of the Canadian Orange body, lent themselves to the kindly office of slandering the Catholic Church and the Jesuits. Letter after letter, filled with the basest abuse, began to appear. Columns of correspondence grew under the pens of the Protestant ministers of Ontario. These servants of the meek and lowly Saviour protested against Ultramontanism, Jesuitism, Romanism, against Romish aggression under any form whatsoever. No "foreign ecclesiastic," come he from the banks of the Tiber or Kedron, dare infringe on the rights and liberties of the loyal subjects of the British Crown. Goldwin Smith grew eloquent. "Far from having a claim to legal endowment," said he, "Jesuitism has no more claim to legal protection than Thuggism. The sacrifice of human victims to Bowance, by the cord of the Thug, was not more wicked than the sacrifice of human victims by the sword of Jesuit wars."

The dreadful mistake committed by Mr. Mercier in 1886, when he granted incorporation to the Order of Jesus, was the beginning of the downfall of Canada. The province of Quebec is already in the iron grasp of the Jesuits; Ontario is about to succumb. A body of men, absolutely without nationality or bond of patriotic duty, with no country but their order, is a dangerous element; but to allow it to enjoy corporate privileges, to endow it out of the public funds, is against the plainest policy of the state.

It would be a loss of time to give the readers of the LETTERS anything more than the general tone of this eruption of fanatical patriotism. The writer waded through the hundred and forty columns of matter directed against the Society by the Orange organs. He found rubbish of every hue, but absolutely not one argument. The disappointment was not great, however. He made a few discoveries that it would be hardly fair to keep from his readers.

Be it known, therefore, that the Jesuits of Canada are all foreigners; that there are three hundred Jesuits in the Church of England to-day, not to speak of the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches, disguised and at work sapping its foundations, and leading it on silently but surely in the direction of Rome; that all Ritualists are Jesuits in disguise; that the Oblates of Mary Immaculate are Jesuits; that St. Ligouri was a Jesuit; that Hon. Mr. Mercier is a Jesuit; that every article in the *Civiltà Cattolica* is a papal bull; that the Jesuits are at the bottom of the labor-strikes and all the social disorder in the world; that had Protestants aided His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau in his struggle with Mercier and the Jesuits, two years ago, they might have defeated the Incorporation Bill; that the incorporation of the Jesuits is the root of all the present Compensation trouble; that this demand for restitution is only the first of a series of acts which is to give the Jesuits eventually full possession of Canada; that Gallicanism was pursuing the even tenor of its way in Canada, and would have continued to do so to the satisfaction of all, had not the Jesuits appeared on the scene in 1842 with their Ultramontanism, and upset everything; that a new and popular edition of Blaise Pascal's *Provinciales* would be a real service rendered to this country at the present time; that the Romish Church, at the instigation of its Jesuitical element, places on the Index the ripest results of modern science and philosophy, muzzles the press, and enslaves the state; that the Society of Jesus is the sworn foe of freedom, progress, and enlightenment, and is utterly unscrupulous as to the methods it adopts for its own aggrandizement.

These few clippings give an idea of the mode of warfare employed by the Orangemen. Calumnies that had long been laid to rest were raked up from their tombs and dealt out in large quantities to the famished Orangemen. Convinced evidently that the heavier the fire, the fewer the chances of escaping unhurt, the writers made strenuous efforts to get the greatest number of calumnies into the least amount of space; and their success was unprecedented. To give a specimen of the style indulged by the correspondents of the Orange organs, we copy literally from the *Ottawa Journal*.

"The Roman Catholics, not of the Jesuit Order, have suffered more and are more interested in restraining them than Protestants, because, the latter do not trust them. If we knew nothing of the teachings of the Company of Jesus (this is the name which they assumed), the fact that they have been driven out of every country of Europe (little Belgium excepted), mostly Roman Catholic, would force us to resist their establishment in Canada. . . . The Society from the first has not obeyed the popes; they openly resisted Paul IV., Paul V., Sixtus V., Urban VIII., Clement XII., who vainly contended against the doctrines of the Jesuits. Nine popes fruitlessly condemned the assimilation of Chinese rites with Christianity. They flung Cardinal Tournon, Legate of Clement XI., into the Inquisition of Macao, where he perished. History records that Clement XIV., who dissolved the Society, was, in the best opinion of the day, poisoned. Their schemes have been failures; their teachings made France and Italy infidel, and northern Europe Protestant; they prepared the way for English power in India, and Rome for the capital of the Piedmontese sovereign and the humiliation of the Holy See; their intrigues and mischievous meddling lost the crown of Britain to James II. and the empire to Napoleon III.; they fanned the flames of persecution against the Huguenots; they prompted the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and inspired the massacre of St. Bartholomew; their responsibility for plots against Queen Elizabeth, for the murder of Henry III. of France, for blowing up the British House of Commons, for the Thirty-Years' War and the Franco-Prussian War, stamp them as the most merciless enemies of mankind. Of their boasted missions what remains? They do not go to them, voluntary agents, as other laborers in foreign fields. Every Jesuit is bound by his oath to implicitly obey his superior "who stands to him in the place of God;" he is to be like a corpse with no will. And even if going to his work, driven like a wave before the wind by a power not his own,

had any merit, he has left no substantial proofs, either amongst our red Indians or the tawny Asiatics, of good works; they are as completely obliterated as his footprints on the sands, or the wake of the vessel which bore him over the ocean."

Prose of this stamp, sent out in columns every day for weeks, had the desired effect on the Orange population. Orange indignation rose still higher all over Canada. The Rev. Dr. Wild, a Protestant minister of Toronto, asserted in the pulpit that in the British Empire the murderer of a Jesuit could not suffer for the crime. Mass-meetings were held by the lodges, evangelical alliances, and other bodies of the same shade—as many as three thousand people assembling one night in the Toronto Pavilion—and motions condemning the Jesuits, their doctrines, and their Compensation bill were carried at every meeting without a dissenting voice.

Pages written with evident labor established parallels between the Orangemen and the Jesuits. These comparisons, under any condition never very flattering to the Jesuits, were rendered less so by the Orange pens. It was beyond Orange comprehension how Jesuit incorporation and compensation bills could obtain ratification from the federal cabinet, while the immaculate Orange body could not even force a smile of recognition. A sorry state of affairs, indeed, when the staunch upholders of the British Crown could not receive incorporation in the British province of Quebec, while a society of men which has been banished from almost every country can enjoy corporate privileges in it, with \$400,000 thrown in! Even the great Goldwin Smith, in one of his inspired moments, raised his voice and exclaimed: "Refuse incorporation to Orangeism and endow Jesuitism! If this be justice, what is iniquity?"

We may remark parenthetically that the Society got only \$160,000 out of the provincial grant; the rest went to the bishops of the province of Quebec.⁽¹⁾ The Orangemen failed

⁽¹⁾ DÉCRETUM—*Cum per Apostolicas Literas "Dominus ac Redemptor" diei XXI. Julii MDCCLXXIII Clemens PP. XIV. suppressa Societate Jesu, ejusdem Superiorum jurisdictionem tam in spiritualibus quam in temporalibus in locorum Ordinarios transtulisset; specialis postmodum Emorum Cardinalium Congregatio prædicatorum Literarum dispositionibus executioni mandandis ab eodem Summo Pontifice constituta, in encyclica epistola sub die XVIII. Augusti eodem anno data statuit ut quisque Episcopus "singularum (Societatis Jesu) domorum, collegiorum necnon et locorum hujusmodi et illorum bonorum jurium et pertinentiarum quarumcumque possessionem nomine Sanctæ Sedis apprehenderet et retineret pro usibus a SSmo designandis." Nihilominus in inferiori regione Canadensi, civilis gubernii opera, decreta hujusmodi non adamussim executioni mandata sunt; et Episcopus Quebecensis, tunc R. P. D. Briand, bonorum Societatis in ea diœcesi existentium administrationem ejusdem Societatis Patribus reliquit vila eorum naturali durante. Qui-*

to make this nice distinction between the two classes; and the Society alone had to bear the weight of their compliments.

But the dark side of things was not the one continually held up to view. Now and then during the late campaign a sparkling of humor broke the monotony of the gloom. Literature of the lighter kind was brought into play by the geniuses of Orangeism. But their questionable taste was evinced when they published their parody on a passage of Holy Scripture, in which His Holiness the Pope, Sir John A. Macdonald, Premier Mercier, and a Jesuit or two, were the characters introduced. The Toronto *Grip* cartooned the principal actors in the campaign; but their Jesuits, dancing polkas in utter defiance of the Rules of Modesty, were hardly recognizable. *Grip's* fertile imagination provided amusement for the Orangemen, who very often saw wit where there was none to see.

bus extinctis, anno MDCCC civile gubernium bonis omnibus Societatis in Canada positum est, eorumque redditus publice instructioni in Scholis tradendæ applicuit; atque ita in ea regione se res habuerunt, etiam post restitutam a Pio PP. VII. Societatem Jesu, usque ad superiorem annum MDCCCLXXXVIII.

Hoc tempore Gubernium Quebecense pro iis bonis quæ antea in regione illa Societas possidebat compensationem dare proposuit, offerens francorum vicies centena millia (fr. 2,000,000), necnon prædium cui nomen la Prairie, prope Marianopolim prostant. . . . Porro cum infrascriptus R. P. D. Dominicus Jacobini Archiepiscopus Tyren. S. Congregationis de Propaganda Fide Secretarius, in audientia diei XXII. Julii anni ejusdem, ea SSmo D. N. Leoni div. prov. PP. XIII. retulisset, Sanctitas Sua propositam compensationem acceptari permisit. Quoniam vero proprietatis patrimonii illius ad S. Sedem, ut supra dictum est, devoluta fuerat, statuit ut accipiendæ compensationis distributio ipsi Sedi Apostolicæ reservaretur.

Tandem SSmus D. N. in audientia ab infrascripto Eno ac Rmo P. D. Cardinali Joanne Simeoni Sacri ejusdem Consilij Christiano Nomini Propagando Præfello habita die V. vertentis mensis Januarii MDCCCLXXXIX, re mature perpensa, attentisque imprimis finibus ad quos memorata bona, ut exploratum est, tradita a Donatoribus fuerant, instruenda scilicet catholicam juventutem, necnon agendi sacras missiones inter sylvicolas regionis Canadensis, mandavit ut Patres Societatis Jesu, compensatione accepta, sibi retineant prædium quod vulgo dicitur la Prairie, necnon summam francorum octingentorum millium (fr. 800,000); cedant vero septingenta millia francorum (fr. 700,000) Licæo Magno catholico Lacallensis, quorum quingenta millia (fr. 500,000) ipsi Universitati in Urbe Quebeci existenti, et bis centum millia (fr. 200,000) Succursali Marianopolitane ejusdem Universitati; quinquaginta millia (fr. 50,000) Archidiecesi Quebecensi; quinquaginta millia (fr. 50,000) Archidiecesi Marianopolitane; et item centum millia (fr. 100,000) Præfeturæ Apostolicæ Sinus S. Laurentii; ex reliquis autem tercentis millibus æqualem partem tribuant sex diecesibus prædictarum provinciarum Quebecensis et Marianopolitane Suffraganeis, nimirum Chicoutimiensi, Sti Germani de Rimouski, Nicoletane, Trifluviensi, Sti Hyacinthi et Sherbrookiensi; ita ut unaquæque harum quinquaginta francorum millia (fr. 50,000) sibi ex æquo vindicat. Itaque super his Sanctitas Sua presens Decretum edi mandavit, contrariis quibuscumque minime obstantibus.

Datum Romæ ex ædibus S. C. de Propaganda Fide die XV. Januarii An. MDCCCLXXXIX.

JOANNIS CARD. SIMEONI PRÆFECTUS.

† D. ARCHIEP. TYREN. SECR.

[L. s.]

From what has preceded, the reader may form a judgment of the fanaticism the Society had to deal with. Deplorable ignorance, or the most revolting bad faith appeared on every page of the writings of our opponents. Besides the calumnies dried with age that were sprung upon the public, the old charges about mental reservation, probabilism, regicide, "the end justifies the means," were drawn from oblivion, and put forward as if they had never been refuted. Busembaum, Wagemann, and Gury were taken down from their shelves and commented on by writers who could not read the Latin text. These venerable authors were drafted into the ranks of the enemy and made to assume the paternity of doctrines they had never held. Paul Bert and Dr. Littledale were the fecund sources whence the Orangemen drew much of their material.

With the exception of a few pamphlets giving the true state of the question, sent out by Father Jones to balance public opinion, our fathers kept silent. Our battle was fought in the pulpits by the loyal and devoted Catholic clergy of Ontario, and by the Catholic editors in the press. The latter declared in private letters to our fathers that their columns would henceforward be devoted to the defence of the noble Society of Jesus, the valiant soldiers of Christ who, now that they are assailed by the enemies of the Church, show themselves more than ever worthy the name they bear.

The Rev. Dr. Whelan, Pastor of St. Patrick's, Ottawa, lecturing in defence of the Society, followed the example set by his American cousins, and offered \$500 to whoever would prove that the Jesuits teach that "the end justifies the means." The challenge was accepted by the Rev. Dr. Wild of Toronto, who after making a patient public drink down once more Dr. Littledale's undigested "encyclopedia" proofs, sent in a formal but unsuccessful claim for the money. Verily, if Dr. Littledale has immortalized himself, he is going to immortalize others also.

Matters reached a climax, however, when the *Toronto Mail*, one cold February morning, placed the following choice dish before its readers:—"In view of the fact that the Jesuits rule the Romish Church," the *Mail* cordially invited "every American and Canadian to read, mark, and inwardly digest the horrible oath which every Jesuit takes when he enters the Order":—

"I, N. . . . , now in presence of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Blessed Michael the Archangel, the Blessed John the Baptist, the Holy Apostles Saint Peter and Saint Paul, and the Saints and Sacred Hosts of heaven, and you, my

ghostly Father, do declare from my heart, without mental reservation, that the Pope is Christ's Vicar-general, and is the true and only head of the Universal Church throughout the earth; and that by virtue of the Keys of binding and loosing given to His Holiness by Jesus Christ, he has the power to depose heretical kings, princes, states, commonwealths and governments, all being illegal without his sacred confirmation; and that they may be safely destroyed. Therefore, to the utmost of my power, I will defend this doctrine and His Holiness' rights and customs against all usurpers of heretical or Protestant authority, especially against the now pretended authority of the Church in England, and all adherents, in regard that they be usurped and heretical, opposing the Sacred Mother Church of Rome.

"I do renounce and disown my allegiance as due to any heretical king, prince, or state, named Protestant, or to any of their inferior magistrates or officers. I do further declare the doctrine of the Church of England, of the Calvinists, Huguenots, and other Protestants to be damnable, and those to be damned who will not forsake the same. I do further declare that I will help, assist, and advise all or any of His Holiness' agents, in any place wherever I be, and do my utmost to extirpate the heretical Protestant doctrine, and to destroy all their pretended powers, legal or otherwise. I do further promise and declare, notwithstanding that I am dispensed with, to assume my religion heretical for the propagation of the Mother Church interest, to keep secret and private all her agents' counsels, as they entrust me, and not to divulge, directly or indirectly, but to execute, all which shall be proposed, given in charge, or discovered unto me, by you, my ghostly Father, or by any of this convent.

"In testimony whereof I take this Most Holy and Blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist, and witness the same further with my hand and seal in the face of this holy convent."

The effect of this morsel on the palate of the Protestant population may be easily imagined. Notwithstanding a prompt and positive contradiction in the press, by Father Jones of Montreal and Father Drummond of Winnepeg, the "Jesuits Oath" spread throughout the whole of Canada as fast as electricity could carry it. Had the Falls of Niagara flattened out, they could not have produced a greater sensation. The "oath" was crowned with fiery headings in the newspapers, its various clauses commented on in long editorials, and the possibilities of the future of Canada discussed by the acute editors. The formula was read in the different Protestant churches of Ontario on the Sunday following its publication, to show the Protestants the kind of

serpent the dominion was harboring in its bosom. The flat denials of our fathers were either ignored or laughed at, and another era of fierce correspondence was opened up in the newspapers, the writers calling on all loyal Orangemen to read the "oath" and then be up and doing; "the enemy was at the gates and ready to enter; the British Empire was in danger."

It is remarkable the amount of love recent events developed in the hearts of Orangemen for the British Empire. It was not merely the interests of religion and morality, but the interests of the British Empire that demanded the crushing out of Jesuitism, notwithstanding the assertion of an Orange writer that the Jesuits prepared the way for British power in India. But even if Orange loyalty to Britain is not so intense after all, as a recent orator seems to hint, it is worthy of note that, during the late campaign against the Society, Orangeism never once forgot itself so far as to suggest "annexation" as a means to rid itself of the Jesuit incubus. The treatment that Orangemen have always had at the hands of their republican neighbors undoubtedly had something to do with this prudent reserve.

The "oath" left such an impression on the public mind, that our fathers, who had remained more or less passive until then, thought the time had come to act. It was resolved to strike a blow for peace. A suit was instituted against the *Toronto Mail* for having published a false and libellous oath, with a claim for \$50,000 damages. This was a surprise to the public, hardly less than the "oath" itself, but to no one more than to the *Mail*.

The *Toronto Grip* published a cartoon representing two newsboys with their arms laden with papers. One asked the other what Jesuits were? "Don't know," replied the other, "but they make the papers sell." This had been the *Mail's* little game. Reviling Jesuitism, which it knew nothing about, had gained for it many friends and had increased its circulation enormously; but that a real, live Jesuit should walk into its sanctum and gravely demand \$50,000 for the privilege of being reviled, was an issue it was not prepared for.

The effect of this coy glance at the cash-bags of the *Toronto Thunderer* was simply amazing. Notwithstanding the insolent and braving air with which it brought forth the infamous "oath" as gospel truth, as soon as the news of the libel suit reached headquarters, it lowered its pennants. The very next morning the following appeared in the *Mail*:—

"We do not undertake to prove, nor can we undertake to

prove, the authenticity of the document, any more than we could undertake to prove the authenticity of the Secret Instructions (*Monita Secreta*), which the Jesuits also repudiate, but which are given in full in such a standard work as Larousse's *Dictionnaire du XIX. Siècle*. Everything about the Society of Jesus is covered with a mystery which, in the processes instituted against it by so many kings and nations, has been but partially removed. If the authenticity of the oath is denied, we are perfectly ready to record the denial. What we are not ready to deny, under any threats, is that the doctrines embodied in the oath are substantially those which have been preached by Jesuit doctors and exemplified in the history of the Order."

The news of the suit was received sarcastically by the Lodges. The Montreal *Witness*, the apostate Chiniquy's organ, had words of encouragement for the *Mail*, and felicitated the noble sheet on having been found worthy to suffer persecution for justice' sake. But the *Mail's* other Orange friends were loud in their vituperation of the Jesuits, and advised the chivalrous thunderer to keep right on—it being a clear case of American "bulldozing." The *Mail* did keep right on, to save appearances, but in a softer tone. It set itself to proving rather than simply affirming. It began again to talk about Jesuit doctrines and Jesuit casuistry, quoted the London *Quarterly*, Dr. Littledale, and even Bishop Cleveland Coxe, if we recollect rightly—its object being to turn public attention from the precise point of the question, namely the "oath," and fix it on something else. That it had this object in view, it showed plainly when it declared in subsequent numbers that the Jesuits were again exhibiting a specimen of their cunning, in taking it up on a minor point, the formula of an oath—a simple side-issue—instead of keeping to the main question, namely, the doctrines embodied in the "oath."

An objection raised in the beginning of March against the Compensation Bill drew public attention away from the libel suit, for it was a new phase of the question. The Canadian *Law Journal*, an authority in judicial circles, decided that compensation to the Jesuits in the present Estates Bill was unconstitutional, inasmuch as it was an acknowledgment of the right of an alien power—that of the pope—to legislate in a British province.

This new departure proved a boon to the Orange news-sheets. They had exhausted their supply of abuse; the *Law Journal* opened up another and unexplored source. Contending that the Compensation Bill was unconstitutional, it based its decision on some obsolete enactments

against papal supremacy and against the Society, of the time of Elizabeth.

But the *Law Journal* unfortunately ignored two very important facts: first, that the penal laws of England never obtained in the Canadian colonies, consequently the Elizabethan enactments had no application in the present case; secondly, that free exercise of the Roman Catholic religion being guaranteed to Canadians, at the Conquest, by the treaties of Quebec and Montreal, the right of the pope to interfere in church matters was necessarily acknowledged by England; consequently the pope was free to appoint an agent to settle claims against the Quebec government regarding ecclesiastical property, was free also to ratify the settlement after the fact, and then distribute the outcome at his good pleasure.

The lamentable ignorance of the *Law Journal*, however, did not prevent its arguments from having weight with the Orange fanatics of Ontario; and confident of victory, one of their number, Col. O'Brien, Member of Parliament, resolved to bring the question before the House of Commons. The courts, not the House of Commons, were the place to test the constitutionality of the bill; but if the question were discussed in Parliament, the debate would end with a vote; if the majority were against compensation to the Jesuits, the vote would be equivalent to a want of confidence in Sir John A. Macdonald, and his cabinet would have to resign.

Tuesday, March 26, was the day appointed to begin the debate. During the intervening days, the wildest conjectures were let loose as to how the votes would run. The *Toronto Globe*, the leading organ of the Liberals, had pronounced in favor of disallowance, which fact, it was feared, would influence the vote of many of that party. Excitement ran high; one would have thought that there was question of the downfall of the nation.

On the day named, a company of militia was placed on Parliament Hill, in Ottawa, to quell any premature manifestations of trouble, and to moderate the ardor of the crowds rushing to hear the speakers. Col. O'Brien, the "scourge of Jesuitism," the "champion of down-trodden justice" was the hero of the hour. When all was silent within the Commons, the colonel rose, and in solemn tones, adapted to a second-rate speech, gave the history of the Jesuit Compensation Bill, pointed out its obnoxious features, and modestly moved that certain resolutions be adopted, of which the third and last read as follows:—

"That in the opinion of this House the passage of the

Act by the legislature of the Province of Quebec, entitled: 'An Act respecting the settlement of the Jesuit Estates,' is beyond the power of that Legislature;

"First, because it endows from public funds a religious organization, thereby violating the unwritten but undoubted constitutional principle of the complete separation of Church and State, and of the absolute equality of all denominations before the law;

"Secondly, because it recognizes the usurpation of a right by a foreign authority, namely, His Holiness the Pope of Rome, to claim that his consent was necessary to empower the Provincial Legislature to dispose of a portion of the public domain, and also because the Act is made to depend upon the will, and the appropriation of the grant thereby made is subject to the control of the same authority; and

"Thirdly, because the endowment of the Society of Jesus, an alien, secret, and politico-religious body, the expulsion of which from every Christian community wherein it has had a footing, has been rendered necessary by its intolerant and unchristian meddling with the functions of the civil government, is fraught with danger to the civil and religious liberties of the people of Canada.

"This House therefore prays that His Excellency the Governor General will be graciously pleased to disallow the said Act."

Col. O'Brien and his supporters were evidently in earnest; but they lived long enough to rue their temerity. The debate on the motion lasted two days, during which the Society had the satisfaction to see its cause discussed by able speakers (only two of whom were Catholics, Sir John Thompson, Minister of Justice, and the Hon. Wilfred Laurier, Leader of the Opposition) and everything that could be said for and against it brought into light.

When the vote was taken, out of two hundred and one members present, one hundred and eighty-eight voted against the adoption of the O'Brien resolutions, leaving a paltry thirteen to console the Orangemen for all their trouble. Thus collapsed suddenly and ignominiously the Orange parliamentary campaign against the Society.

(To be continued.)

OBITUARY.

FR. ALOYSIUS VALENTE.

Father Aloysius Valente was born at Naples on the 7th of September, 1835. At the age of fourteen he felt his call to the Society, and as, on account of the revolution of '48, our Father General, Fr. Roothaan, was then living in exile at Naples, it was to His Paternity that the young Valente made his application. He began his noviceship on the 17th of January, 1850, and after his vows he spent nearly two years in the study of languages, and began his course of philosophy in November, 1853. After the usual course of three years, he taught physics and mathematics in the seminary at Benevento till the year 1860. This seminary was taught by Ours, and it is of interest to note that it was here Cardinal Mazzella studied. Fr. Valente's teaching at Benevento gave great satisfaction, and to this day several of his pupils remember him with great pleasure. At this time he was devoted to the physical sciences and was an enthusiastic teacher. In 1860, the Italian revolution caused our fathers to be banished from the Neapolitan kingdom, and the province was dispersed. Fr. Valente was sent with a number of his fellow-scholastics to Laval, and there he began and completed his four years of theology. He remained another year at Laval to teach logic and metaphysics, and then made his third year of probation at Laon under the venerable Fr. Fouillot. It seems that he was much esteemed by the Fr. Instructor for his docility, and was remarkable for his spirit of mortification and self-denial, a characteristic which he preserved all his life. On the completion of his third year of probation, Fr. Valente was sent to the seminary at Blois, where he was during a year professor of physics and holy scripture.

Being recalled to his own province in the year 1867, he was sent with several companions to the island of Corfu. It was here he learned modern Greek so as to speak it quite fluently; indeed he is said to have succeeded better than any of his companions in learning this difficult language. A trial of two years, attended with much suffering and many difficulties, convinced the superiors that there was no opening for a college or residence at Corfu, and our fathers were recalled. At this time, Rev. Fr. Paresce, Provincial of the Maryland Province, was building Woodstock and looking out for professors. He secured Fr. Valente and sent him to Paris, in the beginning of 1869, to purchase a physical cabinet and to attend the scientific lectures. He devoted himself to experimenting at the *École des Hautes Etudes* with an enthusiasm which he did not show afterwards in teaching. In fact it was here that his great love for St. Thomas first showed itself, so that his physical studies became more and more theoretical. He reached Georgetown in the summer of 1869,

and came to Woodstock on the opening of the college in September. As he had not acquired a sufficient knowledge of English to teach in that language, he was appointed professor of second-year philosophy. In his class were many fathers well known in the province, several of whom are now at Woodstock. They can all testify with what earnestness and real enthusiasm he explained the difficult matter of this year. Still, Fr. Valente had come to be professor of physics, so having acquired some fluency in English, the next year he was appointed to that office. His enthusiasm for the theoretical part of physics, and especially for the scholastic system, now far outweighed his interest in experimental physics. The modern theory of heat especially displeased him, and he made it a study of many years to adapt the experimental discoveries to the scholastic theory. This did not give satisfaction to many, as the experiments were made to take an inferior place; so after teaching physics for five years he was, to his great delight, again appointed to teach metaphysics. In this charge he continued for four years more, teaching also during two years the mathematics of first year. His intense application to mental philosophy at last seriously affected his health, and that he might have a complete change of occupation he was sent to Philadelphia to teach a grammar class. The superiors, foreseeing that it would be some time before a college could be opened at Philadelphia, and that there was a number of young men who seemed to have a vocation to the priesthood, determined to establish a class, and Fr. Valente was given charge of it. Quite a number now in the Society studied with him. At the end of the scholastic year he was recalled to his province and again appointed to teach physics and chemistry at the college of Pontano. In this charge he spent nearly six years, his health failing more and more. Finally, in March, 1887, he was obliged to relinquish his class. He lingered till August 6, 1888, when he piously died in our residence at Marigliano, near Naples, in the fifty-third year of his age. He had passed thirty-nine years in the Society.—R. I. P.

FR. JOSEPH BIXIO.

Father Joseph Bixio was born in Genoa, Italy, May 23, 1819, and was educated in his native city. He entered the Society in the province of Turin, August 22, 1838, and after finishing his studies, was for some years professor of rhetoric in our college of Cagliari on the island of Sardinia.

On the expulsion of the Jesuits from the kingdom of Sardinia in 1848, Fr. Bixio came to this country, and served in the province of Maryland until 1855. He then joined his brethren in California; but upon the breaking out of the Civil War he returned to the Eastern States where he was stationed, first at Richmond and afterwards at Staunton, West Virginia. Here his duties brought him into contact with both the Federal and Confederate armies; and although he held no regular appointment as chaplain on either side, his zeal led him to discharge as far as possible the functions of that office for both. On this account he often got into difficulties; for the commanders who knew him only by hearsay, and who, from the nature of things, were inclined to be suspicious of strangers,

often held him for a spy. It is reported that he received from one general a polite message to the effect that, if ever caught, he should be hanged to the first tree; and on one occasion he was really brought before General Sheridan. He succeeded, however, in showing the real character of his work, so that the general gave orders that he should have all the assistance and protection necessary.

Before the close of the war, Fr. Bixio returned to California and resumed his missionary duties. In 1878 he was sent to Australia, where he remained for a little more than a year. Coming back to California once more, he was appointed assistant pastor of St. Joseph's Church, San José. Here he remained until July, 1887, when he was transferred to the same position at Santa Clara. Towards the end of 1888 his strength began to fail and he gradually sank until, on March 3, 1889, he died piously in the Lord.

Fr. Bixio's name is not unknown in modern history. He had the unhappiness of calling brother the well-known General Bixio, second in command of the Piedmontese army at the capture of Rome in 1870. The miserable life and still more wretched end of this man caused Fr. Bixio great grief; but at the same time it filled him with a great love of the holy vocation whereby he was preserved from such a dreadful fate, and caused him to labor with a fervent zeal, the remembrance of which will long remain amongst his many parishioners in Santa Clara Co.—R. I. P.

MR. HENRY P. McCARTHY.

The death of Mr. Henry P. McCarthy at the Sacred Heart College, Denver, Col., on March 25, 1889, was a sudden and unexpected shock to many. Mr. McCarthy entered the St. Louis University in September, 1879, and after a course of five years, marked by steady, earnest application, which gained him a prominent place among the leaders of his class, on the completion of his rhetoric, he was received in the novitiate of the Society at Florissant, on August 7, 1884. As a novice, he was noted among his companions for a strong and fervent piety and a strictness and fidelity in the observance of the smallest rules, which continued ever on the increase with his days in religion. During his second year of noviceship, superiors placed him over the novices as their *manuductor*; and in this position, his exactness, prudence, and tender charity endeared him more and more to all around him. On August 15, 1886, he took his first vows. During the two years of juniorate that followed, he devoted himself with characteristic diligence to his studies, without, however, in the least relaxing his strict vigilance over himself and his progress in perfection. In the beginning of his second year of juniorate, he contracted a cold, which settled on his lungs and assumed ere long a serious aspect. His sufferings daily increased, but they served only as an occasion for displaying his virtue. As the year advanced, he was forced to give up all studies; and as his condition became worse, his superiors decided upon a change of climate. Accordingly, in the beginning of the scholastic year, Mr. McCarthy was sent to the new college of the Sacred Heart, Denver, Col. Here he began to teach, and for a time his health appar-

ently improved. A sudden attack in December, however, necessitated the relinquishing of his class. This proved another severe trial, as he was by nature active and energetic, always eager to do something, and an enemy to idleness.

On March 25, having received word from his superiors to return home, he got everything in readiness to start on the following day. That evening, about 9 o'clock, he conversed with several members of the community at Denver, and seemed comparatively well and in the best of spirits. He then retired to rest. At 11.30 P. M., Father Rector heard him call for help, and on entering his room found him suffering from a hemorrhage. Assistance soon arrived, but it was found that the flow of blood was too great to allow of recovery. Father Rector administered the last absolution, and in less than a quarter of an hour Mr. McCarthy's soul had taken its flight.

His death was an unlooked-for event; but though sudden it did not find him unprepared. His exactness and careful watchfulness over all his actions, his strict observance of rule, his love of prayer and eagerness after perfection, his ready obedience and true humility, joined to the warm-hearted charity which endeared him to all with whom he came in contact, were virtues which kept his soul in hourly readiness for the summons of the Master.

The Highlander, of Denver College, to the management of which he devoted the last months of his life, thus concludes a grateful tribute to his memory: "He was humble, obedient, industrious, and prayerful. He was as exact in his virtues as a banker is in his books. His death, which seemed so sudden to others, could not have been sudden to him; for his daily life was lived as if the passing day would be the last.

"We buried his remains on the slope of the hill which had been marked out for the college graveyard. The spot will serve as a remainder to us not only to pray our best prayers for the repose of his soul, but also to emulate his beautiful example, and acquire some of the many virtues for which he was so well known and loved."—R. I. P.

BR. RAPHAEL VEZZA.

At Woodstock, on Mar. 29, the long and eventful life of Br. Raphael Vezza came to a close. Born at Naples on Oct. 24, 1826, he entered the Society on April 1, 1850, and made his noviceship at La Conocchia where Fr. Valente was his fellow-novice. Before the end of his second year, he was sent to the college of Salerno, where he remained as carpenter till 1855, and was then sent to Potenza, the capital of the province of Basilicata, where a new college was in course of erection. Here engaged on the new building he spent two years, and when the work seemed to promise the best results, Potenza was visited by a violent earthquake, which destroyed a large part of the city and reduced the almost completed college to a heap of ruins. After this calamity, he went to Grottaglia, the birthplace of St. Francis Hieronymo, to begin the building of a residence, and soon after was sent to Lecce where he remained till the revolution of 1860.

With the coming of Garibaldi, misfortune fell on the province of Naples; all the colleges were closed and the fathers and scholastics were dispersed. ⁽¹⁾ The latter were sent to different countries; some found refuge in France, others in Spain. The brothers, with the exception of a few who accompanied the scholastics to their new homes, remained in Italy at their own homes serving God and hoping for brighter days. Br. Vezza remained at his home in Naples four years, often begging to be sent to some house of the Society in Europe or to some mission in America. In 1864, his request was granted. At the suggestion of Fr. Soprani, then Visitor to the Rocky Mountain Mission, three carpenters, BB. Carfagno, Agostini and Vezza were sent to join the Society laboring in that distant mission.

When they arrived in New York, they found that Fr. Tellier, Superior of the New York and Canada Mission, had made an agreement with the superior of the Rocky Mountain Mission, by which Br. Vezza's destination was changed to St. Mary's College, Montreal, where in August 1865 he took his last vows. A year later he was chosen as a companion to Fr. D. Vitale, who had become insane and was obliged to go to Barcelona, Spain. When he first became the guardian of Fr. Vitale he never left his charge alone; but after some time, finding him so tractable, and apparently so rational, he became less watchful. While crossing the ocean an incident occurred which placed the two Jesuits in a rather embarrassing position. One day, when left alone, Fr. Vitale approached a priest who was seated on deck reading his office, and quietly asked leave to look at his breviary. Without a moment's hesitation the priest handed him the book, which Fr. Vitale took and immediately tossed far out into the water. During the scene that followed, Br. Vezza appeared, looking for his companion; and, on learning what had taken place, he endeavored to explain to the indignant priest that the offense was committed by one who was not accountable for his actions.

Without further mishap they reached Barcelona, where Br. Vezza left his eccentric companion and went to Tortosa, the scholasticate of the province of Aragon. In 1867, the Neapolitan fathers decided to begin a mission in New Mexico, and Br. Vezza accompanied FF. Gasparri and Bianchi, two professors of philosophy in the scholasticate, who left Spain to devote their lives to the good of souls in this new undertaking. On this side of the Atlantic, they were re-enforced by Fr. Vigilante, and all four set out for the new mission, Br. Vezza going to Albuquerque, where he remained till the opening of Woodstock College in 1869. Here he was the carpenter of the college until about two years ago, when he was attacked by a complication of diseases, and from that time till his death

⁽¹⁾ Among other losses the province of Naples sustained in this revolution, was that of the novitiate at La Conocchia, which fell into the power of the government, and after being put to various uses, was finally turned into a military hospital; to this place seven or eight years ago King Humbert came to pay a visit to his soldiers. In 1883, this property was bought from the government by the Society through the mediation of Fr. Nicholas Valente; the building was remodelled and enlarged and has since become a boarding college of which Fr. De Augustinis was the first rector.

he suffered continually. Several times he was brought so low that the last rites of the Church were administered, and the prayers for the dying recited.

In March last, it became evident that he could not live much longer, and his wish to die during that month seemed about to be granted. As the feast of St. Joseph drew near, his desire to die on that day grew stronger; but when the day arrived he found to his disappointment that he felt better than usual. Turning to the infirmarian to whom he had confided his wish to die, he said: "Brother, I have missed the train." "Yes, perhaps because you had too much baggage," replied the infirmarian, pointing to the carpenter's tools, which Br. Vezza had asked to have brought to his room at the beginning of his illness. Nothing more was said, but the sick brother was evidently turning these words over in his mind, and a short time after he sent a request to Fr. Minister to have the tools removed to the carpenter shop. Those who have spent any time at Woodstock while he was carpenter will easily realize the sacrifice he made in giving up the tools of which he was always so extremely careful.

On the 28th of March he became so weak that death was hourly expected, and the last sacraments were again administered. As night came on, his sufferings increased, and at about 3 A. M., after the prayers had been recited and the last absolution had been given, Br. Vezza quietly breathed his last, dying as he had wished during the month of St. Joseph. The *De Profundis* bell at 5.15 A. M. informed the community of his death and enabled the priests to offer their Masses of that day for the repose of his soul.—R. I. P.

BR. JAMES STRAIN.

Brother James Strain entered the Society at the age of twenty years, shortly after coming from Ireland, where he was born, May 1, 1832, in Banbridge, County Down. A few months after the completion of his noviceship, he was sent to the college of the Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass., where he remained without interruption until the close of his life. Although young in years, he excelled in the qualities of patience, discretion, industry, and self-sacrifice, which were needed during the trying times that followed upon the burning of the college; and the charge of the wardrobe and infirmary, which was exchanged in later years for the combined offices of book-keeper and buyer, showed the confidence reposed in him by superiors, and helped to enlarge and intensify his sterling traits of character.

His loss is deeply felt at the college, which he served so long and well, where he spent thirty-five years of his life in religion, a life adorned with the virtues that befit a brother of the Society—modesty, humility, obedience, prudence, exact observance of rules, painstaking and methodical fulfilment of the duties entrusted to his charge. He was obliged to go to the city once or twice a day for many years, and his duties as buyer brought him into relation with various classes of men. A local paper expresses the universal sentiment of his worth: "Brother Strain will be remembered by those who had business with the college; his uniform

courtesy and even disposition were always remarked. By the old students of the college he was looked upon with reverence and respect. The college has lost in him a valuable officer and an edifying example of the religious life."

Many Protestants have expressed the high esteem in which he was held. He was a model of circumspection in word and action, both within and without the college. He had a genius for reticence in all things belonging to his office as book-keeper, and his systematic method was admirable. How deep-seated was the habit of religious observance within him, may be judged from the remark of a superior, who knew him intimately: "Although he mingled so much with business men, and was so frequently outside of the house, I have rarely met one who had so little of a worldly spirit."

His sickness and death were the fitting consummation of such a life, calm and peaceful. On the morning of April 14, he was attacked by inflammation of the bowels, and his patience and resignation were most edifying until his death, which took place at 9.45 A. M., Wednesday, April 23.—R. I. P.

BR. JOHN HILBERT.

In the call of Brother Hilbert to the throne of God, we mourn the departure of one whose life may with truth be said to have been hidden with Christ in God. Seldom if ever did he speak of himself, his relations, or any incidents of his past life. He went about his daily labors in a quiet, meditative way, scrupulously obedient all the while; but even the feasts of the greatest relaxation never tempted him into more than a few pleasant sentences or an occasional anecdote from Rodriguez. Every one felt that this reserve was not wholly the result of his German temperament, but was due largely to a higher motive, an honest desire to be unknown. One of the brothers joked with him on the subject one evening, and said he had no doubt that his spirit of silence came from the spirit of devotion. "Yes," he replied in a humble way which never forsook him, "from devotion or stupidity; I can't tell which." With such a holy reticence guarding the story of his days, the facts which present themselves for a biography are meagre indeed. What we have, however, are filled with edification, and never more touchingly than when he felt the hand of death upon him.

Brother John Hilbert was born in Rhenish Bavaria on the 29th of October, 1835. He was, therefore, well on in his fifty-fourth year when he passed away. There was such a genuine faith observable in his different actions, and in the few words which he did allow himself to say, that his early training must have been singularly happy and religious. It was in Bavaria that he learned his trade as a tailor, after serving the usual long apprenticeship required in that country. At about the age of twenty-three, he left his native land and came to America. Shortly afterwards, the Civil War broke out. He enlisted as a private in the Union forces, and remained in active service till the end. In one engagement—while defending a cannon, it is supposed—he received a terrible sabre-stroke

across the cheek, which left its deep scar for the rest of his life. During these days also, of exposure to fatigues, privations, and inclement weather, he must have imbibed the first seeds of the disease which finally carried him off. At the close of the war, he again took up his trade as a tailor, and along in the seventies was employed at the same in St. John's College, Fordham. In this place his conduct was so exemplary that, when he applied for admission into the Society, few obstacles were put in his way. He was sent to Manresa to begin his noviceship under Father Daubresse, and was duly received into the community on the 20th of September, 1879. At the change of novice-masters, Father Gleason succeeded Father Daubresse. Both of these fathers speak of him with the tenderest affection, as a soul already ripe for heaven, as one whose bodily sufferings were great and continual, but whose obedience and patience kept the mastery. Few if any of his fellow-novices suspected all that he was enduring, so reserved and uncomplaining was he in every circumstance.

From Manresa he was sent to Worcester College in 1874, returning to Manresa in August of the same year to make the cassocks for those about to pronounce their first vows. He came to the Gesù in the fall of 1888, when it was apparent that his last days had come. He spoke with considerable pleasure once of the prospect of soon pronouncing his last vows, but God asked him to sacrifice that pleasure. He did so with his usual serenity. He had had an attack of pneumonia earlier in the year, but it was not until about the middle of March that he seemed to be seriously stricken.

He was not long in recognizing his danger, and then the real principles of his life shone forth. Being asked whether he felt any fear of death, he answered that he did not, he must meet it sooner or later, and he was willing to go at any time. A statue of our Lady stood over his bed in a little shrine which he himself had made, and when some one remarked how happy a sight it was, he said in a voice full of faith: "Yes, yes; I have great confidence in the Blessed Virgin." He grew weaker rapidly, but amidst all the oppression and weariness of his sick couch he never uttered the least complaint. He was like a child in the hands of the doctor and the infirmarian, doing precisely what they told him, or taking whatever medicine they offered him without an inquiry. He was anxious to give as little trouble as possible, and regretted that the brother in charge of him was put to so much trouble on his account. He received the sacraments several times during his illness, and was anointed the day before he died. After three weeks of suffering, borne with the greatest edification, he passed away quietly on the 13th of April, at about two o'clock in the afternoon.—R. I. P.

FR. JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

As this goes to press we hear of the death of Fr. Cunningham of the Maryland New York Province. An obituary will be prepared for the next number.

VARIA.

Australia, Daly-River Mission.—Fr. Jos. Conrath writes that the mission of our fathers among the Mulluck-Mullucks has been productive of some good; these savages have already noticed the difference between the missionaries and the colonists, and show their appreciation for the labors of the fathers in many ways. The missionaries hope, by gathering around their mission-stations as many families as possible, to make the cultivation of the soil a training-school for both soul and body. Fr. Kristen has charge of the school, which was attended during the first year by twenty children, and which is giving the greatest consolation. An increase of forty children is soon expected. Many of these little ones have asked to be baptized, but the fathers fear to baptize them until the adults show more willingness to give up their superstitions and renounce polygamy. They have to be especially cautious about baptizing the girls, who are liable at any moment to be given away by a father, an uncle, or some old man in the tribe, for a blanket or a piece of tobacco, to become the third or fourth wife of some old savage. However, the missionaries hope soon to gain over some influential adults, and after their conversion thirty or forty children will be baptized.

Austria, Vienna.—The Austrian House of Deputies has been the scene of several remarkable debates recently concerning the school laws passed by the Liberal ministry of '68 and of the years immediately following. These laws, which were brought into active force by the annulling of the papal *Concordat* on July 30, 1870, make it almost impossible for the Church to exercise even the slightest influence over the education of the children, as religion is, one might say, completely excluded from the curriculum of studies. The most notable speech of the session was delivered by Prince Lichtenstein, who showed by authentic statistics that the Church was allowed greater freedom, with regard to religious training in national schools, in Protestant Prussia, and in Schismatic Russia, than in Catholic Austria. Among those who attempted to answer the prince was Dr. Suess, formerly *rector-magnificus* of the university of Vienna, and a well-known enemy of Ours. He declared that the Jesuits were the cause of all the dissatisfaction regarding the education laws of the country, and were always exciting members to speak against what had been planned for the welfare of the younger citizens of the Austrian Empire. He concluded by saying that it was a cause of deep surprise to him to know that the government granted extraordinary privileges to the Jesuit college at Kalksburg, and, stranger still, that at Innsbruck the Jesuit professors of theology are placed on a level with the professors of the other faculties. The Society here feels secure during the lifetime of the present emperor, but his death might lead to bitter persecution on the part of the Liberals in power.

Lainz.—Mgr. Dopplbauer, the new bishop of Lainz, who was consecrated in Rome on March 10, studied under our fathers at the college here. He is very devoted to Ours, and has on more than one occasion given substantial proofs

of his friendship. Bishop Katzer of Green Bay was also a student at this college. The college of Lainz was formerly a castle belonging to the Archduke Maximilian D'Este, by whom it was given to the Society in 1837.

Innsbruck.—A house has just been purchased near the university in which 40 or 50 more theologians may be accommodated.

Beatifications.—Fr. Armellini writes that the beatification of our English Martyrs is progressing rapidly, and will not be long delayed. That of Ven. Fr. de la Colombière will follow, perhaps along with the canonization of Bl. Margaret Mary.

Belgium.—FF. Carbonelle and De Smet were named by the Holy Father "Chevaliers *pro Ecclesia et Pontifice*," on the occasion of his jubilee. — The Bollandists received from His Holiness a magnificent *Album Paleographique*, which had been given to him for his jubilee.

Father Carbonelle.—One of the most distinguished among the scientific men of the Society, Fr. Carbonelle, died at Brussels, March 4, 1889. He was born at Tournay, Feb. 2, 1829. Though remarkable for his mathematical and theological knowledge, having passed with great brilliancy the difficult examination for the degree of Doctor in Sciences at the university of Ghent, and given the Public Act at the close of his course of theology, he will be best remembered as founder of the *Société Scientifique de Bruxelles*. It was in the full maturity of his mind, and after a varied experience as editor in Paris, Belgium, and Calcutta, that he conceived the plan of this society. Its motto, which well expressed its aim, was taken from the words of the Vatican Council: "There never can be any real disagreement between faith and reason." Then, as to-day, in all countries, and in every rank of society, men were asserting that science is incompatible with the dogmas of our faith. It was Fr. Carbonelle's plan to bring together men who were true Christians and at the same time devoted to scientific pursuits; who while working for the advancement of science and publishing their investigations, would also labor for the advancement and defence of religious truth. To attain this result required a man eminent in science and of profound faith. Such a man was Fr. Carbonelle. Mathematics was his specialty, but no physical or natural science was unknown to him. In 1875, this society was founded and in 14 years it had 600 members from every nation, among whom were the most eminent *savants* of Belgium and 14 members of the Institute of France. Both Pius IX. and Leo XIII. encouraged this society by their blessings and by letter. Two periodicals were established in 1887: the *Annales*, destined for original researches, and a quarterly, *La Revue des Questions Scientifiques*, for circulation among scientific men. Both have always been of the very highest order and ranked with the best scientific journals of Europe. Gen. Newton, so well known from the explosions at Hell Gate, was an American member and contributed several memoirs to the *Annales* and the *Revue*. . . . Fr. Carbonelle was the founder and perpetual secretary of this society and on him depended its administration and scientific direction. Though these occupations alone were more than enough for one man, Fr. Carbonelle labored at original investigation, and has published several memoirs all of great scientific value. His most important work is entitled *Les Confins de la Science et de la Philosophie*. In it the highest questions of science and philosophy are discussed in a masterly manner and with the double authority of the *savant* and the Christian. His great labors for this society undoubtedly hastened his end. It is needless to say he met death full of confidence in the

infinite goodness of God, in whose cause he had so valiantly labored. We cannot better conclude this short sketch than by his own words—they portray the man and the cause for which he gave his best days.

"We ought," he said, "to defend religious truth on every occasion and on all the points on which it is attacked; and since its enemies combat it to-day upon the ground of science it is there we ought to strengthen and sustain it. We owe it this defence by reason of that deep love which attaches us to the Christian faith, to the revealed religion; for this religion rests on that spiritual and religious philosophy which our enemies attempt to overthrow. This defence of religious truth is incumbent upon us too for the honor of science; for men disgrace science when they employ it in the service of pride and of the passions, when they cause it to deceive the ignorant, to falsify their consciences, to smother in them the convictions which elevate them and to point out as the hope of wickedness the horrible rest of annihilation."—Adapted from the *Revue des Questions Scientifiques*, April 1889.

