

A. M. D. G.

# WOODSTOCK LETTERS

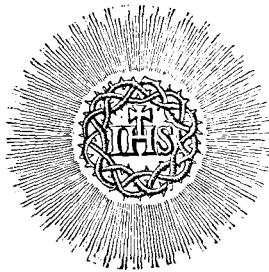
A RECORD

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

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VOL. XII.

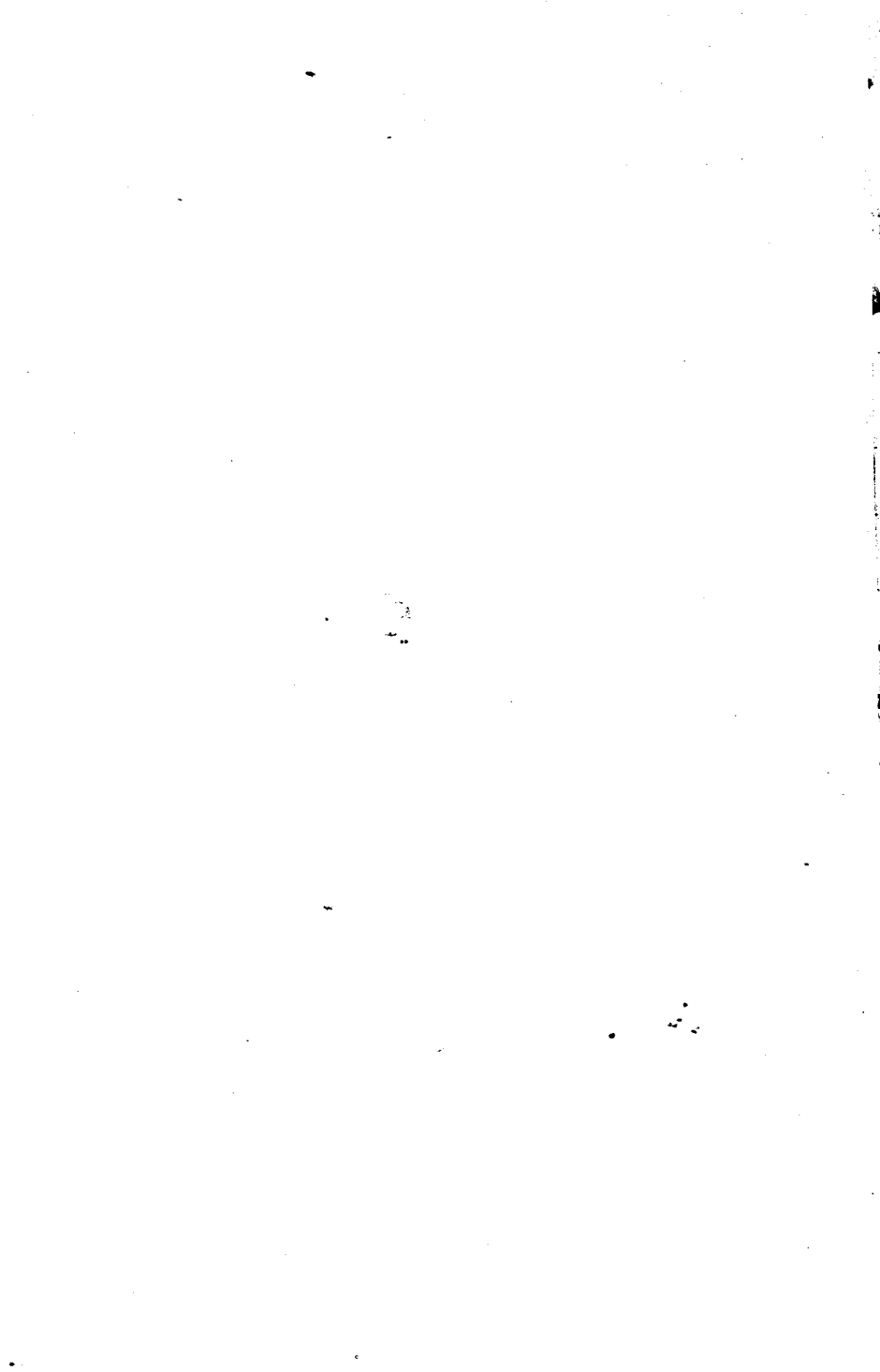
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WOODSTOCK COLLEGE

1883.

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.



# WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. XII, No. I.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY FATHER NICHOLAS POINT.

## CHAPTER III.

### *On the March.*

We started from Westport on the tenth of May, taking along with us in five, two-wheeled wagons all the treasures of our dear mission. Two Canadians, experienced teamsters, and three of our Brothers, who were new hands at the business, had charge of the wagons. The priests, three in number, journeyed in the saddle.

On leaving Westport, which is separated from the river by a woodland stretch two or three miles in width, we came in view of a smiling expanse of country known among the natives as the 'Great Prairie'; it was the great desert-land of the West. What a noble prospect it afforded! It was in itself a sight to gladden any missionary's eyes. What a joy then, for such as my own, which for twenty years had lighted on little else besides grim, college walls! A glimpse of that distant, azured landscape roused in me a thrill of pleasure! At last I was face to face with fancy's ideal beauties of a missionary life! So my thoughts came and went, while the tiny prairie flowers, thousands upon thousands of

which tinted the ground with varied colors, seemed to rivet me to the spot.

In the course of this, our first day's march, we came across the savages. Generally, a first encampment in the wilderness has linked with it one or more other events of importance. In this regard we were not to be without the general experience; for the day on which we pitched our first camp, was the Feast of St. Francis de Girolamo, one of our greatest missionaries.

On the following day we traversed the Shawnee and Delaware country. Here we saw nothing of note, unless I mention a methodist school-house whose existence thereabouts, at least so far as it depended on us to account for it, was without any meaning whatever; continuing on in the heart of a lovely, fruitful land, we reached the right bank of the Kansas river, where, in company with two men who had conveyed part of our luggage to this point by water, we met with two Indians, kinsmen to the great chief of the Kaws. They had come thither expressly to meet us. One of them straightway helped in getting the beasts of burden across the stream by swimming in their front, the other meanwhile announced our arrival to the chiefs of the tribe who awaited us on the opposite bank of the river.

It was soon made known to the chiefs that we would make our camp within about six miles of their village; whereupon, they immediately broke off from the caravan at a gallop and disappeared behind a cloud of dust. The object of this summary flight was soon made known to us, when as we were putting up our lodges, we were visited by the head chief of the tribe and six of his chosen warriors, who had come to proffer us their Indian hospitality.

Of course on such an occasion ceremony was indispensable. First we seated ourselves on a mat which the chief had spread upon the sward; then drawing a purse from his pocket the chief took a written paper from it which he handed to Fr. De Smet for perusal. It was a document signed by the President of the United States, recommending the chief's tribe to the good will of the whites. All this time



the calumet was not forgotten ; neither on our part did we omit the gift due under the circumstances as a recognition of the honor done us by the chief in placing at our disposal his two warriors who had visited us at Westport. These two braves, one armed with lance and shield, the other with sword and bow, stood guard before our doors the three days during which we were forced to wait for the late arrivals.

It was the eighteenth of May by the time the American Colony was ready for the march. Their expedition was a search one after the much vaunted gold of California. The most important personage by far among the number comprising the expedition, was a gentleman, named Colonel Burleston, who had been chosen as its leader. He was a man who had already entered upon the decline of life, was peaceful in disposition, yet having much energy of character. He was lavish in his attentions to us throughout the journey's length.

In point of religion, his belief was that no special form is necessary ; on the contrary he deemed it all sufficient that a man be able to accommodate himself to that of the people into whose company he may be thrown. This creed of the Colonel's evidently was not one and the same with our own ; still we treated him with the like courtesy he bestowed on us, and in this way perfect friendship marked our mutual relations to the last.

As to the other travelers, diversity of every sort, in age, nationality, and religious belief was apparent among them. There were some who were wholly bent on acquiring wealth ; others intent solely on pleasure ; others again of the years and type of the Prodigal Son had just freed the home circle of their wretched presence. Yet despite these different personal aims of each, all held one purpose in common, that of preserving their lives through the march, come what would. This spirit of union had its good result in making the establishment of discipline a matter of easy execution.

It was of the first importance in the vast solitudes through which we now traveled that we should have an experienced guide. The choice for one was accordingly made, it falling

not on the Colonel, who, indeed, had never once crossed the mountains, but upon the Captain whom Fr. De Smet had engaged to lead our party. This Captain was a brave Irishman to whom the Indians had given the name of 'White Head.' By way of recommendation for the post to which he was chosen, he had spent two-thirds of his life in crossing and recrossing the plains. One result of this choice, be it remarked, was that our little party went to the front, so that we came to be regarded as the foremost body of the vanguard.

The duties of the guide are very important: thus, the Captain at early dawn gave the signal for rising and for departure, and once upon the road he regulated the march and halting times; he also chose the ground for camp and looked to the keeping of discipline.

Whenever it was possible, we encamped on a woody bank of some river, in order not to be without water for drink and wood to serve for fuel to our fires. First of all, the Captain would point out the spot for erecting the tent; then the wagons were ranged around, either in a circle or in a square, each being more or less perfectly formed according as the lay of the land allowed; care, however, was always taken that the wagons formed an enclosure, which might serve the dumb animals as a place of safety, in case there should be any need of such during the night.

For greater security each owner of the animals tied them to stakes planted in the ground at suitable intervals; the tethers used were long enough to permit of the animals grazing with ease. From the first moment that sleep reigned over the camp until the following daybreak each traveler in turn, even down to the priests, kept watch to guard from any surprise of the enemy.

Our brave little force numbered seventy, all told, out of whom more than fifty were capable of bearing arms. As it must seem in the judgment even of the most prudent minded, such a force was more than sufficient for the march, great though it was, we had undertaken.

On the nineteenth of May, while the main part of the ex-

pedition advanced due West, Fathers De Smet and Point turned towards the left to visit the first village of the Kaws. While as yet a good distance from their lodges we were struck by the great resemblance they bore to the large stacks that cover our fields after harvest time. There were about twenty lodges in all, grouped without order, each covering a circular area 120 ft. in circumference; this space amply sufficed for sheltering thirty or forty persons. Judging from these numbers, the whole village must contain from seven to eight hundred, the calculation being based upon the fact that the total population which numbers fifteen hundred makes up *two* villages.

The lodges are of a peculiar kind combining the useful, ornamental, and substantial all in one: the walls are circular, rising perpendicularly to a height of perhaps six feet; from the top of these walls curved poles are extended, and are made to lie in such a direction that if they were long enough their ends would meet at the centre point of the roof. This effect however is not desirable; so instead they form at that point an opening which is both window and chimney to the structure. The door of the lodge opens on that quarter which is least exposed to the winds. The hearth is located between four stakes which prop up the roof. The couches are placed in a circle round the wall, and in the space comprised between the couches and the hearth fire, the frequenters of the lodge are to be found, some standing, others seated or lying down either upon the skins of animals or upon rush mats. It seems that the latter are deemed more presentable for a guest, since it was one of them that was offered us on our entrance into the lodge.

It would be no easy task, were I to render a detailed account of all the curious sights witnessed during the half-hour we spent among those strange beings. A Flemish painter would have found in them a treasure. What struck me most forcibly of all during our stay was the savage physiognomy, so well in keeping with the character. The striking attitudes and easy gestures of the Indians were also to be remarked; but especially the variety of their occupations.

Only the women were working, and these the better to give themselves to their labors had disposed their offspring all around them ; placing some at their feet, others in a nook or corner, while such as were unable to walk were strapped on to pieces of board-bark whose length and breadth had been determined with a view to providing for baby occupant's protruding limbs. The men were on the point of taking a meal (their principal occupation, by the by, when not engaged upon the war-path or the hunt); as for the rest of the tribe, they were occupied in smoking, chatting, and laughing; some were removing from off their faces whatever down, eyelashes, and eyebrows they could find, others were busy arranging their hair. This last occupation is a favorite one of the savages and they give much time to it. Contrary to the customs of the other tribes, who invariably wear the hair very long, the Kaws shave all the hair off their heads, with the exception of a tuft left on the crown of the head to be decked out by means of the most beautiful and splendid ornament that, according to Indian fancy, can adorn the head of man. The ornament I speak of is an eagle's feather, which is invariably used when obtainable because of its being emblematic of courage. Most commonly it stands upright upon the head, though sometimes it is seen drooping down over the nape of the neck, and again may be seen fluttering to and fro in the wind, resembling not a little in its motions the vane upon a house-top.

Meanwhile, as the great ones of the tribe were smoking the peace calumet with Fr. De Smet, I was giving my whole attention to a savage dandy standing near, who ever and anon would scan himself over and then betake himself to training his head dress into an ideal state of comeliness. All to no purpose however! His looks and actions told, as plainly as words could, his ill success! I soon took my eyes off this sight, however, on account of a feeling that I myself was an object, at least, of attention, not to say, amusement, to the Indian children. What could be wrong with me? I asked of myself. Then suddenly recollecting that my beard had gone unshorn for some days past, I hit upon

the reason of the children's mirth. Surely enough, I must have indeed been a rare subject of merriment to beings whose ideal of human beauty was such that it remained unfulfilled so long as a face was marked by so much as a single eyelash or a head wore any part of its natural covering!

But so far we have been alluding to one feature only in the general costume of these savages, while their painstaking in regard to this is merely a slight instance of the vanity they display about everything connected with their outward person. In order, then, to frame some idea of the appearance of a Kaw warrior who prides himself on his bodily attire, many another trapping is to be added to his dress besides those we have mentioned; for almost every portion of his body is bedecked with finery. Thus, for instance, a dash of vermilion is usually seen above either eye, and huge streaks of paint, blue, black, and red, wander over every portion of his face. The ears are drawn down by the weight of clay, glass, shell, mother of pearl and porcelain ornaments dangling from them and which rest in a confused heap upon the shoulders. Another object that catches a Kaw's fancy is the collar he wears about his neck, which rounds into a half-circle in its fall upon the breast and holds pendant from it a silver or copper medal. Arms and wrists bear their mite too of the body's general encumbrance, being encircled by brass, wire, and tin bracelets. Nor are we yet at the end of our catalogue. The loins are girded with a gaudy colored belt from which depend a tobacco pouch ornamented with glass beads, and a handsomely decorated case to hold the hunting knife.

Finally, add to this regalia a cloak-covering of wool, black, white, green, or red as the case may be, and you have the picture of a Kaw warrior whose appearance everywhere among his people will excite envy and admiration.

In many respects, as in dress, in manner of speech and worship, and in their mode of warfare, the Kaws resemble their neighbors, the Osages, with whom they maintain friendly relations. The Kaws are tall and well formed in body and, as I

remarked before, their bearing is very manly. Their speech, besides being monosyllabic and guttural is further noticeable for the decided and lengthened manner in which they pronounce the final syllables, a habit that helps ever so much to add to the monotony of their singing. The Kaw has strength of limb, courage of heart, and moreover a better gift than either of these last in the shape of a larger amount of common sense than usually falls to the lot of the savage. Like the white man, when at war or upon the hunt he uses the carbine, in which he possesses an immense advantage over his foes.

There are some really distinguished men to be met with among their chiefs. The one most famous of all, and that I take it, by reason of Bonneville's mention of him in his memoirs, is called 'White Plume.' In describing him, the author of the Conquest of Granada gives him a nature of the true, chivalric stamp, and among other things speaks of his understanding, candor, courage, and generosity as being far from common. He was especially intimate with M. Lacroix, one of the first Catholic missionaries to visit this part of the West, and entertained, both for him and for all those whom the Indians call *Black Robes*, the greatest esteem. He did not extend the same reverence to the Protestant ministers, for whom, in fact, he felt neither affection nor respect. One day, one of the ministers approached him with the purpose of converting him over to his creed. "Well," returned White Plume, when the minister had had his say, "of course a change of religion is good, provided we forsake the old one to adopt a better. As for me, persuaded as I am of the good wrought by the *Black Robes*, if you would convert me, you must first quit your wife and put on the gown I shall make ready for you; then, we may talk of conversion." The gown was brought forward, but, it is needless to say, the minister was not forthcoming.

The Kaws have other neighbors in the Pawnees with whom they wage a bitter war of extermination. Last winter eighty Pawnee women and children were massacred by the Kaws. Yet cruel and vindictive as the latter are in re-

gard of their enemies, do not think them entirely devoid of the finer feelings of tenderness and compassion. They are inconsolable over the loss of their relatives and carry their grief to the utmost bounds. I would you had been witness to the looks of grave surprise and tender pity, that overspread the faces of the Indians who visited my little chapel at Westport as they viewed a picture of Our Lady of Sorrows and an 'Ecce Homo,' and listened meanwhile to the interpreter telling them that the head crowned with thorns was that of the Saviour-God, that the heart pierced with seven daggers was that of his mother, and that they had suffered shame and suffering for our sins.

On leaving the village of the Kaws we passed over a field, then laid waste, that had been cleared, enclosed, and sown over with seed for the tribe by the United States Government.

Between Westport and the Platte river lies a rolling country whose undulations remind one for all the world of the rolling of the billows in a tempest-tossed sea. On the tops of the knolls we found shells and a number of petrified substances such as are occasionally met with on some mountains of Europe. I doubt not that an honest-minded geologist would find here as well as elsewhere indisputable proofs of the deluge. I may add that a piece of stone taken from the spot and still in my possession, furnishes abundant evidence in this respect.

As the traveler leaves Missouri and goes farther west, the forests become less tall and dense owing to the poor irrigation of the land. Upon the banks of small tributary streams the merest outline of wood-growth is visible, but nothing approaching to a real forest is anywhere to be seen. Along the brooks only a few low willows grow, but wherever there is no water you would seek in vain for anything taller than grass.

This intimate relation between water and vegetation was so palpable that before we had been eight days upon the march, the beasts of burden (especially if the march was at all long) would brace up and quicken their pace when-

ever they caught sight of a clump of trees looming up in the distance. This scarcity of woods in the West, not to be remarked in any other part of North America, is the outcome of two principal causes. . . .

Two or three days passed, when upon our left we sighted two savages. One of them had wrapped himself up in an American flag instead of a blanket; the other had a scalp fastened to his horse's bit. Both were Pawnees. This sight seemed to proclaim that some harm had befallen our hosts, the Kaws. But, on being asked by the Captain what success they had met with on their expedition, they replied that they had not seen the Kaws and were very hungry. We then distributed to the fellows and fifteen others who followed them food and materials for smoking. They eat the food given them, but would not smoke, and, against the common usage of the savages who never leave upon taking one meal but wait for another, departed as if they were poorly satisfied with their treatment and fare. Their unceremonious departure, the unsmoked calumet, the sudden return of their expedition, their poor success, their well known proclivities for thieving, all combined, made us fearful of malicious designs on their part, if not upon ourselves personally, at least upon our baggage. Thanks be to God, our fears were not realized; for after their disappearance we saw no more of them!

In the commencement of June we were encamped upon the banks of a river which in the opinion of some has not its equal in the world. It is called by the savages, *Nebraska* or, the river of the stags; by the French travelers, the *Platte*; and Father De Smet, in his first account of the Rocky Mountains, says that it is the most wonderful and at the same time the most useless river in existence.

After the Missouri river, which is to the West what the Mississippi is to the North and South, the most beautiful rivers in these parts are the Kansas, the Platte, Sweet Water river and Green river. The first-named empties itself into the Missouri river and is remarkable for the great number of its confluent, no less than eighteen of which we



counted flowing through the country lying between the Kansas and the Platte. Such a number must necessarily have numerous sources, which, in turn, must have their origin in very solid earth. With the Platte the case is the reverse of the preceding: for it flows through highlands which run parallel with the river-banks for some distance, and upon these highlands neither sign of water nor a particle of shade is discernible; because the soil, being for the most part composed of sand, is everywhere so porous, that the rain scarcely falls from the clouds before it runs down into the depths of the valleys. For this reason, too, it is, that the neighboring prairies acquire their amazing fertility. During the spring-time, especially, the prairies offer a lovely sight, for then they produce a great variety of flowers. On the Eve of the Feast of the Sacred Heart I was able to gather a whole basket of flowers by plucking one only of each kind. The commonest flower is the prairie hawthorn, a small, yellow flower of five leaves. The prairies which abound in them appear altogether destitute of green when seen from afar, but shine as if invested with a covering of gold. The thorn resembles much the daffodil of Northern France.

Now to come to the American cactus, the prettiest flowered-plant in these sections, which also has been transplanted and nursed with success in the gardens of Europe. Nowhere have I seen anything more limpid and life-like than the carnation hue of its flower whose bell-mouthed cup possesses every color of the rose and every shade of green. It is armed with thorns and attains a height of two inches from the ground; its natural beds of growth seem to be in the prairies alone. Taken all in all, it is a far better emblem than the rose of this poor world's pleasures.

The choicest flower of the prairies resembles the campanula of Europe, though the union of its parts is better, and it eclipses the latter also in the delicacy of its tints, which vary from clearest white to deepest blue.

The noblest flower, Adam's needle, thrives only in the mountains. Midway up its stem, which is about three feet

high, it shoots out into a very compactly formed pyramid of flowers, light red in color. In form it is the image of an upturned diadem; its breadth dwindles down gradually towards the top where it finally develops itself into a point. At its base it has a sort of protection in a species of long, tough, prickly leaves. Its root is used in the manufacture of Mexican soap, as it is called, and again, when needs be, it serves as a nourishing substance to the Indians.

We saw three other specimens of flowers which, I dare say, are rare even in America, and certainly unknown to the general lot of travelers. The first of these specimens in the arrangement of its bronzed leaves immediately put us in mind of a Corinthian capital; we accordingly gave it a name to match with its looks, calling it *Corinthian plant*. The second plant, I speak of, was straw-colored, and its broad stock and branches brought up in our minds the recollection of the sheaf Joseph had seen in his dream: we called it, therefore, *Joseph's sheaf*. The third plant had for its flower a round, yellow disk with here and there tints of blue and red; the disk was made up of seven or eight petals any one of which taken singly had formed a sweet flower indeed: we named it *La Dominicale*, both because it was lady mistress of the prairie flowers and because we discovered it on a Sunday.