Beyroot.—We are copying a valuable manuscript, not yet published, of Avicenna, which the India office has kindly loaned us. Our Arabic editions are more and more appreciated. A great German paper, very hostile to us, the *Centralblatt*, has paid a glowing tribute to our printing-house, the intelligent direction of which it praises highly. Fr. Monnot, well known to many in this country, during his visit in '74 to collect for the Syrian Mission, has been in Egypt, and is now visiting the mission.—*Fr. Lammens, in Fr. Pfister's Letters.*

Bombay.—During the scholastic year 1887–88 the college of St. Francis Xavier at Bombay had 1371 students—915 Christians, 235 Parsees, 161 Hindoos, 56 Mahometans, and 4 Jews; St. Mary's College (Bombay) 210 boarders and 284 day-scholars. The examinations for degrees were very successful. Of the 72 high schools which competed, this college, with three more successful candidates, would have had the first place.

Books.—*Les Etudes* commenced, with the January number, a supplement with the title "*Moniteur Bibliographique de la Campagne de Jesu.*" This supplement is only for Ours and will be issued twice a year in January and July. It gives the title of all books, pamphlets, articles in magazines and reviews, as follows: (a) New works, translations or new editions by members of the Society; (b) Works composed by members of the Society, recently translated or re-edited by those who do not belong to the Society; (c) Works recently published by externs concerning (either in favor of or opposed to) the members and the affairs of the Society. Among the books announced we notice the following:—

Commentaire sur les Exercices Spirituels de St. Ignace par le P. de Ponlevoy. Manuel de prières a l'usage des frères coadjuteurs de la Campagne des Jesus. Petit-en-8, de 520 pages.—Uelès, Imprimerie des Scholasticat.

Theologiæ Dogmaticæ Compendium, Auctore P. H. Hurter, S. J., Editio sexta et emendata.

Ma Retraite. Meditations et lectures a l'usage de personnes religieuses qui font en particulier les exercices spirituels, par P. Gabriel Bouffier.

Among the periodicals mentioned we are glad to see our own WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

English Manuals of Catholic Philosophy—Logic by Fr. Richard Clarke is published, as is also First Principles of Knowledge by Fr. John Rickaby.

The Moral Philosophy by Fr. Joseph Rickaby has reached already a second edition. Natural Theology by Fr. Bernard Boedder is nearly ready.

Resurrexit. Daily Meditations from Easter to the Ascension. By Fr. Richard F. Clarke, S. J., London.

Fr. Coleridge—The Seven Words of Mary.

Four Lectures on Anthropology and Biology, by Rev. Thomas Hughes, S. J. Detroit, Mich.

L'esprit de Saint Ignace, Pensées, Sentiments, Paroles, et Actions. Recueillis et mis en ordre par le R. P. Xavier de Franciosi, S. J. — Nancy—Le Chevalier, 1887.

Fr. Pesch has published his second contribution to the Philosophia Lacensis.—*Institutiones Logicales secundum principia S. Thomæ, Pars 1.*

Fr. Mendive has published a whole course of Philosophy—*Institutiones Philosophicæ Scholasticæ*. It is divided as follows:—*Logica* 268 pp., *Ontologia* 243 pp., *Psychologia* 311 pp., *Cosmologia* 264 pp., *Theodicea* 198 pp., *Ethica et Jus Naturæ* 427 pp.,—6 Vols. in all.

Fr. Li has published for the month of May a new book in Chinese, "The Mirror of Virtues," 12mo. in two parts, the first containing the life of the Blessed Virgin, the second 31 meditations on her virtues.—(Illustrated).

De Confessariis Nostris—Note aliquot *ad usum NN.* per P. V., S. J.—Although this little book so precious to Ours was published in 1885, it is known to but few. Its object is thus expressed in the preface: "ut *quæ de confessariis nostris propria* in diversis Instituti locis, diversisque hæc de re agentibus scriptoribus sparsim inveniuntur, in brevem veluti faciem collecta, nostrorum sacerdotum oculis subjiciantur, etc." In the 2d part, which treats of our confessors *for externs*, there is an article on our faculties. The appendix contains the *formulæ benedictionis apostolicæ; modus benedicendi aquam S. Ignatii; and indulgentiæ pro missionibus et Exercitiis.*

The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, explained by Fr. Maurice Mesehler, S. J., Translated from the German—For the use of Ours—Woodstock College Press. Small 8vo. 236 pp. Just out.

In preparation—Explanations of the Exercises in 3 or 4 Vols. by Père Le Marchand will appear during this year.

Père Séjournée is writing the history of Ven. Père Maunoir and working for his beatification.

Boston College.—The excavations for the improvements on the college building have been completed. In digging on the Newton-street side, several coffins were unearthed; only one or two bones, however, were found with them. It was here, the old residents say, that a burial-ground for paupers was located. At present the stone-masons are finishing up on one side of the college building, and the bricklayers will be at work there in a couple of days. The building connecting the residence and college is to be broadened to about twice its present breadth. The League is doing well in both church and college. All the students, with the exception of about twenty-five or thirty, are members; there are eighteen promoters amongst them, a First-Friday visit is made in common, and the intention box set up in the corridor is coming into common use. In the church there are 332 promoters, with 492 bands, which gives a membership of 7300. During Lent a number of men (60 or 65), working for the sewage department of the city, used to meet in the church every evening after 6 o'clock and recite the beads together. Even now 20 or 30 still adhere to this pious practice. The sodalities of the church are to have a

general reception on the first Sunday of June, when 520 new members will be enrolled.

Bulgaria.—A Russian journal announces that the number of convents in Bulgaria is constantly increasing. Catholic schools have been opened at Sistova, Philippopolis, Sofia, etc. If this Catholic reaction continues for two years more, the Schismatic Church of Russia will have no subjects in Bulgaria.

Calcutta.—Our mission has been sorely tried during the past year by the complete destruction of the crops.—Fr. Schouppé has arrived in the mission and will teach theology to Ours.

Canada, Libel Suit.—The *Toronto Mail*, against which our fathers in Canada have entered a suit for libel, as mentioned in the letter from Canada in the present number, has filed a preliminary plea that the suit be set aside because the bill incorporating the Society in Canada was *ultra vires* of the provincial legislature. On May 14, judgment was rendered admitting this plea but rejecting as vague, uncertain, indefinite, etc., certain allegations of the *Mail* concerning the vows and rules of the Society. On May 18, the judges of the Court of Appeal granted to the *Mail* leave to appeal from this judgment. It is expected that the case will ultimately be carried to the Privy Council in England. A full account of the case will be given in our next number, in the continuation of the letter from Canada.

Tertians' Missions.—Fr. Gagnieur was the first of the tertians to start on the Lenten missions. He left on Feb. 20, to assist Fr. Hamon in two missions near Quebec, the first in the parish of St. Basil and the second in Sillery. Fr. Gagnieur preached in English, Fr. Hamon in French. In both places they established the League of the Sacred Heart. Fr. Schmidt was the second to go out. After preaching twice a day in the parish church at Sault-au-Récollet, and giving the novena of St. Francis Xavier at the Gesù in Montreal, he went to Quebec. There he preached a second novena of St. Francis Xavier, and then gave three retreats with great success. The first of these was to the young men's sodality in our church, the second, in English and French, to the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, and the third a retreat for men, in English, in the church of our Lady in Levis. Besides these retreats, he often preached twice a day in the cathedral and other churches in Quebec. FF. O'Loane and Kiely began their missionary work in the church of Our Lady of Good Counsel, Montreal, where they first gave a triduum for the children and then a two-week's mission, the first week for the women and the second for the men. There were large congregations at all the exercises, and for the confessions all the fathers attached to the church as well as those of the Gesù were kept busy. On March 24, FF. Kiely, Gagnieur and O'Loane started for their missions in the States.

Cuba.—Our college at Havana has 190 boarders and 90 externs. The students approach the sacraments often and have a great devotion to the Sacred Heart and to the Blessed Virgin, and this though a good number belong to Liberal families, and even the parents of some are freemasons, who will not even come to the college to see their children lest they should have intercourse with Jesuits.—Fr. Ipiña has established Sunday schools in the city which are doing a great good. Nearly 1000 children attend every Sun-

day, and 800 go to Communion together.—The devotion to the Sacred Heart, owing to the zeal of Fr. Salinero, has been extended to the city and country parishes with wonderful success. There are 70,000 Communions in our church every year.—*Fr. Pfister.*

France, Our Colleges.—Rue des Postes has 420 students; 95 have been received at St. Cyr. Among the first fifty, all the schools of Paris together had 13, seven of whom were from our college.—Vaugirard has 45 philosophers.—Rue de Madrid has 725 students.—The college of Poitiers has 200 students, and the apostolic school 40.—Bourdeaux has 450, and Canterbury, Le Mans, and Vannes are increasing in numbers.

Lille.—The Catholic University has 128 law students, 235 in the medical school, and 19 in the school of literature. There are 30 clerics in philosophy and theology, 9 in the sciences, and 18 in the industrial school. Among the lay students, the best workers and the most pious are the students of medicine. In the sodality of the Blessed Virgin they constitute more than three-fourths of the whole number of members. Our college at Lille keeps up its numbers. Mgr. Bannard has left the college, to become rector of the university. During the eight years of his administration he kept up all the old customs. Père Denoyelle has taken his place.

Prizes awarded.—The Academy of Sciences of Paris has awarded the Delalande-Guérineau prize, valued at 1000 francs, "for the French traveller who shall have rendered the greatest scientific service to France," to Fr. Roblet, one of our missionaries in Madagascar, for his large map which has already been crowned by the Geographical Society of Paris.—Fr. A. Dechevrens was awarded a gold medal for his flutes, at the Brussels exhibition. He will exhibit also at Paris; and he is about to publish a History of Music.

Menology.—A new edition of the French menology is in preparation. It contains a number of new notices.

Frederick.—Fr. Judge, formerly minister at Woodstock, and recently holding the same office at Frederick, has started with four juniors from this province to join the Rocky Mountain Mission.—Br. Harkins, who for a number of years has been exercising the double office of sacristan and teacher in the parochial school, has been relieved of the latter office by Mr. J. Brent Matthews, formerly of the Georgetown faculty.—The catechism class of older boys, started here some two years ago, has now 40 members. The class is now taught by Fr. Lynch.—Mr. Macksey, professor of the juniors, preached an eloquent discourse in St. John's on the occasion of the Washington Centennial services. Solemn High Mass and the *Te Deum* chanted by the juniors and novices were other features of the celebration.

Georgetown College.—Mr. Elisha Francis Riggs, who donated the sum of \$10,000 for the library at the time of the centennial, has since expressed his intention of increasing the amount of his gift. Already he has awarded contracts for iron work amounting to more than \$12,000, and he has given instruction to the architect, Mr. Paul J. Pelz, formerly of the firm of J. L. Smithmeyer and Co., and now the architect of the National Library, to proceed with the work and draw up his plans in accordance with the latest approved ideas in library building. The approximate cost of the entire work will be

twice the amount of the original donation. In consequence of his generous assistance, the library will be named after Mr. Riggs.

Three oil paintings of the three saints lately canonized have been received at the college. They are the usual figures and attitudes already known to all, but the coloration and execution are much superior to what we have been accustomed to see. The St. Alphonsus painting, perhaps not so well known as the other two, represents the saint in the presence of the apparition of our Lady. This work has considerable merit. The only knowledge that we have of these paintings is that they came from Rome and were addressed to Fr. John J. Murphy. They may be a gift of some generous benefactor, who desires to keep his personality in the background, but they are none the less acceptable for their mysterious appearance.

Very Rev. Fr. General has most kindly sent to the college, in return for the medal presented to him, commemorative of the centennial, a whole finger-bone of St. John Berchmans. It has not yet been received, but Fr. Richards is in receipt of a letter from Very Rev. Fr. General authenticating the relic and stating that it has been placed in the hands of Fr. Turgeon, the Rector of St. Mary's College, Montreal, who is authorized to hand it to Rev. Fr. Provincial.

The boys' play-rooms have just been finished. They are six in number, besides the large hall or corridor, which will be converted in the near future into a gymnasium. There are smoking, reading, billiard, and dressing-rooms, besides "the store" and the Societies' Library. The rooms are fitted up in white pine, with hard oil finish. The corridor is to be tiled and will be an exact counterpart of the class-room corridor above.

During the solemn academic session on the third day of the recent centennial celebration, Dr. Charles Carroll Lee, of New York, one of the nearest living relations of the founder of the college, passed to the president of the university, over the heads of the eminent gentlemen and public officials who crowded the stage, an autograph letter of Archbishop John Carroll, concerning the foundation of the college. This letter, written on faded yellowish paper, is dated from Georgetown, January 25, 1787, two years before the founding of the college. It is addressed to "Thomas Sim Lee, Esq., Needwood Forest, favored by Mr. Magruder." In it the archbishop says: "I sent to Mr. Framback the proposals for our future academy, to be communicated to you. I have the pleasure to inform you that we have flattering prospects for its encouragement. Colonel Deakins and Mr. Threlkeld have joined in granting a fine piece of ground for the purpose of building."

The Berlin *Germania*, the leading Catholic paper in Germany, gave a complete account of the Georgetown Centennial celebration. The speeches of Cardinal Gibbons and of President Cleveland were translated in full.

India and China.—At present there are in India 1,232,017 Catholics; in Goa 1,718,403; in Cochin-China 602,000; in China 542,000; in Japan and Corea 49,000. Total in India and China 4,143,420.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Ireland.—The provincial congregation of the Irish Province was held in Easter week. Fr. Edward Kelly was elected procurator, and Fr. William Delany substitute.

Fr. James O'Carroll.—Born Sept. 1, 1831, entered the Society Sept. 13, 1853, died March 5, 1889.—Fr. O'Carroll was famous as a linguist; he was

master of almost all the languages of Europe. A writer in the *Irish Times*, who seems to have been intimate with him, states that he was master of 14 languages and literatures, that he could converse in 8 other languages, and could read 8 or 9 more. Generally he not only learned the language of a country, but also mastered its dialects. When he was a candidate for a position in the Department of Modern Languages in the Royal University of Ireland, he obtained a number of flattering testimonials of his proficiency as a linguist, which are printed in the April number of the *Irish Monthly*. He was a regular writer for the *Lyceum*, and contributed to the *Gaelic Journal*, in its earlier numbers, a series of essays on dramatic literature, the first of the kind ever written in the Irish language. The last piece of his published work is contained in the April number of the *Lyceum*, a criticism of Gogol and his work. The unfinished manuscript which he left on his table, when his work was abruptly brought to a close, was a chapter upon the Ireland of the Scots. The researches which occupied the last hours of his life (they were spent in the library of Trinity College) bore upon this, his favorite subject. At the close of a day of study, on his return from one of his customary visits to this library, he was seized with faintness and died after a few minutes.

Italy.—The Gregorian University has this year 708 students—400 in theology, 38 in canon law and 270 in philosophy. Of these, 36 are Englishmen, 2 Armenians, 45 Austrians, 21 from North America, 61 from South America, 22 Belgians, 2 Bulgarians, 19 Scotchmen, 14 Spaniards, 127 Frenchmen, 102 Germans, 7 from Holland, 12 from Hungary, 1 Indian, 2 Irishmen, 196 Italians, 25 Poles, and 13 from Switzerland. In all 49 more than last year.

Fr. Tedeschi writes: "It is difficult to describe the happiness of Cardinal Pecci in being again admitted into the Society. The Holy Father shows himself also greatly pleased and is always full of kindness to the Society."

Japan, The Romajikai.—The following tribute from the *Saturday Review* seems worth recording:—The institution of the *Romajikai* (Roman Letter Society) in Japan, is a fresh illustration of the truth of the saying of the wise man: "The thing that hath been is that which shall be." Nearly 300 years before Mr. Basil Chamberlain and his friends sat down to elaborate the rules for writing Japanese in Roman letters which this society has been formed to advocate, the Jesuit missionaries had worked out for themselves a system for accomplishing the same purpose. Toward the end of the sixteenth century the Society of Jesus, with all the vigor of a new confederation, despatched its emissaries to all parts of the world with instructions to convert, to civilize, and to heal. As has been said of these devoted men, they went, without remonstrance or hesitation, to countries where their lives were more insecure than those of wolves, where it was a crime to harbor them, and where the heads and quarters of their brethren, fixed in public places, showed them what they had to expect. Such a country was Japan. At first the missionaries were tolerated. They came without force or violence, and they afforded the people a spectacle of something novel, which is dear to the minds of the Japanese. But before long the authorities began to realize that the strangers they had admitted were armed with a weapon which might be made more politically formidable than if they had marched at the head of an invading army. In the districts in which they settled, the inhabitants of whole villages declared themselves converts to the new religion, and were ready to answer

with their lives for the faith that was in them. Alarmed at the prospect of these wholesale conversions, the authorities poured out the vials of their wrath upon the missionaries. They beheaded some, they threw others from cliffs into the sea, and they drove out of the country those who escaped death. The Jesuits, therefore, had but a short time during which they were able to work; but they made the best possible use of their opportunity. They studied the language indefatigably, they taught without ceasing, and they introduced a font of European type into Japan in 1590, by means of which they produced a succession of books in Japanese, printed in Roman letters.

Literary.—Fr. A. J. Maas, Professor of Hebrew at Woodstock, has two articles in the January number of the Yale College periodical *Hebraica*, on "The Use of Pesiq in the Psalms," and on "Pronominal Roots;" also two *Contributed Notes* on "Bickell's System of Hebrew Metre," and on "Judges, xv. 16." Fr. J. F. X. O'Connor also contributes a *Note* on "An Arabic Coin."

Madura, Mgr. Alexis Canoz.—On the 2nd of December, 1888, the bells of Trichinopoly announced to the 100,000 inhabitants of the city that Mgr. Canoz had passed to a better life. Had he lived but 16 days more the venerable octogenarian would have commenced his fiftieth year of apostleship at Madura. Arriving there December 18, 1839, he was sent to the Marava, a country sanctified by the martyrdom of Blessed John de Britto. A few days after his arrival he lost both of his companions, and he all but gave up his own life as a victim to that fatal climate. He recovered, however, and preserved his health unimpaired through his long and severe life of 84 years. In 1844 he was appointed superior of the mission, in place of Fr. P. Bertrand. In 1846 the Holy See determined to give a vicar-apostolic to Madura, and Fr. Canoz was proposed to Gregory XVI., as most worthy, by Fr. Roothaan and Fr. Bertrand. The good father used every effort to escape the honor, but the Sacred Congregation imposed silence upon his humility. Still, one consolation was left him. Upon the demand of Fr. General it was declared that he would remain always a religious: *in dato casu remanet religiosus*. Having received episcopal consecration the following year, cholera invaded his diocese and the college of Negapatam was consumed by fire. But his courage never failed him. He rebuilt the college, which afterwards gave many fervent Christians to the mission and more than thirty native fathers to the Society. He twice returned to Europe on business connected with the mission, and a third time for the Vatican Council. In 1858, he was sent to Bombay as administrator of that vast vicariate. Though he remained there but a year and a half, besides the work entrusted to him, he made more than 20,000 converts. He had, too, the great happiness of venerating the body of St. Francis Xavier, which was exposed Dec. 3, 1859, for the first time since 1782. He could still recognize the features of his great patron, which three centuries have not extinguished. His success had been so great that it merited from Fr. Roothaan the remark that "if all our vicars-apostolic were like Mgr. Canoz the Propaganda would have nothing to do." Space will not allow us to dwell on the work of this new apostle of Madura. He preserved his wonderful strength to the end, and at his last pastoral visit, closing but a few days before his death, confirmed more than 2500. He had not worked in vain, and he lived to see the fruit of his work. He saw churches multiplied, and their joyous peal of bells welcomed him where he heard formerly only

the sound of the tam-tams of the pagodas; he confirmed little children whose grandfathers he had baptized; he found at every step some souvenir of his first companions, whose tombs still preach to the Christian villages which have sprung up around them. He could truly say that thousands of souls had gone to heaven from certain villages where he for the first time had offered the holy sacrifice.

Manresa Island.—Keyser Island, bought by the Maryland New York Province as a house of retreat for gentlemen, has been christened "Manresa Island." Fr. Hayes has been there for some weeks with several brothers getting things in readiness. All who have visited it speak of it as a gem.

Mexico.—Our fathers in Mexico are overloaded with work. Many missions and several retreats to the clergy have been given. The Rev. Fr. Provincial regrets that he has not enough subjects to answer the demands made upon him for missions and retreats and for opening a college in the city of Mexico.

Missouri.—The new scholasticate of the Missouri Province will be opened at St. Louis for the next scholastic year.

New Orleans Mission, Grand Coteau.—A new school-house for colored children was finished last December. The size is 36 by 60 feet, and already proves too small. It is attended by 70 girls and 30 boys, the latter being all under the age of 12. The Ladies of the Sacred Heart offered their services as teachers. Fr. Widmann says Mass at the school-house every first Thursday of the month. The school-house is used also for the meetings of the colored sodalities of women and girls.

Tampa.—A new residence has been opened at Tampa, Florida, in charge of FF. de Carrière and Stritch.

Macon.—Property has been bought recently near the novitiate and a villa-house erected for the juniors.

Fr. Yenni.—Since the writing of the sketch of Fr. Yenni, the following particulars of his earlier life in the Society have come to light. He studied philosophy at St. Gall, and reviewed it at Starosol, Galicia. He began his long career of teaching with the class of 3rd Grammar at Tarnopol, in 1834, and continued the work at Neu Sandec. In 1844, he taught at the college of Nobles, Innsbruck, where he began his theology in 1846.

New York, St. Francis Xavier's.—The new college hall was opened and dedicated on Mar. 17. The dedication address was delivered by Hon. Bourke Cochran. Addresses were also made by Fr. John J. Murphy, ex-president of the college, and by Fr. David A. Merrick the present rector. The hall will seat 1200.—On April 23, a college specimen was given in the new hall, giving a complete view of the work done throughout the whole college in one branch of the curriculum—the study of Latin.

On April 30, at the close of the centennial banquet in the Metropolitan Opera House, a tribute in honor of Washington, in twenty-six languages—English, Babylonian, Assyrian, Ethiopic, African, Arabic, Cufic, Diwani, Irish, Syrian, Portuguese, Greek, German, Dutch, Algerian, Persian, Carshoony, French, Latin, Spanish, Italian, Russian, Syrian, and modern Egyptian—was presented, in the name of the faculty of the college, to President

Harrison. The president expressed his thanks to the college, and wished to be remembered to his former class-mate, Fr. H. Denny. He told the presentation committee that he would examine the inscriptions with pleasure and would preserve them as a memorial of the centennial.

St. Lawrence's.—Owing to the re-numbering of Park Avenue, the address of our residence at St. Lawrence's is changed to 980 Park Avenue.

Philadelphia.—The new college will be opened in September. Instruction will be *gratis*. See details in our *Letter from the Gesù*, p. 227.

Rocky Mountain Mission.—President Harrison has signed a patent for the Cœur d'Alène Mission claim in Idaho Territory, containing 640 acres, in favor of Fr. Joseph M. Cataldo, Superior of the Rocky Mountain Mission. The case had been pending in the general land office for the last ten years.

Scientific Notes. A Correction.—The *Lettres des Scholastiques de Jersey*, Dec. '88, translates from our *Scientific Notes* in the November number of the *LETTERS*, the extract from the *Stimmen* concerning the unjust attack of Lalande, the French astronomer, on Fr. Hell, and Professor Newcomb's defence of the latter. The *Lettres*, however, is mistaken in attributing the extract to the *Revue des Questions Scientifiques*, instead of to Fr. Hagen. This is of slight consequence, but the *Lettres* adds a note which shows that Lalande did full justice to Fr. Hell, but only, we regret to say, after the death of the latter. The note proves this by an extract from Cretineau-Joly, *Hist. de la Comp. de Jesu*, vol. v. chap. vi., a translation of which we subjoin.

"Lalande had asked the various astronomers to forward to him their observations, so that after computing and comparing them he might deduce from them the distance of the Sun from the Earth. Fr. Hell did not send his to Paris, but published them in Germany, and their result proved to be more decisive and exact than that arrived at by the French astronomer. Lalande took his revenge in the *Journal des Savants* of 1770, and Father Hell retorted. *But after the death of Father Hell, Lalande acknowledged the truth and gave full justice to his rival.* In the *Bibliographie Astronomique* for the year 1792, page 722, he says: 'Father Hell's observation was thoroughly successful; in fact, it proved to be one of the five complete observations made in various parts of the earth, which, as they were taken at places where the distance of Venus had the greatest effect in changing the duration of the transit, have thus given us the knowledge of the true distance of the Earth from the other planets and from the Sun. This was a memorable epoch in the science of astronomy, with which the name of Father Hell shall be justly connected, for his expedition was as successful, as wonderful, and as full of hardships as any of those undertaken on the occasion of this transit.'"

Georgetown College Observatory.—Any visitor to the Georgetown observatory would be delighted at the improvements which have been recently made. The entire building has been renovated, and the instruments put in the best order. A chronograph has been obtained, so that the exact instant of any celestial phenomenon may be registered. It is placed opposite the entrance between the two clocks, one of which keeps sidereal time and the other mean time. Besides the electrical connection with the National Observatory, and the chronograph, incandescent lamps have been introduced for illuminating the field of the equatorial. Two piers of masonry have been built, just out-

side the south windows of the observatory ; they will support a comet-seeker and a small equatorial, and at the same time will serve to collimate the transit instrument and the meridian circle. Trouvelot's large pictures of the planets and celestial phenomena have been framed, and now ornament the walls ; the second story has been also fitted with new book shelves and a fine table. The dome of the equatorial has also been completely renovated, the revolving apparatus much improved, and an observing chair of an ingenious construction added. The equatorial itself has been cleaned and the clock-work put in running order. The excellent little telescope with a three-inch object glass, which as many will recollect Fr. Curley kept in his own room for many years, has been mounted equatorially with right ascension and declination circles.

Woodstock College Observatory.—During February and March the position of our observatory was determined with a universal instrument belonging to Georgetown College. The latitude, from prime vertical transits, was found to be $39^{\circ} 20' 8''$. The longitude, by telegraphic signals received at noon from Washington, is 43 seconds east of Washington, and $5^{\text{h}} 7^{\text{m}} 29^{\text{s}}$, or $76^{\circ} 52' 15''$ west of Greenwich.—At the end of March, the 3-inch telescope belonging to the cabinet was mounted in the observatory on an equatorial mounting, and has since been fitted with slow motions and a driving clock by Messrs. De Laak and Rigge.

South America, Colombia.—The government here is now very well disposed to our fathers. Seventeen of Ours have recently come from Europe for college and missionary work, and the government is still asking for more.

Ecuador.—Towards the end of last November, Fr. Pueblas undertook to establish a mission in the reduction of wild Indians called La Coca. He seemed on the point of reaping the fruit of his incessant toil, when the wickedness of two ungrateful wretches nearly destroyed, in a few moments, the work so happily begun. Calling one day, as usual, the governor (guainaro) and the justice of the peace, whom he had appointed as supreme authorities over his flock, in order to give them his commands, the missionary was surprised to hear the judge refuse to obey. When the father insisted, the disobedient Indian came at last but without the badge of his dignity—a large club. When the missionary asked why he neglected to carry his insignia of authority, the offender answered impudently, that he had no use for the stick. Astonished at this impertinent answer, the good father ordered him quietly to go to the residence ; and again he refused to obey. A command was then given to the governor, who was a witness of this scene, to oblige the recreant officer to obey. He too refused to act. It was now evident that the two worthies were acting in concert. As the father was advancing towards the governor, that traitor gave a signal to his companion, who began to use his cane freely and most unmercifully on the poor missionary. Luckily a chair was at hand, with which the poor victim endeavored, as best he could, to ward off the blows which were showered on him ; but at this moment, he received from behind a deep cut from a *machete*, a long knife that the Indians use to clear a path through the forests. The blow severed the priestly tonsure and inflicted a deep gash ; and as both traitors seemed bent on his murder, the missionary took refuge in the residence ; but being pursued into his own apartments, he rushed out once more calling for help. The cowardly ruffians followed him to the public square, and a new martyr would have certainly joined the heav-

enly host, if Providence had not sent to the rescue some white merchants and young men travelling through these wilds in quest of India rubber. The would-be murderers being secured after a violent struggle, and carefully guarded, the insensible form of the missionary was carried to the house of a white man of this reduction, where he received careful and intelligent nursing. His wounds were for a long time thought fatal, but the patient care and skillful treatment he received soon enabled him to be transferred to the residence of Loretto and thence to Archidona. He is now convalescent, and anxious to go back to the mission of La Coca, as soon as he has regained sufficient strength, in order not to give so easy a victory to the enemy of mankind. The unfortunate aggressors, now in the hands of the civil authorities, are awaiting sentence in the prisons of Quito. It seems that the governor of the province is inclined to the utmost severity, to give a salutary example, and remove all danger for the future. The five fathers who are actually engaged in the laborious task of the evangelization of these reductions, work with incredible ardor; but though the character of these tribes is neither ferocious nor unruly, their apostolate is very difficult and till now not very successful. The poor Indians, roaming through these immense forests, know very little of social life and care still less for it, preferring the companionship of birds and apes.—*Letter from College of Pifo.*

St. Peter Claver.—His Eminence Cardinal Lavigerie is about to ask the Holy Father to extend the feast of St. Peter Claver to the universal Church, under the title of Apostle of a People, as St. Cyril and St. Methodius.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Worcester, Holy Cross.—The number of students this year exceeds all former records, both for those registered and for actual attendance. The upper classes are very large, far above those of any other Catholic college in America. The fathers attached to the college are often called upon for work throughout the diocese, supplying for pastors who are sick, or helping those who need assistance.

Home News, Academies.—Following is a list of the papers read before the different academies during the past scholastic year:—

Theologians.

Cur Deus Homo ?	Mr. Thomas E. Sherman
The Primacy of the Pope and the Council of Constance.....	Mr. J. De Potter
Mahomet and his Mission.....	Mr. Patrick T. Kernan
Church and State.....	Mr. Henry J. Woods
Modern Arianism.....	Mr. John F. Galligan
Lives of Christ by non-Catholics.....	Mr. John J. Wynne
Astronomy and the Bible.....	Mr. William F. Rigge
The Sibylline Oracles.....	Mr. James J. Sullivan
Ἰδαχὴ τῶν Δώδεκα Ἀποστόλων.....	Mr. Francis B. Klocker

The Light of Glory.....	Mr. Aloysius P. Brosnan
Does the Beatific Vision exclude Sorrow?	Mr. William J. Stanton
Why Christ's Human Nature is not a Person.....	Mr. Patrick J. Casey
The Communion of Attributes in Christ.....	Mr. Joseph M. Woods
The Nature of Sin.....	Mr. James J. Curran
The Immaculate Conception.....	Mr. Thomas O'Connor
The Temporal Power of the Pope.....	Mr. William B. Rogers
Adrian IV. and Ireland.....	Mr. John J. Collins
The Philosophy of the Supernatural.....	Mr. E. de la Morinière
Christ in Fable.....	Mr. William G. R. Mullan
Sentiment in Devotion to the Blessed Virgin	Mr. Thomas F. McLoughlin
The Dogma of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart.....	Mr. John F. Quirk

Philosophers.

Life—Its Nature and Origin.....	Mr. Michael J. Kane
The Methodical Doubt of Descartes.....	Mr. Louis Taelman
The Reality of the Material World.....	Mr. Bernard J. Otting
Composition of Bodies.....	Mr. Francis G. Russell
The Final Cause.....	Mr. George A. Heuisler
Unity of Forces in Nature.....	Mr. John H. Meyer
Animal Intelligence.....	Mr. Louis E. Green
Human Happiness.....	Mr. Martin J. Hussey
Truth and Falsehood.....	Mr. Francis J. McNiff
Beauty.....	Mr. John H. Lodenkamper
The Human Intellect.....	Mr. Joseph A. Raby
The Principles of Rationalism in Modern Systems.....	Mr. Terence J. Shealy
Service and Sacrifice.....	Mr. Francis M. Connell
First Principles of Knowledge.....	Mr. Michael J. Mahony
A Dispute of the Mediæval Schoolmen.....	Mr. William S. Singleton
The Atomic Theory.....	Mr. Francis J. Suter
The Immortality of the Soul.....	Mr. Ambrose J. O'Connell
The Criterion of Truth.....	Mr. George R. Kister
Greek Pantheism.....	Mr. J. Barry Smith
The Possibles.....	Mr. Lawrence J. Kenny
Human Testimony—Its Value.....	Mr. Michael J. Tiernan
Tennyson as a Philosopher.....	Mr. William H. Fanning

The Ethics of the Odyssey.....	Mr. Joseph H. Smith
Herbert Spencer's "First Principles".....	Mr. David H. Buel

Scientific.

The Wonders of the Air.....	Mr. Ambrose J. O'Connell
Hawaiian Volcanoes.....	Mr. Henry A. Gabriel
The Surface Tension of Liquids.....	Mr. David H. Buel
Stationary and Locomotive Steam Engines.....	Mr. Michael R. McCarthy
Phenomena of Acoustics.....	Mr. Francis J. McNiff
Total Eclipses of the Sun.....	Mr. Joseph A. Raby
Our Rivers and What they have accomplished	Mr. Thomas J. Connors
Magnetism and Diamagnetism.....	Mr. John H. Lodenkamper

This academy has been unusually successful during the past year. The meetings have been held in the physical cabinet, and the lectures have been illustrated by the lantern. Those on Surface Tension, Phenomena of Acoustics, Total Eclipses of the Sun, Magnetism and Diamagnetism, were accompanied by numerous physical experiments. The meetings are held on extraordinary holidays from 5.30 to 6.30 P. M.

Winter Disputations.—Feb. 15 and 16.

EX TRACTATU DE DEO CREANTE—*Defender*, Mr. Joseph Riordan; *Objectors*, Messrs. John F. Galligan and Francis B. Klocker.

EX TRACTATU DE VERBO INCARNATO—*Defender*, Mr. Thomas E. Sherman; *Objectors*, Messrs. William B. Rogers and Patrick J. Casey.

EX SACRA SCRIPTURA — Dissertation *de doctrina immortalitatis apud Ecclesiasten*, by Mr. James De Potter.

EX PSYCHOLOGIA—*Defender*, Mr. Francis G. Russell; *Objectors*, Messrs. Edward Barry and John H. Meyer.

EX COSMOLOGIA—*Defender*, Mr. Felix Weis; *Objectors*, Messrs. Paul Brounts and J. Barry Smith.

EX LOGICA MAJORI—*Defender*, Mr. Aloysius F. Heitkamp; *Objectors*, Messrs. Thomas M. Connell and James Chamard.

CHEMISTRY—*Illuminating Gas and its By-products* — *Lecturer*, Mr. Lawrence J. Kenny; *Assistants*, Messrs. Francis J. McNiff and Edward W. Raymond.

Spring Disputations.—April 29 and May 1.

EX TRACTATU DE DEO CREANTE — *Defender*, Mr. Aloysius Brosnan; *Objectors*, Messrs. John F. Quirk and George Rittmeyer.

EX TRACTATU DE VERBO INCARNATO—*Defender*, Mr. William G. R. Mullan; *Objectors*, Messrs. Joseph Renaud and Edward P. Spillane.

EX SACRA SCRIPTURA — Dissertation *de Ecclesiaste Epicureo*, by Mr. Joseph Riordan.

EX ETHICA—*Defender*, Mr. Henry Gabriel; *Objectors*, Messrs. Michael J. Kane and Martin J. Hussey.

EX COSMOLOGIA—*Defender*, Mr. Francis J. McNiff; *Objectors*, Messrs. William S. Singleton and John H. Lodenkamper.

EX ONTOLOGIA—*Defender*, Mr. Daniel O'Sullivan; *Objectors*, Messrs. George R. Kister and Herman J. Goller.

PHYSICS—Dielectrics—*Lecturer*, Mr. David H. Buel; *Assistants*, Messrs. Francis J. Suter and John B. Moskopp.

ASTRONOMY—The Solar System—*Lecturer*, Mr. Joseph A. Raby.

Library.—Fr. J. Rathgeb, Provincial of Germany, kindly sent us the first four vols. of Fr. Guido Maria Dreves. They are published by Fues, Leipsic. 1st vol. '86: *Cantiones Bohemicae. Leiche, Lieder und Rufe des 13, 14 und 15 Jahrhunderts.* 2nd vol. '88: *Hymnarius Moissiacensis. Hymnarium der Abtei Moissac im 10 Jahrhundert.* 3rd vol. '88: *Conradus Gemnicensis. Conrad von Heimburg, Albert von Prag und Ulrich von Wessobrun, Reimgebete und Leselieder.* 4th vol. '89: *Hymni Inediti. Liturgische Hymnen des Mittelalters aus handschriftlichen Breviarien, Antiphonalien und Processionalien.* The other works of Fr. Dreves will be sent when they are published.

Parish.—The improvements on the parish church are still progressing. A pretty steeple has just been erected, the top of its gilded cross being 32 feet from pitch of roof and 80 feet from the ground. A rich velvet sanctuary carpet recently put down, and a sanctuary railing of polished brass with black walnut top-rail complete the adornment of the interior. The terraces around the church have been finished and the stone work pointed, thus giving the exterior a finished appearance.—In accordance with the wishes of the Cardinal Archbishop, here as in all the other churches throughout the land a Mass of thanksgiving was sung on April 30, after which the prayer for the authorities was said and an eloquent sermon preached by Fr. F. P. Powers.

Office of the LETTERS.—No doubt many will be disappointed in not finding any account of the labors of our missionaries in our last three numbers. The fault is not ours; we have tried to secure an authentic account but thus far without success, owing no doubt to the fact that our missionaries are overburdened with other work. We hope, however, to have a chronicle of the past year's work in our next number.

The attention of those who write for the LETTERS is called to the fact that we are publishing each number a month earlier than formerly. The next number should therefore be out in October. Items for the *Varia* should be sent in during September, and matter for the body of the LETTERS as soon as possible.

ERRATA:—p. 153, date of letter, for Dec. 31, read Dec. 1.
 “ first line, “ “parrot” “ Parrott.
 p. 193, last line, “ large “ bronze.

WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. XVIII, No. 3.

GONZAGA COLLEGE.

A SKETCH OF SOME OF ITS PRESIDENTS, PROFESSORS,
AND STUDENTS.⁽¹⁾

Whilst the glory of the Georgetown College centenary celebration is yet undimmed, the orations of its panegyrist yet remembered, and the friendships of its alumni reunions yet uncooled, the sons of the "eldest daughter of Georgetown"—for such is their boast—desire that her history be written.

And a glorious history is hers. It is the history of an institution that, long before the advent of the public schools, and long before the founding of the present private schools and colleges of the city, was the sole educator of the youth of the District of Columbia, and the chief instrument that formed the public mind. Indeed, so great was its influence that a leading journalist has said: "Nine out of ten of the old citizens of Washington seem to have been, at one time or other, pupils of Gonzaga College." Though this statement may not be strictly true, yet an examination of the old records will show a galaxy of the most prominent business and professional men of Washington. It was the *alma mater* of Henry May, Member of Congress from Baltimore; of Capt. May, the hero of the battle of Resaca de la Palma;⁽²⁾

⁽¹⁾ This sketch, which first appeared in the *Church News*, of March 17, 1889, was written with the hope of benefiting "old Gonzaga." Hence care was taken not to omit any list of names, or notice of distinguished officers and students that reflected credit upon the institution.

⁽²⁾ This battle (May 9, 1846) was distinguished for the desperate charge of Captain May, who, at the head of his dragoons, rode up to the very mouth of the enemy's cannon, silenced the batteries, and took Gen. Vega prisoner.—*Records of the Mexican War.*

of Dr. Frederick May; of Dr. Noble Young; of William Douglas Wallach, founder of the *Star*; of his brother Richard H. Wallach, Mayor of Washington; of James M. Carlisle, one of the most distinguished of American lawyers; of Fathers William F. Clarke, James A. Ward, Robert Fulton, William B. Cleary, and Daniel Lynch; of the late Judge Wm. M. Merrick; of James Hoban, George W. Anderson, John F. Callan; of the Brents, Boones, Diggses, Masis, Riggses, Morgans, Hamiltons, Magruders, Mattinglys, etc.

FR. ANTHONY KOHLMANN.

Fr. Anthony Kohlmann was appointed in 1820 the first rector of Gonzaga College, which was then located on F street, between Ninth and Tenth, northwest. Father Kohlmann was born on the 13th of July, 1771, at Kaysersberg, near Colmar, Alsace, where he made his early studies. Prevented for a time by the political troubles of that period from following a decided call to the ecclesiastical state, he at length succeeded in finishing his course of theology at the college of Fribourg, Switzerland, and was ordained priest in the spring of 1796. Immediately after his ordination he became a member of the Society of the Sacred Heart, at Gogingen. This was an association of clergymen, founded to revive the spirit and labors of the Society of Jesus. Compelled to leave Belgium by the revolution, these fathers after many wanderings finally settled at Hagenbrunn, in Austria. Shortly after their arrival here, in 1797, a Roman priest, Father Paccanari, not knowing of the existence of the Society of the Sacred Heart, organized the Society of the Faith of Jesus, with precisely the same object in view. When he heard of the prior establishment he endeavored to effect a union between the two. In this he was successful. Elected superior on April 18, 1799, Father Paccanari sent his subjects to Germany, France, Italy, and Holland, to preach the word, to instruct youth, and to serve in the hospitals.

In this last work Father Kohlmann took especial delight. So heroic were his efforts to relieve the sufferings of the victims of an epidemic which ravaged Hagenbrunn in 1799, that he was styled the "Martyr of Charity." With like devotedness he labored in the North of Italy amongst the patients in military hospitals that were reeking with filthiness and destitute of conveniences for the comfort of the sick. From four o'clock in the morning till nine at night he was incessantly engaged in these establishments, and for five or six hours he heard confessions, often in a standing

posture, to avoid being covered with vermin. During the two years passed in these works of mercy, the great majority of the soldiers received the sacraments, and hundreds of Protestants were brought back to the Church. More than forty were reclaimed by Fr. Kohlmann during the two weeks that closed the mission.

He was next stationed at Dilligen, Bavaria, presiding over a college, then in Belgium and England, and afterwards in Holland.

But he was destined to use his talents in a field where the harvest was ripe but the harvesters few, and where revolution after revolution would not come to interrupt his apostolical labors. For his fondest hopes were not realized nor the intense longings of his heart satisfied, until he became a novice of the Society of Jesus in Dunebourg, Russia, on the 21st of June, 1805. So well did he learn the lessons of St. Ignatius in one year of noviceship, that his superiors deemed him qualified for the American mission. Accordingly he sailed for this country, in company with Father Peter Epinette, arriving in Baltimore on Nov. 3, 1806. In the letter which their superior sent to Bishop Carroll, they are called "regular, docile, obedient, and in every way deserving religious." Father General Thaddeus Brzozowski wrote to Father Wm. Strickland in reference to these fathers: *Sancti angeli custodes præcedant et comitentur has Societatis primitias! Filii sanctorum sumus; non erimus degeneres a spiritu et actionibus patrum.*

On his arrival at Georgetown College, Father Kohlmann was appointed *socius* to the master of novices, Father Francis Neale. "With great fervor and unction" says Father McElroy, "he gave the novices frequent exhortations, which produced the most happy effects; he also introduced the customs, penances, etc., usual in the Society as he had found them in Russia. They differed but little from those now in use in the novitiate, except that we took breakfast standing."

Besides this work, he gave missions this year to German and English congregations in Maryland and Pennsylvania, and occasionally said Mass for the Catholics of Alexandria, Va. Shea ⁽¹⁾ says of these missions: "The results were most consoling, for Father Kohlmann was a man pre-eminent in theological learning, and in the pulpit making truth clear to the most limited intelligence, in words that reached the heart while they instructed the mind."

Archbishop Carroll sent him in October, 1808, to New York City, as pastor of St. Peter's Church and as adminis-

(1) Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll, p. 525.

trator of the diocese. His assistant was Father Benedict Fenwick, afterwards Bishop of Boston. In order to accommodate the increasing number of Catholics, he purchased a large plot of ground in what was then unimproved land, between Broadway and the Bowery, and laid the cornerstone of old St. Patrick's Cathedral on June 8, 1809.

Confident that a college of the Society would prosper in the city of New York, he purchased for \$1300 an entire square on the site of the present cathedral, and there established the "New York Literary Institution." This college, having an able corps of professors, and enjoying the patronage of Ex-Governor Livingstone, Governor Tompkins, and other distinguished citizens who sent their sons, gave brilliant promise of a glorious future.

In 1809 the infidel Thomas Paine lay dying. As he had given positive orders that no Protestant minister should be admitted to his chamber, some one of his family summoned Father Fenwick to his bedside. He went, accompanied by Father Kohlmann. Paine seemed at first not offended at their visit, but refused to listen to the consoling truths of the Christian faith which they suggested to him. His sufferings were so terrible, and his continuous blasphemies and howls of despair so horrible and disgusting that the fathers were obliged to withdraw and leave the infidel to die as he had lived.

Since the preceding paragraph was written, the following copy of a letter from Bp. Fenwick to his brother, Fr. George Fenwick, then at Georgetown, was found in the Woodstock Historical Collection. The letter is dated Boston, Dec. 28, 1833. In the first part, Bp. Fenwick refutes a calumny circulated in Europe at the time against "a German Jesuit in America" whose name is not mentioned. We insert the rest of the letter here as it contains a graphic description of the incident referred to.

You mention likewise in your letter that the respectable and truly pious F. Kohlmann has likewise been assailed; for, it is thus you write under the same date:

"The death of Tom Paine in his habitual impiety has also been ascribed to the rashness and furious zeal of Fath. Kohlmann. You are said to have first visited that unhappy man in his last illness and to have made such deep impressions on him that Paine promised to consider the arguments proposed more maturely and become a Catholic if he should be satisfied of their full force. You mentioned what had occurred to F. Kohlmann on returning home, who said that he would go himself to Paine. — He went and threatened the dying man with reprobation and damnation in such a way as to disgust him, and he afterwards refused to see any clergyman." Having stated that this also has

been circulated in Europe, you conclude with requesting me to give a true statement of what happened.

In answer I have to observe that the entire is a fabrication. Any attempt to injure F. Kohlmann, on account of his interview with Paine, will necessarily fail. I was present with F. Kohlmann the whole time at Paine's bed-side, and the only time that either of us saw him; I have a distinct recollection of all that passed on that occasion; and I am glad to have the opportunity to put down so injurious a calumny, although persuaded that the whole tenor of the life and conversation of that excellent Jesuit is such that it stands not in need of my vindication. The fact was as follows:

A short time before Paine died, I was sent for by him. — He was prompted to this by a poor Catholic woman, who went to see him in his sickness, and who had told him among other things, that, in his wretched condition, if any body could do him good it would be a Rom. Catholic Priest. This woman was an American convert (formerly a Shaking Quakeress), whom I had received into the Church but a few weeks before. She was the bearer of the message to me from Paine. I stated the circumstance to F. Kohlmann at Breakfast, and requested him to accompany me. After some solicitation on my part, he agreed to do so, at which I was greatly rejoiced, because I was at that time quite young and inexperienced in the ministry, and was glad to have his assistance, as I knew from the great reputation of Paine, that I should have to do with one of the most *impious* as well as *infamous* of men. We shortly after set out for the house at Greenwich where Paine lodged; and on the way agreed upon a mode of proceeding with him. If this mode afterwards failed of success, why should the failure be imputed to F. Kohlmann any more than to me? We were both concerned in it, and had equally agreed upon it as the best, under circumstances, that could be adopted. Why should, in fact, either of us be blamed? We both went with the purest and sincerest intention of reclaiming an unhappy Infidel;—and if we missed gaining him over by the plan each of us had hoped might prove successful, with the grace of God, might it not with some reason be ascribed rather to the pride, the vanity and hardness of Paine's heart? — to the just judgment of the Almighty who had said, *that we should die as we lived?*

We arrived at the house, — a decent looking elderly woman (probably his housekeeper) came to the door, and enquired whether we were the Catholic Priests; for, said she, Mr. Paine has been so much annoyed of late by ministers of different other Denominations calling upon him, that he has left express orders with me to admit no one to-day but the Clergymen of the Catholic Church. Upon assuring her that we were Cath. Clergymen, she opened the door and shewed us into the Parlour. She then left the room and shortly after returned to inform us, that Paine was asleep; and at the same time expressed a wish, that we would not disturb him: for, said she, he is always in a bad humour

when roused out of his sleep—it is better to wait a little till he be awake. We accordingly sat down, and resolved to await the favourable moment.—“Gentlemen,” said the lady after having taken her seat also, “I really wish you may succeed with Mr. Paine; for, he is labouring under great distress of mind ever since he was informed by his Physician that he cannot possibly live, and must die shortly. He sent for you to-day, because he was told, that if any one could do him good, you might. Possibly he may think that you know of some remedy, that his Physicians are ignorant of. He is truly to be pitied. His cries, when he is left alone, are heartrending. *O Lord help me*, he will exclaim during his paroxysms of distress, *God help me*, *Jesus Christ help me*, repeating the same expressions without any, the least, variation, in a tone of voice that would alarm the house. Sometimes he will say: *O God what have I done to suffer so much!* Then shortly after: *But there is no God!* and again a little after: *Yet, if there should be, what will become of me hereafter?* Thus he will continue for some time, when on a sudden he will scream as if in terror and agony, and call out for me by name. On one of these occasions, which are very frequent, I went to him and inquired what he wanted? ‘Stay with me,’ he replied, ‘for God’s sake, stay with me; for I cannot bear to be left alone.’ I then observed that I could not always be with him as I had much work to attend to in the house. ‘Then,’ said he, ‘send even a child to stay with me; for it is a hell to be alone.’ I never saw, she concluded, a more unhappy—a more forsaken man! It seems he cannot reconcile himself to die.”

Such was the conversation of the woman who had received us, and who probably had been employed to nurse, and take care of him during his illness. She was a Protestant; yet seemed very desirous that we should afford him some relief in his state of abandonment, and bordering on complete despair. Having remained thus some time in the Parlour, we at length heard a noise in the adjoining room across the passage-way, which induced us to believe that Mr. Paine, who was sick in that room, had awoke.—We accordingly proposed to proceed thither, which was assented to by the woman, and she opened the door for us. On entering we found him just getting out of his slumber. A more wretched being in appearance I never before beheld. He was lying in a bed sufficiently decent of itself, but at present besmeared with filth, his look that of a man greatly tortured in mind, his eyes haggard, his countenance forbidding, and his whole appearance that of one whose latter days had been but one continued scene of debauch. His only nourishment at this time, as we were informed, was nothing more than milk punch, in which he indulged to the full extent of his weak state. He had partaken undoubtedly but very recently of it, as the sides and corners of his mouth exhibited but very unequivocal traces of it, as well as of blood, which also flowed in the track, and left its marks on the pillow. His face, to a certain extent, had also been besmeared with it. The head of his bed was against the side of the room through

which the door opened. Father Kohlmann, having entered first, took a seat on the side near the foot of his bed. I took my seat on the same side, near the head. Thus, in the posture in which Paine lay, his eyes could easily bear on F. Kohlmann, but not on me easily without turning his head.

As soon as we had seated ourselves, Fath. Kohlmann in a mild tone of voice informed him that we were Catholic Priests, and were come on his invitation to see him. Paine made no reply. After a short pause F. Kohlmann proceeded thus, addressing himself to Paine in the French language, thinking that, as Paine had been in France, he was perfectly acquainted with that language (which was, however, not the fact), and might understand better what he said, as he had, at that time, a greater facility and could express his thoughts much better in it than in the English.

“Monsr. Paine, j’ai lu votre livre intitulé *L’Age de Raison*, où vous avez attaqué l’Ecriture Sainte avec une violence sans bornes, et d’autres de vos écrits publiés en France—et je suis persuadé que. . . .”

Paine here interrupted him abruptly, and in a sharp tone of voice, ordered him to speak in English—thus: “Speak English, man, speak English.” Father Kohlmann without shewing the least embarrassment, resumed his discourse, and expressed himself nearly as follows, after his interruption, in English:—

“Mr. Paine, I have read your book entitled *The Age of Reason*, as well as other of your writings against the Christian Religion, and am at a loss to imagine how a man of your good sense could have employed his talents in attempting to undermine what, to say nothing of its divine establishment, the wisdom of ages has deemed most conducive to the happiness of man. The Christian Religion, Sir,”

“That’s enough, Sir,—that’s enough,” said Paine, again interrupting him, “I see what you would be about—I wish to hear no more from you, Sir. My mind is made up on that subject—I look upon the whole Christian scheme to be a tissue of absurdities and lies—and your J—C—to be nothing more than a cunning knave, and an impostor.”

Fath. Kohlmann here attempted to speak again, when Paine with a lowering countenance ordered him instantly to be silent—and to trouble him no more. “I have told you already, Sir, that I wish to hear nothing more from you.”

“The Bible, Sir,” said F. Kohlmann, still attempting to speak, “is a sacred and divine Book, which has stood the test and the criticism of abler pens than yours—pens which have made, at least, some show of argument, and”

“Your Bible,” returned Paine, “contains nothing but Fables, yes, Fables, Sir, and I have proved it to a demonstration.”

All this time I looked on the monster with pity mingled with indignation at his blasphemies. I felt a degree of horror at thinking that in a very short time, he would be cited to appear before the tribunal of that God whom he had so shockingly blasphemed, with all his sins upon him! Seeing that Father

Kohlmann had completely failed in making any impression upon him, and that Paine would listen to nothing which came from him—nor would even suffer him to speak, I finally concluded to try what effect I might have; I accordingly commenced with observing: “Mr. Paine, you will certainly allow that there exists a God, and that this God cannot be indifferent to the conduct and actions of his creatures.”—“I will allow nothing, Sir,” he hastily replied, “I shall make no confession.” “Well, Sir, if you will listen calmly for one moment,” said I, “I will prove to you that there is such a Being—and I will demonstrate from his very nature that he cannot be an idle spectator of our conduct.” “Sir, I wish to hear nothing you have to say;—I see your object, Gentlemen, is to trouble me;—I wish you to leave the room.” This he spoke in an exceedingly angry tone — so much so as to foam at the mouth. “Mr. Paine,” I continued, “I assure you, our object in coming hither was purely to do you good. We had no other motive. We had been given to understand that you wished to see us, and we are come accordingly; because, it is a principle with us never to refuse our services to a dying man asking for them. But for this we should not have come; for, we never obtrude them on any individual.” Paine, on hearing this, seemed to relax a little; in a milder tone of voice than any he had hitherto used, he replied: “You can do me no good now — It is too late. I have tried different Physicians, and their remedies have all failed. I have nothing now to expect (this he spoke with a sigh) but a speedy dissolution. My Physicians have, indeed, told me as much.” “You have misunderstood me,” said I immediately to him, “we are not come to prescribe any remedies for your bodily complaints—we only come to make you an offer of our ministry for the good of your immortal soul, which is in great danger of being forever cast off by the Almighty on account of your sins; and especially for the crime of having vilified and rejected his word, and uttered blasphemies against his Son.” Paine, on hearing this, was roused into a fury — he gritted his teeth, twisted and turned himself several times in his bed uttering all the while the bitterest imprecations. I firmly believe, such was the rage in which he was at this time, that if he had had a pistol he would have shot one of us; for he conducted himself more like a madman than a rational creature. He ordered us peremptorily to leave the room, and to leave it instantly. “Begone,” says he, “and trouble me no more. I was in peace,” he continued, “till you came.”—“We know better than that,” replied F. Kohlmann,—“we know that you cannot be in peace—there can be no peace to the wicked. God has said it.” “Away with you and your God too — leave the room instantly,” he exclaimed, — “all that you have uttered are lies—filthy lies; and if I had but a little more time I would prove it, as I did about your impostor J— C—.” “Monster,” exclaimed F. Kohlmann, in a burst of zeal, “you will have no more time. Your hour is arrived. Think rather of the awful account which you have already to render—and implore pardon of your God—provoke no longer his just indignation upon your

guilty head." Paine here again ordered us to retire, in the highest pitch of his voice, and seemed a very maniac with rage and madness. "Let us go," said I to F. Kohlmann, "we have nothing more to do here. He seems to be entirely abandoned by God;—further words are lost upon him."

Upon this, we withdrew both, from the room, and left the unfortunate wretch to his own thoughts. I never, before or since, beheld a more hardened wretch.

This, you may rely upon it, is a faithful and true account of the transaction. You are welcome to make what use of it you please. It is the first time I have ever taken a minute of it, although I have always had it in my mind to do so. I have sketched it now only, because I see from your letter, that there is an immediate necessity for it, to remove the foul aspersion which has been attempted, in Europe, to be cast upon the character of F. Kohlmann, for whom I have the highest respect and esteem,—and shall ever have on account of his many virtues, and his eminent and distinguished piety. His life with us was uniformly edifying, and I sincerely believe, it has continued to be so since his return to Europe; for, he never was a reed to be shaken by the wind, either here or any where else.

I remain y^r aff^{te} Brother

(Signed) ✠ BENEDICT, Bp. of Boston.

P. S. I have taken no copy of this letter. If you deem it worth preserving, have the goodness to take a Copy of it and keep it where I may, should I ever have occasion to do so, recur to it myself.

(Signed) ✠ B. Bp. B^a.

On a certain day in the year 1810, Father Kohlmann baptized a child, who had been carried by its father from Brooklyn to St. Peter's Church. That child was John McCloskey, destined to become the first American cardinal. Years afterward, when young Father McCloskey was a student of the Roman College, he selected Father Kohlmann for his confessor.

Whilst this zealous priest was working for the mental and moral improvement of the Catholics of New York, he was summoned, in 1813, as a witness in regard to property stolen from one Keating. Father Kohlmann, who had restored the goods to the owner through the confessional, respectfully refused to testify. At the request, however, of the trustees of St. Peter's Church, who desired that the case be legally settled once for all, he so well established the Catholic doctrine of the secrecy of the confessional, that the decision of the court was that a priest should not be compelled to testify in such a case.⁽¹⁾ Father Kohlmann afterwards pub-

⁽¹⁾ The principle of this decision was afterwards embodied in a statute: "No minister of the Gospel, or priest of any denomination whatsoever, shall be allowed to disclose any confessions made to him in his professional character,

lished, under the title of "The Catholic Question in America," the proceedings of the trial, with an appendix containing a clear exposition of the Church's teaching in regard to the sacrament of penance. It is distinguished for its methodical arrangement and solidity of argument, and is unquestionably the best vindication of the sacrament of penance that has ever appeared in English on this side of the Atlantic, and perhaps in Europe.⁽¹⁾

About this time he introduced into the United States the Ursuline Sisters from the celebrated Blackrock Convent, at Cork, Ireland.

Not long after the arrival, on December 2, 1815, of Right Rev. John Connolly, second Bishop of New York, Father Kohlmann was recalled to Maryland, together with the faculty of the New York Literary Institution. The reason is thus given by Dr. Shea⁽²⁾: "Bishop Concanen had taken umbrage at the appointment of Father Kohlmann as vicar-general, and at the establishment of a Jesuit college. Bishop Connolly seems to have shared the same feelings, and to have disapproved generally of the management of the diocese by Father Kohlmann as administrator. The organization of the diocese was, however, the work of Fr. Kohlmann as vicar-general and administrator."

On arriving at Georgetown College, he received his appointment to White Marsh, Md., as master of novices. When he heard that his friend Archbishop Carroll was dying, he hastened to Baltimore and was in time to receive the prelate's last blessing, on Dec. 3, 1815. Another Jesuit, Father John Grassi, was there also, at the archbishop's request, to administer unto him the last consolations of religion.

On September 10, 1817, Fr. Kohlmann became superior of the Maryland Mission, rector of Georgetown College, and professor of dogmatic theology. He held these offices until August 15, 1820, when, in addition to the office of superior of the mission, he was named rector of the Washington Seminary, a house of studies opened that year in the city of Washington. Here he also taught dogmatic theology to the following theologians: third year—Virgil Horace Barber, Stephen Larigaudelle Dubuisson, Germanus Sannen; second year—Joseph Schneller, Peter Walsh; first year—Thomas Finegan, Jeremiah Keiley, Aloysius Mudd, and John Smith. The other members of the community were

in the course of discipline enjoined by the rules or practice of such denomination."—Rev. Stat. of the State of New York, Part III., ch. vii, art. 8, sec. 72: Passed as part of the Rev. Stat., Dec. 10, 1828.

⁽¹⁾ Catholic Almanac, 1856.

⁽²⁾ Life and Times of Abp. Carroll, p. 666.

Fr. Maximilian Rantzau, professor of moral theology, and Mrs. James Fenwick, Patrick McLaughlin and Wm. Taylor.

Yielding to the entreaties of Very Rev. William Matthews and prominent citizens of Washington, Father Kohlmann consented to establish a classical school for day scholars in connection with the seminary. To do this he had to employ some of the theologians as teachers. The college was opened in September, 1821, and was the first college in the city of Washington; for, if we mistake not, it was founded some months prior to the beginning of the Columbian University. It was here that he wrote his learned work "Unitarianism: Philosophically and Theologically Considered," in refutation of Jared Sparks and other Unitarian ministers. The arguments for the Incarnation are so well stated that they are at this day frequently made use of by students of theology. This book was also esteemed worthy of being read for years in the refectory of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore.

When Father Kohlmann was rector of the seminary he became acquainted with Mrs. Ann Mattingly, sister of the Hon. Thomas Carbery, then mayor of the city of Washington. This lady had been suffering for seven years from a tumor or cancer, that subjected her to intense pain and reduced her to the point of death, when Father Kohlmann advised her to have recourse to the prayers of Prince Alexander de Hohenlohe. She accordingly began on March 1, 1824, a novena in honor of the name of Jesus, as the prince had recommended, and on March 10th, after the reception of Holy Communion, she was completely restored to health.

Directed by the ability and experience of Father Kohlmann, Gonzaga College soon became the leading school of Washington.

But he was destined for a more responsible office. Pope Leo XII., who had, in 1824, restored the Roman College to the Society of Jesus, summoned Father Kohlmann to Rome to fill the chair of theology. His term of five years in this position merited the praise of His Holiness, who placed his own library at his service, and who, it is said, intended to promote him to the cardinalate. On one occasion, when Cardinal Cullen, then a student of the propaganda, was publicly defending propositions of theology, Father Kohlmann's objections to the defender's theses elicited expressions of delight and satisfaction from the Holy Father. At another time, his examination of the acts of a council held in Transylvania was warmly praised by the Pope, who was impressed by the evidences of his profound learning and pleased with his promptness in executing a great labor. The present Pope, Leo XIII., was one of his pupils at the Roman College.

Later on, in the pontificate of Gregory XVI., he was promoted to the office of Qualificator of the Roman Inquisition. He was already a member of the Congregations of Ecclesiastical Affairs, and of Bishops and Regulars, and Consultor of the Inquisition. The last years of his life were spent at the Gesù, in constant labor for the salvation of souls. He was so devoted to the work of reconciling sinners to God, that death came near finding him at his post in the confessional. His zeal was rewarded by numbers of striking conversions. It was he who reconciled to God the Rev. Augustine Theiner, of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, who had wandered many years in doubt and error.

It is said that he was very easy in the confessional, never refusing absolution. In answer to a friend who asked him if he did not fear this accusation at the Judgment, he replied: "I have an answer ready. I will say that I acted as our Lord did in the case of the woman taken in adultery."

On April 10, 1836, fortified by the Holy Viaticum, he closed a life wholly dedicated to the service of his Master. Many pious persons begged the favor of something he had made use of during life. By none, however, was his memory held in higher benediction than by the lay-brothers of the Society of Jesus. And they had reason to remember him; for Father Kohlmann, though enjoying the esteem of popes and the friendship of cardinals, always showed a particular affection for the humble lay-brothers.

OPENING OF GONZAGA COLLEGE.

The opening of the College, on September 8, 1821, was announced in the *National Intelligencer*. The advertisement states that "the different classes will be superintended by appropriate teachers. The hours of attendance in the summer season will be from 7 A. M. to 12 M., and from 8 A. M. till 12 M. in winter, and at all seasons from 2 to 5 P. M." Just think of it, ye degenerate sons of studious sires! Your grandfathers were at school studying their lessons long before you think of rising from bed. One cannot help wondering what kind of boys they were. Yet we have no warrant for supposing that the boys of 1821, who spent eight hours in school, differed physically—perhaps they did mentally—from the boys of 1889, who spend only five hours at their books.

The boys who went to school on that first September morn of the seminary found the following officers in charge: Fr. Anthony Kohlmann, president, Fr. Max. Rantzau, vice-president, Mr. Jeremiah Keiley, teacher of first grammar

class, Mr. Jerome Mudd, teacher of second grammar, Mr. Peter Walsh, teacher of third grammar, Mr. James Neill, assistant teacher.

That those first students made good use of their eight hours a day is shown by an announcement of January 1, 1821, stating that "the course of studies will be extended to include all the classical authors, and also a full course of mathematics." But, in order, probably, to restrain their studious ardor, "in the future the boys will attend from 8:30 to 12 M., and from 2 to 5 P. M." Mayhap this change was wrought by the efforts of some youthful agitator, whose prophetic spirit saw the agitation that was to come in favor of shorter hours of labor. History is silent on this point. Did the old annalist know that the present sketch was to be written, he might have been more explicit. He would then have added the reason for the following curious statement: "The students of the English department will pay the addition of \$1 per quarter for fuel during the winter."

On July 27th—note this date, boys of 1889—"his honor, the mayor of Washington, politely consented to perform the ceremony of distributing the premiums." With the hope that some old boy still survives, whose joy on now reading his name may be as great as it was on that happy day in 1822, when he was awarded a premium, or merited honorable mention at the first commencement of Gonzaga College, we publish the following names of the "young gentlemen who gave proof of superior talent and application in the respective classes to which they belong:

First class—Premium for Greek and French, Master James Hoban; accesserunt, George W. Anderson, Noble Young, and Thomas Brent. Premium for Latin—Master George W. Anderson; accesserunt, James Hoban and Thomas Cutts.

Second class—Premium for Latin and Greek, Master Charles W. Chauncey; accesserunt, William Carr and John Boone. Premium for French—Master Chas. W. Chauncey; accesserunt, John Boone and Peter Chauncey.

Third Class—Premium for Latin and French, Master John Mattingly; accesserunt, Alex. Williams and Giles Dyer.

English Department—First class—Premium for English and French, Master Philip Masi; accessit, Augustus Fleury.

Second class—Premium for English and French, Master Alex. Hillman; accesserunt, Hugh A. Goldsborough and Overton Carr.

Third class—Premium for English Grammar, Master John Costigan; accesserunt, Charles Moss and James McCorkle.

Mathematics, Master James Hoban; accesserunt, Thomas Cutts, Edward Travis, and Chas. Chauncey.

Arithmetic, Philip Masi; accesserunt, Alex. Williams, Giles Dyer, and John Mattingly.

Geography, George W. Anderson; accesserunt, Thomas Cutts, James Hoban, and Philip Masi.

Premium for superior application during the past year, Master James Hoban."

This brilliant record of young James Hoban was, as every old Washingtonian knows, only a faint glimmer of his future illustrious career. It should be noted that these boys were subjected, on the day preceding the distribution of awards, to a public examination, in the presence of their parents and friends, from 8.30 A. M. to 12 M. The John Boone mentioned above was the father of Fr. Edward Boone, now of Philadelphia, sometime president of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., and in 1884 vice-president of Gonzaga College.

FR. ADAM MARSHALL.

The second president of Gonzaga College, Fr. Adam Marshall, was born at Conewago, Pa., on November 18, 1785. He entered the Society on the 10th of October, 1807. In his first year of noviceship he studied philosophy, which was followed probably by a three years' course in theology, some of which had to be made from 1809 to 1811 whilst he was teaching in the New York Literary Institution. He was ordained in Baltimore by Bishop Neale, on June 8, 1811. Immediately after his ordination, he was sent to Newtown, but had scarcely begun his labors there before he was recalled to New York. On the closing of the college in 1813, he was sent to St. Thomas' Manor. From thence he was removed in 1818 to his natal place, Conewago. We next find him, in the early part of the year 1820, as professor of mathematics at Georgetown College. On the 20th of August of this year, he was named procurator of the mission, and as such was stationed during the last year of his term at the Washington Seminary. On Father Kohlmann's retirement, he was appointed president of the seminary, at the beginning of the year 1824. Father Marshall is described by a student of that year as "a quiet and unobtrusive gentleman, fond of his books, and best known to the inmates of the college by his attention to the good order of the classes, and the diligence of the students."

The fathers and scholastics who assisted Father Marshall in the work of the schools were Fathers Jeremiah Keiley and John Smith; Messrs. Samuel Newton, Joseph Schneller, James Neale, and Edward McCarthy; and Brother Charles Strahan. The saintly Father Stephen Dubuisson, the assistant

pastor of St. Patrick's Church, who had resided in the seminary from its beginning, heard the confessions of the students and instructed them in Christian Doctrine.

On July 4, 1824, the students took part with the pupils of other schools, and with the local societies, in the *first civic procession* in the city of Washington. The *National Intelligencer*, in speaking of the celebration, says: "The procession would have been anywhere considered a handsome one, but being our first attempt at anything like a regular procession, was of remarkable length, and presented really an interesting and splendid appearance."

LAFAYETTE'S VISIT TO WASHINGTON.

The boys also had the honor of forming an interesting feature of the demonstration in honor of Lafayette's visit to Washington on October 12, 1824. They were drawn up in line on each side of East Capitol street, and as the hero of Yorktown passed by them, he was pleased to notice the joyous welcome that beamed from their bright faces. The venerable Father Wm. F. Clarke, now professor of Evidences of Religion at the college, and his old schoolmate, Father James A. Ward, *Socius* to the Provincial, were in line with the boys, and remember perfectly the gracious smile of the great man.

Again, on October 14, 1824, they were invited to unite with the students of Georgetown College in their welcome to "the favorite boy of Washington's camp." They met the Georgetown boys on High street. The line of march was there formed, with Fr. Thos. C. Levins and Rev. Wm. Matthews leading, followed by Father Marshall and the professors of Gonzaga and Georgetown. On arriving at the college, Lafayette was received in the parlor by Father Francis Dzierozynsky, who, of course, wore cassock and beads. Then he was welcomed by the president of the college, Father Enoch Fenwick, by Father Marshall, and by the professors and students of Georgetown and Washington. Years afterward, Lafayette, alluding in a speech in the French Assembly to this visit, spoke in terms of high praise of the Jesuits.

This was probably Father Marshall's last appearance in public as president of the seminary. His health, never strong, began to fail so rapidly, that his physician ordered an ocean trip to the South of Europe. As two of Commodore Rodgers' sons were at this time students of the college, it needed little influence on the part of Father Marshall's superior to procure for him the position of instructor on board the United States vessel *North Carolina*. The first

entry in Father Marshall's journal of the trip is the following: "Dec. 1, 1824, Wednesday. — This day I left Washington, D. C., in the steamboat *Potomac* for Norfolk, to embark on board the *North Carolina*. Mr. George Ironsides, whose kindness and attention I have reason to remember with gratitude, accompanied me. My cousin, Jos. Marshall,⁽¹⁾ also came with me as far as St. Inigo's. We started from Washington, with Commodore Rodgers and several officers of the *North Carolina* on board, between 4 and 5 o'clock. Early next morning we landed my cousin near Mr. Smith's, and soon got into the Bay."

And so Father Marshall continued to record the daily happenings on board the vessel, and to give interesting descriptions of places visited, till August 10, 1825, when the journal suddenly stops. What happened after that we have learned through the kindness of the officials in charge of the naval records, who allowed us to inspect the old log book of the *North Carolina*. In it we find the following entry: "United States ship *North Carolina*, September 20, 1825. Commodore Chas. W. Morgan, U. S. N., commanding, bearing the flag of Commodore John Rodgers, U. S. N. At 4 A. M. the Rev. Adam Marshall (schoolmaster) departed this life. At 10 A. M. called all hands to bury the dead, and committed the body of the Rev. Adam Marshall to the deep." The vessel was then in the Mediterranean Sea, on a passage from the Gulf of Napoli to Gibraltar.

An officer of this ship, in a letter dated October 14, 1825, announcing the deaths of Midshipmen Pleasonton and Hopkins, who were natives of Washington, gives the following brief but touching tribute to the memory of Father Marshall: "It is with the greatest sorrow I have also to announce to you the death of Mr. Marshall (the chaplain), who died on our passage from Napoli di Romania. His death was sincerely regretted by all the officers of this ship, and particularly by the midshipmen, to whom he was a severe loss." Commodore John Rodgers, writing from Gibraltar, October 22, 1825, to the secretary of the navy, adds: "The service has lost Mr. Adam Marshall, the schoolmaster of this ship, whose exemplary deportment had gained him the esteem of all who knew him."

Thus died a priest of God whose anointed hands had often borne to others the Holy Viaticum to cheer the dark moments of their passage from this world to the next, but whose own last journey was uncheered by any priestly function and uncomforted by any religious rite.

(To be continued.)

(1) A coadjutor brother of the Society.

CANADA.

JESUITS VS. ORANGEMEN.

(*Continued.*)

The reader may recollect the excitement which preceded the vote on the O'Brien anti-Jesuit resolutions, in the parliament at Ottawa, on the twenty-sixth of March last. Though at the last moment the Orange element felt that it would be beaten in the Commons, still Col. O'Brien and his supporters never dreamed of the crushing defeat that awaited them. One hundred and eighty-eight members voted against the resolutions, thirteen for them, leaving a majority of one hundred and seventy-five to console the Jesuits and their friends. The Society felt that it had been avenged for the abuse it had to bear during the previous weeks. The victory was the most eloquent answer that could be given to the faction who proclaimed aloud that the Jesuits were not popular in Canada, and that civil war would be declared the day the settlement of the estates question was attempted.

But it would be well to add that it was not out of pure love for the Jesuits that so many members of parliament voted in their favor. Even Hon. Mr. Mercier did not admit that they had any legal claim to the estates, but only a moral claim; and under ordinary circumstances a moral claim was not sufficient to capture the Protestant vote. A better reason is given for Sir John A. Macdonald's victory in this, that there was a principle at stake. Provincial autonomy had to be recognized, if the provinces were to remain confederate. The famous majority simply declared that Quebec could manage her own affairs. But it so happened that the Jesuit question forced this declaration out of a number of Protestants, and not a few Catholics, who, under other circumstances, would certainly not have sided with the government nor with the Jesuits. Indirectly, however, the vote confirmed the Society in the ownership of its restored property.

When the bulletins published the result of the debate, the Orangemen throughout the country threw up their hands in despair; Canada and her Queen and her loyal Orange-

men were doomed; the Jesuits had the French parliament in their power. If the Orangemen were sincere in their apprehension of danger they would have prepared themselves for the inevitable halter. But their conduct belied their profession of fear. They flourished their trumpets more loudly than ever, and began to make heroes out of the thirteen members who had voted against the Jesuits. The noble thirteen saw their portraits in the newspapers. They were presented with medals commemorative of their vote, felicitated on every side, and better still, banqueted, until at last they began to think that it paid well to vote on the wrong side.

It was highly interesting to read the Orange newspapers during the few days following the debate. They deliberately divided the whole population of Canada into two categories; all who saw things in their light were patriots; all who did not were traitors. Nine hundred and sixteen thousand voters, represented by the one hundred and eighty-eight members, had deliberately sold their country to the Jesuits. Consequently, the only loyalists in Canada were the seventy-seven thousand represented by the noble thirteen—the “d—l’s thirteen,” to use Sir John A. Macdonald’s forcible expression.

Besides these encouraging statistics, a source of consolation offered itself in the interviews the Protestant ministers granted the reporters on the result of the vote. Several of these gentlemen were very prudent in their views, and looked at the question impartially, remarking that they were inclined to uphold the prime minister, Sir John A. Macdonald, in his statement that the Jesuits were a peaceable set and that the people of Ontario had nothing to fear from them; that no surprise should be manifested at the Pope’s interference in Catholic affairs; that, on the contrary, it was the Orangemen of Ontario who did not see fit to “mind their own business.” The Rev. Mr. Herridge, a Protestant minister of Ottawa, remarked that “these frantic demonstrations did not affect the thoughtful Protestants of the community, who simply desired for themselves what they were most willing to accord to others, equal status in the eye of the law, and equal measure of religious liberty.” A professor of McGill University, Dr. Shaw, sent a letter to tell the Orangemen how ridiculous they were making themselves in the eyes of their fellow Protestants. These were the sentiments of the respectable portion of the Protestant population; but the majority, alas! saw in the silent encroachment of Jesuitism, a menace to the crown of Great Britain. The most efficacious remedy that suggested itself to the

sects was the formation of a party whose object would be to foster and propagate black Protestant principles. This project of a third party met with much favor during the few days following its proposal; but its impracticability soon became so manifest that it vanished like a bubble.

Anti-Jesuit demonstrations, however, were organized throughout Canada, but chiefly in the province of Ontario. During the months of April, May, and June, orators were sent out to educate the country on the Jesuits. Ontario lent willing ears to their eloquence. The Rev. John Morton lectured in London on "The Dangers of Jesuitism to our National Life;" Rev. Jos. Cook, in Toronto, on "Jesuit Aggression in America;" Rev. Mr. Watts, in Hamilton, on "The Jesuit Conspiracy;" Rev. Geo. Williams, in Toronto, on "The Jesuit Question in Canada—Danger and Duty;" Rev. Mr. Hunter, in Barrie, on "Jesuits—Politicians and Patriots;" Rev. Mr. Sutherland, in Ripley, on "Protestant Rights vs. Jesuit Aggression;" Hughes, in Toronto, on "The Perils of Protestantism;" Miss Cusack, in the same city, on "Jesuit Aggression." The Toronto papers, speaking of the ex-nun of Kenmare's reception, tell us that she "was greeted by a large and appreciative audience." In her opening remarks, she addressed herself to any Catholics who might be present. Having worked in their church for thirteen years, they might be sure she did not leave it without sufficient reason. She had been in doubt for four or five years as to the course she should pursue before she finally came to the conclusion that she should leave the Roman Catholic Church and identify herself with the Protestant In beginning to deal with the subject of the evening, she wished it to be distinctly understood that she attacked the principles of the Jesuits and not the Jesuits themselves. She had known many good men among them and also many very bad ones She admitted that many of the Jesuits are doing what they think is right, and obeying what they consider to be the law of God; nevertheless their system of religion is diabolical. Their object is to control the world politically. Wherever they have prospered, the Church has invariably suffered; for, as far as in them lies, they ruin it. They are very selfish and avaricious; and in Canada at present there are a number of Jesuits who are millionaires. . . . As regards the Jesuit oaths and vows, that are so often and so much talked about, they are very slippery things. Another peculiarity of the Jesuits is that they want to do all the thinking for other people, while at the same time they claim to be perfectly passive, and as if dead in the hands of their superiors. The infalli-

bility they claim has many charms ; for it makes a pleasant pillow for the Roman Catholics to sleep on. The Jesuits are very popular as confessors, as they are never hard on those who go to them. Their code of morals is lax, and they excuse or extenuate many faults. Wherever the Jesuits go, their watchword is not "All hail the power of Jesus' name," but "All hail the power of the Jesuits," etc.

Miss Cusack continued in this strain for nearly two hours, interrupted frequently by the applause of her "large and appreciative audience." Her lecture is a good specimen of the anti-Jesuit literature current just now in Canada. The *Monita Secreta*, with translation, published in Boston, is selling well in Montreal and Toronto ; Paul Bert is already sold out.

Some idea of the magnitude of the agitation may be formed when it is stated that anti-Jesuit meetings were held in one hundred and sixty towns and cities previous to June 11th, the date fixed for the opening of the anti-Jesuit convention in Toronto. Speeches were made at each of these meetings, and resolutions were passed against the Society, her maxims, and her Estates Bill. These demonstrations afforded splendid opportunities for springing maiden speeches on the public, and the rising generation of politicians were not slow in coming forward. One of the arguments which found favor with the Orange speakers was drawn from the fact that the Society had been driven out of nearly every Catholic country and finally suppressed by the Pope. If Catholics could not put up with the Jesuits, how were Orangemen expected to do so ? Another sly oratorical trick was to put the question : "If one infallible pope suppressed the Jesuit Order, how could another pope restore it and remain infallible ?" This was a conundrum for the Orangemen ; and the deafening applause which followed proved that the speaker had scored a point.

But these isolated ebullitions of Orange zeal were not very effective. They helped to keep alive a few sparks of local fanaticism, but, taken separately, they would have little influence against the Compensation Bill, the root of all the trouble. The Orangemen were not slow in seeing that a great deal of their enthusiasm was wasting itself on the desert air, and that a more combined mode of action was required. If any success was expected, they had to centralize their movements by the creation of an organization, which would direct their united efforts towards a common end. Several meetings were held in Ontario, with this object in view, and it was decided that a monster anti-Jesuit

convention should take place in Toronto on June 11th and following days.

A very favorable moment was chosen to get a representative crowd together; the Anglican Synod, the Methodist Conference, and the Presbyterian Assembly were holding their sessions in Toronto at the time. Laymen were sent from the different provinces to take part in the deliberations. Eight hundred and sixty delegates presented themselves, to protest against an act which, in the language of the Protestant Bishop Sullivan, "outraged the social, civil, and religious sensibilities of more than half the population of the dominion."

Fully realizing the importance of their obligations as Protestants and patriots, the delegates worked with a will. They concentrated all their energies on a double object, namely, the veto of the Estates Bill, and secondly, the best means to resist Ultramontanism in general and Jesuitism in particular. Perfect harmony reigned in the deliberations, if we except the little indecision which was manifested at the beginning, regarding the name to be given to the association which the convention was to bring forth. Several names were suggested, which are in themselves a revelation, and give us an insight into the tone of the whole assembly. The Constitutional Association, the Young Canada Party, the Fair Play and Equal Rights Association, the British Constitution Association, the Anti-Jesuit Association, the Protestant Association, the Constitutional Observance, Religious Liberty, and Equal Rights Association, the British Canadian International Equal Rights Association, were names suggested and rejected after discussion, and the name "Equal Rights Association," plain and simple, carried the day. Equal rights, in the sense of the convention, referred to the absolute equality which the government should observe towards all religious denominations; but as the case stood, and as later events proved, "Unequal Rights and Ultra-Fanatical Association" was the fitter title for the offspring of the anti-Jesuit convention.

The convention lasted two days, and, according to the newspapers, was "eminently successful from the point of view of its promoters," namely, opposition to Jesuitical encroachment. Authority was given to establish branch associations throughout Canada, whereby work in the good cause might be extended as much as possible; and by-laws without end were drawn up to guide the faction in its future defensive action.

The Orange speakers solemnly disclaimed any antagonism to the Catholic Church; and to show their sincerity they

were continually bringing forward the distinguishing marks of Jesuitism. Jesuitism was a something really distinct from Romanism. They frankly admitted that Romanists were all of a color; but the color admitted of light and heavy shades. It was a question of degree. Ultramontanism was already an advanced form of Romanism; but Jesuitism was the quintessence of Ultramontanism. Orangemen could join fellowship with ordinary Romanists; through necessity they could tolerate Ultramontanism; but Jesuits, like the American Chinamen, must go. During all the deliberations, Jesuitism and its "manœuvres" were ostensibly the sole object of Orange wrath; but the lodges' subsequent action, in the matter of the French Canadian separate schools in Ontario, and the French language in Manitoba, left no room to doubt that Jesuitism in their sense had a wide scope. They pledged themselves to enforce the aims of the anti-Jesuit movement at the polls by refusing their votes to any candidate, whether for the federal or provincial parliament, who would not adopt the programme of the new association. These pledges were aimed at Sir John A. Macdonald as well as at the Catholics; but the sly old Orangeman was all the while laughing in his sleeve at the antics of his excited brethren.

The Equal-Rights Association, duly organized, started out on its mission of peace. One of its first duties was to establish branches in the cities and villages, and continue the agitation against Jesuitism; the next, to get up a petition which, by its magnitude, would frighten the powers that be into sudden acquiescence to disallowance.

Up to this, petitions had not been successful. The Evangelical Alliance of the Dominion of Canada, relying on the prestige of an honorable name, had decided, some weeks previous to events just narrated, to penetrate to headquarters. It issued an address to the Protestants of Canada, asking them to join it in petitioning Her Majesty the Queen to interpose in the matter of the Jesuit Estates Act. The following short petition was distributed for signatures throughout the country:—

"To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty:—

MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY.—The petition of the undersigned inhabitants of N. ., in the province of N. ., humbly sheweth: That your petitioners, being loyal subjects of Your Majesty, jealous of all that may infringe upon your royal rights and prerogatives, as well as determined to maintain their own liberties as established by law, do now approach Your Majesty, as the highest authority in the Empire, in support of the pleadings and prayer of a petition in refer-

ence to the Quebec Jesuits' Estates Act of 1888, which has been laid at the foot of the throne by the representatives of the Evangelical Alliance of the Dominion of Canada. And your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray, etc."

The "foot of the throne" was the land of promise for the Orange fanatics. Approaching the "foot of the throne" meant simply transferring the Estates Bill from the arena of Canadian politics to that of British politics, with less chances of success. Still it was comforting to loyal hearts to know that appeal was possible. A long document, of which the petition just read is a summary, crossed the ocean, and reached the foot of the throne. But the Orangemen were too sanguine and impatient of success. The secretary of state for the colonies, Lord Knutsford, through his secretary, did not delay in sending the following reply:—

COLONIAL OFFICES, DOWNING STREET,
London, Eng., March, 1889.

Sir; I am directed by Lord Knutsford to acknowledge the receipt of your note of the 11th inst., forwarding a memorial from the committee of the Protestant Alliance, urging the disallowance of the Jesuits' Estates Act of the Province of Quebec. In reply I am to state that His Lordship has carefully considered the memorial, but that the allowance or disallowance of the Act of the Provincial Legislature of the Dominion of Canada is a matter which rests entirely with the Governor-General, acting on the advice of his responsible ministers. A copy of the memorial has been forwarded to Lord Stanley of Preston for the consideration of his government.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
JOHN BRAMSTON.

The Home authorities had spoken, leaving the case, as every one expected, with the governor-general and his advisers. Consequently, any future decision of Lord Stanley would have the same weight as if it came directly from the "foot of the throne."

The position was not reassuring. The entire government, both political parties, with the exception of the "loyal thirteen," had ratified the Estates Act; the governor-general had not disapproved of the action of the government; and the authorities in London, through the colonial secretary, had signified their intention not to interfere.

Parchment, it seemed, was having little effect. The Equal Rights Association, however, in its mission of loyalty, could hardly do anything better than follow in the footsteps of its

more respectable sister, the Protestant Alliance. But suspecting that the numerous petitions already gotten up had reached the governor-general only to pass into the yawning gulf of His Excellency's waste-basket, the association resolved to make another tremendous effort. It would present a petition to which all other petitions, past, present, or future, were to be as pigmies; a deputation would present said petition to Her Majesty's representative in Canada, and humbly ask him to nullify the obnoxious Jesuit Estates Bill. This was carrying out to the letter the programme of the Toronto convention. Agents had already been at work for weeks obtaining signatures, and through their efforts, sixty thousand had been gathered in. This was a document formidable enough for present wants, and the time had come to act.

Lord Stanley was staying at the citadel in Quebec during the first days of August, and it was resolved to see him there. Rarely did an opportunity so favorable present itself of resenting Romish aggression in a Romish stronghold. A deputation, made up of eleven Protestant parsons and forty other members of the Equal Rights Association, headed by Principal Caven of Knox College, Toronto, steamed down the St. Lawrence on the 6th of August, on their way to Quebec. When they reached the old city, they were ushered into the large hall of the vice-regal residence. A good-sized box was ushered in with them and given a prominent position. An inquisitive reporter was not long in finding out that the box held the anti-Jesuit petition, a roll of paper four hundred and eighty feet long, bearing fifty-one thousand signatures. A smaller roll, lying in childlike repose beside the big roll at the bottom of the box, bore nine thousand signatures. The latter had been obtained in Montreal, to show the governor-general how pronounced anti-Jesuit feeling was in the Rome of America. Unfortunately the deputation had reckoned without its host.

Shortly after they had taken their places in the large hall, Lord Stanley presented himself and received them kindly. He took the precaution to say to them that he was not exactly in the position of a minister receiving a deputation, but seeing that his own opinion was asked respecting the Estates Bill, he did not object in the present instance to follow a similar course. He trusted, however, to the delegates' sense of courtesy, not to be asked to express any opinion that would tend to draw him into argument.

Rev. Principal Caven then arose to present the anti-Jesuit petition, with its anti-Jesuit tail four hundred and eighty feet long. This he did in the following words:—

"We are charged with the duty of presenting to Your

Excellency the petition of a convention held in Toronto on the 11th and 12th of June, the prayer of which is that Your Excellency will be pleased to disallow the Jesuits' Estates Act, passed by the legislature of the province of Quebec last year. The petition was unanimously adopted by the convention, an assembly which represented municipalities and various bodies of men in every section of Ontario. The names of the members in actual attendance, amounting to 860, are appended. We are entrusted with the further duty of presenting petitions to the same effect from nearly every part of the province of Ontario, subscribed to by upwards of 51,000 persons qualified to exercise the dominion franchise, as well as a few petitions from other provinces, which have been forwarded. We ask permission to say a few words in support of the prayer of the petitioners. We would represent to Your Excellency the strong and widely diffused opposition to this act, which exists throughout Ontario, and, as we have reason to know, in other provinces of the dominion. No act of any of our legislatures in recent years has aroused so much feeling, and called forth from all classes of people such general condemnation. The petitions which we present will, we trust, satisfy Your Excellency that the vote of the House of Commons, in opposition to disallowance, by no means represents the sentiment of the country. The feeling to which we refer is not caused by any antagonism to the French Canadian people, or any desire to lay disabilities upon the church to which they generally belong. To foment racial or ecclesiastical antipathies were utterly unworthy of good citizens, and we desire to assure Your Excellency that the prevalent feeling is rather one of deep regret that a measure so eminently fitted to cause discord in the dominion and in the province of Quebec should have been enacted by the legislature of that province. We are quite aware that legislation of the provinces should not be unnecessarily interfered with by the dominion, and that there may therefore be objections, even serious objections, to provincial acts, which would not constitute adequate ground for seeking their disallowance. In our petition we have sought briefly to summarize the reasons why we respectfully ask Your Excellency to disallow this act. This act does more than deal with fiscal matters; it bestows public money for denominational purposes, a thing which is in opposition to our history, if not to express enactment, and which we had hoped was terminated in Canada by the secularization of the clergy reserves. It endows a society whose standing and history make it utterly improper that it should become a public beneficiary. It is regarded

by many as a violation of the trust under which the Jesuits' estates were accepted by the province of Quebec from the imperial authorities, and, above all, it recognizes the right of the Pope to interfere in our civil affairs in a way which is derogatory to the supremacy of the Queen and menacing to the liberties of the people. The place given to the Pope in the act is peculiarly offensive to the great majority of the people of Canada, and is a painful shock to the feelings of loyalty which our people so warmly entertain. We have no wish to interfere with the spiritual allegiance of Roman Catholics to their church, but we strongly remonstrate against any church being allowed authority in civil affairs. To say that the Pope is introduced merely as arbitrator between parties in his own church seems to us entirely inconsistent with the language of the preamble, to which preamble the terms of the bill give effect. So far as the form of the act is concerned, we should be willing to rest our case on this consideration alone, and we humbly but earnestly pray that Your Excellency will be pleased to disallow an act in which Quebec has exceeded its authority, which is contrary to the interests of the dominion, and which dishonors the prerogative and sovereign rights of Her Majesty."

The petition referred to, Principal Caven read as follows:—

"To His Excellency the Right Honorable Sir Frederick Arthur Stanley, Baron Stanley of Preston, G. C. B., Governor General of Canada.

"The petition of the undersigned electors entitled to vote for members of the House of Commons humbly sheweth:

"1. That an act was lately passed by the legislature of the province of Quebec, entitled an act respecting the settlement of the Jesuits' estates;

"2. That the said act recognizes a right on the part of the Pope to interfere in the administration of the civil affairs of Canada, which is derogatory to the supremacy of the Queen and menacing to the liberties of the people;

"3. That it places \$400,000 of public funds at the disposal of the Pope for ecclesiastical and sectarian purposes, as is further evidenced by the papal brief which apportions these funds, an appropriation of public money contrary to the spirit of British and Canadian legislation and subversive of the religious equality which ought to exist;

"4. That it, in effect, recognizes the right of the Jesuits to make further demands, by embodying in the preamble a declaration, nowhere questioned in the act, of the treatment which the Jesuit Society expects in the future at the hands of the government of Quebec, viz., that the establishments of the Jesuit Fathers in this province are always allowed, in

accordance with their deserts, and if they ask for it, to participate in the grants which the government of this province allows to other institutions, to encourage teaching, education, industries, arts, and colonization ;

"5. That the Jesuit Society has been expelled from nearly all Roman Catholic countries, was suppressed by Pope Clement XIV., has been, since the days of Queen Elizabeth, an illegal association, the establishment of which (in the opinion of the Solicitor General of England, given in 1772) "is not only incompatible with the constitution of an English province, but with every possible form of civil government ;"

"6. That the act endows and recognizes the legal status of this society, whose operations are confined to no single province ;

"7. We respectfully submit that, for the reasons herein set forth, the act, so far from dealing with matters of provincial concern merely, is one which affects the peace and well-being of the whole dominion ;

"8. The undersigned approach Your Excellency by way of petition, because they believe that the majority of the House of Commons, in voting against the disallowance, did not represent the real views and wishes of their constituents, and there is no other way in which the minds of the people can be represented to Your Excellency ;

"9. Never, to your petitioners' knowledge, has a case arisen in which there existed stronger reasons for invoking the power of disallowance.

"Your petitioners therefore pray : (1) that the Act for the Settlement of the Jesuits' Estates be disallowed ; or (2) that Your Excellency do exercise your prerogative right of dissolving the House, so as to enable the constituencies to pronounce on the question at the earliest possible moment. And your petitioners will ever pray, etc."

After the reading of the petition, an Orangeman raised the lid of the box and began to display the sixty-thousand signatures. The movement was dramatic ; but it had no effect on the governor-general. He remained perfectly cool, and simply asked if any member present wished to make further remarks. Several rose in turn, but their speeches contained nothing new. Lord Stanley then answered the deputation, in language that the fifty-one Orange fanatics can never forget. We give his speech in full. It has created quite a sensation, and has helped to raise the governor-general high in the esteem of the right-minded people of Canada.

"Gentlemen, I am not used to receiving such deputations as this, and in such a way, but, in view of the importance of the subject, I am willing to create a precedent. At the

same time, it is one which I do not think should be too often followed. There is a considerable difficulty in receiving such a deputation as this, and in speaking, not to lay one's self open to a charge of arguing for or against measures in which the deputation are interested; but with the sanction of my advisers I am disposed to let the deputation know what has been the aspect of the case as it has presented itself to me. I have listened with a great deal of interest to the remarks of the gentlemen who have spoken just now, and I trust it will not be considered any disrespect to those who have so ably stated their views if I express neither concurrence with nor disapproval of their remarks, lest I should drift into what might be considered as argument, however unintentionally.

“Previous to my arrival in this country, or about that time, the legislature of Quebec had passed the act in question. The history of the Jesuits' estates is so well known that I need not here refer to it in detail. Large amounts of property had lain virtually idle, because, when the provincial government had endeavored to sell it, protests had been made by the claimants and, in fact, no one would purchase on so doubtful a title. I cannot agree with the view expressed in the second paragraph of your petition. There were two sets of claimants at least to the Jesuits' estates. It was necessary to arrange to whom compensation should be made, and ensure a division which would be accepted by all. It is true that the Pope, as an authority recognized by both sets of claimants, was to be called upon to approve or disapprove the proposed division, as far as Roman Catholic claimants were concerned, but this appears to me to relate not to the action of the legislature of the province, but to the division of the funds after they had been paid over. It is arguable that, as a matter of fact, there is no reference to the Pope's authority at all in the executive portion of the act. It is undoubtedly the case that the preamble to the act—an unusually long one, by the way—contains a recital of events which led to the introduction of the bill, and that in the correspondence so set out, authority had been claimed on behalf of the Holy See, to which, however, the First Minister did not assent. The introduction of the name of the Pope may be unusual and very likely unpalatable to some, as Protestants, but as it appears in course of a recital of facts which had previously occurred, and which, of course, legislation could not obliterate or annul, and there being, moreover, no such reference in the body of the act, I did not consider that Her Majesty's authority was in any degree weakened or assailed, nor that I was compelled, in the exer-

cise of my duty as her representative, to disallow the act on that account.

“As to the question of policy, that is not one on which I feel at liberty to pronounce an opinion. I believe, and am confirmed in my belief by the best authorities whom I can consult, that the act was *intra vires*. Then my power of interference is limited, for the act does not appear to do more than to seek to restore to a certain society, not in kind but in money, a portion of the property of which that society was in years gone by deprived without compensation; and it proposes to give a compensation therefor in the money of the province which had become possessed of the property and was profiting by it. As to the recognition, spoken of in paragraph 4 of your petition, of the rights of the Jesuit Society to make further demands, it seems to me that these acts leave such so-called ‘rights’ exactly where they were. It is by no means uncommon for the Crown to recognize such a moral claim. And I can speak from my personal experience. When I was Secretary of the Treasury, ten or twelve years ago, it constantly happened that, in cases of intestary escheats and other forfeitures to the Crown, the moral claim of other persons was admitted, and remissions were made, not as a matter of legal right, for the right of the Crown was undisputed, but as a matter of grace. There are also many parliamentary precedents to the same effect. Such cases must in each instance, it seems to me, be decided on their own merits. As to paragraphs 5 and 6, also mentioned in your petition, you will pardon my saying that I am not concerned either to admit or deny your statement. But, as a matter of fact, I do not find any evidence that in this dominion, and in this nineteenth century, the Society of Jesus have been less law-abiding or less loyal citizens than any others. As to paragraph 6, it appears to me that the legal status of the Society was settled by the act of 1887 (to which little or no objection was taken). I cannot see anything unconstitutional, in that respect, in the payment of the money in question to a society duly incorporated by law. The governor-general, both by the written law, and by the spirit of the constitution, is to be guided by the advice of his responsible ministers. If he disagrees with them on questions of high policy as being contrary to the interests of Her Majesty’s empire, or if he believes that they do not represent the feelings of parliament, it is constitutionally his duty to summon other advisers, if he is satisfied that those so summoned can carry on the Queen’s government and the affairs of the dominion. As to the first, I cannot say that I disagree with the course which, under

the circumstances, the ministers have recommended, believing it, from the best authorities to which I have had access, to be constitutional. The parliament of the dominion, by 188 to 13, has expressed the same view. I decline to go behind recorded votes.