The Platte is always a beautiful sight to behold, and often it is even an inspiring one; and that in spite of its beauties, it has so common a name, we must pardon the travelers who gave it, seeing that they were ignorant of meet terms which might bear out comparisons and applied to things the first name that crossed their minds. Nor in the case before us was the appellation given to the river without reason: for the *Nebraska* of the Indians was well styled the Platte, in as much as while its width was accounted to be six thousand feet, its depth ranged from six feet at the maximum down to less than one.

Despite the oft-repeated warnings of the Captain, a young man of the party had wandered off, in order to go and hunt the buffalo. He fell into the hands of a party of Indians,

who deprived him of his gun and horse, and answered his complaints for the robbery by threats of personal violence. Enraged, rather than dismayed at this treatment, he hurried back to camp, and raised an alarm. It was drawing towards evening, the camping ground had already been chosen, and the horses turned loose, when the alarm reached us. In the twinkling of an eye, the horses were saddled and bridled, and all had mounted and were drawn up in order of battle. It was the Colonel who took charge of all the arrangements. The women and children were placed between two lines of wagons. The men capable of bearing arms were ranged to the right and left. Far off, several parties of Indians were seen uniting into one body. The younger men were eager to fall upon the robbers without delay, especially the one who had been plundered wanted to slaughter them all, and to smash everything, unless his property was restored. He had already started off, swinging his gun in the air, and with such speed that he did not notice it, when his cap was carried away. Fortunately, he was followed by our Captain, who would never allow his feelings to run away with his judgment, a man of long and varied experience, whom, to our great good fortune, the Indians quickly recognized by his white locks, and instead of hostilities, peaceful terms of restitution were proposed. Our truculent youth could learn a useful lesson from this occurrence, that moderation and good sense can accomplish more, even with savages, than force and fury. The Indians were Cheyennes, who were roaming about in quest of adventure, after the manner of veritable knights-errant; they have the reputation of being the bravest of the prairie tribes.

They encamped within twenty paces of us; and soon all distrust being laid aside, the only thought was how we could best display our feelings of mutual confidence: the lances were planted in the ground, and the shields hung upon them, and the warriors gathered together in small groups. They chat, and listen, and question, and laugh, and smoke the calumet in our honor. In general, the Cheyennes are less forbidding in physiognomy than the Kaws;

I have even remarked some countenances of so gentle a type that there seemed to be nothing of the savage about them. Their dress and general make up are the same as that of all the Indians : hair plastered over with a red pigment ; face smeared with blue, red, white and black paints ; clothes fringed with porcupine quills, and bead-work.

The chief was invited to our table ; and in the evening, at our request, he sent his men back to their own camp. Next day, and for several days succeeding, they followed us closely, until we had passed the river.

To cross the river, you kill a number of buffaloes, take their hides, stretch them into a canoe-shape by means of sticks, and fill up the seams with the tallow of the animal. Then you pile on board of this craft whatever you want to transport, and row or push the whole concern across to the other side.

We got over with less trouble this time, for our guides discovered a ford ; but we had to use great precautions, particularly with the oxen, which are much harder to manage than horses. Whilst the first driver goaded them on from his high seat, his subordinates on horseback at either side, or on foot in the middle of the stream, shouted and whipped them to make the team advance, and to prevent them from turning aside. For greater safety, cords were stretched from the tops of the wagons, and being drawn taut by vigorous arms, they helped to keep things well balanced. The roaring of the waters, the bellowing of the oxen, the neighing of the horses, the excited and ear-splitting shouts of the drivers—all combined to make up the most horrid din that I ever listened to ; it was astonishing that we effected the passage almost without any mishap.

The most embarrassed members of the caravan were the poor dogs : how they scudded up and down the bank ! how they made the air resound with their plaintive howls ! The greater number of them held back until the night without daring to attempt the passage. Finally, the example of the boldest encouraged the rest to entrust themselves to the

treacherous element, and with desperate efforts they rejoined the camp.

Every one has heard of the rattlesnakes and mosquitoes, which are so frequently mentioned in the reports of the early missionaries of America. I shall then only speak of them in order to take the occasion to return thanks to God for the patience with which he fortified us to endure the continual assaults of the one, and the signal protection with which he guarded us against the other. On the feast of St. Francis Regis, without leaving the wagon track, the drivers killed with their whips, a dozen rattlesnakes, whose enraged appearance and rattles sounding the charge sufficiently indicated their hostile intentions.

After the mosquito, the little harmless ant is the most common insect. At almost every step, you come across their villages, several feet in diameter, and composed, not of seeds and grain as those which are found in our fields and gardens at home, but of pebbles. This difference would seem to require a modification in the opinion of those, who concede to them equal foresight both in regard to their food and the shape of their habitations. The grain which they collect in our country may well supply them with a winter store of provisions, but it is not so clear that it is to serve for the other end which the supporters of the above mentioned opinion contend for; and so much the more, because different kind of food is stored up in their chambers. But the instinct with which God has endowed them is not the less admirable. Why those villages composed of little globules? the globules methodically arranged in heaps? the regular inclination of those heaps? the entrance always opposite to the direction of the prevailing wind? All these surely manifest in these tiny heads a wisdom that comes from some cause superior to themselves.

*Humming Birds.* In the Relation of Paraguay, Mura-zilli credits them with the power of singing equal to the nightingale, and wonders how such grand notes can issue from such insignificant bodies. Unless those of South

America differ in this respect from those that I have seen, we must say that it is only by analogy that the illustrious author joins the ravishing power of song to such enchanting plumage. This little masterpiece of beauty feeds only upon the honey of flowers: he extracts his nourishment by means of his tongue which he prolongs, and before plunging it into the flower, he poises himself and seems to hum after the manner of the bee. But if you listen and regard him more closely, you will be convinced that the humming is caused by the rapid vibration of his tiny wings.

*Prairie Dogs.* I do not know how or why this name was applied to these animals: for they resemble a squirrel more than a dog in shape, size, color, timidity and agility. Many are of the opinion that they are a species of marmot. Each family has its own domicile and burrow, and the families are so numerous as to constitute communities of villages. These villages differ from those of the beaver, in that they are as far removed from water as is possible. It is said that they feed upon the roots of grass and drink only the dew. It is one of the marvellous traditions among Western travelers that they sometimes issue from their burrows in a body to hold a mass meeting. When the prairie dog sees or hears anything hostile, he tumbles into his hole, and utters a sharp bark which is quickly repeated from lodge to lodge, thereby warning the inhabitants to be upon their guard. But as he is by nature very inquisitive, at the end of a few minutes, you will see his nose reappearing at the door, and the hunter who is lying in wait for him, chooses this moment to kill him. It requires much skill to capture him, for the little animal is quick in his movements, and possessed of the keenest sight, and never strays far from his little hillock.

*Beavers.* What is reported of the extraordinary strength of their four teeth is quite true, for I have seen trees of more than a foot in diameter, cut entirely through by means of these instruments apparently so feeble. I cannot say whether what is added in regard to their manner of working can also stand criticism: for it is reported that before felling

the trees that are to serve in the construction of their dams, they examine among the trees proper for the purpose and select those which lean in the direction of the place where they are going to build; if there be none which offers this advantage, they wait until a strong wind comes to their aid, and when the wind is bending the tree in the right direction, they go to work and it is quickly floating in the stream.

*Frogs.* There is a species of frog which differs essentially from ours, in that it has a tail, and lives in dry, stony and hot places. I have heard it called a Salamander.

On the 28th of June, we left Fort Laramie, directing our course towards the West. In proportion as we advanced, the traces of vegetation became more sombre, the outline of the hills more severe, the front of the mountains more frowning. On all sides, there appeared the signs not of decline, but of old age, or rather of the most venerable antiquity.

The most remarkable object in this sublime solitude is *Independence Rock* so called, not because of its isolation and bold prominence, but because the Americans who first took the idea of giving it a name, arrived in its neighborhood on the anniversary of their separation from Great Britain. It is probable that after naming it, they affixed their signature along with the date, and hence its surname, *The Great Register of the Desert*.

We arrived there on the 5th of July, and, according to custom, each of us inscribed his name. At the base of this colossus flows tranquilly the little stream that is called *Sweetwater*. It is remarkable for its clearness and its numerous windings, a proof of the little inclination of the stream. But on ascending somewhat towards its source, its character changes completely. It is seen bounding along, or rather it is heard to fling itself down through a long cañon, choked up with thousands of boulders, in murky volumes and with horrid roar, which has earned for it the name of *The Devil's Entrance*.

Buffalo are so plentiful here that one of our people in a few hours killed as many as eleven of them, bringing in to

camp only their tongues. Already two long months have passed since we entered upon the wilderness, but at length we are drawing nigh to those dear mountains, whither our most ardent wishes transported us long ago. There was a celebration in the camp in honor of the Rocky Mountains. Why are they called *Rocky*? Because they are composed of granite and silex. Some travelers have assigned to them the prouder title of *Backbone of the World*, because their principal chain runs along the whole length of the American continent.

It was towards the middle of July, when, having cleared the eastern spurs of the Rocky Mountain Range, we left the tributaries of the Missouri behind us, and looked down upon the streams which empty into the Pacific Ocean. How magnificent the horizon! But who can describe the grandeur of the scene? With the Royal Prophet, we exclaim: *Ab ortu solis usque ad occasum, laudabile nomen Domini*; and we carved upon the bark of a lofty cedar that Name ever adorable, before which every knee must bend in Heaven, on earth, and in hell. May this blessed Name be for those who come after us a sign of hope and salvation!

On our descent from these heights, we first followed the course of the *Little and Big Sandy rivers*, and afterwards we crossed them. During three days, our teams wandered through sandy wastes, scarcely knowing which direction to take. There was neither good pasturage for our animals, nor good game for our men; we recalled with regret the eleven buffalo tongues of the Sweetwater.

On the 24th of July, we came to the banks of *Green River*: everything was smiling around us, and we were swimming in abundance. It was here that nine years before the wagons of Captain Bonneville had found their Columns of Hercules; and on this spot, we met the advance parties of the Flatheads, and also a party of French Canadians, who were returning from California.

To the question, "What news?" these latter replied by drawing so discouraging a picture, that many of the adventurers in our caravan thought only of profiting by the cir-



cumstance and retracing their steps. We remained two days in this place, to the great satisfaction of all those who wished to take a rest. We had the happiness of celebrating the Sacred Mysteries, at which all the Catholics assisted with the greatest reverence.

When the encampment was broken up, and the day of parting came, two of those who had shared our lodge, the hunter and a young Englishman, came to bid us farewell. The latter was a Protestant; nevertheless, in spite of his religious principles, he promised that should Providence ever bring us together again, he should esteem it a favor to testify his gratitude for the kindness we had shown him. I recall this beautiful reflexion of his: "One must journey in the desert to see how Providence cares for the wants of man." What has become of him? I have learned that he reached his home in safety—that is all; but that his companion, without a moment's warning, was assassinated by an Indian woman, who had a grudge against his family.