"Members of parliament are elected not as the delegates but as the representatives of the people, and it is their duty to guide themselves according to that which they believe to be in the best interests of the high function which they have to discharge. Again, I would ask, do the dissentients represent the majority? I find that 188 represented 916,717 voters, whereas the thirteen members represent 77,297; and moreover the body of the constitutional opposition appears to have voted for the approval of the allowance bill. I have been asked (though not by you) to disallow the act, though otherwise advised by ministers and though contrary to the sense of parliament. Would it be constitutional for a moment that I should do so? If it were a question of commerce, or of finance, or of reform, or of constitution, there could be no doubt, and I cannot conceal for a moment the doubt which I feel. However careful the governor-general may be in receiving such a deputation, there may be some risk of his being held up as a court of appeal on the question of constitutional government, and against the parliament with which it is his duty to work in concert. Then it has been said, why not facilitate a reference to the Privy Council? I believe that my advisers have a perfectly good answer, that, having no doubt of the correctness of their view, they have a good reason for not so doing.

"I have been asked to dissolve the House of Commons, in one of the petitions to which I am replying. A dissolution of parliament, in the first instance, except under the gravest circumstances, and perhaps with great reservation even then, should not be pronounced except on the advice of responsible ministers. It causes a disturbance of the various businesses of the country. The expense both to the country and to all concerned is considerable; and it is a remedy that should be exercised only in the last resort; and, though I say it, I do so with great deference to those present, excepting in the province of Ontario and this province of Quebec, there does not seem to have been any general feeling in this matter such as would warrant the governor-general to use this remedy. I recognize the influence of the two provinces, but I cannot leave the rest of the dominion out of sight; and I may express the personal hope that this parliament may exercise for some time to

come a wise, constitutional influence over the affairs of this country.

"I think my answer has been made substantially to the other petitions which have been presented to me. For the reasons which I have given, I am unable to hold out to you any hope that I shall disallow the act. You cannot suppose that the course taken by my advisers, and approved by me, was taken without due consideration. Nothing has taken place to alter the views then entertained, nor could the government recommend the reversal of an allowance already intimated.

"Gentlemen, I cannot conceal from you the personal regret with which I feel myself addressing a deputation and returning such an answer, as it has been my duty to do, to the petitions which have been presented to me, but I have endeavored to make my statement colorless. I have endeavored to avoid argument, and I can only hope that I have done something towards dissipating alarm. I will only close by making an earnest appeal, an appeal which, by anticipation, has already, I am certain, found weight with you, and that is that in this question we should as far as possible act up to that which we find to be for the welfare of the dominion.

"During late years we have hoped that animosities which unfortunately prevailed in former years had disappeared, and that the dominion, as a united country, was on the path of prosperity and peace. I earnestly call upon all the best friends of the dominion, as far as possible, while holding their own opinions, to be tolerant of those of others, and like our great neighbor, to live and let live, that we may in time come to feel that we have the one object of promoting the prosperity and welfare of the dominion and the maintenance of loyalty and devotion to the sovereign."

When the governor concluded his speech he retired, leaving fifty-one long faces and four hundred and eighty feet of petition behind him. The disappointment at this turn of affairs rather upset the delegates. But they had not reason enough to be downcast. They had asked the governor-general to give his opinion on the Compensation Bill, and he gave it. True, the matter and form did not correspond with their wishes, but they could not reasonably blame Lord Stanley for that. Though disappointed and sore of heart, they did not lose courage. The Queen had to be protected against Jesuitism, and the British Constitution kept intact. They adjourned to the St. Louis Hotel, and passed resolutions, first, of surprise and sorrow at the unhappy attitude taken by the representative of Her Majesty

in Canada; secondly, to continue the anti-Jesuit agitation with renewed vigor.

But the Orange campaign is doomed. Lord Stanley sounded its death-knell in his vigorous and independent speech. A few feeble attempts, in the form of indignation meetings, were held in Montreal and elsewhere, to rouse stagnant patriotism, but they were failures. Nothing remains now to the Orangemen, said a Protestant clergyman of Toronto, but the "alternative of making their wishes known by force and insurrection." The *Mail* suggests a revision of the constitution.

Another event, of little importance, but given here because it was a side-issue of the campaign against the Society, was the passage at arms between Father Whelan, Pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Ottawa, and Dr. J. Beaufort Hurlbert, a Protestant professor of the same city. Last March, when the agitation was at a white heat, letters began to appear in the Canadian papers renewing the old string of calumnies: that the Society held as a maxim that "the end justifies the means," etc. Father Whelan publicly offered five hundred dollars to any one who could prove the assertion. The following is the text of his challenge:—

"Five hundred dollars will be paid by me to any one who shall produce a *bona fide* passage that will convict the Jesuits, or any Jesuit, or any approved Catholic theologian, of teaching the doctrine that 'the end justifies the means,' as that maxim is vulgarly understood—i. e., 'that it is lawful to do evil that good may come.' There is not going to be any back-down on our part. Let us have an independent tribunal by all means. What have the anti-Jesuits to say to this proposal:—A commission of inquiry, to be composed, say, of five members; we to select two competent moral theologians; the other side to appoint two representatives; these four to choose the fifth member of the commission. Let a day be fixed for the opening of the inquiry; and let it be agreed, that all passages to be cited from Jesuit authors, or other approved Catholic casuists, shall be filed with the commission at least thirty days before the inquiry begins; two copies of each passage or extract to be supplied, with the title and the edition of the work, as well as the page from which it is said to be taken. I shall abide by the report of the commission, and shall pay five hundred dollars, as promised, to the claimant, should the decision be adverse to me. If a court of inquiry, constituted as proposed, be not satisfactory to the anti-Jesuits, then let them suggest a tribunal. We are not afraid of the issue; and a course of Catholic ethics would do those people much good . . ."

The gauntlet was taken up by several Protestant ministers, who dropped it again like a hot coal when they discovered that Canon Littledale's encyclopedic lore proved nothing. It remained for a certain Dr. Hurlbert to accept the challenge in downright earnest. Hurlbert is a graduate of a German university. He professed to be well up in Jesuit casuistry, quoted Jesuit authors with a volubility wondrous to behold, and proved to his own satisfaction, in a dozen letters to the press, that with the Jesuits the end justifies the means.

When Father Whelan had at last met a serious adversary, he made arrangements to carry out his programme. At his request, Rev. Fr. Superior named two of Ours, FF. Jones and Doherty, to represent the Society. Dr. Hurlbert was invited to provide two representatives for himself. This gentleman named Dr. MacVicar, Principal of the Montreal Presbyterian Theological Seminary, and Prof. Scrimger of the same institution. The four commissioners had to meet somewhere to choose the fifth member of the commission. St. Mary's College was the place selected. Dr. Hurlbert would then bring forward his texts from Jesuit authors, the commission of inquiry would discuss them, and decide for or against the Society. There was no difficulty about the way the four members already named would vote. But as the casting vote remained with the fifth man yet to be chosen, it is manifest what a white-winged angel he was required to be in the eyes of either party, in view of the interests each had to defend; pride and fear of a humiliation urging Hurlbert's representatives to propose an arbiter who could not be otherwise than favorable to them; the reputation of the Society and Father Whelan's five hundred dollars preventing FF. Jones and Doherty from making any reckless risks in the choice of the fifth member.

Through some misunderstanding, the commission did not come together till Aug. 29. The Montreal *Gazette* of the 30th gave the following account of the meeting. We publish it the more readily as the reporters came to receive their inspiration at the right source.

"The meeting for the appointment of a fifth arbitrator, in connection with the challenge of Father Whelan of Ottawa, to any one to prove that the Jesuits held the doctrine that the end justifies the means, which was accepted by Dr. J. Beaufort Hurlbert, was held at St. Mary's College yesterday morning. Rev. Principal MacVicar and Rev. Prof. Scrimger appeared for Dr. Hurlbert, and Rev. Fathers Jones, S. J. and Doherty, S. J. for Father Whelan. Neither Dr. Hurlbert

nor Father Whelan was present at the conference. After some pleasant and complimentary remarks on both sides, the two Protestant arbitrators brought up the name of R ev. Prof. J. Clark Murray, who, they stated, was a professor in metaphysics and ethics at McGill University, a Doctor of Laws at the Glasgow University, an author of high repute, and a man of calm and impartial judgment, who had not committed himself in any way in connection with the anti-Jesuit agitation. Prof. Scrimger added to this that he had asked Dr. Murray to allow his name to be brought up, but had not discussed the matter with him in any way. The Jesuit Fathers replied to this that, though they had no personal objection to the gentleman, they could not accept him because they wanted an expert and one familiar with their technical language. R ev. Dr. MacVicar stated that he thought Prof. Murray possessed the necessary qualifications, but the Jesuit Fathers gave them a choice of a professor of moral theology in Laval University or the Sulpician seminary or in any faculty of moral theology in America or Europe. To this the Protestant gentlemen objected, because such a man, who naturally would take the position of the Roman Catholic Church upon a matter of this kind, could hardly be expected to use entirely independent judgment. 'If that is the case,' replied the Jesuit Fathers, 'the same arguments can be used on our part. How can we expect a Protestant minister to be any more independent?' They also asked why they did not submit the same proposition as themselves, and allow them to take any Protestant, as they were allowed to take any Catholic. The Protestant arbitrators replied to this that there was no parity between the two cases; that Catholics were all bound to defend each other, and that any Catholic theologian would look upon it as defending the Church, and consequently he would not be free. The Jesuits replied that, at least, that was an answer to the statement of the Evangelical Alliance, that the Jesuit teaching was different from the general teaching of the Catholic Church. The Jesuit Fathers also made a proposal that the four arbitrators should act, that each should make a report, and these reports could be published under one cover. The answer to this was that that would not be an authentic report. It was apparent, therefore, that under the circumstances no agreement could be reached, and after assuring them that they would aid them as much as was in their power, should it be possible to settle the matter in some other way, the Jesuit Fathers invited their visitors to take a look through the college building. Rev. Father Jones

accompanied them down stairs, and there met Dr. Hurlbert, with whom he shook hands very cordially, expressing regret that he had not been through the building. The visitors then departed.

“Dr. Hurlbert stated that he expected this result, and that the best thing he could do under the circumstances would be to publish the proofs he had gathered, so that they could be spread broadcast. Should he do so they will no doubt be answered by the Jesuit Fathers.”

This reliable but incomplete account of the meeting convicts of wilful misrepresentation the writers of the press telegrams which were circulated throughout the country, declaring that our fathers had refused to accept as arbiter any one but a theologian of the Society. If Dr. Hurlbert publishes his “proofs,” steps will be taken immediately to refute them.

These are the latest developments in the Orange campaign against the Society. Our fathers have remained comparatively quiet, being convinced that when the Orangemen have got back their common sense—if that happy event ever takes place—they will be heartily ashamed of themselves. Letters signed or suggested by Ours appeared now and then in the newspapers, to set aright some point or other; but nothing of any length in the way of justification was called for. Besides, logic would be wasted on the granite skulls of Orangemen. Still, Fr. Drummond had the uncommonly pleasant duty, in a public lecture in Ottawa, of demolishing the arguments of a certain Rev. J. J. Roy, a Baptist Minister of Winnipeg. This minister belongs to a family of French Canadian apostates, which fact Fr. Drummond introduced into his lecture, much to the disgust of the minister, who has not been heard from since.

One happy phase of the anti-Jesuit agitation was that, notwithstanding the vehement and threatening language almost continually employed by the Orange leaders, there was no attempt at physical violence. The only incident that might be put under this heading took place at a small town called Plum Creek, in Manitoba. Fr. Drummond had been invited there by leading citizens, to lecture on the Jesuits. A crowd of vulgar roughs had decided that he should not lecture; and to show how very much in earnest they were, they unceremoniously threw our Bro. George Brown down a flight of stairs, spraining his ankle and doing other slight damages to his person. Fortunately, Fr. Drummond was in a different part of the building, and fared better; but he did not lecture.

The libel suit against the Toronto *Mail* has been post-

poned by the courts till this autumn. If anything happens during the trial worth the recording, the reader shall have the benefit in a future number of the LETTERS.

E. J. D.

FR. JOHN BAPST.

A SKETCH.

(Continued.)

After the blowing up of the school-house, in the spring of 1854, the Protestants feared reprisals would be taken by the Catholics. The better disposed Protestants, hoping to avert a general uprising of the persecuted Catholics, determined to call a public meeting to denounce the outrage. The issue of this well-meant but unsuccessful project is thus related by a Protestant citizen of Ellsworth, a great admirer of Fr. Bapst:—

“It was thought well to call a meeting for the purpose of denouncing the outrage, and assuring our Catholic fellow-townspeople that the burning of their school was the act of ignorant bigots, and that all respectable Protestants held such conduct in abhorrence. Half a dozen of us went to see Mr. Whittaker, who was then chairman of the Town Selectmen, to have the meeting called. Mr. Whittaker, being a Democrat, was with us. The meeting was called for the 8th of July, 1854. When we went to the place, we found that the Know-nothing element had gathered in large force and taken possession. It was our intention to have Mr. Whittaker preside, but we saw we were outnumbered four to one, and, knowing we could effect nothing, we left. Besides, if we had remained, it might be claimed that we, by our presence, countenanced whatever action might be taken. The meeting was organized by the election of George W. Brown as chairman. Speeches, prompted and dictated by a spirit of persecution, were made and cheered to the echo. The meeting then passed resolutions of which I have just received a certified copy, taken from the town records by Mr. Edward E. Brady, the present town clerk.

*“Extract from the Ellsworth Town-Records Touching
the Case of John Bapst, S. J.”*

July 8th, 1854.

“Moved by George W. Madox :—That if John Bapst, S. J. be found again on Ellsworth soil we will provide for him, and try on an entire suit of new clothes such as cannot be found at the shops of any taylor (sic), and that when thus apparelled he be presented with a free ticket to leave Ellsworth upon the first railroad operation that may go into effect.

“Voted, that the resolutions adopted at this meeting be published in the Ellsworth *Herald* and *Eastern Freeman*.

“Voted, that we now adjourn *sine die*.

W. A. Chany, Town Clerk.

“The reading of the resolutions was received with shouts of applause, and they were adopted without a dissenting voice or vote, as the Democrats and Liberal Republicans had all left when they saw how things were likely to go.”

The outcome of these hostile proceedings is thus described by the same writer :—

“Fr. Bapst, not believing that they would put their threat into execution, went to Ellsworth on Saturday evening, October 14, 1854, to be on hand to attend to his religious duties next morning. He stopped at the house of an Irish Catholic named Kent. When darkness had set in, the house was surrounded by a mob, who demanded the production of the objectionable priest. A trap-door in Mr. Kent's house led down to the cellar, and Mr. Kent, after much urging, induced Fr. Bapst to descend, and hide in the cellar, expecting the mob would go away when they could not find him. Mr. Kent opened the door, and told them that Father Bapst was not there. ‘We know he is, and we must have him,’ yelled the mob. Mr. Kent invited them to look all over the house, but they persisted in the statement that he was secreted in the house, as some of them had seen him enter. Mr. Kent tried to persuade them to go away. ‘If you don't produce him we will burn down your house, and roast him alive,’ the mob howled.

“They were proceeding to carry out the threat to burn down the house, when Father Bapst, not wishing to see his protector suffer, pushed up the trap-door, and ascended from the cellar. He still hoped that the instincts of humanity would prevail in them over the spirit of bigotry; that they would be open to reason and justice, and would disperse to

their homes. But he misjudged the spirit that controlled the mob. With a yell they rushed upon him, dragged him out of the house and up the road. They placed him upon a sharp rail, and thus carried him along, yelling, hooting, and cursing him. The men carrying the rail jogged him up and down, so as to inflict more pain and injury.

"Coming to a lonely place outside of the town they took his watch and money and his clothes, stripping him naked. They then dragged him into a wood, as I afterwards learned, and tied him to a tree. They piled brush around him, and some of the ruffians tried to set it on fire. They would most likely have burned him to death had not their supply of matches given out before they could set fire to the brush.

"I was sitting in my house during all this time, unaware of all that was going on. A rap came to the door; I opened it, and a neighbor told me that a mob had seized Father Bapst, and carried him off into the woods. I could not believe it, but I started out, and on the hill outside the town met my brother and the sheriff coming in. They had gone out to look for the mob, and try to save the priest. They encountered the mob, who flung stones intending to break the lantern which the sheriff carried. The sheriff was a man of courage, and told the roughs that if they did not desist, he would empty the contents of his pistol among them. This had the desired effect; the crowd passed on, but the search-party were unable to find Father Bapst among them. This, I suppose, was only part of the mob, the other part having the unfortunate man in the woods at the time. We ascended the hill, and searched for his body, believing they had killed him.

"It appears that after they released him from the tree, where, covered with tar and feathers, they had attempted to roast him alive, they dragged him back to the town, and told him to get out that night, threatening to kill him if he attempted to say Mass next day. When we got back I learned that Fr. Bapst was at Mr. Kent's residence. I went there and asked to see him; I was at first denied admittance, but was afterwards permitted to enter the room in which he was. There stood Father Bapst covered with tar and feathers, and exhausted by his inhuman treatment. He was surrounded by a few male friends, who were endeavoring to cleanse him with soap and warm water. He extended his hand to me. It was a trying moment. The priest said that fortunately he had escaped a more terrible fate, which his abductors had in store for him, through the pleadings of

two or three of the marauders. As I stood there, and saw the poor priest's hair and eyebrows shaved off, for it was impossible to get the tar out otherwise, I vowed that I should fight fanaticism until I died.

"Father Bapst preached next day in his church, for although of a very mild disposition, he had the heart of a lion in the cause of duty. That Sunday we feared the mob would gather again. The Hon. Charles Jarvis, one of the leading Protestants of the town, took the father to his home, protected him all night, and drove him to Bangor in his carriage next day. I saw him get into the carriage, and shook hands with him when he was driven away.

"The respectable people of Bangor were as much incensed at the outrage as we were at Ellsworth. We resolved to punish the ruffians, and got Hon. George Evans, then Attorney General of the State, previously U. S. Senator, to come to Ellsworth to present the case to the Grand Jury. The Grand Jury, however, were all Know-nothings, and refused to find indictments, although the evidence was most conclusive. Mr. Evans was so indignant and disgusted with the Grand Jury that he said that he would not sleep a night in the town if he got a present of all the State. Late as it was he insisted on shaking the dust of Ellsworth from his feet.

"These facts I know to be accurately stated, as I was a resident of Ellsworth at the time of the outrage, and had been for thirty-six years. It was my birth-place, and I knew all the facts, and who were the perpetrators of that atrocious act. And it is with shame I am forced to say that, instead of 'Orangemen from New Brunswick,' as a recent writer has asserted, they were our own citizens; and I am sorry to say that many who claimed to be our best citizens were the ringleaders. I knew every man in town, and less than a dozen were Irish Protestants; and of these not one had anything to do with it. At that time, as it is now, Ellsworth was one of the most flourishing towns in eastern Maine, with a population of over 4000. The people were educated and refined, with two score of professional men—ministers, lawyers, and doctors. We were largely engaged in ship building, and not a single man in our employ was from the British provinces. I knew Father Bapst well; he was an educated and cultured Christian gentleman."⁽¹⁾

⁽¹⁾ This report of the outrage is confirmed by the Bangor *Mercury* of Oct. 17 and 18, 1854, in its notices of the event; a copy of which is preserved in the Woodstock Historical Collection.

Thus writes this Protestant friend of Fr. Bapst, who under the *nom de plume* of "Lumberman" furnished these reminiscences, in September 1884, to the *Portland Argus*.

It has been thought by some, that Fr. Bapst might have averted the painful incidents enacted at Ellsworth, had he but exercised more foresight, and acted with more prudence, not preaching so boldly, and not venturing to visit Ellsworth after the issue of the town ukase against him. To such as these, the following testimony of the same Protestant gentleman will be sufficient answer:—

"He was the most perfect gentleman I have ever met. He had a very fine, imposing presence, was thoroughly educated and refined, and a true Christian in every sense. He was in his views liberal, in his tolerations large. He was the last man you could think of who would provoke the outrage inflicted upon him. Were he narrow-minded, bigoted, ill-bred, and of a quarrelsome disposition, the excuse might be presented that he drew it upon himself. But he was directly the opposite, and possessed the esteem and respect of all the liberal-minded and respectable Protestants of the whole district in which he served."

Fr. Bapst's subsequent career in Boston, where he was the friend of the poor no less than of the rich, no less beloved by Protestants than by Catholics, is of itself a sufficient eulogy of his admirable tact, born not of worldly policy, but of Christian prudence, vivified by charity divine.

After the perpetration of this outrage, Fr. Bapst never again ministered to the wants of the Ellsworth Catholics, his place being filled by other fathers dwelling with him at Bangor. Among those who visited Ellsworth every two weeks to say Mass, etc., was Fr. Eugene Vetromile who afterwards left the Society.

On Fr. Bapst's return to Bangor he was received by the people of that city, both Protestants and Catholics, with the greatest sympathy. Loud were the denunciations of the Ellsworth rowdies. Good came out of evil. Fr. Bapst's influence with all classes in Bangor was from that time most powerful. Sympathy had begot admiration; admiration, love; and the sway of love brought to the faith many who had before been indifferent, or hostile to the Church.

The Protestants of Bangor called a public meeting at which Fr. Bapst was invited to be present. The place of honor on the platform was assigned him. The meeting was attended by the most prominent Protestants of Bangor, who came in large numbers, and who greeted Fr. Bapst's appearance on the stage with hearty and prolonged applause. Resolutions were read, denouncing the outrage, lauding

Fr. Bapst's admirable patience during the trial, his Christian forbearance after it, his courageous zeal in performing his sacred duties despite the dire warnings to leave the town, expressing the sympathy of the whole Protestant community, and declaring that his high integrity and untiring zeal were a source of blessings to the city of which he was so honored a resident. In closing this expression of their sentiments, the framers of the resolutions begged leave to present a fitting testimonial of his acknowledged worth, and also, thereby, to make reparation for their State of Maine for the cowardly pilfering that had intensified the baseness of the unprovoked attack upon him. The chairman, amid deafening applause, then presented Fr. Bapst with a well filled purse and a very handsome gold watch, to replace the silver timepiece stolen from him by some of the Ellsworth mob. On the cover of the watch was engraved the following inscription:—

TO REV. JOHN BAPST, S. J.
FROM THE CITIZENS OF BANGOR, MAINE,
AS A TOKEN OF THEIR HIGH ESTEEM.

Fr. Bapst, greatly moved by this unexpected testimony of goodwill, found difficulty in making a suitable response. In feeling tones that greatly touched his hearers, moving some even to tears, the heroic father thanked them for their sympathy, and expressed his pleasure at having been made the recipient of such a beautiful testimony of their esteem. He said that he would ever prize it, not as a gift of which he had shown himself worthy—for he had only done what every true Christian should do in discharging his duty to his Divine Master—but as a token of the goodwill of those who fully appreciated the fact that he was in their midst to better the moral condition of that section of the great republic, not to turn with serpent-like treachery against the generous and warm-hearted nation that had sheltered a poor exile who had been refused a home in his native clime.

Very Rev. Father General Beckx, when informed of the gift bestowed upon Fr. Bapst, and of the circumstances that led to its bestowal, deemed it wise to waive the usual custom of the Society that forbids its members to bear about their persons costly gold watches, and ordered Fr. Bapst to retain the gift for his daily use. Fr. Bapst, who had been at first averse to such a disposition of the gift, submitted with true obedience to the will of his superior. He used the watch till about two years before his death, when it was consigned to the care of his superiors.

An amusing incident touching this noted timepiece is thus related by a devoted friend of Fr. Bapst.⁽¹⁾ "In 1881 Fr. Bapst's mental faculties began to fail. I expressed to his superiors my great desire to procure for the dear father a change of scene and air, hoping thus to avert the impending calamity. His superiors kindly consenting to my plan, I started with Fr. Bapst on a trip to Bangor, as he had expressed a longing to revisit the scene of his former labors. While there Fr. Bapst's watch got out of order, and he gave it to me to take to a watch-maker's. Going out into the city to fulfil my mission, I stopped at the first jewelry store I met, and handed the watch for inspection to the gentleman in attendance. He opened the cover, and then gave a start, glancing at me with eyes betokening suspicion of my honesty. Then he abruptly asked me, 'Where did you get this watch, sir?' My first impulse was to take to flight. I felt thoroughly guilty. The jeweller had evidently read the inscription on the case, and had come to suspect my possession of the watch. I tried to explain, and the jeweller, apparently only half satisfied, related to me the cause of his interest in the timepiece. He had himself made the watch for the committee of the people of Bangor who had been appointed to make the presentation to Fr. Bapst. The repairs were soon effected, and I hastened back to the dear father to tell him of my adventure. He laughed heartily at the plight to which my service in his behalf had reduced me."⁽²⁾

It is said by those who have a right to be believed that all those who had anything to do with the outrage, upon Father Bapst either came to an untimely end or met with some temporal calamity. Certain it is that the town of Ellsworth suffered a long disgrace.

"Two years after the outrage" writes a devoted friend of Fr. Bapst, "Henry Ward Beecher refused to lecture there, because he would not visit a place where such an outrage had been committed. Wendell Phillips also refused, though he was going to Bangor. But I persuaded Mr. Phillips to consent. I have no doubt it would now be more difficult

⁽¹⁾ Col. Daniel Lamson of Weston, Mass., a convert to the faith, and Provost-Marshal at Alexandria, Virginia, during the last war. To Col. Lamson the compiler of this sketch is indebted for valuable assistance in its preparation.

⁽²⁾ Another narrative of the Ellsworth outrage, covering also some of the previous troubles already recorded, was sent us by the compiler; but as the present sketch is already running beyond the purpose of the LETTERS we are forced to omit it. This document as well as others collected and copied with great pains by the compiler, and omitted or curtailed for the same reason, will be preserved for future reference in the Woodstock Historical Collection.

to stir up a riot in Ellsworth than in almost any other city of Maine."

Fr. Bapst took possession of the church at Bangor in June 1854, by direction of the Bishop of Boston. This step was necessary both because of the suspension of the former pastor of Bangor, a secular priest, and because of the danger to Fr. Bapst's life in Ellsworth, that seemed imminent in the beginning of the excitement in that town. As already recorded in this sketch, Fr. Bapst had long desired this parish, considering it the only centre for the outlying missions. He found the congregation already planning the erection of a new church, and he threw himself with great ardor into the work. The first church at Bangor, erected before Fr. Bapst's arrival, and used by the congregation for some time after his coming, has since disappeared; but the residence adjoining the church, occupied by him and Fr. Ciampi, is still standing. Thither more than fifty years ago came the venerable Br. John Farrell, from an outlying district, to perform his Easter duties. This church and residence were in an outside section of the town, two far away from the bulk of the Catholic population, who were coming in and settling along the river.

Fr. Bapst's predecessor in Bangor had bought a lot of land for a new church in the most fashionable part of the town. The church they had occupied up to that time was small, a mere chapel, and in a little place off Court St. The land was valuable, being in a fine part of the town, but the situation was too confined. The priest who bought this new lot took counsel with some of the principal Catholics, among them Mr. Boyce and Mr. Wall, both tailors, and Fr. Bapst said that he had been considerably influenced by them in the matter.

The people living about the new lot, all Protestants, were greatly displeased at having the church there. Their objection was that the greater part of the Catholic population were rude people, who would lounge about their fine streets and houses, smoking etc., and would monopolize the sidewalks on Sundays and holy days. The side-walk question was serious; for the streets were frequently muddy, and there were only a few planks there to keep the passer-by out of the mud. They offered, therefore, to buy the lot at a high price, and wished the church to be built somewhere else. To this proposition the former priest, influenced by his council, refused to accede. But when Fr. Bapst went there he immediately entertained the proposal. He saw no reason for irritating a large number of influential people, or of placing a Catholic church in a part of the city where no

Catholics lived. He sold the lot, and bought another on York St., a respectable locality, near a street entirely inhabited by Catholics, and containing a cottage where he could live. The new church was built close to this cottage, and thus the priests were able to reach the church without difficulty.

The council were very angry, and thought they had a right to a vote in the matter. They aired their grievance to such a disagreeable extent that Fr. Bapst gave them a stirring address one Sunday. "What do you, a lot of tailors and grocers, know of church affairs?" he asked, and I am afraid the dear father stamped at them. The opposition had been most malignant in tone, and required heroic treatment. The malcontents became mute. He built the church, and everybody was pleased, even the doughty council owning at last that he had acted for the best.

The corner-stone of the new church of St. John the Evangelist was laid by Bishop Fitzpatrick of Boston, assisted by the Bishop elect of Portland, Rt. Rev. David Becon, on the day of the promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, Dec. 8, 1854.

The church was ready for divine service before the end of the next year. It is situated in the north-east part of Bangor, a few squares from the Penobscot, above the bridge. It is in a commanding position, and, as the steeple is the highest in the town, the beautiful gilt cross dominates the whole neighborhood, and is the most conspicuous object from the environs. It is a beautiful monument to Fr. Bapst's zeal—his crowning work in Maine. It is built of brick, and the ground rapidly sloping from the street to the river made a basement easy of construction and even necessary. It is to-day substantially as Fr. Bapst planned and built it, but of course many improvements have been made. It has been surrounded by asphalt walks, frescoed in fine style, and now they are gradually putting in stained-glass windows. These are to represent the mysteries of the Rosary and the chief events in the life of our Lord. They are of the richest and most costly description, and will surpass anything of the kind in the State. They are from Innsbruck, and of special designs. Seven were in place last August. The church is of generous proportions, for the time in which it was built; it is easy to preach in, and is filled with a pious congregation. The present pastor, Rev. Edward McSweeney, a graduate of Holy Cross College, has done much to complete the work begun by Fr. Bapst.⁽¹⁾

⁽¹⁾ This account of Fr. Bapst's Bangor church is due to the kindness of Fr. Edward I. Devitt, who gave a retreat in Bangor, in August 1888.

Father Bapst continued his residence in Bangor until the autumn of 1859. After the advent of the new bishop many objections were made to the occupancy of one of the finest parishes in the State by the Jesuits. It had been handed over to our fathers in an emergency, and the concession was now regretted. It was proposed that Father Bapst give up Bangor and bestow his labors upon the various small stations throughout Maine. But this proposition was rejected both by Fr. Villiger, the Provincial at that time, and by Fr. Bapst. As well expect to maintain an arch without its keystone, as the various missions in Maine without their natural centre, Bangor, whence alone the fathers were able to obtain the resources wherewith to carry on the poor, outlying stations. The outcome of the controversy was that the fathers of the Society were withdrawn from Maine in September 1859.

Father Bapst's memory is still held in deep veneration by the people of Bangor, Catholic and Protestant alike. The good he effected in that city is incalculable. He was regarded as the Apostle of that region, infusing a new spirit into the Catholics, raising their tone, causing their religion to become an object of respect to the Protestants, and gathering into the true fold a large number of the sectarians. His success in Bangor was assured quite as much by the outrage perpetrated on him in Ellsworth as by his own virtues.

In September 1859, he bade a last farewell to his dear flock at Bangor. The Catholics, young and old, together with a large number of the leading Protestant citizens, acted as his escort to the depot. All the Catholics felt that they were losing a beloved father, and the Protestants appreciated the fact that Bangor was being deprived of a public benefactor.

From September 1859, till August 1860, Fr. Bapst was stationed at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Massachusetts, filling the office of spiritual father. He was thus enabled to enjoy a comparative rest after his arduous labors of twelve years on the missions of Maine. As he had given edification when superior, and when far removed from community life, he gave no less as a subject, and in the observance of every rule proper to common life. Indeed, the loss of the spiritual advantages of the community life was his greatest cross while on the missions.

In the autumn of 1860, the scholasticate for the students of the Society of Jesus in the U. S. was opened in Boston College. This college had been recently built by Father John McElroy, then in his eightieth year, but still hale and

vigorous. Fr. Bapst, whose qualities of mind and heart eminently fitted him for the rectorship of a scholasticate, was in September 1860 installed as rector of the new house of studies.

Some idea of his first impression of the scholasticate may be formed from the following extracts from letters written at the time to his friend Fr. Billet, then rector of the college at Brussels.

BOSTON COLLEGE, Corner of Harrison Ave. and
Concord St., Boston, Mass., U. S. of America,
Oct. 10, 1860.

Reverend and very dear Father,
P. C.

There you are in the capital of Belgium, and here I am in the capital of Massachusetts, the modern Athens of the New World. You, a rector of a great college, and I, the rector of a great scholasticate! Who would have thought of such things coming to pass, when only sixteen years ago we were companions in the professorship of Latin and Greek in the college of St. Michael, under Fr. Amon, as superior, with Fr. Giraud and the amiable Fr. Delanne as confreres?

Now, after twelve years of missionary labor, I am once again in the full enjoyment of the solitude, silence, and recollection of a religious house. What a change! To pass suddenly from the turmoil of a missionary life to the life of retirement of a scholasticate! My great happiness at present is to be able peacefully to share the repose, the tranquillity, and all the other advantages of community life with dear Fr. Duverney and the other fathers and brothers, who recall to my mind the fathers and brothers of Fribourg. The scholasticate which has just been established here at Boston by a Father Visitor (Fr. Sopranis) is intended to be a common house of studies for all the provinces of the Society in North America. The *ratio studiorum* and the other rules and constitutions are to be followed in all their fulness. The number of our scholastics already reaches fifty; they come from all parts of the United States, from Canada, and from as distant a place as California; and all the modern languages are in use among them. They have entered upon their studies with great ardor, and we have reason to entertain the hope of seeing in a few years an army of apostolic men depart from Boston, who, full of the spirit of St. Ignatius, will establish in the New World, on the ruins of Protestantism and infidelity, the kingdom of Jesus Christ

Your very devoted brother in J. C.,
JOHN BAPST, S. J.

BOSTON COLLEGE, March 3, 1861.

Reverend and very dear Father Billet,

P. C.

. You would like to know, doubtless, what I am doing here. I have a community of 67 persons: 13 priests, 46 scholastics, and 8 coadjutor brothers. I am engaged in teaching the class of moral theology, which, as you know, is my forte. Your old friend, Fr. Duverney, teaches dogmatic theology, ecclesiastical history, and Hebrew. You know full well what a scholasticate is. I have nothing to tell you in this matter except that our scholastics, *although Americans*, are as good, as studious, as pious, as are yours in Europe. To-morrow and the day after we will have the disputations for the theologians and philosophers. We have no externs or seminarians; they are all Jesuits.

Next Sunday, our church will be dedicated. It is, beyond all dispute, the most beautiful church not only in Boston but in the whole State of Massachusetts. The cost of the church and college will amount to half a million of dollars. You can form no idea of the beauty of these two buildings.

Last Sunday and the Sunday before, we had a sacred concert in the church building, given (do not be scandalized) by Protestant artists; and we made fifteen hundred dollars for the church fund. These artists would accept no remuneration for their services.

To-morrow Lincoln, the new President of the United States, will be installed in office at Washington. You are aware, I suppose, that we are just at this moment resting upon a volcano; that the Southern States are about to separate themselves from the Northern, and that the Union will probably be dissolved. They expect some great disturbances at Washington to-morrow. It is very likely a civil war will ensue. And then, what is going to become of us? God alone knows. What is certain is that there is very little prejudice against Catholics here, and that we have no persecution to apprehend. We are much more free and in enjoyment of a greater peace here than you are in Europe. Pray for

Your very devoted friend and brother in Xt.,

JOHN BAPST, S. J.

The Church of the Immaculate Conception was dedicated Sunday, October 14, with the greatest solemnity, by Bishop John Fitzpatrick of Boston, Archbishop Hughes of New York preaching in the morning, and Bishop McCloskey of Albany in the evening. The music on the occasion was superb and the ceremonies most impressive, over fifty Jesuits besides many bishops and parish priests participating in them. This day inaugurated a religious revival in church matters in Boston. Fr. Bapst's reputation and his personal worth, together with the beauty of the ceremonies at the

church, attracted crowds of Protestants every Sunday, and numerous conversions were the result. Indeed, so many converts were instructed and baptized by Fr. Bapst personally, that it would be hard to estimate the number. It is a familiar expression in Boston: "He, or she, is a convert of Fr. Bapst's."

The scholastics were delighted with Father Bapst as a superior, and found him possessed of a father's heart ever ready to respond to every outpouring of interior trouble, by advice at once consoling and practicable. And they in turn afforded Fr. Bapst much consolation. Their modesty while passing along the street was such that even Protestants used to comment on it when visiting Fr. Bapst. Every one in Boston recognized "the students," as they were called, their every movement was watched, and it was noticed that they kept their eyes modestly lowered when walking in the city. Crowds were accustomed to gather outside the college on Sunday afternoons to hear the singing during the community Benediction.

In the summer of 1863, it was decided to transfer the scholasticate to Georgetown, the progress of the war rendering communication with Boston very difficult. Fr. Bapst remained in Boston as pastor of the Immaculate Conception Church, and when, in September 1864, Boston College was opened for day-scholars, he became the vice-rector of the *collegium inchoatum*. His mind, however, was preoccupied with the financial difficulties of the church, which at one time were so embarrassing, owing to the fact that the church had no parish assigned to it, that it was thought it would have to be given up to the bishop to be converted into a parish church. The care of the college then devolved upon Fr. Robert Fulton, who was possessed of Fr. Bapst's confidence to such a degree that everything pertaining to the school was left to his direction. Fr. Fulton began with only twenty-five students, but his prudence and courageous perseverance soon raised Boston College to a high position. Fr. Bapst, by his unwavering confidence and kindly advice seconded Fr. Fulton in everything.

Next Fr. Bapst set to work, with an abiding trust in God, to devise a means whereby the church debt might be gradually paid off. When he became pastor, the debt was one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, resting on the church alone; the college had been freed from all debt by the munificence of the people of St. Mary's Church, Boston, of which Fr. McElroy had been pastor. The interest on the church debt was nine thousand, and the

revenue only six thousand, the times being very "hard" on account of the war.

The following account of the manner in which Fr. Bapst proceeded to rid the church of its load of debt is given by the chairman of the committee of six who nobly co-operated with Fr. Bapst in his great task.⁽¹⁾

"My associations with Fr. Bapst were chiefly of a financial character; and in this connection he always exhibited remarkable good sense, for one who had had so little experience in this direction. I was always struck by the singular faculty he possessed of surrounding himself with the right men, and of inspiring them with his own enthusiasm in the prosecution of any special project.

"When appointed to the position of pastor of the Immaculate Conception Church, he called a meeting of the members of the congregation, and presented to them a statement of the condition of affairs, with an appeal for their aid. The result of this meeting was that Mr. Andrew Carney made the generous proposition to give the munificent sum of twenty thousand dollars, provided an equal amount should be raised by the congregation. This proposition at once excited the emulation of all, and in the course of a few weeks Fr. Bapst, with the assistance of a few members of the congregation, succeeded in obtaining subscriptions to the amount of about ten thousand dollars. Meanwhile it was found that other means must be resorted to for the purpose of obtaining the sum required under the proposition of Mr. Carney, and it was decided to hold a fair in the Music Hall of Boston. This was opened on the 5th of April, 1864, with the brilliant result of swelling the required fund to twenty-seven thousand dollars. Up to that time, this was by far the most successful church fair ever held in Boston. On the 4th of April, Mr. Carney died suddenly, but, by his will, he had bequeathed to the church of the Immaculate Conception securities which amounted in value to about twenty-five thousand dollars. Thus, within a few months from the beginning of his pastorship, Fr. Bapst had collected sixty-two thousand dollars towards the liquidation of the debt. In 1867, a second most successful fair was held in the Boston Music Hall, resulting in a net profit of about twenty-eight thousand dollars, which sum, added to the previous collections, left Fr. Bapst in a very comfortable financial condition for the remainder of his administration."

⁽¹⁾ Mr. Joseph A. Laforme of Boston.

Another friend of Fr. Bapst, Mr. Hugh Carey of Boston, after relating at some length how Fr. Bapst succeeded in decreasing the church debt, thus gives us an idea of his methods:—

"He would set to work at a plan like an old diplomat. Very often he would send for Mr. Laforme, Mr. McLaughlin, and myself, bidding us call on a certain evening at the college. 'Now gentlemen,' he would say, 'you understand business affairs better than I do; please take the whole affair into your own hands, and I will help you all I can.' Of course, in a plan whose execution was left to us with such entire confidence, we could not help but feel a personal interest, and we spared no effort, you may be sure, to crown it with success. Herein I think is found the secret of Fr. Bapst's wonderful power of interesting all his colaborers in his every plan for the glory of God and the good of souls—he made those who labored with him feel that he had entire confidence in them. At one of our meetings in his room, when we could not agree on some matter which he had proposed, he walked over to the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket. 'Now gentleman,' he said, 'when you decide about this matter you can go home, and not before.' You may be sure we were not slow in coming to an agreement after that."

It must not be imagined that during this period Fr. Bapst was so engrossed with financial affairs as to grow slack in works of zeal. He had a wonderful talent for attending to one line of duty, without neglecting in the least another which might seemingly be little congruous in nature with the first. His motto, A. M. D. G., spiritualized all his actions, so that all were in perfect harmony—all bore the spirit upward. Writing of the zeal for souls and great charity that characterized every period of his life, one of his life-long friends says: "What was most striking in Fr. Bapst was his capacity for labor. It was almost literally true that, except the necessary deduction of time given by rule to sleep and recreation, he was always engaged in works of zeal. He had no other taste to gratify. I once persuaded him to go on a trip to Lake Winnipiseogee, but he came back on the third day, utterly tired of his vacation. His charity was supreme. I think there never was face more expressive of benignity, and his heart did not belie his face. His temper was equable, his manner extremely cordial. Forgetful of his own personality and his own interests, he labored for the advancement of others."

During his stay in Boston Fr. Bapst was in constant demand to give retreats to religious and the clergy. Besides

this he was ever faithful and punctual in attending to the penitents who flocked to him in great crowds, especially on Friday and Saturday.

(*To be continued.*)

LETTERS FROM A CHAPLAIN IN THE WAR
OF 1861.

(*Ninth Letter.*)

BATTERY SCOTT, NEAR FORT PICKENS,
SANTA ROSA ISLAND, FLA.
Dec. 15, 1861.

TO DANIEL HASSEN.

My dear Dan,

I have just finished hearing the confessions of the poor soldiers stationed in this battery, which is erected on the extreme point of land nearest to the enemy's works, and which is therefore a set target for the Southern guns. Indeed it has always been obliged to bear the brunt of every engagement. It is considered an advanced redoubt of Pickens, or a protection to it.

As there is talk of another bombardment, I thought it my duty to give the brave soldiers in charge of this dangerous post an opportunity of settling their consciences at leisure—in the hurry of an attack such work is done rather superficially. The captain in command, a Protestant, very kindly gave me the use of his own tent as a chapel while I should be in the battery, and the Catholic soldiers required no pressing to go to confession.

Even at this late date of the year, the heat is as oppressive as it was last June. Though we are not entirely within the torrid zone, we notice scarcely any change in the length of the day. The sun rises and sets now about the same time as in the beginning of July. We are tanned as brown as Indians. So much do the men feel the scorching rays, that when off duty, or on fatigue duty, they lay aside their uniform, and array themselves in what they term "Texan rig"—shirt and drawers. Human respect alone, I have no doubt, prevents some of higher standing from adopting the same style of dress. As the clear inviting salt water surrounds us on all sides, those free from military duty find this costume very convenient. For, in order to enjoy the

"assuasive element," they can dispense with the formality of undressing, and plunge into the water just as they are. Imagine a crowd of men, during free time, lounging along the water's edge like a bevy of aquatic fowl. Now, without a moment's warning, one or more dive in, and when sufficiently refreshed, crawl out only to plunge in again when the "Texan outfit" becomes dry.

Some have their fears that, unless a remedy be applied, we shall soon step down towards the uncivilized ways of benighted Hottentots. I have myself already partaken of dainty dishes composed of boiled mule, alligator steak, lizard stew, fried snake, and the like, as substitutes for fresh meat and vegetables, which could not be procured. The fact that there is no critic, no one here whom we fear to scandalize or shock, diminishes in a wonderful degree, in war time, the sense of propriety. When, however, the hour of duty is announced, and the U. S. uniform is again donned, the boys instantly return to civilized ways and forms. An officer with whom I was conversing this morning made the remark: "Father, woman is necessary for civilization. Men left to themselves would fall into barbarism; woman would not; she would have to be dragged into it. Were there even one daughter of Eve on the island, the men would never dare wander about in this scanty attire."

Since early in June last, we have not seen a house, except at long range, or a civilian, except deserters and refugees, if such can be called civilians. A brave Zouave coming up to me on some business, whilst I was engaged in conversation with an officer of high rank in the navy, said:—"Father, if we had not Mass and sermon to recall to our minds that there is another world, I believe we should not think we were men at all." As the soldier withdrew to return to his quarters, the gallant officer remarked: "There is more philosophy in that fellow's words than he sees." I think the distinguished officer was egregiously mistaken. The Catholic soldier felt away down in his very heart of hearts the full truth of his words. What would the world be without faith, without Christian worship? I did not believe such faith existed, except in rare cases, as I find amongst these rough, if you will, but good-hearted soldiers. I tried to make the officer understand and feel what it is to have faith, but in vain. Yet he is a good man and a very dear friend of mine. His position during many years of service has enabled him to contrast the manner in which Catholics and Protestants terminate their temporal lives. He says he has been always amazed at the strong, sound faith of the dying Catholic. "The Catholic," he continued, "never beholds

Jesus calling him fresh from sin to glory ; he expresses deep sorrow for his past transgressions, which he hopes to be pardoned through the merits of Jesus. The dying Catholic often gives vent in touching words to his desire to have near him a priest, who, in this hour of distress, would interpose the power of his Church between his sins and his offended God. At last he would turn to the Virgin Mary, and beseech her to be a mother and priest to him. His brothers in the faith, if free, kneel by their expiring companion, and with book in hand recite the prayers for the agonizing. Oh!" he added, "how I should like to have their rational way of dying." Poor fellow! The dying Catholic sailor and marine have given him an example for which he will have to answer.

In spite of our numerous and, at times, severe privations, we are really happy ; for we bear, or try to bear, all our trials with becoming disposition. At night, with heaven's vault, sometimes starry and clear, at other times cloudy and menacing, for our roof, we lie on the white, glistening, creaking sand as our bed ; we closely tuck around us an army blanket to prevent snakes and lizards from coming too near us ; yet our morning and evening prayers, though short, are as fervent as if we had the strong roofs of New York or Brooklyn to protect us, or downy couches on which to rest our weary bodies. But there were other and greater privations which we had to suffer, and which we did and do endure with real Christian fortitude. At our landing on Santa Rosa, we were informed that no drinking water was to be found on the island. This we were obliged to acknowledge as partially true. We were, however, told to console ourselves with the hope that the rainy season would soon break in upon us, and bring us more water than we should want. Thanks to divine Providence, and to soldiers' ingenuity, water more or less drinkable was procured even before the arrival of the rains. For this, such as it was, our brave soldiers heartily thanked the Almighty, and offered in atonement for their sins the repugnance they felt for this insipid and at times brackish water. So weaned have we become, not only from superfluities, but from even ordinary conveniences, that we scarcely miss what others would consider indispensable. Thus, to write a letter, you would require a chair, a table, a protection against wind and sun, a little moment of tranquillity, good paper, a good pen, and the like. We have none of these conveniences ; and soldiers, ever in the field, seldom bestow a thought on their existence—or if they do, it is only to add : "We did not thank God for such advan-

tages when we had them; it is well we have been deprived of them."

I have, however, felt the want of such things; and this want is the chief reason why I have allowed your kind letter to remain so long unanswered. The intense heat, the maddening flies and mosquitoes, the terrible throng, the constant uproarious noise of men and animals, the perpetual moving of every one and everything around me, are not encouragements to write a letter. How often has it happened that the wind carried into the sea the four pages which under these difficulties I had penned in answer to some kind friend's letter!—But what is all this hubbub? A cry "To arms!" rings through the command. The "long roll" is being vigorously beaten. There is a rushing hither and thither to guns and batteries. "Father," says the captain of Battery Scott, "you are ordered with the infantry, who are moving down the island to guard the beach and prevent a flank movement. It threatens to be the severest test which our guns and ourselves have yet had to withstand."—In order to save the pages thus far written, I shall bury them in the sand, where, if all turn out well, I hope to find them, and continue my letter. Adieu! Away to my post of duty.

CAMP LINCOLN; Dec. 16, 1861.

Allow me to return to my *cache*, exhume my little documents, and continue my letter, which I should have written to you weeks ago.

The hubbub mentioned above, which gave us such a start; and which enabled us to prove our alertness to the satisfaction of all, is now over, and no one has been hurt. As I was leaving Battery Scott, I saw a large fleet of steamers coming down the Pensacola towards Santa Rosa, and our own fleet moving eastward along the southern shore of the island, across which our gallant tars intended to throw shell and shot at the advancing Confederate boats, if their object should be to land an army on our island. All were ready. It was to be a fair, stand-up fight; no surprise, no night attack about this. Down comes the Southern fleet with flying colors. We are impatiently awaiting the near approach of the enemy. Our fort and batteries, infantry and fleet, are so situated that each branch aids all the others. Is Gen. Bragg now going to attempt an impossible result which months ago he might have been able to secure—to sweep us into the gulf? 'Tis too late. Are those puffing steamers his armed tugs, and boats laden with troops? Does the distinguished general now hope to roll us into the gulf, when we are so firmly established?—But look! A halt is

evidently signaled. There is a "heave to" all along the line. Now a scattering manœuvre. The boats wheel round and start back for Pensacola. Had they a hostile intent? Were they a scouting or an excursion party? At all events they found us more than prepared to meet any attack, be it in the shape of a bombardment or an attempt at landing. Our long-range guns sent from fleet, fort, and batteries, a few balls ricocheting up the bay after the retiring squadron as a challenge. That was the end of the hubbub.

Your kind remembrances and interesting accounts of affairs in New York reached me to-day in this camp (Lincoln), in which I have for the present taken up my quarters. Accept my heartfelt thanks. Like men in a foreign country, we are eager to read a New York newspaper, no matter what the date, or listen to any story, no matter how improbable, about affairs at home. You can imagine then what a gratification your letter and papers were to us poor fellows "away down in Dixie."

I have the satisfaction of being able to make the complaint that my duties as priest are so urgent and constant, that I have very little time to enjoy or even notice camp incidents and anecdotes; yet I shall try to pick up a few for you in acknowledgment of the budget of news you have sent us.

We have in this command an officer who, with me, is an uncompromising Catholic, but with others, I understand, he is a Protestant, and again with others (what I fear is unfortunately true) he is an infidel. This worthy, it would appear, made during Mass some remarks and gestures very disrespectful to the holy sacrifice, and insulting to the faith of the Catholic soldiers. Those who witnessed his conduct made a very bitter complaint to me against him, cautioning me, however, to say nothing to him; for some of the boys were going to give him a lesson which he would not be likely to forget. When about to remonstrate I was interrupted by a "Don't say a word, Father. We shan't harm him in the least." I was told not to be alarmed, should I hear any disturbance in the obnoxious officer's quarters, which just then were not far from mine. In the course of the night I did hear something of a bustle or fuss, but it was only for a moment. In the morning I was informed of what had been done. Some of the lads, having come to an understanding with the neighboring sentries, without whose connivance the success of the scheme would be impossible, entered the infidel's tent at the dead hour of night, with drawn swords, and told him to be quiet and no harm would come to him. They informed him that he must accompany

them beyond the limits of the camp. They cautioned him against offering any resistance, for if he did they would for their own safety have to take his life. Then, still holding their drawn swords pointed at vital parts, they reminded him of the great offense he had given them, and announced the punishment they were about to inflict on him. They insisted on his accompanying them to the water's edge, and there, in the presence of the waves of the gulf, promising never to repeat his insulting conduct. Then these self-constituted defenders of the faith started off with their prisoner, passed the sentries, who, as previously arranged, did not notice them, and soon reached the roaring surf into which they threw the scoffer of religion. Drawing him out softly they said to him: "Lieutenant, we shall not drown you this time, but if you do not hereafter behave as you should during the holy sacrifice of the Mass, we shall most certainly cast you into the gulf as food for the fishes: Take what we have done as an earnest of our determination to allow no scoffing at holy things."

Indignant and mortified at the treatment he had just received from unauthorized common soldiers, the scoffer began to threaten his tormentors with the dire vengeance of the rigid exactor of respect to authority, Col. Brown. Fully appreciating their own position, and provoked by the threat, the vigilance committee again seized him, with what appeared to be a decided intention of drowning him, and thus removing all fear of his disclosures. The penitent officer then humbly begged to have his life spared, promised all that was required of him, and was allowed to return unaccompanied to his quarters. Reaching the sentinel whose post he had to pass, he was halted, and under pain of being reported to headquarters for being absent from camp, was constrained to give an account of himself. The humbled derider of Catholic belief told his tale, and requested to be passed in quietly. "For if this should become public," said he, "I should have to resign in disgrace." Such is the history of the incident as it was related to me next morning; and I believe it, because I received it from different sources. The hero of the scene has never divulged the secret, though I think it is generally known. The soldiers certainly wish to have it clearly understood that no disrespect to our Lord in the Holy Eucharist will be tolerated.

A splendid bloodhound whose name was given to us as Manassas, was sent to us some time ago from Pensacola by Gen. Bragg's soldiers, as a dauntless bearer of startling news. The dog safely reached us with his despatches, and soon became a great favorite with the boys. Manassas' master

was with those who made the attack on our camp on Oct. 9th, and was found among the slain, with the faithful hound which had recognized him, licking the hands and face of the corpse. The brute seemed inconsolable for the loss of his master whom he loved so steadily. Receiving no mark of recognition from his lifeless owner, he would run to those within sight, howl piteously into their faces, grab them by the clothing, and again dart off to the corpse, around which he would violently scrape the sand, and into whose face he would bark, as if he wished to awake it into life. This astonishing attachment to his old friend made Manassas wonderfully dear to his new acquaintances. He met, however, with a tragic and inglorious death at the hands of a sentinel, who, mistaking him, as he says, for a prowling spy, challenged him, and receiving no answer, fired, and killed the universal favorite. The sentry's account of the case was not generally credited. For, though it was well known that Manassas made regular visits to the picket-line, all who have been posted on that line assure us that he never skulked about the beat, but boldly presented himself to the man on guard, from whom he was sure of receiving a friendly welcome. A report has become noised about that the sentry killed the dog to spite the commander, who was a great admirer of the bloodhound, and who, a short time previous, had given the guard a sharp reprimand for some neglect of duty. So intense was the indignation of the boys at what they termed the "assassination" of the dog, that those in authority became alarmed lest some evil should befall the unlucky sentry. Aware himself of the wide-spread feeling of hostility towards him, and hearing on every side unmistakable mutterings of revenge, the unhappy destroyer of Manassas' life became so terrified that he applied for the favor of being placed on board one of the vessels anchored off the island. The poor fellow has now disappeared; we suppose his request has been quietly granted. Nothing is said about him.

Whilst the regiment was being organized on Staten Island, some Protestant ministers were enlisted as private soldiers. Two of these gentlemen have been on the point of getting an official into very serious trouble. They made a formal complaint to the commander that they had been entrapped into the service. A rigid enquiry into the affair was ordered. The defendant said: "I invited these, as I did the other men of the regiment, to enlist. I handed them the formula issued by the government for that purpose, and printed in large type, and they signed it. I presume they were able to read and did read it. They were mustered into the regi-

ment as the others composing that body of soldiers." "But did you not induce them to enlist by promising them positions or offices which it was not in your power to grant?" asked the board. "I promised to recommend them for the first vacancy, if I should find them competent" was the answer. It was declared by the board that no case was made out against the accused. One of these gentlemen, however, was taken out of the ranks, and detailed to do clerk's work in the adjutant's office. The other was directed to continue to perform in the ranks the duties of a good soldier. The former, of course, was quite pleased with the change, but the latter took the decision of the referees so much to heart, that he began to manifest signs of mental derangement. Some, especially members of his own company, maintained that his "eccentric ways were all feigned. The colonel, however, ordered him to be released from all military duties till he could have him examined by competent authority. Profiting by the free time thus given to him, he amassed a considerable sum of money. He set up a laundry establishment which was well patronized, for it was the only institution of the kind within reach, and welcomed by officers and men. But this flourishing business did not give him sufficient occupation. He soon enlarged his field of action by reassuming the role of preacher, which he had laid aside to shoulder a musket. Announcing himself as a minister of the gospel to the boys, from whom he was receiving no small amount of annoyance, he valiantly undertook to convert them. About this time, the transport *McClellan* brought down here a cargo of beeves—for the use of the command—the first and only instalment of fresh meat we have thus far received. As each steer was slaughtered, our zealous apostle gathered up the entrails, cleaned them, cooked them, and distributed them to his converts. But, as soon as the repast was over, the converts lost the faith and had to be converted by another mess.

One day, whilst the preacher was busily engaged in preparing a banquet of tripes for his backsliding followers, a soldier arrived in great haste, and informed him that a large ox had just been slaughtered within the fort, and that, unless he hurried and secured the precious entrails, they would, to the great detriment of souls, be cast to the fishes. "But how leave this pot? The contents are nearly cooked." "Well, if you wish," said the obliging soldier, "I shall attend to things in your absence." Entrusting the caldron and its seething contents to the soldier, the minister hoisted an empty barrel on his shoulder, and started for Pickens. As soon as he was outside the camp, the lads emptied the well-

filled caldron, and replaced the contents by a generous quantity of pieces of exploded shells, bits of wood, old nails, etc.

In due time the zealous minister of the gospel returned, with a good supply of his favorite means of saving souls, and asked, "How are the tripes?" "How are the tripes!" repeated the one left in charge, "I don't know what has happened to them. They have become so heavy and hard that I cannot stir them." "Hand me the stick" said the minister. Then giving a vigorous twist of the staff, and on examination finding a queer mixture of obstacles, he asks: "What are all these? Iron and sticks and bricks and nails—what is it?" No information could be given. "Has the priest passed this way?" "He has." "Did he put his hand over the pot?" "He did." "That settles it. 'Tis well he did not put the devil into it. Beware of him. He'll turn you all into goats or devils, if you are not on your guard. But I'll fix him this time." Starting off for the general's quarters, where I happened to be at the time, the zealous preacher, of whose peculiar fondness for tripes and the end for which he gathered them I had not heard, pushed onwards, muttering as he went, "The priest changed my tripes into stones and wood and iron," till he was halted by a sentinel in front of the general's tent. "I want to pass, I want to pass," he repeated. "Who is that fellow, sentry?" asked the commander, "What do you want?" "The priest has ruined me;" shouted the minister, "he has changed my tripes into bricks and iron, and he would change myself into a goat or a devil if he dared." The crowd who had followed him yelled unmercifully at the poor creature, who only exclaimed, "Oh, so many souls perishing for want of tripes!" "Father, what does all this mean?" asked the general. I could give no explanation; it was all a mystery to me. "What is the matter with you, my man?" says the general kindly. But the poor monomaniac, in answer to all questions, repeats his complaint, "The priest changed my tripes into bricks and iron." "The priest changed your tripes into bricks and iron! Are you sick, my good fellow? Are you suffering from colic?" The crowd around gathered closer to him. Some of them led him off to his quarters, and others remained to give us the story as related above. This last outbreak decided the poor fellow's case; for it removed from the minds of the authorities all doubt as to his soundness of mind. His discharge papers were immediately made out, and he was sent home.

A rather amusing incident, resulting apparently in the mortification of old Col. Brown, but raising him high in the

estimation of the command, occurred here a short time ago. Allow me to relate it. Being informed that officers remained out of the fort and out of their camps till a very late hour at night, visiting other camps or on board men-of-war, and being aware, as an old soldier, of the inconvenience, if not positive evil consequences, that would result from such a lack of regularity, especially in the presence of a watchful, brave, and dashing enemy, Col. Brown took immediate and strict measures for correcting this abuse. He ordered officers to be in their respective camps at 9 P. M., and any officer returning to camp after that hour was to be halted by the sentinel till the officer of the guard should come to admit him. The colonel, however, punctual observer of etiquette, fearing lest his order should be misconstrued by the officers of the fleet, went out in the afternoon in his guard-boat to the man-of-war *Mississippi*, to explain the reasons of his strictures on the recent prolonged visits of his officers. The colonel's stay with the genial and hospitable commander of the *Mississippi* was very much protracted, and when the courteous but strict disciplinarian returned to shore—it was after 9 P. M. Coming up the pathway from the beach to the fort, he found himself face to face with Post No. 6, whose sentry, true to his instructions, "challenged" the stranger with the words, "Halt! who goes there?"

"Officer of the Post."

"Halt, Officer of the Post, till the officer of the guard pass you in."

"But I am the colonel commanding the department."

"Halt! No officer can pass a post after 9 o'clock without the permission of the officer of the guard."

"I'll pass. The order does not apply to me. You know who I am."

Klick-klick went the sentry's rifle-trigger, and solemnly came the words, "Another step and you are a dead man. On post I know nobody. I must obey my instructions." The sentry's tone of voice left no doubt in the mind of the belated colonel that a rifle-ball would bring him to a halt if he made another step.

"Well, sentry, we shall see about this later. In the meantime, carry out your instructions."

Thereupon the fearless sentry lustily cried out, "Officer of the guard! Post No. 6!" The words were readily transmitted from sentinel to sentinel till they reached guard headquarters, when the officer in command hastily proceeded to the designated location, where he found the commander of the department held under the rifle of a common soldier.

The officer, making many apologies for the blunder of the guard, passed in the colonel, who offered neither thanks nor excuses to sentinel or officer.

When relieved from duty in the morning, the poor sentinel came to see me, gave me the account just related, and expressed his fear of some severe punishment. "For the colonel was evidently angry," he said, "and seemed to be offended at my conduct." I told him that I could see no reason why any fault could be found with him, that I thought his conduct worthy of all praise, and that doubtless the colonel fully appreciated the manner in which he performed his duty. In due time, when the adjutant brought the "morning report" to the commandant, the venerable colonel enquired the name of the officer of the guard just relieved, and that of the sentinel stationed at Post No. 6 about ten o'clock the previous evening. On learning their names, he ordered both into his presence. The officer, remembering his humble apology to the belated commander, came in buoyant spirits to the office; but the poor soldier, aware of the colonel's scrupulous observance of etiquette towards all, and especially towards himself, came with a heavy heart. As was generally the case when something unusual was expected, a large number of soldiers and officers collected on this occasion in the neighborhood of the office, to witness the solution of the present difficulty.

"You are the officer who apologized to me last night for the sentry's conduct in halting me, in obedience to orders issued from these headquarters, and delivered to him by you?"

"I am."

"Sentry, were you stationed at Post No. 6, about ten o'clock last evening?"

"I was."

"Did you not know me?"

"I did."

"Then why did you not allow me quietly to pass?"

"Because my orders were to pass no officer after nine o'clock, except through the officer of the guard."

"Did you not tell me that when on post you knew nobody?"

"I did. The instructions given to me whilst being trained in guard-duty, and often repeated by Col. Harvie Brown, were:—to recognize no one on post after the countersign had been given."

"Well done, sentry," said the colonel, after a short pause, "I take you out of the ranks to-day, and give you a sergeant's stripes. You have performed your duty well, intel-

ligerly, and fearlessly. You have given your officer a good lesson, which I hope he will not forget. If I find you capable, I shall recommend you to the War Department for something higher. As to you," addressing the officer, "I have to say nothing more than what you have just heard." Three rousing cheers were given by the crowd of soldiers for the colonel and the newly appointed sergeant.

In order to retrieve the prestige which they had lost amongst their own on October the 9th, the enemy made frequent and determined attempts, during several weeks following that memorable day, to effect a landing on our island. These assaults proved to us the absolute necessity of multiplying our posts, and doubling our sentries, if we wished to repel our aggressors successfully. But the serious question with us was: how, with the comparatively few men at our disposal, can we find the number requisite for extended guard and picket-duty, and keep a little reserve in camp. Accidents and sickness, by diminishing the number of those fit for duty, daily increased our embarrassment. Finally, the want of men became so great, that, as a last resort, till the arrival of re-enforcements, it was decided to empty the camp of able-bodied men, and assign two men to each post continuously — two hours on, two hours off. The same soldiers would thus be sentinels every day and night. This is considered great hardship in military life. For, after twenty-four hours on post, a man requires a full day, with the exception of light work about camp, to rest, and brush up himself, his arms, etc. Officers and soldiers complained; yet it was evident to all, that, for the present, nothing could be done to diminish the hardships of those who had to mount guard. Not a post could be suppressed. On the contrary, there was every reason, if at all possible, to station extra sentinels at threatened and exposed points.

One of the poor sentinels thus sorely tried, Percy, a Canadian, overcome by excessive fatigue, after having spent forty hours at his post, with "two hours on, two hours off" relief, sat down and was soon fast asleep. The watchful officer of the picket (for Percy was on that line, which made his case more serious), making his rounds, found the man on whose wariness so much depended, stretched out on the ground, oblivious of all danger to himself and others. Aroused from his slumbers, the terrified sentry could only say, "I couldn't help it." Still, to sleep on post is an offence always seriously punished, but in time of war punishable with death. The sentry was relieved and placed under arrest. All, of course, knew that he was blameless—his sleeping was involuntary. Yet, discipline must be main-

tained; others must be deterred from yielding to the temptation. After some days' detention, the prisoner, without being informed that he was excused or pardoned, was "returned to duty," and in a short time found himself again stationed on the picket-line. Believing that he had not been pardoned, and that he was only awaiting sentence of death, and seeing safety for himself only within the enemy's lines, to which there was, as far as he could know, a clear, unobstructed way, Percy abandoned his post, and started down the island, on whose northern shore he had hoped to find some means of getting beyond the reach of Uncle Sam's powerful arm. He was soon missed; and soldiers, mounted on mettlesome mules, were sent in hot pursuit. He was overtaken just as he was entering one of those swampy growths east of us, the haunt of alligators and large and venomous reptiles. Taken back to camp, the poor fellow, who had the sympathy of all, men and officers, felt that he had no right to expect mercy. He was clearly guilty, he said, of two great faults—sleeping on post and desertion. The authorities, however, blamed themselves; for they admitted that they should have informed the man, before returning him to duty, that no further notice would be taken of his having slept at his post. To save discipline, it was decided that an order explaining to the command the extenuating circumstances of the sentry's case should be immediately issued, and that without punishment he should be returned to duty. In the meantime, *pro forma*, he was placed under arrest till the order exonerating him should be made out. As there was no guard-house in which he could be detained, he was ordered to take his position at the extremity of the camp on the white sand, and a guard was assigned to keep watch over him till morning, when the order should be read.

During the night a violent thunder storm, accompanied by furious rain and wind, suddenly broke over the island and gulf. The darkness was utterly impenetrable, except when the vivid flashes of lightning illumined the surroundings, leaving, however, the intervals still darker. The thunder was a forcible representation of the almighty power of the God of battles. Notwithstanding the fury of the storm, the faithful sentinel continued to pace up and down near his prisoner, or near the place where he had last seen him, till the "new relief" came, when, with his "orders," he "turned over" to his successor on post the captured deserter who had been entrusted to him. But the captive was not there! "Sentry, where is your prisoner?" asked the sergeant of the relief. "Well

—ah—yes! That man! He is not here. He is not a man. He is a devil. The whole command should rejoice that he has left us. During one of those terrific flashes of lightning, the ground opened, and down he went to hell." Such was the guard's explanation of the disappearance of the man entrusted to his special custody.

Next morning this strange story was duly reported to the commander-in-chief. This gentleman fixed his spectacles, read and reread the wonderful account of the prisoner's escape, and impatiently ordered to his presence the officer of the guard, who could only say that it was the statement of the sentinel who had charge of the prisoner. The sentry, when called to the general's quarters, persisted, to the total bewilderment of the command, in his first assertion. He maintained that by no means could he be held responsible for the escape of a spirit. Indeed it was a blessing, he continued, that the fiend was out of the camp—he had been there too long. But, unfortunately for our wonderful sentry, a deserter from the other side, a few days after this extraordinary adventure with the evil one, brought the information that, the day after the terrific storm had swept over our island, a man named Percy, claiming to have deserted from us, arrived in Bragg's army, and was found to be such an intelligent, well-drilled soldier, that he was appointed sergeant. On the strength of this report, the doughty sentinel was again ordered to appear at headquarters. "There is no discrepancy between my statement and that of the deserter," said our invincible guard; "Percy, or the evil spirit, went down into the ground here, and issued from it into Bragg's camp, the very place he ought to be."

The whole case had to be dropped. Some were of opinion that a sentry who officially made such a wild report should be dismissed from the service. Others, on the contrary, said that a man of such ingenious expedients should by all means be retained, and judiciously be entrusted with matters appertaining to the secret service. He should, many thought, be appointed a spy or a scout. But what is that? a deafening explosion in or near the fort. I must hurry to the scene; poor soldiers!

Adieu. Pray for us. Sincere regards to the family.

Yours in Christ,

MICHAEL NASH, S. J.

ALASKA.

DIARY OF A TRIP TO THE COAST.

Fr. Tosi to Rev. Fr. Cataldo.

(¹) COSIOREFSKY, May 20, 1889.

DEAR FR. SUPERIOR,

To give you a full account of my trip to the coast, of the villages visited, and the number of Indians in each, I shall copy for you part of my diary of the trip.

March 1. I set out at 9 A. M. with an Indian and a half-breed. The latter was a brother of a Russian deacon. This half-breed was going to Kuskoquim, when he got sick and was brought here in February half dead. He certainly would have died if left without assistance for ten hours more. When starting, he promised to give me the greatest assistance on my trip, and to allow me the use of his dogs. My baggage consisted of a sack of dry bread, some dried fish, coffee, and tea, some extra clothing (in case we could not be sheltered at night) and a sled nine feet long and a foot and a half wide drawn by six dogs. These were all the dogs I could find here, but I hoped to get more on the way. The road was very bad, the snow being about three feet deep. On the first day we made only eight miles, walking on snowshoes. The dogs were sometimes buried under the snow, and in many places we had to go ahead to make a road for them, thus making our journey about three times longer. Finally we arrived at the first barrabora, (²) or underground hut, where we passed the night. In this house were two women, three men, and three children, all very kind and hospitable.

March 2. Started at 6 A. M. Windy, and very bad for travelling. The road no better than yesterday. At 10 o'clock

(¹) Spelled also *Kosorijfsky* and (in the Catholic Directory) *Kasarofski*. On the map it is *Kozyrof*.

(²) The Russian term for the Inuit winter houses or *tópeks*. The word *yourt* is frequently used to express the same idea, but a true *yourt* differs in many respects from a *topek*. It is perhaps derived from a Russian word which means a pigsty, or a confused, disordered heap. — *Alaska and its Resources*, Dall.

it was so dark that we could not see our leader, and several times we lost our way. At 11, we made tea and gave the dogs a rest. As we were near a dangerous place, we tried to keep as close together as possible. Soon we were on the clear ice, the wind blowing a gale. As there was no ice in the middle of the river, we were afraid that the wind would blow us thither, so we made our dogs go as fast as possible; but sometimes the wind was so strong that dogs and sled were carried hither and thither. After travelling about three miles, we were in deep snow again, and making about two miles an hour. At 3 P. M. we again met clear ice; no danger of open places, but the same difficulty to keep our way, on account of the wind, which was now blowing us in the opposite direction. My sled was nearly in the middle of the river, going sideways, sometimes ahead of the dogs, and my Indian could not follow me. I did my best to keep the sled balanced and let the wind blow us ahead. Fortunately a big stump was not far ahead, so I urged the dogs towards it, and there we got entangled and I waited for my Indian. Luckily the harness did not break, but the sudden stop threw the poor dogs flat on the ice, where they lay as if dead. After a few minutes I sent the Indian ahead, running and skating, towards the river-bank, and when he had a good lead, I started the dogs again. Seeing the Indian going towards the Paimut village, the dogs dashed after him at full speed, and as the wind was in our favor we soon left the Indian behind; for I was going too fast to let him jump on the sled. We received a hearty welcome from the Paimut Indians. Their language is different from that spoken at Nulato and Cosiorefsky. It is the Mahlemut language, which is spoken all along the coast from Nushergak Bay up to Kotzebue Sound, and with only a few different dialects. These Indians are all baptized by the Russian priests, but there is not a single marriage blessed. The village is only twenty-two miles from our residence. While there, we lodged in the casine, ⁽¹⁾ a large underground house where all the men sleep, work, eat, etc. They make a fire only twice a day, yet in the coldest weather it is very warm. The entrance is a kind of funnel, about three feet square and about ten or fifteen feet deep, with a trap-door leading into the middle of the room. Around the walls are generally two rows of bunks, where they sleep, squat, eat, etc. I slept

⁽¹⁾ Casine or Kasine.—Derived perhaps from *casino*, an assembly room, or from *casármer*, a barrack. It is used by the Russians to denote the dance-houses of native villages, which the Innuít call Kaguskéemi (or *Kagi* at Davis's Strait). Richardson says that it is an Innuít word; but the Innuít of Norton Sound do not use it or recognize it as other than a Russian word. *Kazóne* is the Russian for a cabin.—*Dall*.

on one of these bunks, but afterwards I regretted it, for I was covered with vermin. Afterwards I slept in the middle, near the trap-door, where I had better air and less company. This village numbers in all, I think, about sixty souls. Last winter the Paimut came frequently to our church, but as they speak a different language we could do very little with them. They promised several times to bring their children to school. Fr. Robaut has already baptized several of them.

March 3. To-day the thermometer is about ten degrees below zero. At 7 A. M. we started on our journey. The roads were good for a short distance; but more than half of the day we had to use snowshoes. At about 4 P. M. we were at the second village of the Paimut. This village consists of five barraboras and one casine, occupied by about twenty-five Indians. They are baptized, but that is all. Here I found three sick persons, one of whom died after a few days. They have a very poor casine and miserable barraboras. From head to foot they are clothed in fish skins. The wealthiest wear a rabbit skin under the fish skin, with the fur inside. Most of the men, as soon as they are inside, take off nearly all their clothing, and many lie around entirely naked.

March 4. Started at 6 A. M. Bad roads. At noon we arrived at the Russian mission, sixty miles from Cosiorefsky. A trader there, who is the brother of the Russian priest, wanted me to stay with him, but I declined and stopped at the house of John Bouduin, a Canadian and a Catholic. In the evening a deacon, who is a half-breed from Sitka, invited me to go and take supper with the Russian priest, and of course I went. The priest was very kind. He is an Indian from the island of St. Paul, fifty years of age, and tolerably instructed; but he is in the hands of his deacon, who is also his son-in-law. This deacon is about thirty years old, and has all the meanness of the Russians, combined with the weakness of the Indian. Around the mission there are about a dozen houses and, from what I could find out, about fifty or sixty souls. Very few go to church. They have school three times a week, and church services only on Saturday evening and Sunday morning.

March 5. I remained at the mission and prepared to continue my journey next day. Bouduin, the Canadian, offered to go with me. My intention was to cut across to the Kuskoquim and go around the coast to the mouth of the Yukon, but I could not find an extra team of dogs. The half-breed who came down with us, and before starting promised his team, did not keep his promise. It seems that he spoke to the Russian priest about the matter, and to prevent

me from having the team, the priest offered him a good sum of money. When I asked for the team, the half-breed said that he had to go down to Andreaffsky. So I decided to go down the Yukon with him and then go along the coast up to the Kuskoquim.

March 6. On this day we travelled twelve miles, and camped at Malenkykosalesky, the first village, where we found thirty souls, all baptized by the Russians.

March 7. We started from Malenkykosalesky, and stopped for lunch at a small village of two families. At 4 P. M. we arrived at another small village where we camped.

March 8. It rained nearly all day. The roads were very bad and slushy, making it hard to travel with snowshoes. At 10 o'clock we reached an abandoned village, Oklovoi, once a very large settlement of over three hundred souls, but at present containing only a few families. Many died and the others dispersed, settling on both sides of the river. At 5 P. M., after a very hard day's journey, we arrived at Rosbonsky (Razpoinik?). This is the largest village on the Yukon. Some years ago there were over five hundred Indians here, but now I should think there are not more than three hundred. I found several families belonging to Rosbonsky on the coast north of Cape Romanzoff. They had left Rosbonsky on account of the scarcity of food. These Indians are not all baptized. It seems that the Russian priest never took any care of them. They are nice people and in a nice place. Last winter, the Russian priest put up a large post here with the inscription: "This land is for the Russian mission." But there is no house and no church. Even over the graves there is not a cross to be seen. I regret very much that I cannot send a father there. The Russian priest expects his bishop with ten monks from San Francisco. After they come it will be too late for us to begin; whereas it would be very easy now as they don't like the Russians; but once they take the place our time would be wasted there. Last autumn, when the sisters passed that way, the Indians brought them presents, and besought them to remain there and teach school, but that was impossible at the time. Here there are two large casines about 40 feet square, in one of which we spent the night. The Indians brought us also presents of food of all kinds. This is a custom with all the Indians of Alaska. As soon as a stranger comes to a village, the casine or the best barrabara is offered to him, and food is given him in abundance. While we were eating, some one announced that the Russian priest and his deacon were coming. That did not surprise me, as I suspected that they would try to find out where I

was going and why I was travelling in that direction. They came into the same casine with us, and there we passed a pleasant time, taking our meals together; but I noticed that they were not much at home in that village and that the Indians did not show much friendship towards them.

March 9. It was raining nearly all day. I expected to see the priest and deacon busy instructing the Indians, but I found that they loitered around all day chatting together, and their talk was not edifying either, particularly that of the deacon. The few who are baptized know no prayers, except the Sign of the Cross. I did not have much to say to the Indians, as I was obliged to make use of a Russian interpreter, and he was unwilling to speak about religion. I visited the sick, however, and gave them some medicine. One of the women was very sick and I saw that she could not live long; as she had been baptized by the Russian priest long before, I told him that she was going to die soon. He went to see her, and asked how she was, but that was all. She died a few days afterwards without confession. All the religion of the Russians consists in being baptized and having a cross erected. The priest and deacon don't bother themselves much about instructing or preaching, and are altogether opposed to schools. They receive from the Russian church \$1500 a year, and they take their ease as much as they can.

March 10. We started early in the morning for Andreaffsky. The weather was rather cold and windy, and the road for twenty miles not very good. At 11 A. M. we arrived at a village of five barraboras and one casine, where we took dinner. Near this village is what seems to be the old bed, or one of the mouths, of the Yukon. It is a slough starting from a bend of the river and running to Cape Vancouver, over 250 miles south of the present south fork. A boat can go from the Yukon down to Cape Vancouver, and to the Kusinuk villages on the coast, without going all around the coast from the mouth of the Yukon; and in the winter this would be a splendid road on the ice.⁽¹⁾ We set out again after our lunch and, at 6 P. M., arrived at Andreaffsky, sixty miles from Rosbonsky. We had a splendid road, nearly all clear ice; so we had a pleasant ride. We were welcomed by Mr. Newman, the agent at St. Michael's, who was spending the winter there, and who invited me to stay

(1) On a map before us appears something corresponding to the slough here described; but it starts from a bend of the Yukon, between Razpoinik (Rosbonsky?) and Andreaffsky, to *Kashunok* (Kusinuk?); which is midway between Cape Vancouver and Cape Romanzoff. Is this what Fr. Tosi refers to?—ED.

with him. The Russian priest stopped with a half-breed, but came to take dinner with us.

March 11. The Russian priest went ten miles down the river to a small village and put up a stake with an inscription similar to the one at Rosbonsky. To-day Mr. Newman decided to go up to Cosiorefsky to see his little girl and the sisters. The Russian priest with his train proposed to go back too. For when the deacon heard that Mr. Newman was going up, he informed the priest, and both told the half-breed to offer his team to Newman, so as to prevent me from using the team, and thus oblige me to return. When I knew of this, I asked Mr. Newman if he could let me have a team and a sled for a month. He said that I could have a sled and harness, but he had no dogs, and that the half-breed had offered him his team to go to Cosiorefsky. I told him that I would not prevent him from going there, as I was the first that suggested the trip to him, but I hinted that there was a trick in it. That was enough for him. He questioned Bouduin, the Canadian, who explained to him all that was going on between the Russians and the half-breed. After a while Newman asked me what I was going to charge the half-breed for taking care of him during his sickness. I said I would charge him nothing if he would only keep his promise. He said that I must charge him \$200, that the Company would pay it, and make the half-breed work. I said that I did not care for the \$200 so much as being obliged to go back. "All right," said he, "you shall have a team and all that you need for your trip; and I will go up to Cosiorefsky too, and we must have dogs." Then he gave orders to find all the good dogs in the place, and told me to select those I wanted and he would take the rest. Thus the plans of the Russian priest were thwarted.

March 12. The morning was spent in preparing our sleds, provisions, etc. I visited several sick persons and did what I could for them. At Andreaffsky there are only a few half-breeds, all employed by the Company. There are a few small villages in the neighborhood, nearly all without any religion. The trader here is a half-breed from Nushikok (Nushergak?), who now and then goes down to the coast to trade with the natives.

March 13. We could not start to-day, because we lost our dogs. We found them again in the evening.

March 14. We started at 7 A. M., crossed the Yukon, and then took a south-west course straight for Cape Vancouver. The snow on the prairies was three or four feet deep, but frozen hard, making a good road. We crossed two branches of the Askinuk River (one is that slough coming from the

Yukon already referred to), and further on we came to a bend of the same river about twenty-five miles from the Yukon. On the opposite side we found a village, Chiokgu-agtalikh, of two barraboras, containing twenty-eight souls, none of them baptized, and all very simple people. Here we encamped, and the poor Indians treated us very kindly, feeding our men and dogs. They cooked some fish for us, but they themselves eat it frozen, mixed with seal oil. We gave them in return some tea and a small piece of bread.

March 15. At 8 A. M. we left our camp and started off to the south-west, and after crossing many lakes and small rivers and passing four summer villages, we arrived at Kugatmit. This village is on the south side of a large lake, eight miles wide and twenty-five miles long. No more woodland to be seen; all flat country, swamps, lakes, and lowlands. Kugatmit is a nice village, but all underground; only a few mound-like elevations break the level stretch, and these are the barraboras. I counted about thirty persons there, all very healthy and all favorably disposed. They offered us different kinds of frozen fish, which I tried for the first time. In the beginning I did not like it, but hunger made a good sauce and I tried to make a good meal. We had no means of cooking it, though we managed to boil tea, with fish-oil for fuel. We found here quite a large burying-ground, but not a sign of Christianity. Towards evening it became very cold, but we had a nice casine which was warm enough though there was no fire in it.

March 16. Started at 7 A. M. Very cold and windy, but the snow was too hard to be drifted, so we could travel without danger. All flat country, broken only by five bluffs—extinct volcanoes—on our right, two others on our left, and one in the middle of a lake. This lake is over forty miles long by fifteen wide. On the south side of it is Akutogpigomit, a small village of twenty-two persons. Here we encamped, as it was very cold and we had not time to reach the next village. We passed one rather large village on our left, fifteen miles from this.

March 17. We started at six o'clock, stopped at some fish traps to feed our dogs, and passing between two bluffs, reached a small village of two barraboras about 9 A. M. The men were away looking after their traps, and we saw only a few women and children. Here we took some tea, and continued our journey, reaching the Kuialavigamik village at 1 P. M. There I saw two large casines and several barraboras. I think that the number of people must be a hundred and seventy at least. They are very good people, but none baptized except a few old ones. These Indians go to

the coast, to Cape Vancouver, in the spring and stay there till late in the year. They have plenty of food. Their clothing is fur-seal skin, and for parkies⁽¹⁾ the skin of the Emperor goose or other fowl. In the spring and summer they have all the meat and eggs they want. Here we were treated to frozen ducks and geese. They catch the birds with nets, such as they use for fish. Their village is on the bank of an inlet of the sea that cuts off Cape Vancouver, which is on Nelson Island. Around the bend of this inlet there is also another village, Chugoktologomut, about seventy-five miles from Kuialavigamik, and another on the other side, Kululagomut, quite a large village. I was not able to reach it, but they told me that it contained about one hundred and fifty Indians. All the Indians around here are very peaceable and simple, more so than any other tribe I have met. I wonder if nothing can be done for them. To stay with them at present is impossible, because I have no provisions, and besides, my companions want to get back by the beginning of April.

March 18. At 6 A. M. we left the camp and continued our road to the south-west. At 10 o'clock we arrived at Inkogomut, a small village on the coast, where a half-breed has a store. He received us very kindly, and we were welcomed by his family and the few Indians living there.

March 19. We rested and gave a rest to our dogs. From here we could see distinctly Nunivak Island, an island off the main coast, seventy-five miles long by thirty or forty wide. It is sixty miles from here. The trader here, who goes there every year, says that in from eight to ten hours, when the weather is good, he can go there in a bidarka, or skin-boat. In the winter it is possible to go a long distance on the ice, but generally the ice is broken, as the tide rises too high to keep it solid. The Indians there have never been visited by ministers or priests, and are very good and simple people. There are six villages on the island. The first and largest, numbering about two hundred, is Tachigogomut, on the point opposite Cape Vancouver. The others are: on the north side of the island, Chikogalagomut, one hundred souls; on the west side Nikuvoiagomut, one hundred and twenty-five souls; on the east side Kigogomut, seventy-five souls; on the south side Chligagomut, ninety souls. Near the big village, Tachigogomut, there are over a hundred souls. All these Indians speak the

⁽¹⁾ Parka.—Plural *parki*, usually rendered, in English, *parkies*. A Russian word, meaning an upper garment of skin or fur, with a hood, and not open in front. They are used, with various modifications, by almost all northern nations.—*Dall*.

language of the coast, if you except a few proper names and a little difference in pronunciation. If there are any villages in the interior of the island, the traders do not know of them. It is likely that there are none, for there is no wood except along the coast, where they find drift-wood from the Kuskoquim and the Yukon.

March 20. To-day we intended to go to the other side of Cape Vancouver to see a large village, a good place for a residence, to visit two small villages on the way, and come back here again to-morrow; but when we got up we saw that it was too stormy to start, so we had to wait another day. In this low and open country it is dangerous to travel when it is snowing, or when a strong wind is blowing, especially if you have no Indian to accompany you. They know the country very well, but a stranger has little chance when the weather is bad. Laska, the trader, told me to-day that the Russian priest told an Indian last autumn to put up a stake with the usual inscription at the place I wanted to visit. I asked if the priest ever went there to see the Indians. They told me that he came only once, about thirty years ago, when he was a deacon, and that before him a Russian priest had stopped on his way from Nushergak; and that was all they knew about priest or religion. I heard, when in St. Michael's, that the Russian bishop who is in San Francisco had ordered the priest to secure ten places, put up the stakes, send down papers to have these entered at the land office as stationary missions, and thus claim the land in those places, saying that he would come up this year with ten monks. The Russians have been in Alaska for over fifty years and have done nothing for the Indians, working only for themselves. They want furs and money and wives. The priest of the mission lost his two wives, and to marry a third is against their law; but somehow he has one, and the wife of the deacon is a bishop's daughter. Well, I decided to go up the coast and see some more villages, then go back to Andreaffsky, and from there return, spending on the way a day or two at each village, baptizing the children, and learning as much as possible of the Mahlemut language, with the hope of starting a mission centre, where I could place some one to care for these poor neglected Indians. I asked the trader whether he would help me if I should return, and whether I could stay with him till June. He told me that he would do all he could for me, that I could stay now if I preferred, only now he was short of provisions, but we could send a couple of sleighs to Andreaffsky for more. I told him that I wanted to go

around to the north now, and return in fifteen or twenty days if nothing prevented me.

Here is a list of the villages from Cape Vancouver to Kuskoquim Bay, never visited by any missionaries, and which I intended to visit but could not. (1) Tanunak, in summer time over 250 Indians, in winter 100, 20 miles south. (2) Kalatlagomut, 70 souls, 15 miles further. (3) Fox Village, 80 souls. (4) Nuvogtologomut, 200 souls, 20 miles inland. (5) Tzazagomut. (6) Kenagogagomut, a large village on the coast. (7) Gaiagtzagomut, about 150 souls. (8) Tusogonogomut. (9) Chichinomut. (10) Chaligmut. (11) Anogozogomut, a large village. (12) Maneganagomut, 100 souls. (13) Usnagiogomut. (14) Kolugagavigomut, 150 souls, at the mouth of the Kuskoquim. (15) Kuigapaghgomut, 20 miles up the river. (16) Skinogomut, a large village of 250 souls. Sixteen villages in all from Cape Vancouver to the Kuskoquim, all near the coast. There are some others on the lakes, but they are not very large, and from these all the Indians go down to the coast in the spring for sealing. From what I heard, these Indians are increasing in number, as many are coming up from Nushergak. The distance is less than 200 miles between the two points, Cape Vancouver and the Kuskoquim, following the coast. The number of persons in the different villages was given me by the traders, and when the number is not stated, it is because the two traders did not agree.

March 21. Not being able to go to the other side of the point, and intending to come back here again to stay, we started to-day towards the north-west. At first we followed the coast, but after an hour or so we were on the road. Soon it began to snow, and we lost our direction, and were soon going towards the open sea, the sight of which showed us our mistake. We then turned to the right, and when at 10 A. M. we were looking out for a village, we saw the house from which we started in the morning. Then we had to turn again, and after a few hours we reached Kologomut, a village of about thirty-five persons, and stopped there. These Indians belong to the Kualavigamik tribe.

March 22. At 7 A. M. we left Kologomut, crossing a number of bays and a branch of the Kusinok River, one of the mouths of the river coming from the Yukon.⁽¹⁾ We stopped for lunch, and made tea in an abandoned place which had belonged to a *Shaman*, or Indian doctor, who was killed

⁽¹⁾ On the map before us there are three rivers north of Cape Vancouver crossing Fr. Tosi's path: the Azook, the Manokinak, and the Askinuk. Another, answering Fr. Tosi's description, is not named on the map; it branches before reaching the coast, forming an island on which is a village marked *Kashunok*. Is this Fr. Tosi's Kusinok, or Kusinuk?—ED.

and his body burned last year. The murderer told me that he killed the old doctor because the other doctors told him that his wife was killed by this doctor's treatment. So one day he and his brother summoned the old doctor to visit the brother's wife. When he prepared to go with them in his sled, and was just about to start, the murderer stabbed him, threw the corpse under the doctor's cache,⁽²⁾ and then set fire to the cache, burning everything. This is the fourth doctor killed by the Kusinuk Indians inside of three years. After leaving this place we passed several summer camps, and at 7 P. M. reached Kusinuk village. It was very cold, about twenty-five degrees below zero, and though running after our sleds we could hardly keep warm. But cold as it was, all the Indians came out from their barraboras on our approach, and the sight of three hundred men women and children, all standing on a little hill covered with snow, in the middle of a boundless prairie, was very beautiful. This hill is all hollowed out on the inside, and on all sides are holes for entrances. Two large casines are in the middle, with barraboras all around. I don't think it is over 250 yards in diameter. It is a miserable place for a habitation. On one side is the sea, on another side a large river, and lakes in all directions. All the people, large and small, are clothed in seal skins, with parkies made of the skin of geese or ducks. The women are dressed like the men, but they don't cut their hair as the men do. They are very healthy people, well formed, very fleshy, and, what I never saw amongst other Indians, of very light complexion. The women and children, if dressed as Americans, would surpass many of them in comeliness. This may be said of most of the Indians along the coast. They are very timid and docile, and are grateful for trivial presents. They have all the seal and fish they want, and lead a very happy life. But there is no place to build a house here, and the water is bad, coming only from swamps, as the river water is salt. As far as the eye could reach there was no high ground to be seen. These Indians, however, could be attended from Cape Vancouver, which is only a day's journey along the coast from Askinuk, thirty-five miles north-west of this place. We lodged in one of the casines and had plenty of frozen fish, new seal, white-fish oil, seal oil, etc., all excellent food for this country. But you need an excellent set of teeth; if you are fortunate in that respect you can make a very good meal. It is just the diet for this climate. Sometimes, when I was cold and had no fire to warm

(2) A house for storing provisions.

myself, I ate some frozen fish. For a moment I seemed to feel colder, but after a few minutes all the cold feeling disappeared. When travelling, with the thermometer about forty degrees below zero, this warming food is absolutely necessary. I think these people know very little, if anything, of the Russian religion; for I did not see a single cross in the graveyard, and with the Russians a cross over a grave is as essential as baptism.

March 23. We left Kusinuk about 6 A. M. and following a north-west course arrived at the summer village of the Kusinuk Indians, now deserted. We saw ahead of us the mountains of Cape Romanzoff, a few peaks on the sea coast and a small chain of mountains running inland. Crossing the Askinuk River, and a large bay, we came upon the Askinuk summer village, on a sand-hill upon a little sandy island off the shore, about three miles from the winter village. We were surprised to find the Indians there already. Here the sea was open and they were catching a great number of seal. This village is a very poor one, as it is only for a summer camp. Many had no houses, and a big hole in the deep snow covered with mats was their only shelter. They have two casines here, however, one of them, which formerly was only for the doctors, is pretty good and fitted up in Indian fashion. As the doctors are now beginning to disappear, the casine is for all, and we were invited to a share of it.

March 24. We had to stay here, as the wind was strong and it was snowing. The Indians treated us very kindly, giving us plenty of seal meat and feeding our dogs. These poor animals are getting tired and sickness has started among them. Besides, the salt ice makes their feet very sore, and we had to put shoes on some of them. The Askinuk Indians number upwards of six hundred. Besides these two villages, there are a few up the Askinuk River belonging to the same tribe. Thus we may say that between the two capes there are about one thousand Indians, inside of less than a hundred miles. These could be attended easily. In winter we can go from one point to the other in less than two days, and in summer they can be visited by boat.

March 25. The wind is still blowing so hard that no one dares to go out. It is strong enough to blow a man down, and the snow drifted by the wind is blinding. A woman came to the casine to bring us some food, and when going back she lost the way to her barrabora though it was not a hundred yards off. She ran around for some time, and finally,

despairing of finding the direction, she made a hole in the snow and there passed the night.

March 26. The wind has subsided. The Indian woman who was lost finds out that she passed by her barrabora the night before when only a few yards from it, and the spot where she passed the night was about 200 yards away. At about 8 A. M. we resumed our journey, and after one hour we were at the winter village on a nice hill near the Askinuk River. On the shore I saw an abundance of drift-wood. Back of the village, on a hillside, was a large burying-ground. The coffins were all above ground, raised on posts, and surrounded by all the trinkets of the deceased, such as guns, knives, and figures carved in wood. This village is about eight or ten miles south of Cape Romanzoff. I found here one of those posts put up by order of the Russian priest with the inscription: "This land is for the Russian mission." Yet no Russian priest or deacon ever comes here, and no one can remember ever having seen one. Of course, no one is baptized; they have heard about priests up the Yukon, but that is all they know about religion. This village, or a mile up the river, would be a good place for a mission or a residence. Of course it will be hard to accustom ourselves to the country, but with a little courage and goodwill all difficulties will disappear, considering the great good that can be done for the salvation of these souls. In a few years a couple of fathers could very easily baptize all; for these Indians are not spoiled by intercourse with the whites, and are simple, docile, and free from polygamy; which latter is not the case on the prairies and near the Yukon, owing to the bad example of the traders. On leaving this place we went, up the Askinuk River. The road was very good, but it soon began to snow and we lost our direction several times, thus increasing the distance. We did not stop to make tea, because we knew that some barraboras were in the neighborhood and we wanted to reach them. But the wind blew so hard that the snow blinded us and our dogs; it drifted into our sleeves, down our necks, and under our clothing, where it soon melted, so that when we arrived at the barraboras we were nearly half frozen. We found only one family, the others had all left a few days before for the coast sealing. Poor Indians! They were happy to see us, and gave us frozen fish and seal oil to eat. They even guessed that we desired some warm tea, and as there was no means of boiling it in the hut, two men started a fire outside, and in half an hour brought us the tea. One of the women had a dried deer tongue about ten years old, which she gave me. I tried to eat it but it was too hard for my teeth. Then she

went out and brought in a large white-fish, which she gave me, saying that was the best she had to offer. There we passed a restful night, in a hut not more than eight feet square, and we were thirteen persons, besides Indian traps and our own baggage. I was given the best place, and the others slept, some sitting, some half reclining on the mud walls, and the rest as best they could. Our dogs, as it was very cold, were huddled together at the entrance, blocking it up in such a way, that it was difficult to go out without stepping on them, for they would not move. Counting the Indians' dogs of the three sleighs that were following us, there were thirty-one in all. Towards morning the heat began to melt the top of the hut, and the water and mud began to fall down on us.