As for those who were homeward bound from California many of them were well aware that they needed to be reconciled with more than one obligation, and all of them made fair promises to comply with their duty—but *next year*. For the greater number of them the next year was never to come: scarcely a fortnight had elapsed before they were attacked and killed, some by the Sioux, and others by the Arapahoes and Cheyennes, and amongst the slain was the greatest blasphemer of the whole party. Their leader was one of the first to fall, shot dead with a musket. Poor man! He had made his fortune, and looked forward to spending his remaining years in comfortable ease.

During these days our line of march led through a labyrinth of mountains. One day, we had traveled without intermission from daybreak till evening, and finding no way to get through, we were obliged to retrace our steps, surrounded on all sides by robbers and murderers.

Afterwards, our route was for a long time over a great plain, and by keeping along *Bear River*, we reached the most beautiful camping ground that we had yet seen. Clear

springs, delicious fruit, game in abundance, landscapes the most smiling, variegated and picturesque, in a word, all the surroundings seemed to invite the travelers to make this their winter quarters, and there were some who were seriously inclined to do so, but as all were not of this mind, and numbers were required to be safe in these districts, we made our way towards a pass, and came out upon a plain boundless in extent both to the right and the left. Here we separated, the Missionaries inclining towards the right, and the Americans making their way down towards the left.

We had spent three months together, sharing the same fortunes, exposed to the same dangers, and we felt like countrymen towards each other. Our leavetaking was sad: many prejudices had disappeared from their minds, but the greater part of them remained attached to their errors, which gave us but little hope of meeting them again in our true country.

For the three following days, we were obliged to journey until dark, in order to reach places that were fit for camping. On the afternoon of the third day, we had been already eleven hours on the march, and we were still advancing through a gorge that seemed to lead to the end of the world. Left and right beetling mountain peaks towered aloft; before us, it is true, there was some kind of open passage, since the river flowed in that direction, but it seemed so narrow, and the stream was so rapid, that it appeared impossible for a cart to find room to pass. Nevertheless, our gallant guide did not recoil before any obstacle, unless it was clearly proved insurmountable: he commanded a halt, whilst he went forward to explore the way. How glad we were when he gave the signal to come forward. Between the rocks there was just the space to let us through between Scylla and Charybdis: an hour afterwards we were within a few miles of Fort Hall, returning thanks to God for the constant protection which He had extended over us.

## INDIAN MISSIONS.

LAKE SUPERIOR.

*Letter of Fr. Specht to Rev. Fr. Henry Hudon.*

SAULT-AU-RECOLLET,  
September 27, 1882.

REV'D FATHER SUPERIOR,  
P. C.

In spite of my good will, I was not able to send you sooner the account of my trip of last spring. I dare hope, however, that it will not be the less interesting for being a little behind time. This was the longest and most difficult of all my journeys among the Indians; but, to make up for it, it was also the most abundant in the fruits of salvation. I had to struggle against difficulties of every kind, but after toil comes harvest, and after trials, consolation. For companions of my journey and my hardships, I had two young Christian Indians, of whom it will not be out of place to say a word before beginning my account. They are two worthy fellows, as good as ever were, and have nothing Indian about them but their name and appearance; for under an outside that is rude, if you will, they possess hearts of gold. They worked all day long, especially in the portages which are very numerous and difficult, and, notwithstanding all this, they were always cheerful and full of foresight for me. And they did not do this for the sake of their pay, for I gave each of them only twenty-five cents a day, that is, at the most, one-fourth of what is usually given to those who do the same work. One of them, whom we call familiarly "Our Henry," deserves a special mention. He is a very zealous young man, very punctual in frequenting the sacraments, and has at heart the interests of our holy religion which he defends at all times without fear or human respect. Some of the wags have surnamed him the "Kitchi-Ossaie,"

that is, the "Coadjutor Brother." He has accompanied the missionary almost all the time since he became a Christian, that is, for several years. So, our Christians, when they see him coming, know that the missionary is not far off. As for Henry himself, he is proud of his position and he has a right to be. So you see, Reverend Father, there are noble hearts everywhere, even among our children of the forests. But to come to the real matter of this letter.

Fortified by the blessing of my Superior and the good wishes of my brothers in religion, taking with me Henry's brother, I left Fort William on Saturday morning, the 11th of last March. The indispensable "tobogan," or Indian sled, drawn by four dogs, carried my chapel, my own and my companion's blanket, a few books, and my modest collection of cooking utensils. The shortest way, and the one usually followed, would have been to go straight to the end of Thunder Bay and there to cross the portage so as to come out on Black Sturgeon's Bay, commonly called "Black Bay." This is our winter route to the missions at the north of Lake Superior; and it is much shorter than the route we follow in summer, which we always make in a boat or a bark canoe. However, as much to save Fr. Baxter a journey of some twenty miles as to draw some edification for myself from our good Catholics, who are chiefly Irish, I turned my steps towards Silver Islet, where I arrived the following morning, Sunday. My visit was the more agreeable to them from their not having seen the missionary for some time. I stayed with them Sunday, Monday, and a part of Tuesday, the 14th of March. A good number profited by my stay to make their Easter duty. In the afternoon of the 14th, I set out again, and in two days was at Red Rock, the first of my stations. On arriving there, I learned with sorrow that Fr. Hébert was seriously ill, and that he had fallen sick the very day after my departure from Fort William. I determined, therefore, not to leave the place before I should have received some news, good or bad, of the Father's health.

At the same time, I exhorted my Christians to fulfil their

Easter duties as soon as possible, as I did not know yet whether I could continue my journey, or should be obliged to retrace my steps. On the 22nd March, I got a letter from Fr. Hébert telling me that his health was improving and giving me to understand that I could go on. You can easily believe that this message brought joy to myself and to my Christians, too, who were continually asking for news of the Father's health. Satisfied that they could do without me at Fort William, I set out for Fort Nepigon at sunset on the 27th, taking with me Henry and a half-breed. The night was cold, but fine, and a brilliant moonlight made it as bright as day.

We took advantage of this to journey on until midnight when we arrived at a portage. There we had to stop, so we had time to take some food and a short nap to prepare for the hardships to come. On the following day we started early, but had not time to go very far; for, towards noon, a severe snow-storm forced us to seek shelter in the woods. It was so bitter and the snow fell so thick in all directions that we could not distinguish the river's bank—we were on the Nepigon—at a stone's throw from us. The next morning the sky was clear, and we set out again in an intense cold, and on the 30th, arrived at Fort Nepigon, where Mr. Henri de la Ronde, the Agent, as usual, welcomed me very cordially. While they were getting some food ready, I had not to be asked twice to sit by the stove and warm my limbs which were quite numb from cold. I had scarcely sat down, however, before I began to feel the first attacks of snow-blindness. This painful malady very often affects those who travel over a large extent of snow for a considerable time while the sun is up, during March or April. I had been three days on the river and the lakes, and it was enough to catch it. I felt it for the rest of the day; and the day following, it was so severe that I had to give up even the reading of the breviary. I had often heard of snow-blindness, but now I know what it is by experience.

When I got to Nepigon, I found but a dozen persons

there, the Agent, his sister, and the people in service about the Fort. The others were scattered here and there in little parties, for the most part hunting at the mouth of some river at different points of the country about Lake Nepigon. The missionary is accustomed to visit each of these little parties in the springtime, giving them a chance to make their Easter duties. This year I was obliged to pass by two of them, one of "Negondinonong" and the other of "Onamanisaging," the former, because illness hindered me from going to visit them, and the latter, because they had gone too far inland. Consequently, I was able to make a good stay at the Fort. This was just what Mr. de la Ronde desired, as he is never so happy as when he has the missionary under his roof, and it is from him we receive hospitality all the time we are at the Fort. It is at his residence, too, that we have divine service in summer, in a building set apart for that purpose, and in winter, on account of the intense cold, in his private dwelling. I stayed with him three whole weeks. I left my little retreat but twice, to visit some sick persons. The first time was on Palm Sunday, the 2d of April. Just before High Mass, I was told that a man and a young girl were dangerously ill at a place called "Namewaminkaning" that is, the Sturgeon Fishery, about forty-five miles to the east of Lake Nepigon. It was simply a matter of crossing the lake, so I set out with two men at sunset; but the weather forced us to seek shelter in the woods, so that it took us two days to get to the sick persons. I lost no time in giving Extreme Unction to the young woman, and as the other had no need of it, I heard the confessions of all present. After evening prayers, I started on my way back to Nepigon, as usual, at sunset. We journeyed all night, as the Indians do. I still had my two men. By turns we walked, or rather ran, and took to our sled. The next day, Tuesday of Holy Week, at seven o'clock in the morning, we were at the Fort, and, as it was time for Mass, I called together the few faithful that were about, and began the service. When I got to the gospel, I felt so ill that I deemed it prudent and even necessary to

leave the altar. I was more or less unwell the rest of the week. Holy Saturday was entirely taken up in hearing the confessions of the Christians of the Fort and of a small party from the neighborhood who had come to be present at the feast of Easter Sunday. On Easter morning, I was well enough to sing Mass. There was general communion—28 communicants. It was really edifying to see these poor children of the woods, in their best clothes, approach the Holy Table, with their pious Agent at their head, singing alleluia with all their might. Joy and happiness shone on every countenance. After the gospel, I spoke a few words to them suggested by the occasion. I congratulated them on their eagerness in coming to celebrate the feast of Easter, for some of them had come some fifteen or twenty miles, and I encouraged them to persevere in their good dispositions. In the evening, we sang vespers and, as usual, had prayers in common. The next day after Mass, those who lived at a distance came to shake hands with me, and all went home very happy. For myself, I stayed ten days longer at the Fort, devoting all the leisure I had to the teaching of Christian doctrine and to the study of the Indian language. On the 20th of April I bade adieu to Mr. de la Ronde and the Indians (and these adieus are always affecting), and promising to come back as soon as possible, I set out at sunset for the river called the Namewanimkani-sibi, where I was to wait until the breaking up of the ice to go to Long Lake. We traveled all night, and the next morning at eight o'clock, we were at the river. I pitched my tent. During the day, some Christians, who were camping at a distance, moved their tents nearer mine. Among them were the two sick persons I had visited some days before. On the 23rd, the second Sunday after Easter, as there are no houses in these parts, I said Mass in my tent, which we had fitted up as well as we could. Every one was at Mass and received communion—in all seventeen. On the day following, all except one family, went away. On the 26th, a worthy young man of the party, a recent convert,

came back to be my second companion on the journey to Long Lake.