March 27. When we went out in the morning we found that our clothing was quite dry again, and fortunately the day was rather mild, as it was snowing, so there was no danger of being frozen. Besides, we had to travel only ten or twelve miles to the next village, Magonovilingomut. We started therefore from Akulogogomut under the direction of an Indian guide from this last village. We always took a guide from village to village. Occasionally we caught a glimpse of the Romanzoff bluffs to our left, but we could not get a clear view, as it snowed continually. At about 10 o'clock we saw two large rocks on the opposite side, and after 12 we again saw two rocks ahead of us. Then our Indian halted, saying that he was lost and did not know where to go. We waited for the Indians who were following us and they held a consultation and agreed that the two rocks were the same as we had seen before, and that the village was north of them. Then with the aid of a compass we put ourselves in the right direction, and in twenty minutes the dogs brought us to a barrabora belonging to two brothers. There we took our dinner. There were only eight persons there. At 2 P. M. we reached Magonovilingomut, at the foot of a mountain and on the banks of the Askinuk River. These Indians belong to the Askinuk tribe and number about forty-five. They have plenty of provisions but no wood. To get wood for their use they have to go thirty or forty miles to the sea coast. Last winter they burned all the wood of their casine, so we had a very poor place to halt. I counted fifteen children to be baptized when I come back here.

March 28. The wind was blowing too hard to cross the mountain, so we couldn't start this morning. I proposed to baptize the children, and the women gave their consent; but as the men were not home, and I did not wish to do it with-

out their knowledge, I postponed it. At 11 A. M. we thought that we could get over the mountain, so we left Mogonovilingomut and crossed the river. The ascent of the mountain was easy, but before I went to the top my companions went up to explore. For the snow, at times, is covered with a crust of hard ice, and then the descent is very dangerous both for men and dogs. On this occasion the snow was not too hard, so we had no need of taking off the dogs; and when the men from the top gave me the signal to start the dogs and sleds, I did so, but I had considerable trouble with the dogs before I reached the top. When I did get there the others were about a mile ahead. My dogs started, I jumped on the sled, and before the others were at the end of the hill I came up with them. My dogs became intractable, and my sled caught one of the others, upsetting it, throwing the man out, and entangling all his dogs. Then the dogs of another sled became entangled with his in such a way that they began to fight. Thus I left them, as my dogs would not stop until I reached Kutmut. When my companions arrived they told me that they had some trouble to disentangle the dogs, but the man was not hurt. The Indians on the north side of Cape Romanzoff seem little different from those on the south side. On the north side, towards the mouths of the Yukon, there is no large village, only a few small ones of from twenty to forty souls each, except three that number about one hundred. These villages are very close together, and are situated on lakes or rivers, and in summer all their inhabitants go to the coast. Kutmut numbers only about forty persons, four barraboras, and one nice casine. The Indians are all, of course, without religion. I saw there the oldest inhabitant; he remembers the first Russians who came to the Yukon and to places on the coast. He must be nearly a hundred years old.

March 29. From Kutmut we went in two hours to Akulagogomut, where we found three barraboras, one casine, and twenty-seven Indians. Going thence towards the sea coast, we passed a large summer village with a large graveyard, but there was nobody present. Passing on, we soon reached a barrabora of one family; and continuing towards the north, at 1 P. M. we reached Paimut. This was once a large village, but now there are only a few families. Here the head man is a very important personage, and he is the only man who has three wives. I saw three nice children of his oldest wife. I told the half-breed trader, who was a bigoted Russian, to ask this Indian if he would let me baptize the three children. The trader said that he would

never let his children be baptized, as he was a man well known for badness. I told him not to mind that, and that the Russian priest would not scold him for having been my interpreter with such a bad man. "All right," said he, and turning to the Indian, he said, "The father wants to baptize these three children if you consent." The Indian reflected for a moment and then said, "I am a bad man, and yet I see that the father did not refuse to come to my barrabora, so I cannot refuse." I said, "All right then; call the mother." When the woman came, the half-breed said that she would not consent to have the children baptized. When I asked the reason, she said that all her children were dying and she was afraid these would die too. I told her that I hoped God would preserve her children, and even if they should die after baptism they would go to heaven and live forever, praying for her and for their father. "So you think" she said, "that my children will live?" "Yes," I said, "if you take good care of them in body and soul; and if you die, I will take care of them, and bring them to school." The man then said, "I am very glad; for although I am a bad man I like my children very much, and I want them to be good." So I baptized the three children, and I hope God will preserve them for his glory.

March 30. At 6 A. M. we left behind us Magonovilingomut, and two hours later we stopped for a while at Kovutlogomut, a village of eighteen persons, two barraboras, and one casine. Then we kept to the north-east, and six miles further on came to Kupniahagomut, a village of fifteen Indians. Seven miles further in the same direction, we passed Vitagnomut, once a large village, but at present made up of three barraboras, one casine, and about thirty-five souls. Eight miles east of this place we found another small village of twenty-eight souls, Mullachatagomut; and six miles further on, we came to Anatlazagomut, where we encamped. Here we found thirty-eight Indians, all nice people, very healthy, and cleaner than those further down; but all without religion, except a few of the older ones who had been baptized by traders many years ago. After leaving this place, we changed our direction and, keeping nearer to the sea, came to the southern mouth of the Yukon. We went up this to the fork, passing the following villages:—Kanslugagomut, about sixty souls; Natzalugomut, two barraboras; Kalutlogomut, three barraboras; Alokogomut, three barraboras; Emanuk, four barraboras and one casine; opposite this place, a few miles across the mouth of the Yukon, Katlak, a village of forty souls, and Nonusiktovo, a village of twenty souls; next Togosonakomut, two

barraboras and one casine; on the bend of the river, Agatliaxaxomut, twenty souls; Anogomut, one barrabora; Inghichuk, one barrabora; Asuchuk, two barraboras; and on the opposite side Ekogomut and Nonovuk. In only a few of the last places are any baptized, and these by the Russian traders, or by a passing Russian missionary.

March 31. Travelling south-east from Agatliaxaxomut, for about five miles, we came to Agovetzaxaxomut, a village of about thirty people. Four miles further on, we passed another, Nunamxaxomut, a village of fifteen. Then crossing the river, and leaving Takovlatloxaxomut to our left, we found, ten miles further, the village of Amitgnaxaxomut, with about twenty-five souls. Keeping to the south, towards the Romanzoff bluffs, we passed Manonixomut, a village of two barraboras and about eighteen souls, and Aloutlutlaxaxomut, three or four barraboras and about twenty souls. We were not hungry, as in every village we got something to eat; but we felt thirsty, and therefore decided to have tea at the next village. So on we went, crossing the north point of a large lake, and stopped at Javultlutlaxaxomut. Some of the Indians here had already gone sealing. They were in all about twenty-five souls. This afternoon we decided to shorten our journey and save some of our dogs; for already three were dead and some of the others could hardly drag themselves along. My team, however, was all right; I had nine picked dogs, all in good condition. We therefore left ahead of us Togtoliaxaxomut, of four barraboras; Kuixaxomut, of five barraboras and about forty persons; Juglaxomut, of four barraboras; and Kamiaxomut, of five barraboras, at the foot of Askinuk mountain. Then we turned east towards Kusilvak mountain. This mountain was once a volcano, four miles in one direction and two in the other, surrounded by a lake on three sides, and on the other side by the Askinuk River. All the Indians north of Cape Romanzoff are called Kusilvak Indians. They speak the same language as the Indians of the lower Yukon as far up as the Paimut, twenty miles from Holy Cross Station. In going towards the mountain, we found the wind so strong that we had to push the sleds, in order to help the dogs up the hill. After two hours, we were on the east side of Mt. Kusilvak, and from that point we could see Chimugalitoxaxomut or Black Fish village, where there are about sixty souls. These people are clean and well dressed, by reason of their living near the traders, and only fifty miles from Andreaffsky. They also know more than the others about the Russian religion. Several

of the women have been spoiled though, by intercourse with the traders.

April 1. Accompanied by some Indians from this place we started early for Andreaffsky. The first part of our journey was through a jungle of small trees, which surrounds the village. This was a novelty; for thus far we had not seen even a bush. Crossing some undulating ground, we came to a lake where the Indians have their traps for black fish. These fish abound in great quantity, but are not famous for their flavor or beauty. Here we fed our poor dogs and left one of them behind. This was the leader of our Indian's team. He was a very good leader; and a good leader saves one man; and, besides, in a storm you can rely more on such a dog than on a man. This I have come to know from experience. The Indian was sorry to leave him because he had only four left. Johnnie Bouduin, the Canadian, also lost some of his dogs, so we had to buy more. After we had our tea we continued our journey, stopping a while at a barrabora and eating some fish, and soon reached the Yukon again. After crossing it on good clear ice, we came to a village of over twenty souls, twelve miles from Andreaffsky. This place is the one mentioned on my trip down the river, as having been staked off and secured by the Russian priest. All these Indians, they say, have been baptized by the Russian priest. Here too is the village of the greatest native doctor. One of the traders calls him the greatest rascal on the Yukon. After passing another small village on the other side of the river, we arrived at Andreaffsky at 9 P. M., and received a hearty welcome. I had intended to stay here a day or two, let Bouduin go up the river, secure some provisions, start back to Cape Vancouver to secure a good place for a station, learn at the same time a few words of the Mahlemut language, and baptize as many children as possible before the first of June. In June I could spend twenty-four days in going up the coast in a three-hole bidarka, and visiting all the Indians as far up as St. Michael's, where, on the 24th, I would meet the steamer *St. Paul* coming from San Francisco. But, to my great regret, my plans were suddenly upset by letters received from Nulato, where I was needed immediately.⁽¹⁾

For two nights I could scarcely sleep, though I was in great need of rest. I began to regret that I did not stay longer and baptize all the children. Besides, if the Rus-

⁽¹⁾ Here Fr. Tosi interrupts the quotation from his diary. When he resumes it, his journey is over the course travelled when coming down the Yukon.

sian bishop comes up, as they expect, with his ten monks, we shall lose that beautiful mission altogether. Well, I could only say, *Homo proponit et Deus disponit*. So, after two days, we started up the Yukon; but that Kusilvak mountain was always before my eyes. May God send at least a few self-sacrificing souls, inflamed with the spirit of St. Francis Xavier, and I pledge my word that in three years we shall have all those Indians baptized and fervent Christians. Of course, not every one who, in a fit of imagination or passing fervor during meditation, thinks that he can endure everything, and even suffer martyrdom — when practically he could not fight even against mosquitoes—is fit for these missions of Alaska. Here one has to endure hardships unknown elsewhere. Only a tender-foot speaks about mosquitoes; their stings are a pastime. Obstacles of a very different kind we have to overcome, and if our poor human nature is not well supported by virtue, it will succumb. We need strength of body, and “not old harness,” as good Fr. Giorda used to say, besides steadiness and strength of mind, to face the difficulties and dangers of this kind of life. Without these, a man in this country is thrown away; he is a bother to others and to himself. And the further north we go, the greater become our difficulties and dangers. The Russian priests even, with their easy life, could not face these difficulties, so they made great numbers of Indians priests and deacons to take their places. As these were hired men, whose chief object was money and furs, they did little more for the natives than keep a big book of names of baptized people, to be presented at headquarters, so as to have their salary raised.

Dear Father, pray for us and for this mission.

Yours in Christ,

P. Tosi, S. J.

Letters of Fr. Jos. M. Tréca to Rev. Father Cataldo.

ST. MICHAEL'S, ALASKA, July 7, 1889.

REV. FATHER SUPERIOR,
P. C.

Deo gratias! At last, after a prosperous journey, we are in Alaska. We started from San Francisco on Friday, June 14, on the *Bertha*, but had to wait in the bay until Saturday morning, to store away provisions and luggage. With us were two parties of surveyors, sent to Alaska by the government. They are going to determine the boundary between

British Columbia and Alaska Ty., in order to prevent in future all misunderstandings in the matter of mines, etc.

We reached Unalashka⁽¹⁾ just in time for the first vespers of the feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. So I had the happiness of consecrating our apostolate to that Divine Heart. We bore up well through good and bad weather, though I had to pay my tribute to the sea on the first day.

We started from Unalashka very early on Tuesday, and reached St. Michael's on the morning of July 6th. I had just finished Mass in my cabin, and was setting everything in order, when we were pleasantly surprised by Fr. Tosi coming on board to meet us. Bro. Negro saw him first; but as he had been told that the father wore a long beard, he did not recognize him until the father himself came and spoke to him. Fr. Tosi looks very well; and he said that the other fathers are all well too, except poor Fr. Genna who cannot become acclimated and needs a change, at least for a time. Fr. Tosi is very sorry for this, since he wishes to take charge of some more districts. If he does not take them, there is great danger of their being taken by others. The Russian bishop, who was to have come here, but was prevented from doing so by a fire that burnt down his church in San Francisco, intended to bring monks along with him for all the districts along the coast near the Kuskoquim River. Fr. Tosi would like to take these districts at once, and it may be that I shall be sent there immediately. I would go there with great joy.

Rev. Father, in regard to your desire that I should write to Europe in the interest of the Rocky Mountains, I think I should first write to you and entreat you to send us some help here as soon as possible. We need strong, energetic, constant souls, saintly and practical at the same time. I know that Fr. Tosi sent you a dispatch. The case is urgent, and you could take advantage of the second trip of the steamer *Dora*, if she makes one this year. God will provide a hundredfold for the Rocky Mountains.

As for myself, I am exceedingly happy since I came here. I feel as though I were completely changed, and I am re-

(1) The term *Unalaska* has no authority, is not known to either Russians or Aleuts (inhabitants of the Aleutian Islands), and has no grounds for preference We have *Alaska* for the territory, *Alaska* for the peninsula, and *Unalashka* for the island, all derived from the same root, meaning "a great country or continent." When the early Russian traders first reached Unalashka, they were told that to the eastward was a great land or territory. This was called by the natives *Al-ák-shak* or *Al-áy-ek-sa*. The island was called *Na-gún-aláyeksa*, or "the land near Alayeksa." This, by corruption, became *Agún-aláksa*, *Agún-aláshka*, and finally, *Unaláshka*. Alaska is an English corruption; the Russians never used it.—*Alaska and its Resources*. Dall.

solved to live and suffer and die here, with the greatest pleasure, for the glory of God. It is hard, I am told, but to the loving heart all is easy.

On board the *Bertha* there were two ministers, bound for Unalaklik; they are Moravians, or rather Episcopalians, as one of them told me. They seemed to be in perfect good faith, and were very friendly after a few days. Of course we had some controversial chats. The younger of the two had all the fervor of a novice. In Unalashka we took a walk together, and when on the top of a mountain he fell on his knees, saying, "Let us pray to God," and he prayed very devoutly in Swedish. After that he wanted us also to pray in English. I said the *Our Father*, but did not add the *Hail Mary*, because he could not understand why we pray to the "Young Mary," as he called our Blessed Lady. The other minister attempted to convince me that we have no right to do so.

They intend to settle at Unalaklik, where one of them had already been two years ago. I tried to sow good seed in their souls, and if you pray hard they may be converted. And then, if they could return to Sweden and get married there, that would be first rate for us. Unalaklik is a very advantageous place to pass through in winter on the way from Nulato to St. Michael's, and it is also on the way to other stations along the shore.

Rev. Father, I will stop here, because I am anxious to be in time for the *Dora*, and I have other letters to write. The sisters are well; they found it was not so hard here as they expected. I recommend myself to your prayers and holy sacrifices.

I am forever your unworthy and happiest child in Christ,
 JOS. M. TRÉCA, S. J.

ST. MICHAEL'S, July 20, 1889.

REV. FR. SUPERIOR,

. Fr. Genna returned to San Francisco by the boat on which I came to Alaska, and Br. Negro went with the sisters to the school at Kosiorefski. As Fr. Tosi cannot go north this year, he intends soon to go to Cape Vancouver to establish a mission for the villages on the coast between the Yukon and the Kuskoquim. . . . He has decided to take me with him; and after the arrival of the other father whom you are going to send us in September, he will leave him there with me, while he himself will visit some of the other missions.

The Russian priests are causing us considerable annoy-

ance, by spreading foolish reports about us. They tell the people that we will steal the children and send them off to San Francisco; that the sisters keep the devil shut up in a box and feed him well, while they let the little devils out to beat people. Fr. Tosi treats these priests very kindly. For instance, last year he lent one of them some lumber to build, but now he can get no compensation for it.

I hear that Fr. Ragaru is all afire with zeal. He thinks nothing, it seems, of such little accidents as being upset with his sled, or being treated to a free bath while riding at a high rate of speed over the ice.

The natives call Br. Rosatti "Shut-eyes," on account of his great modesty; and the sisters say of him that no one can tell the color of his eyes on account of his strict guard over them.

Recommending myself to your prayers, I remain

Yours in Christ,

J. M. TRÉCA, S. J.

THE SPOKANE INDIANS.

SKETCH OF THE WORK OF OUR FATHERS.

The missionary labors of our fathers in the Rocky Mountains date back to 1840, in the July of which year Fr. Peter De Smet was invited from St. Louis by a deputation of Flathead Indians.

The pioneer missionary station, called St. Mary's, was erected in the spring of 1841, near the present site of Stevensville, Montana; and from this point the fathers directed their steps along the vast extent of the mountains, when the various tribes—Kalispels, Pend d'Oreilles, Kootenais, Nez-Percés, Black Feet—came to ask for missionaries.

As early as 1842, when passing by Cœur d'Alêne City, Fr. De Smet stopped among the Cœur d'Alêne Indians, many of whom were desirous of becoming Catholics, and taught them the prayers in the Flathead language. In this way the neighboring tribe, the Spokanes, naturally became acquainted with Catholic teachings, but, in consequence of the presence among them of some Protestant ministers, they had become prejudiced against our religion, and so the first attempt at their conversion met with little success. The war of 1858, however, brought about a change of affairs;

for, being defeated by the U. S. troops, and greatly compromised, the Indians appealed to the fathers for aid.

Upon the establishment of peace in February 1859, Fr. Joset visited three camps, one situated on the Little Spokane (a tributary of the Spokane River), one at the mouth, and another at the Falls of the Spokane. Everywhere he was well received, found the Indians well disposed, and baptized several. At the camps, on the Little Spokane in particular, he met with a warm reception, and conceived great hopes of success among these "People of the Creek," as they were styled in their own tongue. Still, the fathers were not yet able to establish a permanent residence among the Spokanes; so they had to content themselves with an occasional visit to the different camps, in their journeys from the mission of the Sacred Heart, or old Cœur d'Alêne, at the basin of the Cœur d'Alêne River, to Colville, about 150 miles distant. Thus Fr. J. M. Caruana, shortly after his arrival from Europe, in July, 1862, accompanied Fr. F. J. Giorda on one of these visits. They crossed the Spokane River about a mile below the falls, and made their way to the spot on which the Northern Pacific Railroad depot now stands, but which was at that time the camping ground of a large body of Indians. Fr. Giorda acted as interpreter, and Fr. Caruana baptized some sixteen or seventeen children.

A wilder tract of land could not well be imagined. Not the slightest trace of civilization was yet visible—nothing but prairies and forests in all directions. The white man had not made his appearance, so the Indian was left in undisputed possession of the whole region. The country was certainly anything but promising, yet the venerable Fr. De Smet even then foresaw its future destinies. Going one day with Fr. Caruana from the old Cœur d'Alêne mission to WallaWalla, he suddenly checked his horse, and turning towards the lake said solemnly, "Father, you are still young; you will live to see the day when steamboats will be running up and down this lake, and railroads will be crossing these prairies in every direction." Fr. Caruana was loth to believe in this prophecy, but it was not many years before he saw its fulfilment.

In the fall of 1863, Fr. Caruana, being then in the present mining region of Idaho, was ordered to the old Cœur d'Alêne Mission, with instructions to visit also the Nez-Percés, WallaWallas, and Spokanes. Fr. De Smet accompanied him to his destination, and then the two started for Spokane on a lumber wagon (the best conveyance of that

time), but the wagon broke down, and they had to make their way on horseback. After visiting WallaWalla, they separated, Fr. De Smet departing for California, and Fr. Caruana returning to Spokane and the old mission.

This year witnessed a remarkable victory among the Spokanes. Baptiste Peon, chief of a camp located on the present Peon's Prairie, was converted and asked to be received into the Church with his family. For several years, his house was the stopping place of the fathers who labored among the Spokanes. If the limits of this sketch allowed it, other incidents might be recorded here, showing the influence which Fr. Caruana exercised even over Protestants. No permanent residence, however, was established until 1866, when Fr. Cataldo was sent by Rev. Fr. Grassi, to winter among the Spokanes. The people received him kindly, and seemed very well disposed; the language, a dialect of the Flathead, gave little trouble, but the chiefs opposed his building a chapel, through fear of their head chief. This man, a Protestant, was then absent from the camp, and the Indians knew that trouble would ensue, if, on his return, he should find a strange religion spread among his people. Fr. Cataldo therefore asked leave to erect a temporary chapel, and to give instructions for three months, promising to burn the building and go away at the end of that period, so that the head chief might find things just as he had left them. These terms being at length accepted, a structure of logs and mud was put together on Peon's Prairie, about two miles from the present site of St. Michael's.

The father began his apostolic work by teaching the children some prayers and hymns, the recital and singing of which excited the curiosity of the parents, and brought them likewise to the chapel for the instructions. When the three months had elapsed, nearly the whole camp had been baptized, and Fr. Cataldo was summoned by superiors to other fields of labor. So he called his Indians together, and informed them of his approaching departure. The announcement was received with tears, even those who had opposed him most in the beginning begging him to remain in the camp. The father replied that he recognized in the voice of his superior the will of God, so that he would be obliged to go away, with the promise, however, either to return himself, or see that another missionary came to take his place. On hearing this, the Indians allowed him to depart, but would not agree to his destroying the chapel, one of the chiefs exclaiming: "If our head chief does not like what has been done in his absence, let him go elsewhere. No, Black-

robe, the chapel shall remain." This courageous chief was left in charge of the mission.

Fr. Bandini was the next one sent to the Spokanes, but he remained only a few weeks, giving place to Fr. Tosi. For some time this zealous father worked here with great fruit, baptizing many Indians; but he was suddenly obliged to leave his poor neophytes to the mercy of the ministers, whom the Protestant chiefs soon called in. These succeeded in perverting about a hundred of the tribe, although they claimed three times that number. This was due to the evil influence of some of the older Indians who had been Protestants, to the presence of the ministers who filled the Indians with prejudices against Catholics, and to the absence of the fathers who alone could have dispelled these prejudices.

Deeply as the fathers were grieved by this, they were unable to prevent it, owing to the lack of subjects, and the difficulties of communication in those days. Fr. Giorda, Cataldo, Caruana, Joset, Tosi, and others continued to visit the tribe at intervals, and in 1875, Fr. Giorda determined to give them the benefit of a mission. Four fathers were sent, and succeeded in increasing the fervor of the Catholics; failing, however, to bring back the renegades. The result showed clearly that no permanent good could be hoped for until a resident priest could be spared these poor people. Still, three more years elapsed before this became possible. Then for the four following years, a father was sent each winter to minister to the Spokanes. Thus began the Spokane Mission in 1878. At that period the Catholics numbered about 300, out of the 600 souls in the three tribes.

When the Northern Pacific R. R. began cutting its way through this region, white people came in great numbers, and settled near the Falls of the Spokane River, building up a little railroad town about seven miles from the mission chapel on Peon's Prairie. The Catholics among the settlers soon asked to have a chapel in their new Spokane Falls. Accordingly, Fr. Cataldo, the Superior of the Rocky Mountain Mission, after consulting with many of the fathers, purchased two pieces of land, in the fall of 1881. On one piece, situated in the town, he built a chapel, 15 x 22 feet, reserving the other, about a mile north-east, on the opposite side of the river, for future school and college buildings. Fr. Van Gorp, who was placed in charge of this mission, began in the following December the erection of a temporary residence on the college ground, while Fr. Cataldo busied himself among the Indians with marked success,

even recovering this time some of his lost sheep. In proof of the fervor that now began to show itself, we may mention that on Christmas day 1881, and the following New Year's, more than 300 Indians received Holy Communion.

During the winter of 1882, a little school was opened for about twenty children, who progressed rapidly in both religious and secular knowledge, and by their piety helped to increase the devotion of their parents. Thus it soon became evident that the most happy results were to be expected from this work; so in the February of this year it was decided to add to the land already in the possession of the fathers another tract, about one mile and a half south of the original chapel, to be used for a permanent mission with church and residence. In fact, it was now very necessary to provide new accommodations for the Spokanes; for the chief, Baptiste Peon, had determined to sell the property on which the old chapel stood. Br. Carfagno was accordingly summoned to Spokane Falls, and set about the erection of a very pretty little frame church, 20 x 40 feet, and a one-story residence, large enough to accommodate the missionaries. The station was called St. Michael's, after the old chapel.

Meanwhile, the good work in the little school went on so rapidly, that several of the children were ready to make their First Communion at Easter. In this connection we have the following edifying incident to relate:—A little girl named Sophie was very desirous of sharing in the happiness of those of her schoolmates who were admitted to the Holy Table, but the father, considering her too young, and not sufficiently instructed, told her to wait for another year. Some months later, whilst on a hunting expedition with her family, about the time the fathers were moving into the new St. Michael's, the child became seriously ill, and at once begged her parents to take her back to the mission. At first her request was refused, but when the seriousness of her illness became manifest, the party started back to the Spokane Mission. Arrived there, the child immediately asked to be allowed to make her First Holy Communion. The father, not realizing at first her critical condition, again bade her have patience. But the little girl continued her importunities, until at length the priest consented to give her Holy Communion by way of Viaticum, which she received with much devotion, telling the father how greatly she desired to be in heaven. The father jokingly assured her that she would be in church the following Sunday. "Indeed I shall not, Father. I shall be in heaven by that time." She then asked to see her grandmother, a Protestant, and a sister of the bigoted Spokane Chief, Geary,

who had proved a most vigorous opponent of our religion. When her grandmother arrived, the dying child said with much solemnity: "Grandma, look at me, and see how happy I am after receiving my dear Lord. When I am in heaven, I shall feel still happier, and my only regret is that I shall not see you there, because you don't believe in the presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. But you can make me perfectly happy by promising to be baptized and live as a good Catholic." Next day Sophie died, as she had predicted, and her aged grandmother presented herself at the mission for instruction, and afterwards lived and died a most edifying Catholic. The consolation which this conversion gave the father was increased by his being able, at the following Christmas, to count 492 Communions, an increase of nearly 200 in one year.

One more incident, to show the influence Catholicity now had over the Indians.—In the spring of 1883, a young Spokane, who, though the son of a Catholic chief, and married to a good Catholic, had given the fathers a great deal of trouble by his irregular life, became involved in a dispute with a white settler. In a fit of passion, the settler struck the young brave with a horse-whip, whereupon the latter, going to his lodge, stripped himself of all his clothing, covered himself with war paint, and, gun in hand, went to Spokane in search of his adversary. The frightened settler called in the help of a constable, and had the Indian locked up in jail. That night, two masked men went to the jail and fired two shots through the window of the prisoner's cell, fatally wounding him. Under ordinary circumstances, this would have been sufficient to provoke an Indian war, but thanks to the good example of the Catholic Indians, and the admonitions of the missionaries, the community was soon quieted down. Meanwhile the dying man was taken back to his lodge, where Fr. Joset gave him the last sacraments. The next day, Fr. Cataldo happened to pass through the place, *en route* to Helena, in company with Rt. Rev. Bishop Brondel. The Indian asked to see this father in order to repeat his confession, because he feared that Fr. Joset, being somewhat deaf, had not understood him very well. "Why do you want to go to confession again?" asked Fr. Cataldo. "Didn't you receive the sacraments yesterday? Perhaps you entertain hard feelings towards those who shot you. If so, think of our Lord who prayed for his executioners." The dying man replied: "No, Blackrobe, that is not the reason. How can I feel revenge, when I am going to appear before my God in a few days? I have never thought of revenge since the moment I was shot. But I doubt whether the

deaf Blackrobe understood me properly, and I want to be sure my sins are forgiven, and to be strengthened once more by the Blessed Sacrament. And I want you to speak to my aged father, who swears he will be revenged on my murderers, even though he should hang for it. Persuade him to forgive them, and ask the bishop to go with you, for my father will not yield very readily."

Fr. Cataldo and the bishop went to the old Indian, and found him so fully determined to avenge his son's death at all costs, that for the present nothing could change his purpose. So they left him; exacting, however, a promise that he would pray for light and strength. The next day Fr. Cataldo called again, but found no change. On the third day, however, grace triumphed, for the old man said: "I give in, I was very wrong. My son was a bad Christian, and would probably have continued so, had not God allowed this calamity. Now he dies a good Catholic, and I feel happy that he is saved." Needless to say, such tokens of the Christian spirit brought great consolation to the missionaries.

The number of settlers at the Falls increased so rapidly that it became apparent to the fathers that they would soon be called upon to open an institution for the education of the white children. They resolved, therefore, to set about collecting the means for building a substantial college, on the plot of ground originally reserved for that purpose, and on which the new residence stood. Fr. Grassi was now in charge, Fr. Van Gorp's delicate health having obliged him to give up his beloved parish. During the year in which Fr. Grassi remained at Spokane, he managed to procure materials for the foundations, and timber enough for the entire building. In March 1884, Fr. Ruellan came to take his place, and supervise the erection of the college. He also found himself compelled to provide a new church for the town congregation, which had now acquired such proportions that the chapel was no longer able to contain it. In addition to this twofold task, he was entrusted with even a greater responsibility, the direction of all the work in the mountains, Fr. Cataldo having appointed him vice-superior during his own absence at the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. But Fr. Ruellan was not destined to fill this post very long. In December, he left for Colville, where he died a most edifying death in the following month. The office of vice-superior devolved upon Fr. Caruana, who entrusted the care of Spokane to Fr. Joset, giving him Fr. Jaquet for assistant. Fr. Joset directed the building of the

college, and Fr. Jacquet proceeded with the church and took charge of the congregation. The Indians were looked after by Fr. Robaut, who had just finished his third year of probation at St. Michael's, and after he was sent to Colville, they were visited from time to time by Fr. Joset.

About this time, precious metals were discovered in the Cœur d'Alêne mountains, and miners came there in great numbers, in hopes of making a fortune. As there were many Catholics among them, spiritual aid was needed there too, as well as among the soldiers at Forts Sherman and Spokane, distant respectively 36 and 60 miles from the Falls. This work devolved on Fr. Jacquet, and the settlers were looked after by FF. Joset and Robaut. Later on, Fr. Folchi began an indefatigable search for destitute Catholics all over the country.

Things went on in this way until April 1886, when Fr. Ragaru arrived to relieve Fr. Jacquet, who went with Fr. Tosi to the Kootenais Indians. In June Fr. Rebmann was appointed parish priest and superior of the future college, with FF. Rossi and Schuler to assist him in the parish, and FF. Joset and Ragaru to care for the dispersed Catholics. Fr. Robert Smith also came to take charge of the Indians, while completing his course of theology, which he had been obliged to interrupt at Woodstock on account of ill health. Not very long after Fr. Cataldo's return from Europe, whither he had gone at the close of the council, his health became so impaired by his long years of missionary service, that he was unable to take any active part in the work at Spokane, and he was compelled even to leave the mountains altogether, and seek rest in California. There he remained until the spring of 1887, confiding the mission to the care of Fr. Diomedi.

The exterior of the college was now completed, but as funds were extremely scarce, work on the interior advanced very slowly. In fact, it took several years to put the building in shape for occupancy. The people were constantly urging the fathers to open their classes for day-scholars, but their requests were denied, as the institution was intended principally as a boarding-school, and there was not room enough for both boarders and day-scholars.

In the summer of 1887, a notable event occurred in connection with the Spokane Indians. The white population was increasing so rapidly, that the government foresaw that troubles would inevitably arise between them and the Indians, about the rights to the soil, which the Indians claimed as their own; so three commissioners were sent to try to induce the Spokanes to cede their claims to the government

and accept a reservation elsewhere. But neither the arguments of the officials nor the influence of the fathers could bring them to accept the proposition, since many of them had little faith in the government, and the rest were strongly attached to the home of their birth. The original idea was therefore given up, though the fathers persuaded the majority of the Catholic Indians to settle on the Cœur d'Alêne and Flathead reservations, whither the remainder of the tribe has been drifting ever since. The number of Catholic Spokanes being thus diminished, it was no longer necessary for a priest to reside permanently at St. Michael's, so Fr. Smith went there only on Sundays and holydays.

It next occurred to Fr. Cataldo that Spokane stood in need of a hospital, so he applied himself to the task of finding sisters willing to assume charge of one, and the Canadian Sisters of Providence (who have a mother house at Vancouver, Wash.) were won over to the plan, and by the end of November had completed, on the river bank, a commodious building suited to their purpose. At that time the three Catholic buildings—the church, college, and hospital—were the three most imposing structures in the town; and soon after, work was begun on a new parochial school, to accommodate 300 children.

In 1887, Fr. Rebmann still remained at the head of the station, with Fr. Smith, Feuzi, and Schuler to help him. The last named occupied himself mostly with the Germans. About this time the fathers were afforded an opportunity for bettering the financial standing of the mission. The town had now spread out in the direction of the college, and as the ground attached to it was looked upon as very desirable, Fr. Cataldo was urged to put it on the market. He reluctantly consented; and thus the necessary funds were raised for the formal opening of the college about the middle of September. Many wanted to attend as day-scholars, but were rejected. Boarders, on the contrary, did not present themselves, and the regular classical course was begun with seven boys. At the end of the month, their number had increased to twelve, and before the end of the year to eighteen. The faculty consisted of Fr. Joseph Rebmann, President; Fr. Peter Barceló, Mr. Paul Brounts, Mr. Edward Hand, and Mr. Luke van Ree, Teachers and Prefects. The boys gave great satisfaction in every respect. A much better showing certainly would have been made had their number been larger; but it was thought best to reject all applicants who did not give more than usual promise

of capability and perseverance. In one chosen soul was developed a vocation to the religious life. He entered the novitiate at the close of the scholastic year.

In December of this year, the church was presented with a bell; and as the bishop was unable to attend, Fr. Rebmann blessed it with solemn ceremonies on the Sunday before Christmas. It was used for the first time in summoning the faithful to celebrate our Lord's Nativity. The new year was begun with the celebration of the Pope's sacerdotal jubilee, and a collection was taken up on the occasion, as an offering to the Holy Father. A very successful fair had previously been held, and the profits divided between the church and the hospital. Shortly after this, Fr. Rebmann proposed to Fr. Cataldo to be allowed to visit some of our colleges in the East, in order to gain some knowledge of the way they were conducted. The institutions at Chicago, Cleveland, Prairie du Chien, Buffalo, New York, Boston, Worcester, Baltimore, and Washington were selected, and Fr. Rebmann returned after some months with much information, which had been everywhere cheerfully given. Fr. Monroe directed the college during the superior's absence, and transformed the grounds into a very pretty garden, with flower-beds, pavilions, and walks, all radiating from a fountain in front of the entrance. The advisability of receiving day-scholars now becoming evident, and the architectural disposition of the present building not permitting an addition for their accommodation, it was decided to begin work in the following spring on a new college 250 feet front.

In its second year, Gonzaga College had 34 boarders. They occupied the same apartments as in the preceding year, but they were made much more comfortable by the addition of many new articles of furniture. In October of that year, Right Rev. Bishop Junger administered the sacrament of confirmation, and promoted one of the scholastics to the priesthood and another to minor orders. Fr. Cataldo took advantage of this visit of the bishop to ask to be freed from the charge of the parish; but, owing to the scarcity of secular priests in his diocese, the bishop was unable for the present to comply with his wishes. It was a cause of great consolation to Bishop Junger to find the parochial school, which was begun a year later than the college, in such a flourishing condition. It then contained 160 children, and before the end of the year had fully one hundred more on the rolls. The sisters were also thinking of opening an academy for girls.

But happiness in this world is never without its mixture of bitterness, and our fathers were not to escape the com-

mon lot. In the spring of 1889, rumors reached them of plans for railroads which, if carried out, bade fair to destroy all hope of the new college. One railroad had already been cut through the grounds, but fortunately at a sufficient distance from the house to cause no serious annoyance. But now surveys were made for a new line, to pass directly in front of the projected building. Fr. Cataldo, therefore, thought it best to suspend operations on the new college, and to begin the third scholastic year in the old place, locating the preparatory department in the old town chapel, under the name of St. Ignatius' School. The larger boys of the parish are here received as day-scholars.

From this sketch of the work and plans of our fathers, it is evident that no pains have been spared to raise the standard of faith among the 4000 Catholics of Spokane Falls and the surrounding district. Nor have the poor Indians been neglected. The missionaries have continued to watch over them with loving care, and to exhort them to retire to the Cœur d'Alêne and Flathead reservations. Only thirty or forty families have resisted, and even these are beginning to follow the counsel of those whom they have learned to look on as the only ones who have their true interests at heart.

L. VAN REE, S. J.

MICHIGAN.

Letter from Fr. Chartier to Fr. Sabetti.

SAULT STE. MARIE, July 8, 1889.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

Having often been solicited by some of my Woodstock friends to send them news concerning our missions here, I will endeavor to comply with their request. My last letter, if I do not mistake, was dated February the first, 1887.⁽¹⁾

The year 1887 has been for Sault Ste. Marie an era of wonderful strides in material improvements. A great boom in real estate struck the town in the spring, and a swarm of capitalists broke in upon us, and much property changed hands. Most of the beautiful grounds in the town and suburbs fell into the hands of wealthy real estate men, and some of our poor old settlers became suddenly very wealthy. This boom lasted only a few months, and was then followed

⁽¹⁾ v. vol. xvi. p. 139.

by a reaction, and a dead calm. The greedy capitalists, having secured most of the valuable property, waited for a high price before they would sell. This change made it hard for poor immigrants to secure land. The price of the land was exorbitant, the taxes and rents high. Hundreds of houses of all styles and various prices arose as if by magic. During this commotion, many titles of properties were found doubtful, owing to the absence of authentic records in the early days. This gave abundant work to lawyers, and much litigation ensued, of which we have had our share, and which is not yet at an end.

A company of rich capitalists was formed, for the purpose of securing the right of way for a water-power canal, one hundred and fifty to three hundred feet wide, and two and a half miles long, to bring the water of Lake Superior through the town. From the head of this canal to the lower end, opening into Hay Lake, there is a fall of eighteen feet. This canal, which is now being constructed, will bring many advantages to the city, by providing power for factories, mills, etc.

While this work was progressing, three great railroads—the Duluth, South Shore, and Atlantic, the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba, and the Canadian Pacific—were rapidly pushing their way to the Sault. - At the same time, to connect Michigan with Canada, a gigantic bridge was built over St. Mary's River, above the rapids. So that by the end of October, 1887, trains from Duluth, St. Paul, and Minneapolis were passing through the Sault, on the way to Montreal, Boston, New York, etc. The effect was as amusing as it was amazing, for many of the old settlers had never before seen a locomotive.

Add to these improvements the immense locks that the government is constructing on the north side of the old locks. Even these cannot suffice for the traffic that is yearly increasing. Some days, more than seventy-five vessels of all dimensions pass through these locks, on their way up to Duluth or other places on Lake Superior, or down to Lake Huron, Lake Erie, etc.

During 1888 our village became the city of Sault Ste. Marie, and its population is now estimated at over ten thousand. Electric lights and electric cars have been introduced, and the new mills and factories are expected to increase the population by affording permanent work to hundreds of laborers. This want of steady work has been formerly a great drawback here, especially during the winter. In view of all these improvements, many forecast a bright future for

Sault Ste. Marie; and the Canadian Sault, opposite to us, on the north bank of St. Mary's River, with its beautiful site and natural resources, looks with an envious eye on her American sister. However, an era of prosperity has begun there also, and they too will soon have their new locks, water-power canal, and other improvements.

A glance now at other events. During 1881, the little old church on Sugar Island, built for the Indians about thirty years ago by the late Bishop Baraga of holy memory, was badly shaken by a tornado, and the steeple blown down. There was no money in the treasury for the necessary repairs. Recalling, however, the words of our Lord, "Ask, and you shall receive," we called on divine Providence in favor of these poor children of the forest, and our prayer was heard. New foundations were laid, new boarding was put on the outside, new shingles on the roof, and a new steeple; so that after a new coat of paint, the little church is much improved — and it is free from debt. The poor Indians feel quite proud of it. During Easter time a retreat was given to our French-speaking people with much good.

As for our church here, I am gradually introducing improvements. Some generous people put their heads and hands together, and gave me the money necessary to adorn the church with four beautiful statues, of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, and St. Patrick, all imported from Paris. In the same way I have procured a very handsome set of stations of the cross. Both statues and stations are very highly prized. From a bazaar held for two or three evenings last August, we gathered several hundred dollars, which we used to erect a superb main altar, which was ready for the Christmas midnight Mass, and added greatly to the splendor ordinarily displayed in our church on such an occasion.

As a preparation for the feast of the Immaculate Conception, a retreat was given to all the young ladies of the parish, which was attended with edifying piety. On this feast, after having obtained from Rome the diploma of aggregation, and permission from the bishop, I established the sodalities of the Children of Mary and of the Holy Angels, which continue to prosper and give edification by the exemplary life of the sodalists, who go every month to Holy Communion in a body, bearing on their breasts the medal of the Queen of Heaven. Splendid vestments and a handsome organ were procured in time for the feast of the Assumption, when the bishop made his visitation. Our church now has reached completion, and that too without the burden

of a cent of debt. Our congregation amounts to very near 2500.

As the work was becoming rather heavy for me alone, our superior sent me Fr. Devlin last August, and he has given me the greatest assistance ever since. Last December, he and Fr. Baudin gave a very successful retreat to Fr. Sinnett's congregation at the Canadian Sault. Fr. Sinnett has been in charge of this mission since last August. In that short time, by his zeal and energy, the Catholic element has been greatly improved, and a nice school-house, under his care, will soon be completed. Fr. Ouellet, like a good old shepherd, continues to watch over his flock, grazing peacefully on the solitary bank of Garden River. Fr. Chambon and Richard are still attending the various missions on both sides of the St. Mary's River and on Lake Superior.

Although Sault Ste. Marie has a bad reputation on account of its fifty-six saloons, nevertheless, as God knows how to draw good from evil, since February 1887, twenty-four Protestants have been instructed, baptized, and received into the Church. We have had 360 baptisms of children, 142 deaths (some of them very edifying), 57 marriages, about 20 couples who had been married outside of the Church have been reconciled (only three Catholics were married by me to Protestants during my 11 years here), 7300 confessions (many very long ones), 95 extreme unctions, 150 First Communions and confirmations, two and often three sermons every Sunday and feast of obligation, four retreats and one triduum to the people, two retreats and two tridiums to nuns. So you see some good has been done, though more remains to be accomplished.

Pray for us that we may do better.

Ræ. Væ. in Xto. servus,

R. CHARTIER, S. J.

A QUERY ON PAROCHIAL AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

DETROIT COLLEGE, MICH.,
Oct. 5, 1889.

REV. DEAR FATHER,
P. C.

The condition of things which we witness in this college suggests a useful question, as to the influence of a well-organized parochial-school system on our higher college education. In the State of Michigan, the whole theory and practice of education generally seems to be as marked and peremptory as they can well be. The legislature has provided, on the usual gratuitous basis, all the degrees of a complete educational system — the common school, the high school, and the university — Ann Arbor University this year numbering 2000 students. The State exercises a superintendence over all chartered institutions, not in an honorary fashion, but efficaciously. And, in open competition, it is not clear that anything could withstand the ascendancy of the State and the public system; — least of all, a college which, in these circumstances, might be expected to find all its possible support absorbed by the three degrees of schools. A somewhat gratuitous roll of scholars, at most, might still be found aspiring to a little Latin for a special purpose.

As it is, however, on October 4th, the roll of students here mounts up to 261, the largest number yet for this date. This number includes 29 in the preparatory course, and 49 in the four commercial classes. It falls just three or four below the average of the seven colleges in the province, as that average stood a couple of weeks ago. St. Louis and Cincinnati, by their very large attendance, had already raised the general average to upwards of 265. Now, the significant fact that I call attention to is this. The number of new-comers in the 261 is 86. Of these, there come from the parochial schools, 59; from the public schools, 18; from other quarters, 12. There are no Protestants in attendance.

Nowhere in the province has the corporate action of the State thrown such a weight on the side of its own system. On the other hand, nowhere in the dioceses of the United

States have more decisive measures been taken for carrying out the ordinances of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. Bishop Borgess, an ecclesiastic of high views, and rigid in their execution, made it a reserved case for any parent to send a child to a common school, from the time that a parochial school was established in the parish. The reservation affects the child as well as the parent. This was only seven years ago. Yet seven years have sufficed to raise things to such a condition that, taking our own parish as an instance, out of 515 families, only five or six are sending children to common schools. These are cases of mixed marriages; and the excuse, more or less weak, is generally, that the wife cannot overcome the resistance of her Protestant husband, and so cannot send the child to the parish school.

Adjoining ours, there is still a parish, and an important one, which for special reasons has been so far excused from having a parochial school. For the rest, however, the parochial system is complete.

QUERY:—What is the bearing of this fact on the favorable condition of the college, though so unfavorably placed with regard to state education, and not at any great distance from a high school of 600 pupils, as well as a great university of 2000 students?

THOMAS HUGHES, S. J.

FATHER PRACHENSKY'S GOLDEN JUBILEE.

(From the *Fordham Monthly*.)

Class days had hardly begun this year when the college was the scene of the celebration of the golden jubilee of Father Prachensky. This venerable clergyman is well known to thousands as the Catholic chaplain of Ward's Island for the past twenty-one years, from which office he was but lately transferred to that of spiritual father to the community of St. John's College. To a much larger circle of admirers he is also known as the author of a beautiful exposition of certain Gospel truths entitled *The Church of the Parables*.

The day of his golden jubilee—the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the religious life—Thursday, September 5th, was an exceptionally fine one. Father Prachensky sang High Mass in the parish church of Our Lady of Mercy, being assisted by Father William Kevill, as deacon, and Mr.

John Coyle, as subdeacon. His voice rang out with marvellous strength and clearness. During the day, congratulatory letters poured in upon him from well nigh all parts of the world, not only from his religious brethren but from the many devoted friends whom he has drawn to himself wherever he has labored.

In the afternoon, dinner was laid in the community refectory, which was handsomely decorated for the occasion. The Rev. Provincial of the Maryland New York Province, Father Campbell, and all the fathers who could attend from the neighboring houses of the Society, besides a number from a distance, were present, together with the scholastics of St. Peter's College, Jersey City, St. Francis Xavier's, New York, and our own St. John's. Amongst the distinguished visitors not of the Society, were Archbishops Corrigan and Ryan, and Bishop Hennessy, and several prominent secular priests and laymen.

During the repast, at fixed intervals, words of welcome and congratulation were read in original compositions by four of the scholastics of St. John's, viz., an English prose welcome by Mr. James Walsh, a Latin ode by Mr. Owen Hill, a Greek ode by Mr. Ambrose O'Connell, and an English poem by Mr. Joseph Smith. The evening was spent by Father Prachensky very quietly and happily amid the warmest expressions of good wishes from every one.

Father Prachensky was born in Austria, on June 22nd, 1822. He entered the Society of Jesus at the age of seventeen, on September 5th, 1839, and made his noviceship at Gratz, in the Austrian province of Styria. His novice-master, Father Asum, had been a fellow-novice at Polosk, in Russia, of the famous Father Roothaan, afterwards General of the Society in some of its stormiest days. During his second year of theology, the Hungarian revolution under the notorious Kossuth broke out, and, as usual, the Jesuits were the first to feel its effects. Kossuth, it may be remembered, had sworn that if he were successful, the name of Christ should be unknown in Hungary after two years. The Jesuit communities were practically destroyed, so that they had no option but to depart for other provinces. Father Prachensky was ordered to the New Orleans Mission, and before leaving Austria enjoyed the inexpressible consolation of being ordained priest. Though so long absent from his native land, he is still a member of the Austro-Hungarian Province of the Society.

The New Orleans Mission then embraced, as it does at present, all the Gulf States. Father Prachensky crossed the ocean in company with Father Free, now of New Or-

leans, and made his first stay in this country at St. Joseph's College, Spring Hill, near Mobile. Here he remained for some time teaching the classics, after which he was transferred to the missions of New Orleans and the vicinity. He labored in this field for fourteen years. At the commencement of hostilities between the North and the South, he became chaplain of the 3rd Alabamas, accompanying them in their campaigns as far north as Norfolk. His descriptions of army life are exceedingly graphic. He was a favorite with Protestant and Catholic alike, and his sermons, usually delivered by the light of their camp fires, were listened to with the profoundest respect and pleasure.