I had expected to stay a week, or at the most, ten days at Namewanikaning. I spent three weeks there, and they seemed to be months: for I saw myself reduced to inaction, while I had so much to do elsewhere. But I had to resign myself to it, and if I could not do great work as regards the ministry, I had at least an excellent opportunity of practising patience. On the 5th, the ice left the river and on the 8th, we started up the river for Long Lake. The voyage lasted eight whole days in the midst of difficulties that one must go through, to understand and appreciate them. The portages are very numerous. To cross over them we had to walk through snow, stones, mud, and very often, through water up to our knees. Finally, on the 16th of May, we arrived at Long Lake. The Agent of the Fort of the Hudson Bay Company, Mr. Godchere, although a Protestant and never having seen me before, received me very kindly and gave me one of his houses to be used as church and residence at the same time. It was in conformity with the strictest poverty, as its entire furniture consisted of a table and a bedstead. An Indian had lived there previously. Moreover, when it rained, the water came in pretty copiously at all parts of the roof and put us to some trouble. Now, however, that I have made a Catholic of the Agent by God's grace, I hope he will put a more suitable place at our disposal until we shall have built our church. On my arrival at the Fort, I found but eight persons, and learned, not without pain, that since the last visit of the missionary, in May or June of last year, there had died no less than thirty-nine Indians, all Catholics except one, a Protestant, and that of these at least a half were adults. They had been taken off by the measles and some other disease. I was told that there were still some sick. In one family seven had died—the father, the mother, two children, a son with his wife and child. I stayed three weeks at Long Lake, from the 16th of May to the 5th of June. The Indians came only on the last four days, in two bands, La-



garde's and Morin's. The first band, in eight canoes, arrived at the Fort in the afternoon of June the 1st. Contrary to the usual custom of our Christians, they did not come to shake hands with me, but kept at some distance. Some of them went away after two days, doubtless to show how much they appreciated the presence of the missionary among them. The second band came on the 3rd. I went to meet them at the water's edge, an act of foresight I should have done for the other party also. These last were very fervent, and came of their own accord to prayers and to the holy tribunal of penance. Their fervor consoled me much for the negligence of the others.

I should have liked to spend another week with these worthy Christians, but my duties called me elsewhere; besides, the want of provisions for some days past and the impossibility of getting any, made it obligatory for me to go to some other place, if I wished to preserve my own and my companions' strength. One of my men had been sick for two or three days. I had intended to go back to Nepigon by the same route I had followed in coming; but, as I had received no news from Fr. Hébert, I determined to return by way of Pic and Red Rock, although this roundabout way would make my journey much longer. On Monday, the 5th of June, we set out early in the morning, and at sunrise, we had crossed the lake, which, indeed, is not wide, although very long. We went down the Pic River, and in three days arrived at Pic. We got there at noon. On seeing the canoe approach, some Christians had gathered about the bank. When they saw it head for the church, they no longer doubted that it was the missionary, and came to welcome me. It was my first visit to Pic; but I was not the less received with expressions of joy. I arrived just at the right time; for several of them were very sick and were expecting the priest with impatience. These were the first objects of my care, without, however, causing me to neglect the others who amounted to about forty. The bulk of the party, would not return from the inland country before the end of the month. I expected to meet Fr.

Hébert at Pic ; but, as he was alone at Fort William, he could not think of leaving his post for a whole month. He sent me a letter, however, telling me to go to Michipicoten.

On the 13th, with my two men, I set out for that station, and got there in three days. Here, as at Pic, there were sick calls, administration of the sacraments, and blessing of graves.

The school, opened only last autumn, also took a share of my attention. Add to this the other duties of the holy ministry. I endeavored also to attract the Methodists ; but, whether from indifference or from fear, they kept away. Some of them, however, came to Mass on Sunday, so I took advantage of it to sow the good seed. Will it bring forth the fruit of salvation ? God only knows. Poor people, they are like sheep without a shepherd.

On the 26th of June, I had to leave my good Christians, who asked me earnestly to stay a few more days with them. I was pained at not being able to yield to their just and praiseworthy wishes, but I could not put off any longer my return to Pic. We left in the afternoon. As usual, every one, large and small, was on the bank, and I had to shake hands with them all and say a word or two to each as I passed along. They stayed there looking after me until they lost sight of the boat.

I arrived at Pic on the 1st of June, just as they were gathering in the church for evening prayers. I found several new faces among them, for a good number had already come back from the inland country. The others returned during the days that followed. It was only then that my work at Pic began, and it lasted until my departure for Red Rock. My days were so taken up that I could barely find a little time during the day to take my meals, and at night, the necessary rest. My health held out, but at the end I was somewhat thinner. I had made several endeavors to start for Red Rock, but the bad weather kept me back continually, except once when my occupations did not allow me to go. Finally, on the 21st of July, I received the following letter from Mr. H. de la Ronde :

RED ROCK, L. S.,  
14th July, 1882.

REV. FATHER SPECHT, S. J.,

As Mr. Godchere is going your way, I take the liberty to drop you a line, telling you of the great mortality here (great, considering the smallness of the locality). The poor Indians are losing courage, seeing the minister going up every two weeks; and as to themselves, the path to the church is being covered over with willow grass. At Nepigon all folks were pretty well. At present, my uncle, Sir Charles (de la Ronde) is very low; he may be said dying, for I do not think he will ever recover. I do not think he will survive a week longer. I hope you will try to come as soon as possible. We all desire to see you soon.

Compliments from us all. Adieu.

I remain your ever sincere

H. DE LA RONDE.

The feelings that this letter caused in me may easily be imagined. However, I was by no means astonished at the news it contained; for, before leaving Red Rock in the spring, I had forewarned my Christians, that, after my departure, the wolf would come and try to injure my little flock—referring to the above-mentioned Anglican minister,—and I told them to be on their guard against him. I could not, therefore, put off any longer my departure for Red Rock, especially as I had not been there for over four months, and there had been no one to go in my absence. Before leaving Pic, however, I had the consolation of bringing back to the fold two sheep who had been very far from it. Their conversion brought joy to the hearts of all my Christians. The first of these converts is the sister of the Agent of the Hudson Bay Company at Pic. Although she was born of a Catholic mother and had been baptized by one of our Fathers, she had always followed the Anglican church. One day, when she came to see me on some business, I asked her to what religion she belonged. “By rights,” she said, “I ought to be a Catholic.” “Then,” I

answered, "you ought to be one by all means." I succeeded in making her read Mr. de Ségur's "Plain Talk." This happened during my first stay at Pic. When I came back from Michipicoten, I saw her again and got her to consent to make her abjuration. On the 20th of July, I received her in our little church at Pic, in the presence of several Indians.

My second convert was the Agent of Long Lake, of whom I have already spoken, a man of about twenty-five or twenty-six years. We had prayed a long time for this conversion. He had been a Catholic at first until his twelfth year. At this period he was perverted by a false friend who made him a member of the English Church. Having occasion to speak to him at Long Lake, I made him promise to read "Plain Talk." "The only difference between Catholics and Protestants," said he, "is confession. And, if you can prove to me," he added, "that any man in the world has power to forgive sins, I will become a Catholic." I proved it to him there and then from his own Protestant Bible. He recognized the truth and promised to come back to his former religion. He kept his word. On the 21st of July, I received his public abjuration in the church of Pic, which was filled with Indians eager to witness this affecting ceremony, to which I gave all the solemnity possible. Three days later, I took passage on the steamer *Manitoba*, with Henry, and the next morning got off at Red Rock. I found that the Indians of Red Rock, those from the Flat country, and several families from Nepigon had gathered at the post of the Hudson Bay Company for their yearly settling of accounts. As I expected to see the Anglican minister arrive from Grand Bay (on Lake Nepigon), I determined to spend the day at the Fort among my Christians. A few hours after, I saw a canoe coming down the rapids and heading for the Fort. It was the minister and his schoolmaster. He came doubtless to preach, and did not count on finding me at my post. So he made haste to go back home on the same day, to the great amusement of my Christians. The paying of the accounts was all over on the afternoon of the 26th, and the Indians began to disperse. On the 27th, Sir

Charles F. de la Ronde, uncle of Mr. H. de la Ronde, died at Red Rock, aged eighty. He was, it appears, a descendant of the ancient nobility of France. He had acted as schoolmaster for the last two years of his life.

A most important, although almost the last act of my whole trip was the conversion of a Protestant Indian family of six souls,—a mother with her five children, three girls and two boys. The eldest is a young woman of seventeen; the smallest, a child of five. The father of these children, it appears, had been a Protestant and had opposed their conversion. He had died about six weeks previous. This conversion was more consoling as it was unexpected. I baptized them *sub conditione*, the children in the church at Red Rock, and the mother in her tent, where a pretty serious illness detained her. They promise to be among the most fervent neophytes of the Flat Country.

My work for the season was over. It was near the end of July, and I had to hasten on to Fort William for the yearly visitation. I left Red Rock on St. Ignatius' Day, and on the 4th of August at seven o'clock in the evening, I arrived at Fort William, delighted to see Ours again after such a long absence.

Thus ended my long trip of almost five months, during which I baptized three adults and fourteen children, some of whom were of Protestant parents, and received five abjurations. There was still much to do among these poor Indians, who had been so tried by sickness this year. However, I could only do what was absolutely necessary and leave the rest to Divine Providence. At present, I have only to thank the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, St. Joseph, my patron, St. Francis Xavier, the patron and model of missionaries, for all the protection they granted me and the favors they obtained for me, and to beg our Rev. Fathers and good brothers to continue to help me by their zealous prayers.

Ræ Væ infimus in Xto servus,

JOS. SPECHT, S. J.

## MISSION OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

*I.—The Blackfeet Indians.—Letter of Father P. Prando to Father J. Cataldo.*

MISSION OF ST. PETER, July 28, 1881.

The time, so long expected, for the conversion of the Blackfeet, seems at length to be close at hand, and it appears that God is willing to pour down the streams of his mercy and grace upon the hearts of these savages. Last May, as your Reverence will call to mind, I visited several of their camps, baptized a number of their children, and promised to return in order to instruct and baptize the adults. Our Indians expected me with impatience, but as week after week went by, and I did not come, they began to suspect that I had changed my mind; and they said to one another: What has happened to the Black Robe, that he does not come?

I reached their principal camp in the early part of the present month, and without delay I got ready to call upon *White Calf*, the head chief of the Blackfeet. At the first news of my arrival, they all turned out to meet me with demonstrations of joy. An Indian, casting aside all preliminary remarks, began to address me: "Black Robe, after your departure, the children fell sick, and in the other camps more than a hundred of them have died: but here we have not lost even one, because they were baptized by you." I expressed my delight that their camp had been spared in so remarkable a manner; but at the same time, I told them that we should not grieve too much over the little ones who had died after baptism, for they were already in the enjoyment of heavenly happiness. I am fully persuaded that the preservation of all these children in the camp of the head chief is due to a special Providence: for if they had died, superstition might have influenced him to attribute it to the Sacrament, and as a consequence, he would have become angry with the missionary and expelled him from the tribe,

There were several who came with their infants in their arms, to remind me of the promise I had made at the time they were baptized, of giving them a medal. I asked them the baby's name, and then I consulted my register, and told them the name of the father and mother, inquiring at the same time if I was right. My savages then began to laugh heartily, and could not understand how I was able after a glance at my note-book, to tell the parents' names. After satisfying their pious desires and their curiosity, I took my way to the cabin of the great chief. I learned there that he had gone to a dance at a neighboring camp, and I went in search of him. I found all the Indians seated on the grass, forming an immense circle, but divided up into groups: there were the children, the women, the men, and finally the chiefs in the place of honor. There were a dozen young men dancing in the centre; and four others on one side were beating their drums. My arrival put a stop to the merriment. The great chief came forward to salute me; then, looking up to the sky, and remarking on the splendid weather, he said: "I am glad that you have come on such a fine day." He added that the dance would soon be ended, and that immediately after it, he should cross the river with his men, and that all should come to talk with me at my camp. I requested him to let the amusements go on, as I would willingly be a spectator of them. This announcement excited unspeakable joy through the whole assembly; the drummers instantly recommenced their deafening noise, and the dancers began their exercise anew. Their clothing was primitive—exceedingly so; it consisted merely of coats of paint of different colors laid on to the naked skin. Each one danced by himself, at a fixed distance from his neighbor, but without change of place, and their movements were like those of marionnettes. At the end of five minutes, they all stopped, and the leader of the dance, who had learnt it among the Crow Indians, was presented to me. The dance lasted two hours. When all was over, the head chief, accompanied by all the men invested with any authority, betook himself to my camp to have a talk with the missionary.

We opened the meeting: I began, and declared briefly the object of my coming: I had promised on a former occasion to repeat my visit, in order to instruct the adults of their tribe, that is to say, all who wished to save their souls, and I stood prepared now to fulfil my promise. The great chief, White Calf, answered me in a long discourse, of which the following is a summary: 'Down to the present time, said he, the Blackfeet had led a wandering life, without any fixed habitation, but now they were placed upon a Reserve, surrounded by soldiers, hemmed in like the waters of a stream which it is feared will overflow; abandoned and left to themselves in this contracted territory, from which they could not stir. They wished to settle down here. As for himself, the head chief, he had already a little camp there, and this little camp was stationary. And then he added: As for you, Black Robe, you must always remain with us, and never go away from us. You must build a house and church here, and we shall come to be instructed by you. The first time that you came, I did not know what to say, because I did not see things clearly; it seemed as if there was a bag before my eyes: to-day, I see clearly, and the bag is removed. I see that you love us; and, therefore, we shall always take care of you, if you make your home here in the midst of us.' The expression, *we shall take care of you*, was repeated to me several times. "Well!" said I, "you will take care of me, and I of you: if you obey the law of the Great Spirit, we shall get along well together; if not, then nothing will go right." White Calf replied to this: "You will instruct us, and when you have told us anything new, we shall examine it, and if we find that it is good, we will say so." "The doctrine which I preach is not mine, but that of the Great Spirit; it is not to be judged, but to be listened to and obeyed."

Thereupon, I produced my writings in the Indian language, and let them see that I had already thought about them. I had the catechism, and I read a few lines of it; on hearing me read it correctly, my auditors looked at one another, and seemed to be quite pleased. Mutual saluta-



tions followed, and the meeting was brought to a close. White Calf asked if he should send the new-born babies to me for baptism: I deferred the ceremony until the next day, when I intended to visit the camp in person. On the following day, the head chief went to the Agency, and, according to an appointment he had made, was unable to return until the evening.

Affairs were now brought to such a pass that I made the following reflections. If I should remain there for several months, the winter would be about to begin, and neither house nor church would yet be built; on the other hand, unless the Indians should quickly see something durable attempted, they would lose all interest and become disgusted. Then I thought of returning to the Mission, to find what could be done in order to second the good dispositions of our poor savages.

The Blackfeet are sunk in want and misery, and, in my opinion, they will have trouble in getting through this winter without dying of hunger. Furthermore, I am persuaded, that the mission among them will not succeed, if we confine ourselves solely to spiritual ministrations. These poor people need beyond all to be trained and encouraged to agricultural labors: they themselves now admit the necessity of this, and are anxious to receive instruction. If this method has been pursued in several other missions, and with good results, why not employ it here also, and expect from it a similar success?

I beg your Reverence to examine the whole question in our Lord, and to come to some prompt and efficacious conclusion.

P. PRANDO, S. J.

## *II.—Father Prando to Father Cataldo.*

The following letter was written several months later than the preceding.

REV'D FATHER,  
P. C.

You will certainly be glad to hear from me upon a subject which is interesting to us both: I mean the conversion of the Blackfeet and the establishment of a mission among those poor Indians. Mere occasional visits of the missionary, as long experience proves, cannot produce any solid and lasting effects. I have already been three times among the Blackfeet, and on my last trip I spent two months with them.

During this time, I baptized three hundred and seventeen in all, children and adults, and blessed eleven marriages. For the greater portion of the time, my day was divided between four camps, and in each of them I gave instructions upon the principal truths of religion. White Calf was present one day whilst I was teaching catechism: the subject was the creation of the world, and after he had listened attentively for some time, he arose and came to shake hands with me in sign of approval of all that he had heard. Then he began to declare how well he knew that God had created all things, and how, in consequence of that, He loved them all. In order to instruct him and to impress the truth more deeply on his memory, I proposed a difficulty to him which had been made by an Indian some time before. "You say that all the things created by God are good. Very well. But why did God create bears, snakes, and so many other ferocious beasts which are hurtful to man?" White Calf saw the force of the objection, and set himself to reflect and find out a solution. His people, puzzled as much as he, kept watching our friend, and waited for his answer, smiling, but also with some signs of disquietude. He got out of the difficulty in this way: "God created the bears, because God sees all things; and when God sees a bear going to attack men, he says—'See! my children are going to fight against the bears!'" The reason assigned was not the most convincing, as I made the chief see, and I promised to give him the true explanation on another day, when I should speak of the fall of the first man, his rebellion against God, and the consequent uprising of the brute creation against him.

Whilst I was thus occupied, a young girl happened to die in the camp. The parents were greatly afflicted, and to show their grief, they slashed their cheeks with many knife-cuts; the wounds were not very deep, but the blood flowed in abundance. Eight days after this, whilst I was going to another camp, I heard sobs and lamentable cries proceeding from a cabin. I asked the cause, and was told that a young girl had died the night before. It was heartrending to hear those poor people calling the dead child by her name followed by three prolonged groans: *Nitorkuinniman! hou! . . . hou! . . . hou! . . .* The father sent for two horses to slaughter them, but a half-breed succeeded in dissuading him from making such a sacrifice. The girl had been baptized; I recited the prayers prescribed for the burial of children; then there was profound silence; then I recommended these poor people not to mangle their limbs. When the pall bearers entered, the lamentations began again. They placed in the grave all the objects which had belonged to the girl, her bedclothes, the dishes which she had used, and the saddle on which she had begun to take her first riding lessons. Early next morning, I went to see whether they had followed my advice, and renounced the dreadful custom of tearing their flesh as a sign of mourning; my poor savages, on this occasion, had been content with mutilating one finger of the left hand. This is a pretty frequent custom among the Indians, and many are found who have inflicted such a mutilation upon themselves under similar circumstances.

In the midst of the instructions, my flock set out from Birch Creek, and went to join the other Indians encamped at Bagger Creek, for what they call the *Medicine Tent*. It is one of their principal festivals, and is accompanied with prayers. The ceremonies and amusements last for several weeks. I had only lately come among them, and there had not yet been time enough to instruct them sufficiently; and as besides, they thought that they were rendering solemn honor to the Great Spirit, prudence counseled me not to oppose their action.

Two hundred cabins or tents had been erected about a mile from the Agency, in a retired valley of great extent. An unfortunate accident happened at the very beginning, which marred the solemnities, and cast a gloom over the joys of the festival. Some Indian children had gone to play upon a pile of hay belonging to the Agency. One of the white servants, to frighten off the children, fired a gun in the direction of the hay pile, but the ball went a great distance beyond, and struck an Indian who was quietly sleeping in his hut. Thereupon, all the Indians rushed with their guns to the Agency. The soldiers from Birch Creek interfered, and after long explanations, it was concluded that the shooting was accidental. But the Indians were not entirely satisfied. The head chief remarked with good sense: "I believe that it was really an accident, but to scare children, he should have used a whip and not a gun."

I went to see the wounded man, whose life was believed to be in great danger, and not being able to find out whether he had received baptism or not, I administered it conditionally. He was then on a fair way to recovery, but they had been unable to extract the ball.

After having bestowed my attentions upon the wounded man, I returned to the camp. The tents were arranged in a great circle, in the centre of which was a large space reserved for the Medicine Tent. Profound silence reigned around, either on account of the late accident, or because they were making preparations for the prayers. I went around among the savages and baptized several infants.

The Medicine Tent is formed of posts eight or ten feet high, planted in a circle around a centre-post which is much higher, from the top of which other beams extend equal in number to the upright posts, upon which they rest, so that the whole wood-work is like the frame of an umbrella. Green branches are strewn round about, partly for ornament, and partly to mark off the structure and constitute it into a sort of temple. There is but one opening which serves as a door. At the top of the centre-post, branches are interlaced in such a way that they can receive and hold

all the offerings which the Indians make to the Great Spirit. Among these offerings are shirts and other articles of wearing apparel, dishes, tin pans, rags, and—what is never omitted—a buffalo's tail. The honor of erecting the tent or temple to the Great Spirit is not granted to all indiscriminately, but to the woman of the camp whose reputation stands highest, and who is called *Mikaki-aki*, or "the virtuous woman," that is, she who has always been faithful to her husband, and has not permitted any liberties from others. Consequently, those ladies—and their number is great—whose nose has been cut off by their husbands through jealousy or well-grounded suspicions, are forever precluded from the hope of being chosen to this post of honor. The *Mikaki-aki*, before putting her hand to the work, is obliged to abstain from all meat and drink for three entire days, to shun the sight of every man, and to remain seated on the ground, veiled and wrapped up completely in a covering.

The tent posts are bound together with strips of buffalo hide. The privilege of cutting these strips is reserved to some warrior who has killed an enemy with a knife. The *medicine pipe* is also an object of devotion, confided to the guardianship of several Indians. It must not be adorned with any metal, because this pipe is smoked in time of prayer and peace; and metallic ornaments are forbidden, because they recall warfare, combats and massacres. Would you wish to have an idea of the esteem in which this pipe is held? Listen then. The first time that I celebrated the holy sacrifice of the Mass in an Indian camp, I explained the nature of the Mass before beginning. The Indians assisted with great calmness, modesty and respect, and at the end as I turned around for the *Dominus Vobiscum*, I saw all the chiefs who were highest in rank, seated at the end of the cabin which served as a church, smoking their calumet in all seriousness and puffing up to the sky clouds of smoke. At this sight, I said to myself: what little progress we have made: plenty of work remains to be done, before these poor people understand the first rudiments of religion. On

the other side, I was encouraged by the thought that persevering efforts would rescue these benighted souls from darkness and ignorance.

I come back to my narrative. When the grand day of the prayer had arrived, they carried ten or twelve buffalo tongues into the temple; and some women chosen for the purpose went in to offer prayer in the name of the whole assembly. Their prayer consists in taking one of the tongues in their hand and swearing upon it that they have always been faithful to their husbands, and will continue so for the time to come. And if ever any Indian has made improper proposals to them, they declare his name in the presence of God, the sun, and the whole assembly. On the other hand, if the conduct of her who prays has not been what it should, she is publicly reproached with her fault. So the number of those who are eligible to this office is cut down to an insignificant figure.