The next scene in his life was no less a place than St. John's College itself. He made his tertianship, or third year of probation, at the college under Father Schneider, and then spent the following year in parish work at Troy, N. Y. After this, his provincial sent him to Ward's Island, believing that his term of office there would last only a year or two. But the years rolled on till they numbered twenty-one, when at last we find the veteran soldier of Christ returning to St. John's.

MEXICO.

Extract from a letter of P. de la Cerda.

PUEBLA DE LOS ANGELES, Sept. 24, 1889.

DEAR FATHER,

I have a piece of news for you. Perhaps, indeed, you have already heard it through the newspapers; however, their account cannot be trusted. Here are the facts.

Three of our fathers, Antonio Labrador, Estanislao Mauléon, and Vicente Mancí, after giving missions in the cities of Leon and Guanajuato, came to a mining town called La Luz. The success of the missions, especially of the one given at Leon, where more than 20,000 confessions were heard, many hundred marriages set right, etc., roused the ill-will of the Liberals, who, be it said in passing, are, in Mexico, models of intolerance. They made up their minds to get even with the missionaries the first chance that offered. The opening of the mission at La Luz seemed the looked-for moment. So it came to pass that one day, to the utter amazement of the missionaries, the leading politician of the

place entered the church, hat on head and pistol in hand, and proceeded to arrest Fr. Labrador for preaching against the institutions of the country. The people, furious at the outrage, rushed upon the intruder, who narrowly escaped with his life. As a matter of fact, he received but one wound, inflicted, they say, by an old woman. An armed force soon appeared on the scene, the uproar increased, stones were thrown and pistol shots exchanged; many persons were wounded, and some killed. The fathers were carried off to Guanajuato and thrown into the common jail, the historic castle of Granaditas. This was what the Liberals wanted. Indeed, had any pretext been given, they would have been only too happy to make away with the fathers on the road to the prison, under cover of *La Ley Fuga* (The Fugitive Law), which permits the shooting-down of a prisoner who attempts to escape.

All this happened on the 25th of April, of the present year. FF. Mauleón and Mancí were detained in prison until the 8th of Sept. They were then permitted to leave the prison, but not the city. As for Fr. Labrador, he has been condemned to eleven months' imprisonment, with a fine of \$1000. There will be a hundred days more of prison in case the fine is not paid.

The official accusation is a wretched tissue of falsehoods. Fr. Labrador published a protest, but in vain; these men do what they will. It is clear that our enemies, knowing well that the nation is Catholic, saw it would be useless to accuse the missionaries of preaching Catholic doctrine; nor could they charge them with preaching anything else. So they were on the alert to find an opportunity of raising a riot, and arresting the fathers as instigators; this opportunity they found at La Luz.

In the hands of such men rests the government of this nation, worthy assuredly of a better fate. The governor of Guanajuato is the notorious Gonzales, the predecessor of Don Porfirio Díaz in the presidency of the republic. Gonzales is eager for a second term, and, to win over the Liberals, he persecutes the clergy, imprisons missionaries, closes Catholic schools, and, taking public instruction into his own hands, has made it atheistic. Much else he does, as bad and worse, to the great satisfaction of the Liberals.

You see, dear Father, that our liberty is different from yours. Catholics in your country have true liberty; here, though in a majority, they are treated like pariahs. And, saddest of all, we are now come to such a pass, that there seems no human means at hand to set things right again.

BRAZIL.

ITU, SAN LUIZ COLLEGE, July 21, 1889.

REV. DEAR FATHER,
P. C.

. . . . We had another invasion of yellow fever last year. Rio Janeiro was the first to be attacked, and the attack lasted from October to the end of March. The victims were very numerous, and among them were three Lazarists and several Sisters of Charity. Two other towns, Santos and Campinas were also visited. The former, the principal commercial port of this province, suffered heavily from January to the end of April. Several sisters from Rio and one of our fathers from this college went there to attend the sick. The latter town, Campinas, has been afflicted from January up to the present. It was thought formerly that there was no danger of yellow fever in the interior, yet the victims of this city, which is about twenty leagues from Itù, are almost beyond calculation. Here too one of our fathers, with considerable sacrifice to the college, attended the sufferers for about two months.

During the month of December, one of our fathers from Nova Friburgo, who was assisting in the examinations at Rio, caught the fever and narrowly escaped death. At the same time, our Father Rector, on a visit to Rio, caught the fever also, and recovered only after a long illness. Besides these afflictions, we lost Fr. Graziosi, who died here of rheumatism of the heart about three weeks ago, and about the same time Fr. Missir died at Santa Catharina. The small-pox again made its appearance here a few weeks ago. The sisters' academy, which escaped last year, was the first to be attacked, and had to be closed. Thus far the disease has not reached our college, but we are in great danger, as it is impossible to cut off all communication with the town.

Notwithstanding these trials, our college is doing well. We have now 280 boarders; less than we had last year, but more than we hoped for under the circumstances. For the abolition of slavery has deprived the farmers (and of such even the higher class of society here is made up), of their chief source of revenue. Another effect of the movement has been the downfall of the Conservative party, and the dissolution of the House of Commons. For the abolition was

brought about by the Republicans and Liberals, who have thus strengthened their opposition to monarchy and to the Conservative party. Only a few days ago an attempt was made at Rio against the emperor's life. The hand of the stranger is visible in all this, but the people do not seem to see anything. *Quem vult perdere, dementat.* What our lot will be God alone knows.

The feast of St. Aloysius was celebrated here with the usual pomp this year, and we were honored by the presence of the Bishop of Rio, who is still here. He is very friendly and makes himself quite at home with us.

I remain, Reverend Father,

Ræ. Væ. infimus in Christo servus,

R. M. GALANTI, S. J.

BIOGRAPHICAL SUPPLEMENT.

[*Special Notice.*]

While preparing the Index for the first fifteen years of the LETTERS—from 1872 to 1887—we were struck by the absence of several great names from the list of obituaries. This led to an investigation of the list of *vita funèri* in the catalogue of the Maryland New York Province; and this investigation was followed by the startling revelation that, of those who died in this province alone during the years mentioned, there are 25 priests, 21 scholastics, and 40 brothers of whom there is no obituary notice in the LETTERS.

There are several explanations of this apparent neglect. Suffice it to mention two. First, it is not generally understood that those who have charge of the LETTERS are not supposed to write, but only to edit what is sent to them from the different houses. They have other work to do at Woodstock. Secondly, former editors have doubtless found the same difficulty as the present staff in securing obituaries or notices from the houses where the death takes place. The notice which they give to newspapers would often suffice; but it must be sent to the LETTERS certified by some one who can guarantee the newspaper account to be correct—otherwise we cannot run the risk of printing such notices.

It will be quite natural for the future annalist to go to the LETTERS for at least a brief notice of those who have died during these years, and it would be a pity that he should be disappointed. To prevent this, it is now proposed to open in the next number a Biographical Supplement, containing at

least a brief sketch of those whose obituaries have not been written. Hoping for co-operation from all sources in this work of charity, we give a list of the names referred to, with the year and place of death.

Priests—Fr. F. X. Di Maria, 1871, Philadelphia; Fr. Michael Tuffer, 1873, Frederick; Fr. Peter P. Kroes, 1873, Georgetown; Fr. John Early, 1873, Georgetown; Fr. James Pinasco, 1873, Frederick; Fr. Alex. L. Hitzelberger, 1875, Boston; Fr. John Smith, 1877, Philadelphia; Fr. Peter V. McDermott, 1877, Whitmarsh; Fr. Chas. A. Bague, 1877, St. Joseph's, Washington; Fr. Alphonsus Pelletier, 1879, New York; Fr. James J. Tehan, 1879, Providence; Fr. Michael Driscoll, 1880, Fordham, New York; Fr. Henry Terenziani, 1880, New York; Fr. Florentine Achard, 1880, Troy; Fr. Charles H. Fulmer, 1880, Boston; Fr. John Treanor, 1880, California; Fr. John Fitzpatrick, 1880, Fordham, New York; Fr. John Sumner, 1880, Washington; Fr. Francis McLaughlin, 1881, Texas; Fr. Hector Glackmeyer, 1881, Philadelphia; Fr. Joseph Shea, 1881, New York; Fr. Francis Maréchal, 1882, New York; Fr. Francis Michel, 1882, New York; Fr. George Villiger, 1882, Conewago; Fr. Paul Mignard, 1882, New York.

Scholastics—Mr. Tobias F. X. Witman, 1871, Frederick; Mr. John Deady, 1871, Woodstock; Mr. Aidan Byrne, 1872, Frederick; Mr. Wm. O'Callaghan, 1873, Woodstock; Mr. Charles Doizé, 1873, New Orleans; Mr. John E. P. Dooley, 1873, Georgetown; Mr. Jos. Strubinger, 1874, Frederick; Mr. Julian F. Fairfax, 1875, Frederick; Mr. Edward F. Dougherty, 1875, Woodstock; Mr. John Walsh, 1875, Frederick; Mr. John F. Hallahan, 1876, Frederick; Mr. Michael P. Walsh, 1876, Frederick; Mr. Martin J. O'Neill, 1876, Frederick; Mr. John J. Lees, 1876, Woodstock; Mr. Thomas H. Kane, 1878, Frederick; Mr. Daniel A. Keating, 1879, St. Thomas', Md.; Mr. Michael S. Murphy, 1880, Frederick; Mr. John M. Murphy, 1880, Georgetown; Mr. John A. Gillespie, 1880, Baltimore; Mr. Francis B. Moyer, 1881, Boston; Mr. Thomas Fenton, 1883, St. Lawrence's, New York.

Brothers—Br. John O'Reilly, 1871, Frederick; Br. Daniel Connelly, 1871, Georgetown; Br. John Kelly, 1872, Worcester; Br. Patrick McLaughlin, 1872, Worcester; Br. Michael Farrell, 1873, St. Thomas', Md.; Br. Owen McCann, 1873, Baltimore; Br. Timothy Brosnan, 1873, Frederick; Br. Michael McElroy, 1874, Frederick; Br. Thomas McMahon, 1875, Boston; Br. Michael Redmond, 1876, Philadelphia; Br. James Bergen, 1878, Worcester; Br. Thomas Casey, 1879, Baltimore; Br. Andrew Tragsail, 1879, New York; Br. John Callaghan, 1879, New York; Br. John Derks, 1880, Frederick; Br. Thomas O'Connor, 1880, Georgetown; Br. Edward B. O'Kelly, 1881, Boston; Br. Philip Ledoré, 1881, Fordham; Br. Michael O'Sullivan, 1881, Worcester; Br. Anthony Romano, 1882, Baltimore; Br. Jos. Brembacher, 1882, Gosh-

enhoppen; Br. Francis McClosky, 1883, New York; Br. Thaddeus Begley, 1883, Frederick; Br. Richard Purcell, 1883, Manresa, New York; Br. Bartholomew Doyle, 1883, Baltimore; Br. John O'Sullivan, 1884, Frederick; Br. Michael Foley, 1884, Baltimore; Br. Nicholas Litique, 1885, New York; Br. John Brady, 1885, New York; Br. James McCloskey, 1885, Boston; Br. John Welsh, 1885, New York; Br. John Cullen, 1885, Jersey City; Br. Thaddeus McKenna, 1886, Georgetown; Br. John Lynch, 1886, Boston; Br. Daniel Clarke, 1886, Georgetown; Br. Matthew Gilshannen, 1886, Georgetown; Br. Nicholas Schu, 1886, Baltimore; Br. Charles Brendle, 1887, St. Lawrence's, New York; Br. John Daly, 1887, Georgetown; Br. Timothy McNamara, 1887, Montreal.

At the same time that we are undertaking this work of love for our own province, we shall be glad if some one in the Missouri Province, and in the other American missions, will take advantage of this opportunity to make this Biographical Supplement so complete, that at least a brief notice of every member of the Society who has died in America since 1871, may be found in the *WOODSTOCK LETTERS*.

OBITUARY.

BR. JAMES KENEALY.

Br. James Kenealy was the fifth member of the Cincinnati community to pass from earth to heaven within the space of less than a year. He was born in Kilkenny, Ireland, October 16, 1849. His relatives were poor, and therefore he could not obtain the education which he so much desired. He obtained something better, however, than mere book-learning, through the care of his parents and his parish-priest—sincere piety and firm Irish faith, which did him good service afterwards.

At the age of eighteen he came to America, and settled first in New York City, but after a short time, at the solicitation of some of his friends, he came to Cincinnati. He soon obtained a place as coachman for a wealthy gentleman in the suburbs, and by his firmness in complying with the requirements of his religion, in spite of the stormy protests of his employer, he gained for himself the esteem and respect of the whole family. Many a time during this period he had to make no small sacrifice to be present at Mass or to attend to other spiritual duties; but, as he himself afterwards said, the consolations which God bestowed, as a partial reward for his generosity, made any sacrifice seem trivial.

After ten years spent in this way, he felt that God was calling him to a more perfect state of life, and he made haste to obey the divine call. The reading of the life of St. Aloysius was one of the principal instruments in disposing him for this step; hence he ever afterwards cherished a lively devotion for that amiable saint. He was received into the novitiate at Florissant, without further probation, on May 13, 1878, and entered at once on the duties of his noviceship with an earnestness which he preserved as a characteristic trait during the rest of his life. One who knew him intimately at Florissant says that charity, readiness and fitness for every kind of work, and a great love of prayer were remarkable in Br. Kenealy. His natural disposition was kind and gentle, and his considerateness for others was such, that he soon endeared himself to the whole community. He was ready for any occupation, and his love of prayer was so great that, after being relieved of the duties of *excitator*, on account of his failing health, he begged the superior to allow him to rise, as formerly, before the community, in order that he might make

an hour's meditation before the rest were called. So strong was his desire to spend some extra time before the Blessed Sacrament, without encroaching on the duties of his office, and so fervent was his pleading, that the superior found it difficult to refuse.

In the autumn of 1882, he was sent to Cincinnati and made sacristan of our parish church, an office which he filled to the greatest satisfaction until he could work no longer. His duties at first were anything but attractive. St. Xavier's Church was a scorched and disfigured ruin, and the work of clearing away the debris and restoring the building to its former splendor had just commenced. Gradually the restoration was effected, and within a year the new St. Xavier's rose from the ashes of the old. The interior renovation was accomplished more slowly; but one after another the fine marble altars of the sanctuary were erected and became with other parts of the church the objects of Br. Kenealy's vigorous care. He organized an acolythical society among the boys of the parish school. His success in keeping this society in a flourishing condition, and his influence over the boys were extraordinary. One of our fathers says of him: "Br. Kenealy was a model sacristan in every way. Cincinnati is one of the smokiest cities in the world; you cannot take up a book that has been lying on your table for half a day, without soiling your hands; yet I have seldom seen, even in country convents, a sacristy with which, for neatness, and absence of dust and soot, Br. Kenealy's would not compare favorably. I have never known his equal in training altar boys. The boys had implicit confidence in him, and submitted all their disputes to him as final arbitrator. It was very amusing to watch the seriousness with which he acted as umpire in the games of base-ball which he got up to keep the servers off the streets on Sunday afternoons. He used his influence with the boys to promote the devotion to the Sacred Heart, and the frequentation of the sacraments, and with such success that many of the larger lads became weekly communicants. He spent the time of recreation in making or repairing beads for externs, and when obliged to receive any offerings for this work, he devoted them, with permission of the superior, to buying cassocks or other articles for the servers at Mass."

On August 15, 1888, he made his last vows. For some time before this, it was noticed that he suffered from a hard cough. Though he made very little of it, he was steadily growing weaker; and on Sept. 29th, he was obliged to take to his bed. He might well say, *Zelus domus tuæ comedit me*. Although, after several weeks, he was able to sit up, there was no hope of his recovery. His greatest cross was his forced inactivity; but recollecting that the best we can do for God is to perform his divine will, he conformed himself without trouble to the guidance of Providence. He assured sev-

eral of his brethren that, if he were to follow the promptings of his heart, he would ask for death, but he deemed it more perfect to ask for neither life nor death. Nevertheless, in the spirit of obedience, he made a novena with the other members of the community, for a speedy and complete restoration of health. Several violent hemorrhages dispelled all hope of his recovery, and he slowly wasted away, worn out by the racking cough which tormented him by day and night. His brethren, who frequently visited him, found great edification in his cheerful patience and resignation. Death, which had no terrors for him, was a frequent subject of his conversation. The end came at last on the 30th of April, and Br. Kenealy obtained what he valued so much and had prayed for so earnestly—the privilege of dying in the Society.—R. I. P.

FR. JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

Father John Cunningham was born Dec. 30, 1824, in the diocese of Kildare and Leighlin, Mountrath, Queen's Co., Ireland. At an early age he came to Canada, and, when fifteen, entered the college of the Sulpitians in Montreal, to make the full classical course of seven years. After two years of mental philosophy and ethics, he began the study of theology in the *Grand Séminaire*, and two years later, on receiving minor orders, he applied for admission into the Society. He was admitted by Fr. George Schneider, then master of novices, but being needed by the Sulpitian Fathers to conduct their English studies, he could not enter until a year later, in the September of 1849. He began his noviceship in the house of M. Rodier of Montreal, and finished it in our college there, taking his vows on Sept. 8, 1851. After teaching a commercial class and prefecting at our college in Fordham for two years, he reviewed his theology during the two following years, and was ordained priest by Archbishop Hughes of New York, Aug. 17, 1855. The following year he was again a prefect at Fordham. After teaching middle grammar there, for a year and a half, he was called to New York in the early part of 1858 to take the class of humanities. This he taught four years and a half, after which he was appointed professor of rhetoric. He began his third year of probation in 1864, at Sault au Récollet, under the instructorship of Fr. James Peron. After a year spent in teaching humanities in Fordham, he made his last vows, Aug. 15, 1866. For the two years following he taught rhetoric in that college, and in 1868, he was again appointed to teach humanities in St. Francis Xavier's, N. Y. There he remained until 1874, and after two years at Fordham, thither he returned again in 1876, teaching at various times the classes of humanities, rhetoric, and special Latin. He was professor of Latin in the short-lived *collegium inchoatum* in Troy, during the school year beginning 1877.

Returning to St. Francis Xavier's in 1878, he again taught humanities there until 1880, when he was sent to take special Latin class in St. Peter's, Jersey City. After two years, ill health forced him to leave the classroom and so bring to a close a career of teaching which had lasted upwards of thirty years. The following year he spent as confessor, but from the summer of 1883 until his death, his bodily and mental powers were so impaired that he could no longer work or lead the ordinary community life. He spent these years in L'Hospice de S. Jean de Dieu, Longue Pointe, near Montreal, P. Q., where he died peacefully in the Lord, on May 20, 1889.

Father Cunningham, as a teacher, spared no pains to further the training of his pupils. The vigor and activity of his earlier life were faithfully employed in devising means to relieve the drudgery of the classroom, and these stood him in good stead in his declining years. His simple diagrams of the more difficult declensions and conjugations facilitated the first steps of many a grammar pupil, and his careful translations, and tasteful models were at once the help and admiration of the students of riper years. Like a true Jesuit, he showed much more solicitude for the souls than for the minds of his pupils, and this zeal of his led superiors to employ him as director of sodalities and confessor of boys and young men, until ill health unfitted him for the work. He lost no occasion of showing his interest in the spiritual welfare of his charges, and howsoever importunate he may have seemed when doing so, they never disliked him for it, but grew to love him more and more every year. His infirmities in the decline of life were very painful, but he bore them in patience and humility, the object of sympathy and prayers which his zeal and sincerity had won for him everywhere.—R. I. P.

BR. PATRICK O'HARA.

Br. Patrick O'Hara died in St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, on Monday, June 24, 1889, at half past four o'clock in the afternoon. Brother O'Hara was born in Ireland on the seventeenth of March 1839. When a grown boy, he went to reside in Liverpool; and about the year 1863 came to the United States. He entered the novitiate on September 4, 1867, at the age of twenty-seven years. At the time when he decided to devote his life to the service of God in the Society of Jesus, he was filling a prominent position as machinist in the city of Cincinnati.

During his noviceship he was a model of silence and of exactness. He was without human respect, and was at the same time always cheerful and full of humor. In the twenty-two years of his religious life, Brother O'Hara lost nothing of the amiable religious spirit he manifested in his noviceship. He filled many positions; was, in turn, machinist, clothes-

keeper, refectorian, carpenter; and he turned from one occupation to the other with a joyfulness which showed that he recognized and kept always before his mind the supernatural nature of his vocation.

For several years before his death Brother O'Hara had been afflicted with epilepsy. But he went about his work fearlessly, with implicit confidence that God who permitted his affliction would preserve him from all danger. He was exact in all things, and was usually first at every exercise. He was a very early riser, and was eager to serve several Masses every day. On June 13, Father Minister not finding Brother O'Hara ready in the sacristy to serve an early Mass, concluded that he was unwell, and on going to his room found him sitting on a chair and breathing with great difficulty. He signified that he was suffering intense pain in the head, and was taken at once to the infirmary. The physician was called, and pronounced the illness to be enlargement of the heart.

During his short illness of eleven days, Brother O'Hara suffered excruciating pains in the head and the region of the heart. But he did not murmur. When asked if his pain was great, he replied, with his accustomed humor, that it was "enough to crack a bottle." His agony was long; but he was strengthened by the sacraments for which he himself had asked in time, that he might be ready for the struggle. May he rest in peace.

FR. JAMES CURLEY.

At Georgetown College, on the 24th day of July, 1889, at the advanced age of nearly ninety-three years, in the sixty-second year of his religious life, the fifty-eighth of his connection with Georgetown College, and the fifty-seventh of his priesthood, died Fr. James Curley.

As we hope to publish in a future number of the *LETTERS* the recollections of those whose happiness it was to know Fr. Curley personally, we shall content ourselves for the present with giving only an outline of his career, and a few details about his death. "His life was so placid," writes an old student of Georgetown, "that but little is found in it to supply colors for a vivid picture. The traditionary hero, somebody has said, breaks upon us like the rugged mountain peak or plunging cataract. Not so Fr. Curley. His life was like the soft landscape, without striking features, but harmonious in all its parts, and presents a picture of such rare simplicity and delightful unity, that the eye of an artist can alone contemplate it and appreciate it fully and completely."

Father Curly was born in County Roscommon, Ireland, on Oct. 25, 1796. His father died when he was quite young, and

his earlier education was confined to the simplest rudiments of English. A little later, however, a professor of mathematics in his town discovered in him a wonderful taste for that branch, in which he afterwards became famous. He left Ireland in 1817, and arrived in Philadelphia on the 10th of October of that year. There he worked for two years as book-keeper. He afterwards taught mathematics for some time in Frederick, Md. In 1826, he came to Washington and began the study of Latin in the Catholic Seminary with a view to preparing himself for the priesthood. At the same time he taught a class in the seminary, and one of his pupils was James A. Ward, the present venerable rector of the novitiate at Frederick and socius of the provincial. After the close of the seminary, he applied for admission to the Society, and began his noviceship at Georgetown on Sept. 29, 1827. At the end of his two years of probation, in Aug. 1829, he was sent to Frederick to teach. He took his first vows on Oct. 10th of that year, and returned to Georgetown in the spring of 1831. In September of that year he began to teach natural philosophy, studying moral theology at the same time. It was shortly after this, on Dec. 21, 1832, that he became a naturalized American citizen. In the following year, he was ordained subdeacon on May 29th, deacon on May 31st, and priest on the 1st of June. His first Mass was said on Corpus Christi in the chapel of the Visitation Convent at Georgetown, which he continued to attend as chaplain for fifty years. During nearly all this time, for the space of forty-eight years, he taught mathematics and astronomy at the college. He drew up the plans and superintended the work of establishing the college observatory, and made many valuable contributions to science. Among these may be mentioned his correction of the computation for the meridian of Washington. The observations which he then made, half a century ago, have been officially verified by the government astronomers. He was socius and procurator of the province from Sept. 12, 1850 to 1860, under three successive provincials, F.F. Brocard, Stonestreet, and Villiger. It was he who established the green-house of the college, which he made a means of perfecting his skill as a botanist. His interest in this branch was active even to the last days of his life. Toiling along on his crutches, when he became no longer able to move about without them, he went daily to visit these old friends, and when some very rare one bloomed he brought the flower to the fathers' recreation-room, that others might share his delight. He was very fond also of visiting the government botanical gardens, to observe the progress of some special botanical pets in which he had taken an interest for years.

The last class that Fr. Curley taught was the Class of '79. Among the papers found after his death was a list of this and all his previous classes from 1831. That their faces and rec-

ords were preserved in his memory, he proved to every one of them that ever returned to visit the college. It might be that decades of years had passed, and that the boy was now a grandsire, but in a moment after hearing his name, Fr. Curley, his own face brightening with that indescribable expression of childlike joy so familiar to those who have lived with him, would go back with his former pupil to the days of long ago, assemble again the class, perhaps, of '35 or '40, surround this group with the faculty and college "characters" of that day, and astonish all listeners with his wonderful store of information about each and every one of those whose good fortune it was to have been "his boys." But this is a phase of his character which, doubtless, will be better touched upon by those who will give us their personal recollections of him. We shall now tell, in the words of the *College Journal* the story of his last days on earth.

"In February last he slipped and fell on the stairs that lead from the college infirmary to the students' chapel. He recovered sufficiently from this to appear in public once or twice during the centennial celebration; but the shock resulting from this fall, and a cold brought on by passing from the warm reception-rooms of the college to the cool air of the corridors, made rapid inroads into a system already enfeebled by old age. His stubborn constitution, however, and high degree of vitality bore him up in the struggle for life, until far into the summer. In July, he was attacked by malaria, and then he began to sink so rapidly that extreme unction was administered. His mind remained clear and vigorous until a week before his death. Then intervals of delirium began, during which his mind wandered back over the earlier years of his connection with the college, and he held imaginary conversations with FF. Ryder and Mulledy, who were presidents of the college many years ago. These deliriums, however, lasted but a short time, and up to his last moments his mind was generally clear.

"On Wednesday, February 23rd, it became evident that his end was approaching, and the watchers at his bedside grew anxiously attentive. Early on the afternoon of the 24th, a sudden change for the worse was noticed; Fr. Fox was called, and the prayers for the dying were recited. The prayers were hardly ended when, dropping his head on his breast, and drawing a long breath, almost a sigh, he passed peacefully away.

"On Friday morning, his remains were laid in the reception-room of the new building, whither many of his friends came to take a last look at their father and friend. At ten o'clock, the funeral procession, composed of fathers of the college, visiting clergy, scholastics, and brothers, started for Trinity Church, Georgetown, where the Office of the Dead was recited, and a low Mass of Requiem offered for the repose of his soul. The celebrant of the Mass was Fr. William F. Clarke, George-

town's oldest living graduate. His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, kindly assisted at the Mass and pronounced the last absolution. The funeral procession, chanting the *Benedictus*, then returned to the college grounds, where the venerable father's remains were laid to rest in the college cemetery."—
R. I. P.

MR. PATRICK J. O'SULLIVAN.

On Tuesday morning, August 13, we laid away to rest, in the little cemetery at Woodstock, the mortal remains of our dear brother, Mr. Patrick J. O'Sullivan. The crown of suffering, which he had worn for four years, had at last blossomed into a crown of glory and a garland of joy. The Master's voice, that four years before had called him away from an active life, to stand and wait, was heard again summoning him from his post of heroic inaction, where he had stood so bravely teaching us the hard lesson of cheerful and courageous patience under the chastening rod of our kind Father.

Mr. Patrick O'Sullivan was born in Valentia, Ireland, March 10, 1853. While he was yet a child, his parents came to this country and made their home in Norwich, Conn. He received his early education at the Norwich Academy. In 1871 he went to Nicolet, Canada, but remained only a year. The following year he was at Montreal College, and in 1877 he graduated from there to the Grand Seminary. After two years of seminary life, as the time drew near for him to receive subdeaconship, he began to be troubled about his vocation. His confessor, discovering unmistakable signs of a religious vocation, advised him to make a retreat under one of our fathers. In that retreat it became manifest that it was God's will for him to enter the Society. This new step entailed many sacrifices; but nothing could shake him in his vocation. In the fall of 1879, he left home, and entered the novitiate at Frederick on the 9th of October. His career as a student, at the Norwich Academy, Nicolet, and Montreal, had been a very brilliant one. He secured the first places in his classes, and carried off the most valuable prizes. At the Grand Seminary he had made quite a reputation, and was one of the thirteen who belonged to a famous literary society called the *Columbian*. Under the influence of the novice life, the full beauty of his character soon developed itself. Older than most of the novices, he was remarkable among them all for his childlike ways and unaffected humility. He made himself companionable to all, and the youngest novice enjoyed his company the most.

After the two years of noviceship, he was appointed professor of the juniors—a very strong proof of the esteem in which he was held by his superiors, both as a religious and as a scholar. Not one of those who were under him in the juniorate ever spoke but in words of the highest praise of the

dear old *Domine*, as they called him. In Sept. 1883, he was sent to teach rhetoric in Boston College. Those who taught with him there know how well he succeeded in this arduous task. The energy and life that he put into his work, and the interest that he showed in every member of his class made him beloved of all. It was a part of his kindly nature to encourage, not to crush any one with harshness. Though he was strict in exacting class duties, yet he never forgot to lift up the faint-hearted and cheer them on, and no one could ever charge him with discouraging the slowest scholar in his class.

In September 1885, he started on his fifth year of teaching; but his scholastic work was over forever. In the midst of his useful labors, in the prime of his manhood, he was stricken down by paralysis, and forced to abandon the classroom. The history of the next four years is hidden with the gentle Master who clothed his servant with the ornaments of sorrow and pain. After spending some months in New York under medical treatment, Mr. O'Sullivan came to Woodstock, and lived among us for three years. The words that he had best learnt again to pronounce were *patience* and *courage*. How often we spoke pityingly of his fate, while he prayed on and hoped on, persuading many of us that he would be back in our ranks again. But God was pleased to accept the good will of his faithful servant without imposing the burden of an active life. When we were not expecting it, the end came suddenly. On his return to Woodstock from the villa, the change in his appearance became quite marked. Exercise had been everything to him, and now he was obliged to keep to his room. We had scarcely missed him from his usual walks when we heard that the last sacraments were being administered to him. His poor heart was worn out; no power of medicine could save him. Weary with the struggle, he seemed as eager to die, as he had been, till then, anxious to live and recover and resume his work. During the last few days of his life, he maintained the same wonderful courage and patience that he had shown during his long illness. That innocent mirth which had so often amused us did not forsake him to the last. On Monday morning, Aug. 12, about 5.15, while the prayers for the dying were being recited, without any struggle or agony, the weary sufferer sank back into the arms of the Brother Infirmarian, and died like a tired child falling asleep.—R. I. P.

BR. JULIUS MACÉ.

On the morning of the 13th of August, Br. Macé died piously in the Lord at St. John's College, Fordham. Born in Brittany, he possessed to the full the virtues that are traditional in that province, tender piety, great simplicity, and a strong spirit of faith. From his childhood he was devoted to

music, and his talent for the piano was so marked, that he was sent to the Conservatory at Paris, to finish his studies. Here he attracted the attention of men like Bertini, Gottschalk and Thalberg, and for awhile his future career seemed to be assured; but a bitter disappointment he met with, so the story runs, disgusted him with the world, and in company with a fellow artist he determined to enter the Society. The two presented themselves at St. Acheul and asked to be admitted as brothers. The superiors, knowing what they had been, offered to admit them as scholastics, though they had made no regular studies. His companion accepted the offer, but Br. Macé asked for himself only a life of humble obscurity.

About the end of his first year of noviceship, he was sent with three fathers and four brothers to New York, where our fathers were but just settled. They sailed from Havre on the 2d of May 1848, and reached their destination on the 1st of June. Of the party only one is living, Brother Risler of St. Francis Xavier's, N. Y. He relates two incidents, that have remained fixed in his mind through all these years. The first is, that when they reached our house, which was then on Third Avenue and known as the School of the Holy Name, Fr. Nash who received them gave them some beer, which tasted very strange to their French palates. The other incident was, that Br. Macé went out into the city and got lost, reaching Fordham very late at night. Those who knew Br. Macé will recognize in this a characteristic trait.

He finished his noviceship in Fordham, under Father Legouais, and from that time he was never moved from the college. He taught music there for nearly forty years, and during the same time was organist in the parish church and in the boys' chapel. He suffered for many years from drowsiness. Everywhere and at all times, he was liable to fall asleep: This was sometimes embarrassing, especially when a High Mass was in progress; for if the prefect of music were not watchful, Br. Macé would fall asleep, though his fingers still wandered mechanically over the keys, with a result sometimes that had not been foreseen in the rehearsals. His duties as professor of music never made an excuse to obtain exemptions from the humble offices of the brothers. When not occupied in giving lessons, he could always be found in the scullery or refectory, until his fingers began to grow stiff, from the repeated immersion in hot water. He then asked to be allowed to devote his spare time to chopping wood; and it was an edifying sight to see this old brother going from the music-rooms to the barn, and returning with a hand-cart full of wood for the bake-shop. For many years he ate no meat and took but two meals a day. During his last illness, he edified all who visited him by his patience, and the humble gratitude with which he recognized all that was done for him. Two days before his death, he marked down his particular examen. He was eccentric in many ways, but his

eccentricities were never disedifying. He suffered much in his life, from complaints which caused him to be bent almost double, but no one ever heard him complaining. In his patience, his humility, and his conscientious discharge of the office entrusted to him, he may well be offered as a model to all.—R. I. P.

FATHER BERNARD TOALE.

After weary years of suffering, borne with unalterable patience, Fr. Bernard Toale died in the novitiate, Frederick, Maryland, on Monday, September 9th, in the 59th year of his age, and his 38th in the Society.

Born in the county of Tyrone, Ireland, on the 17th of May 1831, he came to America in his 22nd year, and as he had completed his classical studies in his native land, he was able to enter the novitiate at Frederick shortly after his arrival, May 28, 1852. His fellow-novices bore the same testimony as his colaborers of later times—that his unaffected piety, constant serenity of mind, and never failing though well-timed display of humor, made him a general favorite and a source of edification to the community.

His noviceship over, he was considered competent to assume, without further preparation, the charge of a class in one of our colleges; and accordingly, in August 1854, he was sent to teach one of the grammar classes in the Old Seminary at Washington, afterwards called Gonzaga College. The two following years he spent in St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, Penn. In the autumn of 1857, we find him at Worcester, Mass., where he passed his fourth and last year of regency. Those who were associated with him during this period speak of him as a successful teacher. He had complete control of his pupils without any great display of authority. His equable temper and ready wit stood him in good stead in every emergency. Where a harsh reprimand might have failed of effect, in crushing any inopportune display of American independence, a sally of wit at the offender's expense would reduce him to shame and submission. Nor did he lack the faculty of imparting knowledge. He was ever ready to avail himself of many little artifices, whereby, while making the matter clear, he was able to excite the interest of the students, and arouse within them a laudable ambition.

In 1858, he was transferred to Georgetown to study his philosophy, going thence to Boston in 1860, when the scholasticate was removed to Boston College, to pursue his theological studies. In the summer of 1863 he was raised to the priesthood in the church of the Immaculate Conception, Boston. His first mission was at St. Inigo's, Md., where he remained one year, after which he was stationed at St. Mary's Church, Alexandria, Virginia. Here he remained

from 1864 to 1870, when he was sent to Frederick for his third year of probation, returning again to Alexandria in 1871.

His long stay in Alexandria gives evidence of his success as a pastor. He was highly esteemed as a confessor, while his tender sympathy for the sick and the poor won all hearts to him. He was no orator, it is true, but in his discourses he would make at times some delicious home-thrusts, under cover of a delicate humor, that rendered his remarks most effective for the cure of souls, while giving offence to none. In 1872, he went to St. Thomas', Maryland, whence he was removed the following year to aid Fr. Vigilante at St. Inigo's, remaining there two years. This was before the opening of the Woodstock Villa. A few of the Woodstock scholastics, however, spent their vacations there, and found him a most enjoyable companion. They were wont to ply him with questions calculated to bring into play his ready humor, and the replies, whenever they were prefaced by a softly intoned "Yes, child," were sure by their wit to afford much amusement to the listeners.

During the last year of his stay at St. Inigo's, he was afflicted by a frequent recurrence of chills and fever, and began to suffer from a distressing form of asthma, accompanied by heart failure, which gave him little rest day or night. He was on this account removed to Frederick in 1875, that he might receive all possible medical aid. Here he remained until his death; and though able, for the first few years, to do some missionary labor, he was forced at length to give up all active work in the ministry. The brother who cared for him, during these fourteen years of his stay in Frederick, testifies that, though his sufferings caused him to undergo a species of martyrdom, especially during the last three months of his life, yet his serenity of mind never deserted him, nor did a complaint ever escape his lips. He offered the Holy Sacrifice daily, and was present at all the community exercises till three months before his death, edifying all by his heroic patience.

Thus were his last days made precious in the sight of God, thus did they forestall, we may hope, the purging flames, rendering his death a mere passage from long suffering to eternal joy.—R. I. P.

MR. GEORGE A. MULRY.

Mr. George A. Mulry was born in New York City, Sept. 26, 1862. He entered the novitiate at West Park, July 30, 1880. After a two years' juniorate at Frederick, and two years and a half of philosophy at Woodstock, his health failing, he was sent to Fordham where he died on the 1st of October of the present year, having passed in the Society seven years of physical suffering and heroic endurance. The circumstances at-

tending his death were the crowning trial of a life of resignation. He had passed his examination *ad audiendas*, and preparations were made for ordination, when the last illness came; and though the hope and happiness of offering the Holy Sacrifice had been his only tie to life for years past, yet, when the call came, he yielded with beautiful, characteristic resignation. The following notes of his last retreat, a month before his death, seem to imply a suspicion of what was coming: "*Pauci ex infirmitate meliorantur*. Infirmity will be mine to the end. I thank you, my God; but it is yours to reverse this in my case."—"Si tu scis tacere et pati, videbis procul dubio auxilium Domini. This does not mean to give a diagnosis of your disease to every passer-by. *Tace*."—"I am satisfied to die as soon as God wills; I do not ask for life prolonged, but only for intensity in his service during the short time remaining."

Mr. Mulry's fellow-novices and juniors will recall with pleasure the sterling qualities which developed into real solid virtues as time went on, and as his patience and resignation were more sorely tried. As for his career at Fordham, the short space allowed an obituary notice cannot contain a bare enumeration of the good things he did there during the last years of his life; much less the high tributes of esteem and affection which he won from every one by his continual, self-sacrificing charity, the spiritual turn which he gave to all the dry details of college duties, and the example of his beautiful, patient life. Many of us remember the wet, dismal day in February, on which he came to Fordham, with the doctor's assurance that he could not live through the following spring. Yet, during that spring, he did active prefect work, kept the record of monthly marks of all the classes, introduced the League of the Sacred Heart, and organized an association among the workingmen. As this last was a beautiful example of Mr. Mulry's sympathy for the neglected in general, it may not be amiss to dwell on it. He had noticed that there was room for improvement in the condition of the men. With this in view, he obtained the necessary permission, called the men together, and with their willing consent, drew up a set of rules, the first of which was that all should receive Communion monthly and join the League of the Sacred Heart. The residence of the men was renovated from top to bottom, a reading-room fixed up, and the following St. Patrick's day selected to commemorate the founding of the society. The men will not readily forget that day. There was a workman newly arrived from France, who had brought with him a marvellously fashioned horn, on which he played the appropriate air to the immense delight of the whole society. Speeches were made, stories told, and refreshments taken. Mr. Mulry ended with a tenderly pious and practical address. The League of the Sacred Heart was introduced among the boys under somewhat difficult circum-

stances. It was feared by many that the boys would not look with favor on the intention boxes which it was proposed to place in the different study halls. Still, with characteristic perseverance, Mr. Mulry called some of the more influential boys together, got them interested in the good work, and when in due time the boxes were placed in the study halls, they were found hardly large enough to contain the weekly written intentions and offerings. The boys wore the badge of the Sacred Heart openly and with pride, and a visible, palpable blessing from heaven was the result. It was in works of this kind, in exciting and fostering piety among the boys, that Mr. Mulry's ingenuity and perseverance were at their best.

In the May following the unveiling of Our Lady's statue in the college quadrangle, he started the custom, since continued, of having the evening devotions around the statue in the open air. He managed to so interest the sodality boys, that they went to great pains and sacrifice in arranging the decorations for each succeeding Saturday. The last evening of May 1888 will be memorable in the annals of the college. The whole yard was ablaze with lights and decorations. The boys sang the *Magnificat* with the immemorial ring. Fr. Cassidy read the Act of Consecration, and Rev. Fr. Campbell, who had just been appointed Provincial, gave his parting address to the boys. And all the while, the laborious originator of the celebration was in the background, waiting for the unpoetical work of clearing away candles and Chinese lanterns.

Mr. Mulry had charge of the senior sodality until his voice failed. He still continued, however, to infuse enthusiasm into the pious organizations with which he had been connected. Writing to his brother about this time, he says: "Just before Christmas a severe cold took a tiger-like grip of the throat; for two months I whispered . . . I often go back over these past few years, and wonder—with an almost scared kind of feeling—why the Master has dealt so tenderly with unworthy me, and yet in a way so very different from the human. In a human way, what would make life bearable would be the hope of doing good in the pulpit line. God tramples on the human. He has put his hand on this poor little throat and said, 'Be still!'" This letter was written from St. Thomas', where he spent two months of last spring. A scholastic who was with him, writes: "Every Saturday he had a class of a dozen or more boys, who came for instruction. I often heard it said that the boys would do anything for Mr. Mulry. . . . One would imagine from the work he used to do that he was trying to persuade himself that he was not sick. During the month of May he made a large grotto, for which he procured some Lourdes water. The beautiful grotto, an unwonted surprise to the people, served not a little to increase devotion during the month."

Of his last moments, a scholastic who was with him to the end, writes: "He spoke joyously and happily whenever he could get breath enough to put a few words together. He remarked that his grandmother had received extreme unction nine times,—that this was his first. He was anxious to have the brother read to him during the afternoon from the lives of St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier. When I reminded him that his Communion of the morning was a Communion of reparation, he answered, that it was also his *viaticum*, showing thereby that he was quite conscious of death's approach After supper I asked Fr. Minister's permission to spend the night with him, and leave being granted I started at once to the death-bed of that saintly scholastic All during my stay at his side he was giving expression to the most beautiful thoughts, in broken and scarcely audible utterances. The most beautiful and certainly the most impassioned thing he said was his answer to a brother who suggested that some one should sit by his bedside during the night. 'Oh, nonsense! no need!' and raising his crucifix quite high, and looking at the image of Christ crucified, he exclaimed, 'This is company enough for any man through the hours of the night' I could hardly keep from weeping when I witnessed the cheerful earnestness with which he whispered his thankfulness to me at every touch of my hand, as I smoothed his pillow or wiped away the heavy perspiration from his forehead."

Those of us who had the happiness of knowing and living with Mr. Mulry, will always remember the bright example of his irreproachable life, while some must in gratitude treasure and cherish the memory of his encouragement in times of trouble; for his heart went out to those in trouble; and thus while we pray for him we will also pray to him, that his prayers and sympathy, of which he was so lavish in life, may remain with us for a stay and comfort until we follow him.—R. I. P.

VARIA.

Alaska.—The request for another missionary, expressed by Fr. Tosi in his diary and by Fr. Tréca in his letters, in the present number of the LETTERS, has been granted. Fr. Cataldo has sent to their aid Fr. Muset, who left Woodstock last year.

Albania.—Besides the seminary, the commercial institute, the sodalities, etc., a mission has just been established among the people living in the mountains. This is in charge of FF. Pasi and Jungg. The people are entirely ignorant of the truths of religion.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Belgium.—On the death of Fr. Carbonelle, the scientific association of Brussels asked the Society to appoint another father in his place, and named Fr. Thirion. The matter is in the hands of superiors, and they will probably decline the favor.—The province of Belgium has sent this year twenty more missionaries to Bengal.—*Fr. Pfister.*

In our college at Louvain, Fr. Van den Acker, for so many years professor of moral theology, has been succeeded by Fr. Houze. The Bollandist Fr. Van den Gheyn is professor of Sanscrit at the Catholic University of Paris. The number of conversions in India is increasing in a miraculous way; the superior of the mission, Fr. Grosjean, expects that next year it will reach 200,000 in the division of Chota-Nagpore. Fr. General has sent the mission 10,000 francs, and a Catholic in Antwerp has sent 40,000 francs. 163 members of the province have applied for this mission. All the boys in the college are interested in the work. Each college proposed to build a chapel in India to be named after the college, and the boys have organized associations to collect the money for this purpose.

Bibliography.—The *Catalogus Librorum* of the Catholic mission of Zikawei, for 1889, contains the following recent publications of our fathers in China:—

Omnium rerum verum principium, auctore P. Julio Aleni, S. J.—1 vol., 25 pp., 8vo., 1889.

Selecta doctrinarum fundamentalium collectio, 8 vols.—The 5th, 6th, and 8th vols. are by Fr. Lawrence Ly, the 7th by Fr. Vagnóni, and the others by Fr. Aleni. Br. Lieu has illustrated the work.—643 pp., 4to., 1888.

Explicatio Mysteriorum SS. Rosarii, auctore P. Laurentio Ly, S. J.—1 vol., 111 pp., 12mo., 1888.

Accurata explicatio doctrinæ Catholicæ, auctore P. Twrdy, S. J.—2 vols., 188 pp., 12mo., 1888.

Brevis historia Passionis D. N. J. C., auctore P. Laurentio Ly, S. J.—1 vol., 15 pp., 12mo., 1889.

Speculum virtutum, auctore P. Laurentio Ly, S. J.—An illustrated life of the Blessed Virgin, with 31 meditations.—1 vol., 102 pp., 12mo., 1889.

Tractus de SS. Sacramento, auctore P. Laurentio Ly, S. J.—On the love of Christ for us, Holy Communion, and visits to the Blessed Sacrament.—1 vol., 80 pp., 12mo., 1889.

Rationum naturalium recta explanatio, auctore P. Alexandro de la Charme, S. J.—A refutation of the errors of Chinese philosophers, and an explanation of the true doctrine on the soul, on merit, the Incarnation, and the Church. 4 vols., 315 pp., 8vo., 1889.

Laacher-Stimmen—Ergänzungsheft, 44.—Astronomy and Assyriology seem to have very little in common; but they had to go hand in hand to render the above publication possible. Without the astronomical calculations of Father J. Epping, Father J. N. Strassmaier would have been unable to copy and translate correctly the two Assyrian planet-tables; and without the aid of the experienced Assyriologist, the astronomer would never have succeeded in attaining the great results published in the *Ergänzungsheft*, n. 44. By this work, two questions are now settled with certainty: 1) What did the Babylonians know about the starry heaven? 2) How did they reckon time? The answer to these questions and the correct reading of two cuneiform inscriptions will never interest many; but the more credit is due to FF. Strassmaier and Epping for publishing *Astronomische aus Babylon*.

Fr. Bucceroni has just published a new edition of the compendium of the privileges of the Society.

Ars Ignatiana, auctore Jacobo Nonell, S. J., Barcenone, F. Rosalis.—This excellent little work is written with the purpose of showing the meaning and connection of the different parts of the Exercises. It is not, therefore, a commentary like Fr. Roothaan's.

Spiritual Exercises, by Fr. Meschler.—Fr. Boursaud writes from Fiesole: "The Commentary on the Spiritual Exercises, by Fr. Meschler, is very much liked here. I showed the book to some of the procurators who know English, and they were much pleased with it. In fact, the book has been very favorably criticised by all those whom I have met and who had seen it."

The first volume of the *Sacred Heart Library* is out, as promised in the previous number of the LETTERS. The title is "The Apostleship of Prayer, by Fr. Henry Ramière, S. J.—A new translation, with notes, reference analyses, and index."

Fr. R. M. Galanti, our faithful correspondent in Brazil, published last year a work entitled: "Compendio de Historia Universal—Redigido por um professor segundo os ultimos programmas para os exames de preparatoires."

Fr. J. B. Archambault's "Notes on the Ratio Studiorum" were printed at Woodstock a few months ago. They make a 12mo of 59 pp. In the 1st part, the notes treat of the origin and aim of the Ratio; in the 2nd, the method of the Society in teaching the inferior schools; and in the 3rd, the practice of the Ratio in the inferior schools. There is also an appendix on the study of Greek, and another on the study of the vernacular and of the accessories.

Bollandists.—The Bollandist Fathers are at work on the life of St. Charles Borromeo. Fr. Van Ortrov, who has charge of the work, has been in Milan for over a year, where he is much honored by the ecclesiastical and secular authorities.—*Fr. Pfister*.

Canada.—St. Mary's College, Montreal, opened with 300 pupils. By the 1st of October the number had gone up to 362, of which 142 are boarders. Last year the average was 340. St. Boniface College, Manitoba, has 90 pupils.