Then the prayer of the men follows. After having addressed the Great Spirit, they face the assembly, and begin to rehearse their own praises; as for example, how they have slain a multitude of enemies, how they have stolen many horses without receiving a scratch, etc., etc. And they wind up this so-called prayer, by giving some proof of their generosity, making a present of a horse to one, of a gun to another, and so on.

Many other ceremonies, and then dances take place during the following days, in honor of the sun. Whilst these solemn festivities were at their height, another unfortunate accident happened. A white man, who was employed at the Agency, and who was unacquainted with the nature and object of these Indian ceremonies, came over to take a share in the sport. He carried fire arms, as is the universal custom here, but as ill-luck would have it, his weapon went off, and the ball passed clear through an Indian. The festival, as may be imagined, was quickly changed into a scene of woe; and as this was the second time that such a thing had happened in this same place, the Indians were boiling over with indignation, and wished to shoot the unfortunate white

man on the spot. He sought for protection near the head chief, who, aided by several others, succeeded finally in rescuing him from the hands of the aggressors.

On the next day, I visited the man who had been wounded, and I found him surrounded by *medicine men*. At my arrival, they interrupted all their ceremonies, and permitted me to instruct and baptize the man, who shortly afterwards entered upon his agony. The medicine men, thereupon, began to make a fearful noise with their drums, and kneeling before the dying man, they began to chant one of their songs: "ah ah! . . . ah ah! . . . ah ah! . . ." The women took up the same melody in full chorus. I remarked to one of the assistants, that such *medicine* as this was calculated to kill, rather than to cure their patient. If they had some medicinal herb to apply to the wound it would be worth more than all their singing. My advice was acknowledged to be reasonable. But the medicine men continued obstinately at their senseless task. The poor man died after three days.

The Indians were far from being satisfied with their *Medicine House*; and I should have found this an excellent occasion to accomplish more for them, if I had been able to prolong my stay among the tribe. But I had received an order to betake myself to the village of Sun River and to Fort Shaw. After visiting those places, I might have found the time to return to the camp of my Indians; but, at present, I am completely snowbound. P. PRANDO, S. J.

III.—*Extract from a Letter of Father J. Caruana to Father J. Cataldo.*

COLVILLE, W. T., Jan. 21, 1882.

\* \* \* \* There has been great excitement and division of sentiment here, on account of two homicides committed by a couple of Indians, a white man and an Indian being the victims. Serious trouble was apprehended, because the relations of the murdered Indian were threatening vengeance, and the whites insisted that the Indian who had

killed the white man should go the gallows; and a general outbreak of Indian hostilities was feared, if the Indian should be hanged.

Affairs were in this state of tension, and the 15th of November, on which day Andrew was to undergo his sentence, was drawing nigh, when one of the Fathers was inspired to make a last attempt in favor of public tranquillity. The condemned man was already well disposed and resigned to his fate, and the Father resolved to try and induce him to propose as his last request, that all parties should lay aside their animosities, and accepting his death as sufficient expiation, should bury every sentiment of vengeance in his grave. This plan succeeded beyond all expectation.

Some time before the eventful day general orders were issued from the mission, that all the chiefs and sub-chiefs should use every effort to stop public games and indulgence in liquor: this order was faithfully executed, and the public feeling became somewhat more tranquil. Meantime, the Fathers made frequent visits to the prisoner, and busied themselves in calming the white population, who feared that there would be a massacre in the town by the Indians, either the night before or on the morning of the execution. And this dread prompted them to make repeated demands upon the civil authorities, that a Father should accompany the condemned man to the gallows, which was promised and fulfilled. Eight influential men from amongst the nearest relations of Andrew were called together to deliberate. After much discussion, the conclusion was finally reached, that according to the law Andrew should die, since he had pleaded guilty in open court, but they begged to have his remains brought here. It was pledged to them that a Father should claim and obtain the body, and having provided for its transportation hither, it should be buried in our cemetery, if they, on their part, should bind themselves not to be present at the execution; an exception was made in favor of Casimir's wife, the aunt of Andrew, who had reared him as her own child, and whose presence was desired by the Fathers as a proof and effect of the efforts made in the



interests of peace. They unanimously pledged their words, and faithfully kept the promise.

The day of the execution arrived, the coldest day that we have had this winter: the Father went in the cart of Abarco, uncle of the condemned, and Mr. Jones was driver. They arrived in the town at 10 A. M.; the snow was pretty deep; not a living soul was visible, and every door was closed, both of the houses and the shops. The Father sought for and found the sheriff, who left him in the jail to prepare poor Andrew for the last moment. He thanked the Fathers a thousand times for all that they had done for him, and appeared to be much touched and filled with gratitude at the promise made to him, that after his death a Father should accompany his body to his home, and that the burial should take place in our graveyard. The Father then asked a favor of him, that as his dying wish, he should recommend to all his relations and friends, that, after he was gone, they should forget the past, both in regard to his own death and that of his brother, Louis. "I shall willingly do so," Andrew replied, "and you must be the interpreter of my wishes to my parents and friends." The priest replied: "Your aunt is here; I shall have her to come in, and she shall be your interpreter along with me." When she had been admitted, Andrew spoke very earnestly, as follows: "To-day, by the time the sun has reached the meridian, I shall no longer be among the living: in a short time I shall die: and I shall die content, in satisfaction for my sins, and in the hope that God will have mercy on my soul: this the Father here has told me, and this I firmly hope for. Before dying, I should have liked to see myself surrounded by my uncle, Joseph Cotolegu and all my relations and friends, from whom, as a last favor, I wish you to ask, that they will forget the past entirely, and that with my body they shall bury all revenge, hatred, and other sentiments unworthy of a Christian. Here, I cordially embrace Alexis, and in the hand of the Father, I take the hand of all (and he suited the action to the word), and I declare that I shall die with kindly feelings towards all, both whites and Indians; and I

desire that these may be the sentiments of Cotolegu, and of each one of my kinsmen and friends, who must dismiss all revengeful thoughts when my body is buried, and let all pray for my poor soul. This is my last request, which you, Black Robe, here present, and you, my aunt and foster-mother, will communicate to all on this very day after my death." At this, the aunt departed by his request, and I remained alone with him to comfort and strengthen him for the last act of his life, and I was not a little consoled by his complete resignation.

About 1 P. M. the sheriff requested me to warn Andrew that his hour had come, and in a few minutes I came forth from the cell to inform him that the prisoner was ready and resigned, and even cheerful. I pass over the description of poor Andrew's death, which was truly edifying, and which affected me deeply, as it was the first execution that I was ever present at, and I sincerely hope that it may be the last in my life. When I had pronounced the prayers over the corpse, it was delivered up to me by an official in the name of the government, and in his presence, the rope having been removed from the neck, I closed the coffin and started for the Mission. It was quite dark when I reached home; and having handed over the remains to his relatives, they thanked me with all their hearts for all that I had done, promised to comply strictly with the last wishes of Andrew, and to observe whatsoever else the Fathers should prescribe.

After the burial, a great meeting was held, when the Father made known the words and the wishes of Andrew. All said that they were already acquainted with them, and that they intended faithfully to act in accordance with them, and then and there, in presence of the whole assembly, Joseph Cotolegu first of all, and after him the others, laid aside their enmities, waived all claims, and announced that their feelings towards all their neighbors were friendly and fraternal. Thereupon, every apprehension of danger was banished, and even the talk of the whites ceased.

In the meantime, as we saw that we did not possess the confidence of all the factions, it was sought to bring them

together and place them again under the weakened authority of the chiefs. Inquiries were made among the young men, the warriors, and those who were possessed of any influence, and it became clear that the chiefs had fallen forever, and all seemed to be well inclined, and even desirous, to unite under Cotolegu as head chief and the only man who had the ability to re-establish order. The Fathers asked that he should be clothed with sole authority, and that this should be recognized and respected by all, because by this means order would be restored and good morals promoted.

In a subsequent meeting, the resignation of the old head chief, Chincanegue, was accepted, on account of his declining years, and Joseph Cotolegu was by common consent selected as head chief. Then the two rivals, uncles respectively of the slain man and his slayer, arose, came forward, and met in the middle of the assembly, and to the joy of all cordially clasped hands, and in this impressive attitude Joseph made one of those speeches, which he knows so well to do when he wishes, and with this an end was put to all ill feeling and animosity.

Already we begin to see the fruits of the new chief's energy, and much is hoped from him in the future: we shall see better next spring and summer, the seasons for gambling and drinking. The Fathers had already, with the divine assistance, succeeded in checking these evils; but to put down concubinage, the strong hand of a chief, whose authority will be obeyed, is needed. The choice of the present head chief seems to have been determined by Providence, for he has already broken up illicit connections among the Indians.

I was much edified by the fervor of these Indians during the last Christmas holidays, which they anticipated by two or three weeks, and then having been requested not to go away before the Epiphany, almost all of them remained, and the few who were obliged by necessity to absent themselves, did not wish to depart without the express permission of the Father and the chief. On Christmas Day, their

fervor had reached its height; there were many conversions, and confessions of two, three and five years, and some even of ten or twelve years. As the festival of the Nativity brought its consolation, so also, and perhaps in a more marked degree, did the festivals of the Circumcision and Epiphany, in which the few who had not been gained over at Christmas, made their peace with God. I believe that all the Indians of Colville, with one exception, all the Sudi-chisti, and with the exception of three or four, all the Utem-chi, or Indians of the Columbia, approached the Sacraments, either at Christmas, or at one of the other festivals, and some did so twice, and some on each occasion: Father Canestrelli helped me in the confessional at Christmas, for I would not have been able to hear all by myself alone; in fact, when he had gone after Christmas to visit the Okina-kein, I could not finish all the confessions at New Year's, notwithstanding that I was in the box all the day before, and again on the morning of the feast to so late an hour that Mass did not begin until 11.30 o'clock. Hence it happened that confessions more or less were heard daily until the Epiphany; there were, confessions, 1250; communions, 1100; about 35 hard cases converted; several illicit connections dissolved, and some marriages rectified. The fervor was not merely for the moment, but it has produced lasting effects. Your Reverence should have seen them coming to church during the past winter, some every Sunday, others every second Sunday, from long distances, and on foot, with the snow two or three feet deep, and in excessively cold weather, not only strong men, but also their wives and children. It was truly a most consoling sight.

In contrast with the religious fervor of the Indians is the indifference of the white and half-breed Catholic population. You can scarcely get them to church at Christmas and Easter, and they are foremost in speaking ill of priests and religion. It is a wonder that they have not rooted out the faith from the hearts of these savages: but this is so firmly planted, that the bad example of their white neighbors has not even weakened it. *Deo Gratias!*

By the way, Father Tornielli was occupied at Christmas in hearing the confessions of the whites and half-breeds. Father Canestrelli has not yet returned from the Okinakein—a sign that he finds plenty to do among them. The good Father is strong and zealous. This winter—and the cold weather this year set in by October 11th—he had a great many sick-calls, over deep snows, and when it was very cold, to places which were from two to fifteen miles distant. I always escaped them on the grounds that I did not know the localities, and so poor Father Canestrelli had to go in the twofold character of missionary and doctor.