The following is the passage in the Papal Brief *Jamdudum* (issued a few

months ago, with a view to the settlement of the Laval difficulties), which refers to St. Mary's, and which gives us the right to examine our own students for Laval degrees:—"Quoniam vero Collegium extat Monte Regis a *S. Maria* appellatum, quod regitur a religiosis sodalibus e Societate Jesu, et clarescit eximie præceptorum doctrina et auditorum frequentia, Nos, ne specialibus privilegiis quæ eidem Societati iamdiu ab Apostolica sede concessa sunt omnino derogetur, benigne indulgemus ut sodales ipsi examine instituto alumnorum suorum capiant, iisque quos probaverint scriptum testimonium præbeant, quo digni declarentur iis honoris gradibus qui iuvenibus pari peritia præditis conferuntur ab Universitate Lavallensi in Collegiis eidem aggregatis. Quo exhibito testimonio, a Consilio, quod Universitati regendæ præest, diploma tradetur, quo eiusdem Universitatis alumni gradum illum adepti honestantur." On the strength of this decision, six students of St. Mary's College received their degrees last June—three B. A.; one B. Sc.; and two B. Litt. — There are twenty-five philosophers at the scholasticate. All the theologians have gone to Ireland; the tertians to England.—Fr. Devine was ordained priest July 14; Fr. Roux, Aug. 25.—Fr. Larcher, the veteran professor of rhetoric, celebrated the golden jubilee of his entry into the Society on Sept. 15. Prime Minister Mercier, one of his old pupils, recalled in a lengthy speech many anecdotes of Fr. Larcher's twenty-five years' reign in the chair of rhetoric. A despatch from Card. Rampolla brought the papal benediction to the venerable priest.

His Excellency the Governor General, while spending a few days at Winnipeg, Manitoba, visited the college of St. Boniface. He was received by the faculty and students with great loyalty and enthusiasm. The addresses which were read on the occasion were conceived in excellent taste, and fairly sparkled with respect for and devotion to the crown and to the dignity of Her Majesty, and with good will to her representative in Canada. His Excellency expressed the more than pleasure he experienced at the reception extended to him. This visit to St. Boniface must have been one of the most pleasing incidents of his stay in Winnipeg.—*Manitoba Free Press*.

The following item, taken from an interesting pamphlet containing the history of the Men's Sodality of Our Lady of Quebec, and found originally in the *Journal des Jésuites*, gives an account of the founding of probably the first sodality in America: "On Ash Wednesday, Feb. 14, 1657, two years before the coming of Mgr. de Laval-Montmorency, first bishop of Quebec, Father Poncet S. J. held the first meeting of the sodalists of Our Lady, in his room at the college of Quebec. Twelve members were present, and among them Mr. Charles de Lauzon-Charny. Ten days later, on Feb. 24, the first solemn meeting took place at the college, in the chapel of the Sodality of Our Lady, and the first Mass was sung by the chaplain of the Ursulines, M. Vignard, who had been invited for the occasion. At this meeting Mr. Charles de Lauzon, Chevalier, Lord of Charny, and Grand Master of the Streams and Forests of New France, was elected prefect. His father, Mr. John de Lauzon, was then governor of Canada."

China.—Our missions in China have suffered much from the recent inundations. Our fathers showed themselves on all sides angels of charity in seeking to relieve the distressed, and their apostolic labors were crowned with great success.—By order of the emperor, a railroad is building in the North between Lu-keou-kiao (near Pekin) and Tcheng-ting-fou, and in the South between Han-keou and Sin-iang-tcheou (Hounan). The viceroys and

governors have been ordered to remove all obstacles, as it is the desire of the emperor that the work should be a success.—*Fr. Pfister.*

The catalogue of the mission of Nankin (Aug. 1889) shows a total of 152 members—111 priests, 16 scholastics, 24 brothers, and one bishop, Rt. Rev. Valentinus Garnier, Vicar-Apostolic of Nankin. Five members of this mission died during the past year: FF. Paul Billot, James Jaquet, Joseph Pittar, Edward Le Blond, and Charles Durouchoux. Fr. Pittar was a cousin of Mr. John Pittar of the Maryland New York Province. He and his brother John entered the Society together in the French Province. The two brothers were closely united in life, Fr. Joseph always helping Fr. John to bear his trials. It would seem that they did not wish death to keep them long apart, as Fr. John died in Galashiels, Scotland, little more than a week after the death of Fr. Joseph.

Fr. Pfister gives the following statistics for the mission of Kiang-nan: 629 churches, 103,315 Christians, 6481 catechumens, 1833 baptisms of adults, 3421 baptisms of children of Christians, 35,860 baptisms of Pagan children, 69,653 annual confessions, 61,392 annual Communion. There are in this mission 1 vicar-apostolic, 103 European fathers, 29 native priests (14 of them Jesuits), 12 European scholastics, 19 coadjutor brothers, and 10 novices (5 schol. 5 coadj.).—The Sodality of the Sacred Heart numbers 15,885 members, that of Our Lady of Carmel 23,975, the Holy Rosary 7882, the Seven Dolours 883, the Annunciation 4087, the Immaculate Heart of Mary 15,329, the Holy Childhood 2131, the Holy Angels 1309, the Apostleship of Prayer 17,290, the Immaculate Conception 7139, and the Bona Mors 4961. The increase of Christians over the number of the previous year is 1976.

In the mission of Tche-ly (Prov. of Champagne) there are 1 bishop, 41 fathers, 1 scholastic, 8 coadjutor brothers, 6 secular priests, 388 churches, 36,859 Christians. Last year there were 610 baptisms of adults, and 11,818 of pagan children.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Denmark.—Our fathers have a residence, a college, and a church on one of the principal streets of Copenhagen. The college has about 60 students, many of whom are Protestants. Some time ago, the school authorities ordered us to send home all our Lutheran students. The order had to be obeyed. Only three of them left, however; the others were so unwilling to go, that their parents said they would rather sever connection with the Danish church than withdraw their children.—A cadet company has been formed among the students, under the name of the Guard of St. Canute. After a few months' drill, they marched through the streets of the capital, headed by a bugle and drum-corps, to the admiration of all beholders. The result was quite an increase of students, among them several Lutherans.—Our little church here can hold about 200 persons. The services attract a large crowd of Protestants, to the great disgust of the Protestant ministers, whose attacks on us are turned to the great glory of God. In December last, FF. Brinkmann and De Geyr, of Copenhagen, at the request of the vicar-apostolic of Norway, gave a mission of 15 days in Christiania. This vicar-apostolic displays great courage, and has just founded the first Catholic weekly, under the title of *The Jesuit*.—Last year, a Protestant minister, the provost Koford-Hansen, a man of great influence, publicly abjured Protestantism at Copenhagen; and his example has been followed by one eminent lawyer, 23 members of noble families, and 17 literary men.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Egypt.—Our fathers at Cairo have recently erected a large college; the solemn opening took place on Pentecost Sunday.—Natyryeh, a village about 12 miles from Cairo, the stopping-place of the Holy Family, is growing into a small city.—The two schools of our fathers at Minick (Upper Egypt) are in a flourishing condition, notwithstanding the opposition of Protestants.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Fordham, N. Y.—St. John's has now 225 boarders and 52 day-scholars. The cadet corps numbers nearly 190, and application has been made to the government for the artillery to which they are entitled. — A two years' course of electrical engineering has been opened; and the laboratories for analytical chemistry have been doubled to accommodate the classes of Latin Philosophy, and Special Sciences.—The "evangelists," of whom mention has already been made in the LETTERS, have resumed their work on Randall's Island.—A sodality for day-scholars has been formed by Mr. George O'Connell.—The students' retreat, given by Fr. Smith, President of Loyola College, was a great success.

France.—On the 21st of last August, Fr. Emilius Dupé and Messrs. A. Pfister, E. Sabouraud, J. de Quatrebarbe, and two other scholastics, all attached to the naval school of Jersey, while spending their vacation at their villa, Val Marie, in France, started out for a sail up the river Rance to Dinan. The boat was in charge of a good seaman, but the wind was high and the water rough, and a sudden squall struck the boat when nearly a hundred yards from the shore, throwing the seven passengers into the river. The boatman cried out "Help me; I don't know how to swim." Mr. de Quatrebarbe, who was an excellent swimmer, hurried to his aid. The boatman caught hold of his cassock, which was by itself a great encumbrance, and he was soon powerless. Mr. Sabouraud came to his aid, but he too was seized by the despairing boatman, and the three disappeared together. The four others tried to swim to the shore. Fr. Dupé, while passing one of the others, called to him for assistance; but the other was already exhausted and unable to help him; so, recommending his companions to call for help on the Sacred Heart, he soon sank, uttering fervent ejaculations to that Divine Heart under whose banner he had been wounded as a Papal Zouave, when fighting in the army of General de Charette. Mr. Pfister became exhausted and was drowned when so close to the shore that his feet could have rested on the bottom. The two others were saved, but they reached the shore completely exhausted. A few days afterwards, the five bodies were found. A monument was erected on the shore, under the direction of Gen. de Charette. The Papal Zouaves contributed a magnificent bronze crucifix for the monument. The ceremony at the unveiling of the monument was very imposing. About thirty priests were present and more than three thousand people. Fr. Dupé was 40 years old, Mr. Pfister 36, Mr. de Quatrebarbe 25, and Mr. Sabouraud 25. Mr. de Quatrebarbe was a brother of Francis de Quatrebarbe who died for the Pope at the battle of Monte Rotondo.

Paris.—At Paris, 116 students of our college in Rue des Postes passed the examination for St. Cyr.—Fr. Jovino of the province of Naples teaches Hebrew at Jersey in place of Fr. Méchineau.

Toulouse.—A house of retreat has been opened in the province of Toulouse, for which the members of the de Villèle family have generously offered their castle of Montbeson, near Montauban.

Lyons.—Fr. Roulleau, former Rector of Mold, has been appointed provincial of Lyons instead of Fr. Clairet. The novitiate of this province has so many novices that the house had to be enlarged.

Frederick, Md.—Fr. M. A. O’Kane has been transferred from the office of rector and master of novices to the college of the Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass., where he replaces Fr. Cahill as president. He is replaced at Frederick by Fr. James A. Ward who still retains also the office of socius of Rev. Fr. Provincial.

Georgetown.—On the 1st of October, Georgetown College had 141 boarders, and 70 day-scholars and half boarders. The Gaston Memorial Hall is beginning to put on a finished appearance. The baseball field is being enlarged by the removal of the green-house and of the avenue of trees that led to the college walks.—Fr. Aloysius Rocoffort of Trinity Church will celebrate the golden jubilee of his entrance into the Society on Oct. 22nd.

Two of the delegates of the Pan-American Congress, to be held in Washington in November, are graduates of Georgetown. They are F. C. C. Zegarra, LL. D., the Peruvian Minister, and Señor Jeronimo Zelaya, of Honduras.

Winter Course of Lectures.—About the middle of December, a course of lectures will begin in Gaston Memorial Hall. The first lecture will be given by Fr. Thomas E. Sherman, of Woodstock, on “Winds of Doctrine.” The second will be by Rev. D. J. Stafford, professor of elocution in the diocesan seminary of Cleveland, Ohio, on “Eloquence in Shakspeare.” Fr. J. G. Hagen, curator of the college observatory, will give the third lecture, on some astronomical subject. The fourth lecture, on some philosophical subject, will be by Fr. N. Russo, professor of philosophy at Georgetown. Mr. Martin F. Morris, LL. D., of the law faculty, will lecture on some fundamental principle of law. The sixth and last lecture of the course has not yet been arranged. These lectures are intended for the people of Washington as well as for the students of the university.—Baltimore *Mirror*.

India, Bengal.—The labors of our Belgian fathers in Western Bengal have been attended by the most marvellous success, which proves to modern sceptics the possibility of such wholesale conversions as are attributed to St. Francis Xavier in a bygone age. The province of Chota-Nagpore is about four times the size of Belgium, and contains about six millions of inhabitants. In 1885, the number of catechumens amounted to 900, in 1886 to 3000, in 1887 to 15,000, in 1888 to 50,000. The superior of the mission expects that next year it will reach 200,000. Lohardarga, one of the districts, is the centre of the Catholic movement. In extent it is about the size of Belgium, and, in 1881, the census gave it 1,600,000 inhabitants. Fr. Paul Goethals, the Archbishop of Calcutta, has lately divided Lohardarga into six principal centres, which are under the general supervision of Fr. C. Lievens. At the capital, Ranchi, reside Fr. Lievens himself, and his assistant, Fr. C. Motet. At Digghia Fr. L. Haghenbeek is in charge; at Karra, a mission founded by Fr. Lievens as late as the April of last year, Fr. J. De Smet is assisted by Fr. W. Frencken; at Kunti is Fr. Æmilius Huyghe, at Torpa Fr. Æmilius Van Severen, and at Basia Fr. L. Cardon, a newly ordained priest, has been installed. Within each of these missions there are from six to ten thousand Christian converts. Father Haghenbeek, in a letter, says that Father Lievens is already performing at Ranchi the same wonders that he previously did at Torpa in the matter

of conversions. At least sixty families there have already embraced the faith. But he specially devotes his time to settling with the principal civil authorities all religious points which arise in the different missions, so as to relieve as much as possible the hands of the local fathers from this litigious burden. Yet he has actually baptized 13,000 persons in a fortnight. This letter goes on to say that the writer has working under him twenty-eight catechists, each of whom teaches in at least four different villages. It would take too long to enumerate the vast number of conversions that are taking place; in some missions they reach two hundred a week; in others, communities are received wholesale. One thing does require to be particularly mentioned. On the evidence of these fathers, it is only too plain that, in spite of the system of government in India, the lower classes in country districts are subjected to great injustice at the hands of local native chieftains. The fathers do full justice to the English authorities, to whom, in fact, they constantly have recourse on behalf of the ill-used natives, and, apparently, never in vain; swift retribution overtakes the petty tyrants as soon as their evil deeds are proved. Father Motet, writing on the troubles that befall the converts at the hands of these petty tyrants, says: "Already these notorious thikédars (large landed proprietors) have overturned several chapels, and threatened with death both the missionaries and their converts. At Noagar, where, on September 26, Father Lievens baptized from six to seven hundred catechumens, the *dikou* conceived a violent hatred against them. His sepoy's began to insult the Christians, and even to strike them. Three days later, as one of the newly baptized was cutting his field of rice, one of these sepoy's attacked him without cause and slew him, moved thereto by hatred of the Christian name. The murderer has been arrested, and justice will be done to him, but his victim has the honor of being the first martyr of the Chota-Nagpore missions." But in many cases the native authorities, if the criminal can afford a sufficiently large bribe, hush up such cases, and succeed in hoodwinking the English officials. But of course this cannot be done when the facts are reported to the Jesuit Fathers, who at once inform Father Lievens at Ranchi, and supply him with all the evidence necessary to secure a verdict against the culprit. The fathers spare no pains in thus acting as the guardians and protectors of the helpless natives, and no doubt much of their success is due to the esteem and affection in which consequently they are held. The children are very quick at learning, and in a short time are able to hold their own in a dispute with a Protestant about the greatest mysteries of the faith. — Extract from *London Tablet*.

Mangalore.—Lord Connemara, the Governor of Madras, a Protestant and a freemason, recently paid a visit to our college at Mangalore. He thanked the fathers and students for the hearty welcome tendered him, praised the good behavior of the students, and on leaving wished all the blessings of "our common Lord." On previous occasions he has shown the same kindness to our fathers, and he maintains that "the education given to the Hindoos is of no avail without the Christian religion."

The following statistics from the Mangalore Mission for 1888-89 may be interesting:—One bishop; 22 priests S. J.; 13 scholastics; 7 coadjutor brothers; 36 secular priests; 75 nuns; 26 catechists; 68,798 Catholics; 25 seminarians; 330 students in our college; 103 baptisms of pagan adults, 52 of children of pagans, 2830 of children of Christians, 17 of Protestants; 7762 confirmations; 130,860 confessions; 148,361 Communions; 711 marriages; 612 extreme unctions.—*Fr. Pfister*.

Abp. George Porter (S. J.)—On Saturday, Sept. 28, Fr. George Porter S. J., Archbishop of Bombay, breathed his last in the midst of his labors. Born at Exeter in 1825, he entered the novitiate of the Society at Hodder Place, near Stonyhurst, in 1841. He was for a number of years prefect of studies at Stonyhurst, both before and after his ordination. After his tertianship, which he made in France in 1859, he was appointed professor of dogmatic theology at St. Beuno's. From 1863 to 1871, he was rector of St. Francis Xavier's at Liverpool. In 1873, after lighter duties at London, he was made novice-master at Roehampton. In 1880, he acted as representative of the English Province at Rome in the discussion about the privileges of Regulars, which had been submitted to the Pope by the Hierarchy. In October 1881, he was made rector of Farm-street church, London, but immediately after his appointment, he was summoned to Fiesole as English Assistant, which post he held until succeeded by Fr. Keller. He then resumed his duties as rector at Farm street, and remained in that office till 1887, when he was appointed to the archbishopric of Bombay. Father Porter was well known for his retreats, many of which he gave every year. Notes of these, under the title of "Spiritual Retreats," were published in 1887, and in a few months reached a second and enlarged edition. The climate of India, the cares of his diocese, and his incessant labor soon showed their effect on his health; and in July 1888, he received the last sacraments and was twice on the point of death. On September 28, a telegram brought the news of his death. No details have come yet. We may be sure he was ready for the summons and glad to go.—R. I. P.

Japan.—The Church is making great progress here every year. Northern Japan has now 1 bishop, 40 missionaries, and 10,026 Christians; while, in 1876, there were but 886 Christians. In Central Japan there are 2185 Christians, with 1 bishop and 14 missionaries.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Martyrs of Charity.—Fr. Paul Raymond, of the Society, and Fr. Julius Dorado, a Franciscan, were among the passengers on the Spanish ship *Remus*, that was wrecked off the Philippines on Jan. 30. Both gave their lives to save the unfortunate passengers. Fr. Raymond had been asked to get into one of the life-boats to save his own life, but refused, saying that he would not leave the ship until all the others were safe. He was last seen kneeling on the deck as the ship sank beneath the waves. Fr. Dorado left one of the life-boats, to save a poor man who was floating on a trunk, and lost his own life.—*Die Katholischen Missionen.*

Mexico.—The number of Communion during this year's missions reached 80,000. — An account of the arrest and imprisonment of our fathers will be found in Fr. de la Cerda's letter in the present number.

Missouri Province.—The Provincial Congregation opened on July 2nd and closed on the 5th; 37 fathers took part in it, two were prevented by sickness from attending. Fr. Thomas O'Neil was elected Procurator.—The fathers of the province gave 97 retreats this summer.

Colleges.—Actual attendance of students in the middle of October: — St. Louis University, 414; St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, 396; Detroit College, 263; St. Mary's (Boarding) College, Kansas, 247; Marquette College, Milwaukee, 213; St. Ignatius' College, Chicago, 207; Creighton College, Omaha, 194; Collegiate School, Chicago (North), 54.—The Colleges are flourishing.

The attendance throughout is larger than last year. It may be said in general, that all the desirable students of the last session returned. The higher classes are well attended. As a rule, the students of the various colleges are what they should be—pious, studious, manly. In Cincinnati the lowest Latin class (3d Academic) numbers 105, in three divisions. Chicago and Omaha are exclusively classical colleges.—The new catalogue shows a total of 141 priests, 140 scholastics, 106 brothers. Grand total, 387; an increase of 13 over last year.

St. Stanislaus' Novitiate, Florissant.—Fr. R. J. Meyer is acting as Rector and Master of Tertiaries during Fr. Thos. O'Neil's absence in Europe. There are 13 tertiaries: 5 of the Missouri Province, and 8 from the neighboring missions. Of the 24 juniors, 21 are of Missouri. 20 scholastic novices were received last summer. At present the novitiate numbers 31 novices.

The Young Scholasticate has 20 philosophers *primi anni*: 18 of the Missouri Province, 2 of the Rocky Mountain Mission.—*Rev. Fr. Frieden.*

Kansas, St. Mary's.—We have at present 235 boarders. We are putting up an infirmary here, of pressed brick, with stone facings; it will be two stories high, 78 by 40, with all modern improvements. Our big buildings are found to be too small for the needs of the college classes, and it is pretty certain that, by next summer, we shall have accommodations for 300 pupils, and I think it will not be a difficult task to get the boys.—We employ the arc light for the yard, and it answers splendidly for the purpose.—Fr. E. O'Sullivan is here, doing good service; his health seems to be mending. Mr. Gartland is here, too; his health was too poor to allow of his going on with his studies. He is getting better, and hopes to be fully built up before the end of the year.—*Extract from a letter to Fr. Sabetti.*

New Mexico Mission, Denver, Col.—The college of the Sacred Heart has this year 134 students, of whom 120 are boarders. The electric light has been introduced.—The lectures in philosophy are open to young men wishing to study philosophy, but unable to take the whole college course.

New Orleans Mission.—Spring Hill College has now 114 boarders.—At New Orleans there are 378 students. A new parish-school will be opened in November, a few squares from the college.—Grand Coteau has 87 boarders and 18 day-scholars.

New York, St. Francis Xavier's.—The night class, for young men who wish to prepare themselves for the priesthood, numbers this year 60 members. It is taught by MM. Clifford and McCarthy. The number of students in the college is now nearly 500.—The fathers of the missionary band are soon to give a mission in the New York cathedral, and another in Brooklyn at the church of the Assumption, where the Rev. Wm. Keegan, V. G. is pastor.

Palestine.—There are in Jerusalem more than 30,000 Jews. The new city, to the west of Jerusalem proper, is already larger than that city was in the days of our Lord. It seems that one of the Rothschilds would like to buy half of Jerusalem, and has already offered to the Sultan more than £32,000,000 for the whole of Palestine. There are already ten colonies of Jews there, supported by the Rothschilds of Paris. The Russians are also endeavoring to gain a firm hold on the Holy Land. They have fifty schools and have named a patriarch who is favorable to their plans for securing a mortgage on the Holy Sepulchre.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Philadelphia, St. Joseph's College.—The old church of the Gesù, at the corner of 17th and Stiles Sts., was divided off by partitions into six large, well-lighted classrooms, wherein to accommodate the two lower classes, Rudiments and Third Grammar, of the Free College. The number of applicants is very large, but as an examination is required for entrance, not more than one in every three is admitted. There are at present 77 in the classes: 64 in Rudiments and 13 in Third Grammar. Three others who began the course have dropped out. If the examination were omitted, probably 300 would have been received by the end of the year, but most of these would be unpromising material for a college course.

League of the Sacred Heart.—More than 800,000 certificates of admission to the League have been issued from the *Messenger* office in Philadelphia since 1885. Every month, 420,000 Rosary tickets are issued for the use of those who belong to the Second Degree of the League. New local centres are being established at the rate of more than one every day.

Gesù.—FF. McCarthy, Langcake, Pye Neale, and Barnum are giving a mission at the church of the Gesù. During the first, or women's week, over 3000 confessions were heard.

Rocky Mountains, Extract of a letter from one of the missionaries.—It is said that our Indians are dying out very fast, and that within ten or twenty years, there will be few Indians left in the present Rocky Mountain missions. It is true that in most of our missions a good number of Indians are dying every year, most of them either of scrofula or of consumption, especially amongst the Cœur d'Alènes. Yet when the first census of these Indians was taken, about 1850, they numbered scarcely 350, and now they number more than 500. And very probably the same may be said of other tribes. Some say the Indians are wanting in industry and cleanliness. But that something can be done with an Indian, even in these temporal things, would be proved by a visit to De Smet Mission amongst the Cœur d'Alènes in Idaho. There you will find several frame houses, and two nice school-houses, built by the Indians in front of our residence; they themselves will be found at work on their farm. Every Saturday afternoon they return to the Mission, and, after having fulfilled their Sunday duties, they go back to their farm. As a rule, they succeed well in farming. I was told that a few years ago the squaw of Seltise, their Chief, got the premium for good butter at the annual fair of Spokane Falls: a fact which doubtless may testify both for her industry and for her cleanliness. The success of this tribe may be said to be due mostly to the zealous work of the missionaries. Chief Seltise contributes much to it by his good example and good government. These Indians dress for the most part after the fashion of white people. Concerning the progress the Indian children make in school, it may be said, that almost all who ever went to visit an Indian school were much surprised to find the Indian boys and girls so far advanced. The half-breed will, as a rule, make a better reader and speaker in English than the full-breed, since the latter finds it very hard to pronounce distinctly several letters of the English alphabet. Hence, it is not so very easy for them to acquire a good pronunciation. Nevertheless, you will always find some who overcome all the difficulties and become good English readers and speakers.

Rome, Very Rev. Fr. General's visit to the Holy Father.—During one of Father General's latest visits to Rome, he was most graciously received by His Holiness. When the Holy Father had learned that Fr. General was

somewhat fatigued in coming up the steps of the Vatican, he gave orders to lead him to the elevator in order to spare him all fatigue. The Holy Father received him very cordially, and conversed with him in the most open and kindly manner. The audience lasted about an hour and a quarter. During the conversation, the Holy Father said: "My soul is undergoing continual agony; all that happens about me causes me great pain. One thing, however, consoles me in the midst of my sorrows; it is the faithfulness of the Society of Jesus. Yes, the Society is faithful to me." After the audience, Fr. General returned to the German College, very happy and delighted with his visit.

The rooms of St. Stanislaus will soon disappear. The beams of the ceiling and the stones of the floor will be removed to one of the old corridors of St. Andrea, where they will be put together as well as possible. The government was willing to spare the rooms, but claimed a right to the keys. They desired also that the chapel of St. Andrea should become the Quirinal chapel, and they were ready to give instead the church of the Holy Shroud. But to this the Cardinal-Vicar will never consent.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Scientific Notes, Georgetown Observatory.—The staff of the observatory has suffered a loss in the removal of Mr. Ulrich, whose services as computer were very valuable. Fr. Daugherty and Mr. Dawson have volunteered their assistance in night work.—A civil engineer asked the favor of receiving instructions here in astronomical field-work. Having received a favorable reply, he came over a thousand miles and stayed about a month, using only the portable instruments. His perseverance was crowned with success; for although at first quite a stranger to astronomical work, he determined the longitude of the south-pier, opposite the meridian circle, by means of our daily telegraphic time-signals, to the tenth of a second, using the sextant and the eye-and-ear method, his only outfit for future field-work. He left here delighted with his success and grateful to the university.—Important experiments have been made at the observatory during the last two months, for the purpose of removing the "personal equation" in transit observations, by means of photography. One night, Prof. Bigelow, to whom the idea is due, and Mr. Saegmüller, an instrument maker of Washington, were sitting with the director of the observatory at the table in the library, and consulting as to the best way of putting the idea to a test. The long focus of the equatorial, and the electrical connections for time-signals and incandescent lamps, came in very handy for the purpose. The first camera was soon constructed and screwed to the eye-end of the telescope, and a few evenings later the star *Alpha Aquilæ* was made to trace its diurnal motion on a small plate not quite two inches square, while the sidereal clock made the whole camera move in a vertical direction once every second. Finally, the spider-lines of the micrometer were photographed on the same plate, by means of an incandescent lamp, held for a few seconds before the object glass. The development of the first plate, in the dark-room of the cellar, was watched with great expectation, and, to the satisfaction of all the bystanders, brought forth two parallel trails, broken into dashes, each representing a second of time, and the whole reticule of the micrometer lines. This first apparatus was soon superseded by a second, and the second by a third; each being improved as the experiments suggested. Further experiments will be necessary to perfect the details. This method of letting the sensitive plate take the place of the eye and of the chronograph seems to have a great future. The first plates taken will be preserved here to testify that at Georgetown College Observatory the feasibility of photographic transits was first proved.—*Fr. Hagen.*

Two Remarkable Solar Eruptions.—Father Julius Fényi, successor to Fr. Braun as director of the Kalocsa Observatory, Hungary, records in a note to the Paris Academy of Sciences his observation of the remarkable solar eruptions which he observed on September 5, and 6, 1888. Both eruptions would have been remarkable had they occurred even at a time of maximum activity; but, coming as they did nearly at dead minimum, they stand out as most unusual. The two eruptions were nearly in the same heliographic latitude. The first was on the east limb in S. lat. 18° , the other was distant some $4\frac{1}{2}^\circ$, and, as the base of each was about 3° in length, they could not have overlapped, and if connected in origin must have sprung from a deep-seated source.—*Nature.*

In the *Revue des Questions Scientifiques* for July, there is a learned and exhaustive article on Earthquakes (Sismologie, Etude des Tremblements de Terre) by Father Dehert; also a review of Physical Discoveries and Memoirs by Fr. Delsaulx. Fr. Delattre also contributes a second article on Les Inscriptions de Tell El-Amarna.

The new president of the Liverpool Astronomical Society, the Rev. Father Perry, S. J., F. R. S., will spend the coming Christmas far away from home. In the month of December, H. M. S. *Comus* will carry the reverend astronomer from Barbadoes to Cayenne, there to watch the great solar eclipse which takes place just before Christmas. Father Perry is sent out by the Royal Astronomical Society.

South America, Bolivia.—The corner-stone of the new church of St. Joseph, at La Paz, was laid on the 17th of March.

Colombia.—Mgr. Velasco, S. J., Bishop of Pasto, has been made archbishop of Santa Fé de Bogota, to replace Mgr. Paul, S. J., lately deceased.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Peru.—A small college was opened by our fathers at Lima last year; after two months the college had 60 students, and at the end of the year 82, almost all from the best families of the capital. The college is legally held in the name of our fathers by Mgr. Garcia and four distinguished friends, but everybody knows it is a Jesuit college.—*Letter from Ecuador to Fr. Pfister.*

Spain, St. Francis Borgia.—Some time ago, the body of St. Francis Borgia was given over to the Society by the Duke of Ossuna. On that occasion, Very Rev. Fr. General sent him a very beautiful letter of thanks, in which he made him a sharer in all the merits of the Society. But when Fr. Coloma, delegated by Rev. Fr. Provincial, claimed the saint's body, and presented the document in question, several persons objected. They would rather give us, they said, a chapel and residence in Madrid, where the body would rest, than part with the holy treasure. The matter is as yet unsettled.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Bellarmin.—Among the relics of Spain, is some blood of the Ven. Cardinal Bellarmin. This blood is kept in a phial, and every year, on the 11th of December, when it is still in a solid state, it begins to soften, then to liquefy, and remains in a liquid condition up to the month of July, when it begins to solidify. On the 11th of July, it appears in a solid state again. Twenty-three years ago, the bishop of Salamanca submitted the phenomenon to the examination of three physicians, who declared the blood to be genuine. For the last two or three years, two seminarians have been appointed to observe the condition of the blood during the period of liquefaction, and the result of three observations has been sent to Rome. This precious relic is

kept in the church of the seminary of Salamanca, in the chapel of San Pelayo.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Syria, Beyroot.—Four of our seminarians were lately made doctors in theology and seven in philosophy. Their examinations were extremely brilliant. Four of them are Copts, three Latins, and one a Maronite. The ceremony of the promotion to the doctorate was performed in the most solemn manner; the biretta, ring, and book being given according to the ancient rites. We have also given several degrees in medicine, since the French government has at last granted us this power. Hence our end is gained; the Protestant faculty of Beyroot, which is thoroughly materialistic, has been beaten, and it is at present on its last legs.—The *Arab Review of the Catholic Church*, which is properly ours, is in a most flourishing state. All the Greek Catholic priests are its subscribers. The Maronite patriarch has sent to the editors a beautiful letter of encouragement. This venerable prelate, who has ruled his nation for 35 years, admires also very much the *Béehir*, a journal of ours, which is at present the only Catholic paper in Syria. Recently a few of our latest publications have been sent to the Congress of Orientalists in Stockholm, at the special request of the congress.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Washington, Gonzaga College.—Though the number of its classes is less by two than that of previous years, Gonzaga College opened on Sept. 2nd with more students than it had on the corresponding day last year.—Mr. W. P. O'Connor recently returned from Denver, Col., to assist at Gonzaga College.—The colored sodality of St. Aloysius' Church began its existence on Sunday evening, Sept. 1st, with a membership of over one hundred and fifty. By the middle of October the number had already reached five hundred. The branch of the Sacred Heart League established in this parish has now over three thousand members. The Confraternity of the Sacred Thirst meets every second Friday of the month. At each meeting a sermon is preached, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

West Indies, New Vicar-Apostolic.—On the Feast of the Assumption, the consecration of the Rt. Rev. Charles Gordon, D. D., S. J., (a son of the late Sir Charles Gordon, of Drimmin,) as Bishop of Thyatira *in partibus*, and Vicar-Apostolic of Jamaica, took place in the Cathedral of St. Andrew, Glasgow, Scotland. The new vicar-apostolic passed through New York on the 2nd of September, on his way to Jamaica.

Worcester, Mass., Letter from Holy Cross College.—The number of boarders has increased beyond all precedent. There are 194 at present, and with 41 day-scholars, the record of any former year has been surpassed. It seems to be a healthy increase, as 86 per cent. of last year's scholars have returned; i. e. of those who passed the final examination, excluding graduates. The upper classes, as usual, are large: 31 in Philosophy, 40 in Rhetoric, 41 in Poetry. We are cramped for space, especially in classrooms and study-hall; the remedy will be an extension of the buildings, and a new wing is spoken of, for next year. Meantime, we are in the position, unique for an American college, to refuse further applicants—but we have not yet been reduced to this extremity. Some noteworthy improvements have been introduced; among them a much needed elevator to the clothes-room and dormitory; the whole building has been painted, and the glaring red of the bricks has given place to a subdued Quaker tint; the road to the gate has

been rendered dry by large gutters and a top-dressing of gravel; the boys will have a haven of refuge in this 'wind-loved spot' during winter, as a long covered shed is in process of erection behind the college. The boys, in general, are 'stalwarts' in physique, and, in politics, 'unterrified Democrats.'

Zambesi.—Our fathers are meeting with many trials in their new mission. Great misery exists on all sides. St. Aidan's College, which opened with large numbers, was visited by a contagious disease. The college had to be closed, and many of the students died. For want of money, the new addition to the college had to be abandoned.—*Fr. Pfister.*

Home News, Ordinations.—His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, began the ordinations this year on August 23rd, the last day of the retreat. On that day he conferred tonsure, minor orders, and subdeaconship; deaconship on the day following, and priesthood on Sunday the 25th. The following received the order of priesthood:—

From the Maryland New York Province—William J. Riehley, Patrick McGinney, Lawrence J. Kavanagh, Patrick H. Kelly, John Broderick, Joseph Stadelman and John A. Brosnan. Missouri Province—Patrick J. Mulconry and John F. Weir. New Orleans Mission—James De Potter and James P. Moore. California Mission—Denis Mahony and Joseph Riordan. Rocky Mountain Mission—Anthony T. Rinck and John Boschi. The same orders were conferred on Mr. John Kemper, from the convent of the Order of Minor Capuchins, Cumberland, Md. Mr. Raphael Schwartz of Baltimore, from the same convent, received subdeaconship and deaconship on the two previous days, but not the order of priesthood.

Those who received tonsure and minor orders on the 23rd were:—Messrs. John B. Lamb, Martin J. Hollohan, Edward Barry, David H. Buel, Edward W. Raymond, Francis J. Lamb, Francis J. McNiff, Francis J. Suter, George A. Heusler, William J. Talbot, Wm. S. Singleton, Henry J. Dumbach, John B. Moskopp, John B. Smith, John C. Burke, John H. Lodenkamper, Lawrence J. Kenny, Louis Taelman, Matthew H. McMenamy, Michael A. Purtell, Michael J. Mahony, Terence J. Shealy, Aloysius F. Heitkamp, Aloysius Wenger, Charles F. Bridges, Daniel O'Sullivan, Denis Lynch, George R. Kister, Wm. J. Harrington, Wm. J. Holden, Herman J. Goller, James Chamard, James S. Downs, John J. Gudgeon, Louis G. Bashnal, Michael J. Tiernan, Patrick J. O'Gorman, Patrick Murnane, Patrick M. Collins, Thomas A. O'Malley, Thomas E. Scott, Thomas F. Brown, Thomas M. Connell.

Several of the new priests have since left Woodstock. Fr. Kavanagh is teaching rhetoric in Fordham; Fr. McGinney is at Holy Cross College, Worcester; Fr. Kelly is engaged on the *Messenger* and *Pilgrim* at the Gesu, Philadelphia; Fr. Riehley is prefect of the preparatory department at Georgetown; Fr. Broderick is engaged in parish work at Alexandria, Va.; Fr. Mulconry has returned to the Missouri Province, and Fr. Moore to the New Orleans Mission. Fr. Boschi has gone to the Rocky Mountain Mission, and Fr. Rinck to St. Beuno's.

Shortly before the ordinations, Fr. Rector started for Europe, in the company of Fr. O'Neil of the Missouri Province, to attend the congregation of procurators. He was replaced by Fr. James A. Ward, Socius of Rev. Fr. Provincial, until the latter was called to be rector of the novitiate at Frederick. Fr. Rector returned from Europe on the steamer *City of Berlin*, arriving in New York on Oct. 18. Just as this goes to press the scholastics are preparing to give him a hearty welcome home on Tuesday the 22nd.

Faculty Notes.—Since the opening of schools, Fr. Guldner has been teaching evening dogma in place of Fr. Finlay. Fr. Conway, who was appointed to this chair, has thus far been prevented by physicians from lecturing. Fr. Maas has been replacing Fr. Guldner. Fr. M. H. O'Brien is teaching ethics and natural law in place of Fr. Holaind. Fr. J. L. Smith is teaching special metaphysics, and Fr. W. P. Brett logic and general metaphysics.

Mr. D. T. O'Sullivan, Professor of Physics, has touched upon the most interesting questions of the day in the "Scientific Chronicle," which he publishes in every number of the *American Catholic Quarterly*.

Father Sabetti, Professor of Moral Theology, has published several *casus morales* in the *American Ecclesiastical Record*.

The July number of the *Catholic Quarterly*, and the *American Ecclesiastical Review* for the same month, contain the articles "Max Müller on Language and Thought," and "Confession in the Synagogue," both by Fr. Maas, our Professor of Hebrew.

Parish.—The parish church at Woodstock was dedicated, under the patronage of St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, on Sunday, Aug. 25. A solemn High Mass was sung on the occasion, and the Cardinal preached and gave confirmation. A new hall, 30 by 50, is now in process of erection to the north of the church. It will be known as the Catholic Lyceum, and used for meetings of the Young Men's Catholic Club, for society entertainments, etc. It promises to be the neatest piece of architecture in this part of the country. The interior, walls and ceiling, will be finished entirely in wood, and at the south end will be a stage 10 by 24.

Library.—Rev. Fr. Rathgeb, Provincial of Germany, has kindly sent us *Historiæ Rhythmicæ, Liturgische Reimofficien des Mittelalters*, by Fr. Guido Maria Dreves; published by Fues, Leipzig, 1889.

Father Prachensky has sent us the tenth volume of the German translation of the *Summa Theologica* of St. Thomas. The character of the work has been described in a former number of the LETTERS.

The Secretary of the Province of Quebec, Hon. N. C. A. E. Gagnon, has just sent us "Jugements et Délibérations du Conseil Supérieur de Quebec"—published by the Department of Registration of the Province, under the auspices of the Quebec Legislature—vol. v.

Office of the LETTERS.—We call attention to the Special Notice under the title "Biographical Supplement," in the present number. INDEX B of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS, for the years 1882-87, is sent out with this number.—The continuation of Fr. Razzini's Memoirs, begun in the previous number, has not yet reached us.—The *Ministeria Spiritualia*, usually printed in this number, has not yet arrived; we hope to have it in the next number.

CONGREGATIO PROCURATORUM

HABITA FESULIS DIE 8 SEPT. 1889

A. R. P. ANTONIUS MARIA ANDERLEDY

PRÆPOSITUS GENERALIS SOC. JESU

NOMEN ET COGNOMEN		ORTUS	INGRESSUS	GRADUS
ASSISTENTES	ASSISTENTIÆ			
P. Matthæus Ciravegna	Italiæ.....	19 Mar. 1825	18 Nov. 1842	25 Mar. 1860
P. Fr. Grandidier, <i>Subst.</i>	Galliæ.....	18 Jul. 1823	22 Aug. 1845	2 Feb. 1862
P. Joan. Jos. de la Torre	Hispaniæ.....	19 Mar. 1830	9 Oct. 1852	15 Aug. 1865
P. Robertus Whitty.....	Angliæ.....	7 Jan. 1817	8 Apr. 1857	2 Feb. 1868
P. Gaspar Hœvel.....	Germaniæ.....	15 Sep. 1831	14 Oct. 1856	2 Feb. 1874
PROCURATORES	PROVINCIÆ			
P. Titus Vaccari.....	Venetæ.....	17 Feb. 1820	9 Oct. 1837	2 Feb. 1856
P. Josephus M. Pujol....	Aragoniæ.....	18 Jul. 1820	13 Oct. 1840	2 Feb. 1857
P. Ambrosius Matignon	Franciæ.....	4 Feb. 1824	16 Apr. 1845	15 Aug. 1858
P. Ferdinandus Canger	Neapolitanæ.....	10 Dec. 1826	22 Apr. 1840	2 Feb. 1860
P. Eduardus Kelly.....	Hiberniæ.....	3 Dec. 1824	23 Oct. 1842	2 Feb. 1860
P. Georgius Cannata ...	Siculæ.....	17 Mai. 1827	2 Dec. 1842	15 Aug. 1861
P. Thomas O'Neil.....	Missourianæ.....	24 Jan. 1822	16 Jul. 1844	2 Feb. 1863
P. Josephus Janssens ...	Belgiæ.....	4 Sep. 1826	24 Sep. 1845	2 Feb. 1863
P. Stephanus Clairet ...	Lugdunensis....	21 Jun. 1829	12 Oct. 1849	2 Feb. 1867
P. Mauritius Meschler..	Germaniæ.....	16 Sep. 1830	8 Nov. 1850	2 Feb. 1867
P. Thomas Ghetti.....	Romanæ.....	26 Dec. 1833	4 Mai. 1850	15 Aug. 1867
P. Joseph. Ledergerber..	Campaniæ.....	1 Jan. 1830	5 Apr. 1852	15 Aug. 1868
P. Eduardus Purbrick..	Angliæ.....	22 Jun. 1830	15 Oct. 1851	2 Feb. 1869
P. Antonius Langer.....	Galiçiæ.....	8 Sep. 1833	29 Sep. 1852	15 Aug. 1870
P. Adrianus Carrere.....	Tolosanæ.....	28 Aug. 1833	5 Nov. 1852	2 Feb. 1871
P. Joannes N. Mayr.....	Austriæ.....	13 Feb. 1832	13 Jan. 1857	2 Feb. 1873
P. Petrus O. Racicot.....	Maryl. N. Ebor.	20 Dec. 1839	18 Jul. 1855	15 Aug. 1873
P. Gulielmus Van Hooff	Neerlandiæ.....	19 Mai. 1840	24 Sep. 1857	2 Feb. 1875
P. Joach. Campo Sancto	Lusitanæ.....	10 Mai. 1841	16 Jun. 1859	15 Aug. 1876
P. Joannes Urráburu.....	Castellanæ.....	23 Mai. 1844	3 Mai. 1860	15 Aug. 1877
P. Josephus Velez.....	Toletanæ.....	19 Apr. 1843	31 Jul. 1860	15 Aug. 1877
P. Jacobus Razzini.....	Taurinensis.....	9 Dec. 1816	8 Mai. 1834	28 Aug. 1881

Colleges of the Society

IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

PLACE	NAME	PROVINCE	1888-89		1887-88	
			STUDENTS	GRAD. A. B.	STUDENTS	GRAD. A. B.
Baltimore, Md.....	Loyola College*	Md. N. Y.....	114	...	119	...
Boston, Mass.....	Boston College*..	Md. N. Y.....	278	18	291	14
Buffalo, N. Y.....	Canisius' College.....	German.....	353	...	334	3
Chicago, Ill.....	St. Ignatius' College*	Missouri.....	259	5	237	5
Cincinnati, O.....	St. Xavier College*.....	"	390	4	415	7
Cleveland, O.....	St. Ignatius' College*.....	German.....	124	...	90	...
Denver, Col.....	Sacred Heart College.....	Naples.....	152	...	207	...
Detroit, Mich.....	Detroit College*.....	Missouri.....	255	10	263	13
Fordham, N. Y.....	St. John's College.....	Md. N. Y.....	298	11	266	18
Galveston, Texas.....	St. Mary's Univ.*.....	N. O. Miss.....	117	...	110	...
Georgetown, D. C.....	Georgetown College.....	Md. N. Y.....	220	12	202	10
Grand Coteau, La.....	St. Charles' College.....	N. O. Miss.....	117	2	90	2
Jersey City, N. J.....	St. Peter's College*.....	Md. N. Y.....	108	4	111	...
Milwaukee, Wis.....	Marquette College*.....	Missouri.....	223	...	202	6
Montreal, Can.....	College Ste. Marie.....	Miss. of Can... ..	340	3	358	...
New York, N. Y.....	St. Franc. Xav. Coll*.....	Md. N. Y.....	423	11	418	12
New Orleans, La.....	Im. Concept. College*.....	N. O. Miss.....	395	10	386	12
Omaha, Neb.....	Creighton College*.....	Missouri.....	182	...	183	...
St. Boniface, Manitoba.....	College of St. Joseph.....	Miss. of Can... ..	115	...	115	2
Santa Clara, Cal.....	Santa Clara College.....	Turin.....	274	2	256	7
San Francisco, Cal.....	St. Ignatius' College*.....	"	729	...	772	4
San José, Cal.....	St. Joseph's College*.....	"	132	...	96	...
Spokane Falls, Wash.....	Gonzaga College.....	"	35	...	18	...
St. Louis, Mo.....	St. Louis Univ.*.....	Missouri.....	435	4	284	3
St. Mary's, Kan.....	St. Mary's College.....	"	250	4	279	5
Spring Hill, Ala.....	St. Joseph's College.....	N. O. Miss.....	119	8	108	7
Washington, D. C.....	Gonzaga College*.....	Md. N. Y.....	85	...	95	...
Worcester, Mass.....	Holy Cross College.....	Md. N. Y.....	223	20	213	23
Total			6735	128	6518	153

* Day Schools.

CONTENTS OF VOL. XVIII.

	Page
Letters from a Chaplain in the War of 1861	3, 153, 319
Sketch of New York and Canada Mission—(<i>Corrigenda</i>)	23
The Rocky Mountains—Memoirs of Fr. G. Mengarini (Concluded)	25, 142
Fr. Francis Xavier Weninger—Sketch of his Life and Labors	43
Indian Traditions among the Osages—Letter from Fr. Ponziglione	68
Two Old Letters—1. Fr. John McElroy—2. Fr. John Nobili	76
Our New Saints—Celebrations at Woodstock and elsewhere	80
Fr. John Bapst—A Sketch (Continued)	83, 129, 304
New Church of the Gesù, Philadelphia, Pa.	94
Alaska—Extract of a Letter from Fr. Robaut	100
“ —Diary of a Trip to the Coast—Fr. Tosi	333
“ —Letters from Fr. Joseph M. Tréca	351
The Messenger and the Apostleship of Prayer	104, 227
Innsbruck—A Sanctuary of the Old Society	168
Brazil—Memoirs of Fr. J. Razzini—1848—1865	171
“ —Itù—Letter from Fr. R. M. Galanti	373
Georgetown's Centennial	181
Fr. Theodore Thiry—A Sketch	196
Fr. Dominic Yenni—A Sketch	211
Two Golden Jubilees—Fr. P. M. Ponziglione, Fr. J. B. Emig	218
Early Catalogues (Continued)—1811	221
Mission and Province Catalogues	226
The Scapulars—Letter from Fr. F. Ploegman, Proc. Gen. S. J.	231
Canada, Jesuits vs. Orangemen	233, 285
Gonzaga College—Sketch of Presidents, etc.	269
The Spokane Indians—Work of our Fathers	354
Michigan—Letter from Fr. Chartier	364
A Query on Parochial and Public Schools—Fr. T. Hughes	368
Fr. Prachensky's Golden Jubilee	359
Mexico—Extract from a letter of P. de la Cerda	371
BIOGRAPHICAL SUPPLEMENT— <i>Special Notice</i>	374
OBITUARIES—Fr. Joseph Tadini, 109; Fr. Peter Barceló, 110; Mr. Wm. F. McGinn, 110; Fr. Aloysius Valente, 245; Fr. Joseph Bixio, 246; Mr. Henry P. McCarthy, 247; Br. Raphael Vezza, 248; Br. James Strain, 250; Br. John Hilbert, 251; Fr. John Cunningham, 252, 379; Br. James Kenealy, 377; Br. Patrick O'Hara, 380; Fr. James Curley, 381; Mr. Patrick J. O'Sullivan, 384; Br. Julius Macé, 385; Fr. Bernard Toale, 387; Mr. George A. Mulry, 388.	
VARIA	112, 253, 392
Fructus Ministerii PP. Provinciæ Missouriianæ, Jul. 1887 ad Jul. 1888.	128
Congregatio Procuratorum	407
Colleges of the Society in the United States and Canada	408