Here I end this interminable letter. All are well with us, and all are working as hard as they can.

kindest regards from all ; I remain, as ever,

Your most dutiful servant in the Sacred Heart,

GIUSEPPE M. CARUANA, S. J.

*IV.—Letter of Father Caruana to Father Cataldo.*

COLVILLE, W. T., April 17, 1882.

REV. DEAR FATHER SUPERIOR,

P. C.

Before beginning my Retreat, I think it my duty to write you a few lines which may take the place of my quarterly report. This time I shall be brief, as I find nothing of interest to mention, except the observances of Holy Week and Easter. These were celebrated with great solemnity ; and the devotion of the people highly edified me. The services were divided amongst the Fathers, but the largest share and the most fatiguing fell upon Father Canestrelli, who performed miracles of zeal, especially on Good Friday. On that sacred day, there were four different functions in the church : that of the morning, according to the Rubrics ; two others in the afternoon, conducted by Father Canestrelli, that is, the Way of the Cross and the Three hours of Agony, to which was added the Deposition from the Cross. The Three Hours of Agony succeeded wonderfully, and its effect was plainly visible upon the four hundred Indians

who were present. Everything was adapted to the occasion in the ornamentation of the new and spacious church, the windows being festooned with dark red hangings, skilfully arranged by Brother D'Agostino. But the Procession of the Passion surpassed everything else. It began about 7.30 o'clock, just as night was coming on, and was preceded by hymns adapted to the occasion, and by the beautiful canticle of the Passion: *Kackschinim Jesus Kacilimigum*. The procession filed out of the church in the following order. An aged woman carrying a large cross was followed by the band of Magdalens, as they are called, walking two by two; then came a young man with the banner of Our Lady of Sorrows at the head of the girls, also walking two by two, with the Sisters and their scholars in front, and then a long file of two hundred women and girls; next in order were half a dozen men bearing lanterns on poles, followed by the great standard of the Passion, borne by one of the chiefs dressed as a Brother, and flanked by two other chiefs carrying torches and followed by the chanters; then came a youth bearing aloft the instruments of the passion, followed by the boys, our scholars and teachers holding the front ranks, and one hundred and fifty men bringing up this division, all marching two by two. Last of all came the clergy, preceded by the cross borne by an altar boy in surplice and red soutane with torch-bearers similarly dressed on either side, and followed by twenty-four Sodalists all carrying torches and acting as a guard of honor around the dead Christ with Father Tornielli in surplice and black stole, followed by the crowd in pairs. A long procession! composed of at least five hundred Indians. Along the route of the procession, which marched down the hill and turning about came back and re-entered the church, there were disposed at short intervals fires of brushwood, and some men at fixed distances followed the line of march with Indian candles, or long pine splinters in their hands, to illuminate the way. All the divisions recited prayers and sang hymns: a Father acted as marshal. Picket Edward was the life of the procession, attending to the fires, and directing those who had

to keep them going. The whole affair went off splendidly: it was a wonderful success, especially the fervent addresses which Father Canestrelli made two or three times from the top of the hill. This evening he surpassed himself, and at the last discourse inside the church, he brought tears from the eyes of many, and several were gained to God in consequence of it. The Sacraments administered from Palm Sunday until Easter were: Confessions, 1200; communions, 980. P. Canestrelli assures me that he never saw so many people here before at Easter: they will be more numerous, I hope, at Corpus Christi.

All send their regards to your Reverence, and I remain, in SS. CC., your most affectionate servant,

GIUSEPPE M. CARUANA, S. J.

*V.—Letter of Father J. Guidi to Father J. Cataldo.*

PEND' OREILLES, ST. IGNATIUS' MISSION,  
Dec. 27, 1881.

REV'D FATHER SUPERIOR,  
P. C.

In compliance with your request, I shall mention some occurrences of the last three months, that may perhaps be of interest and edification. In the first place the pious sentiments of a dying Indian woman are worthy of being recorded. She had been for a long time confined to a bed of suffering, afflicted with a most painful malady, which she endured with Christian resignation. On one of my visits she expressed herself as follows: "Black Robe, I suffer a great deal, but I would be willing to suffer still more, in order to satisfy God for my many sins." Having received all the consolations of religion with the greatest piety, she slept in the peace of the Lord.

Here is a specimen of our many sick-calls to a noteworthy distance. One evening last month, at half past five, a young half-breed came to me and said: "Black Robe, come! there is a man in danger of death near my house." "How can I go just now?" said I; "my horse is off at pasture." "Take my horse then, and I shall return on foot: the

sick man wants you to go without delay." The place was at a distance of eleven miles from the Mission; in a few minutes I was ready, and once in the saddle went forward as fast as possible. Within two hours I had reached the sick man's cabin, and as soon as he had cast his eyes upon me, he expressed his joy and gratitude in the loudest terms;—"Thanks, thanks, Black Robe! my father! my friend! thanks, that you have had compassion upon me; thanks, because you have come without delay to console me. I may die this very night, and I rejoice that you have come, because I wish to make my confession and to receive the Last Sacraments." I performed everything that the circumstances demanded, and he manifested great faith and devotion. On leaving him, I was called to a neighboring tent, where I found a Nez Percé family not yet Christians, but they requested me to baptize a child that was dangerously ill. I returned home the same night, passing through a mountain gorge that is frequently infested with bears. I placed my life in the hands of Providence, and commended myself to the guardian care of my good angel, and so I reached the Mission safe and sound. Other sick-calls of the same nature are too frequent to be described in detail, as it has often happened for us to be called to a distance of twelve or twenty miles. What is most trying to the patience of the missionary is that the greater number of these calls are without any real need, and in cases of trifling sickness. The Father who is my companion had to travel thirty-five miles at the beginning of this month, to see an old woman, and whilst returning he had to suffer very much from the cold. He has often had to go twenty miles on similar errands.

The celebration of Christmas this year was marked with devotion. At the midnight Mass, there were about four hundred and fifty communions, and the church was filled to its utmost capacity. Besides our own Indians, almost all the half-breeds were present with their families. The pupils of the Sisters sang with such devotion, and so well, that they called to mind the angel choirs who chanted *Gloria in Excelsis*, at Bethlehem. And it may not be out of place



here, to say a word concerning the Sisters' school. It is in a pretty flourishing state, and has thirty-four young girls, partly pure Indians, and partly half-breeds. In general, so far as discipline and good conduct are concerned, better could not be desired. They are respectful enough, and devout to a remarkable degree. I gave them a triduum of spiritual exercises, and was edified and moved by their rare piety. They study well, and are also making progress in practical works of industry, which are proper to their condition. All who visit the school, and among these are many non Catholics, speak of it in the highest terms. No more at present. I recommend myself to SS. SS. of your Reverence, and remain, in the Heart of Jesus your most humble servant,

GIUSEPPE GUIDI, S. J.

*VI.—Letter of Father L. Parodi to Father J. Cataldo.*

YAKIMA, ELLENSBURGH, June 11, 1882.

REV'D FATHER SUPERIOR,  
P. C.

I have been too busy to write, but I must now steal a little time from my other occupations, in order to comply with my duty in this respect. I have not much to say concerning the Indians, but I shall mention such incidents as come to my recollection.

In my last letter, I spoke to you of an Indian woman at the point of death, who had been suddenly restored to health after receiving Extreme Unction. She again fell sick, and after three months of suffering, she died the death of the just. I was called almost every week to hear her confession and to give her Holy Communion. It is not easy to repeat her expressions while she was in her last agony. I was moved to tears. She said that she would rather die than live, because that being now assisted by the missionary, she was sure of a happy death; whereas, if her life were prolonged, she would be in danger of offending God, and then, deprived of the priest's assistance, she might meet an evil end. "If I die now," said she, "I shall be saved through the holy Sacraments that I receive often, and shall

be helped by the prayers of God's minister. I have no affection for anything of this world, nor am I attached to life. Therefore, I wish to die, and go to God."

Some medicine men suggested to her husband that their superstitious jugglery could effect a cure; when she heard of this, she reproached him for his credulity, saying that their superstitious practices are utterly useless, that they have no power since they come from the devil. I might also add that for three months she suffered the most acute pains without complaining: the only alleviation of her sufferings that she received consisted in speaking to me about them. Many Indians, and among them several pagans were present at her funeral, and they were filled with admiration of the ceremonies, which I conducted with all the display that the circumstances permitted.

Another incident regards a new convert. He had been baptized many years ago; he had learned all the prayers and the catechism, and Father Sant'Onge, who was very much attached to him, used to take him as a companion on all his journeys. One day Father Sant'Onge was giving a discourse upon hell, and said that every filthy animal was found there, and amongst others, frogs. Now, it happened some time after this that the Father was on a journey, and seeing a number of frogs, he told the Indian to catch them, as they were good to eat. "How?" said the Indian, "do you want to eat things that have the devil in them?" This was enough to cause his apostacy, and ever since then, a period of fifteen years, he has been a most determined opponent of the missionaries.

Whenever we went to the camp, all the people, not excepting even the pagans, used to come out to salute us and to offer their hands in token of friendship; he was the only one who manifested any dislike, refusing to shake hands, and speaking against us. This year the Lord sent him a severe sickness, and this brought about his repentance. I was called to visit him, and he gave me a gracious reception. For the first time he took me by the hand, and then I had to listen for an hour to his discourse, in which he

went over the story of his life, and dwelt especially upon his hatred of the missionaries. He told me that he had done much that was wrong, particularly in his conduct towards the missionaries, who are the messengers of God to point out to men the path of salvation: finally, he made a general confession, and to-day he is the most fervent Indian that we have. He comes every Sunday to church and receives the Sacraments, he is the leader of the choir and prayers in common, and he is the best instructed in the questions of the catechism.

I shall add to this an account of the conversion of a pagan, who asked for baptism when he was about to die. I had been at his house the year before to see if he would allow me to baptize his children, and I failed to get the permission. This year some Indians told me that perhaps he might ask for baptism. One Sunday an Indian woman came here in great haste to inform me that this man was dying, and that I should go quickly and baptize him. I did not feel well; and besides, it was already late, I had no horse, and I could not go on foot, as the distance was ten miles. Nevertheless, I succeeded in procuring a horse, and set out. The Indian went ahead to point out the road, and guide me to the sick man's lodge as I did not know where it was pitched. I had to gallop almost all the time to keep up with my guide: we made the ten miles in an hour, but I paid for it by a week of fever. On our arrival, the man's wife offered opposition to my entrance, saying hard things of priests in general, and calling me an imposter. Some young men who were present, told me not to mind her, as she was crazy. The sick man was out of his senses; but as the Indians assured me that he had asked for baptism a short time before, I baptized him, and in three days he died. I have not been able to baptize the children, because their mother, although a Christian, will not listen to it.

The Indians lately gave me information of a woman grievously sick: but they told me she refused to make her confession just then, because she wished to try the superstitious jugglery of the medicine-men. She was willing to make

her confession afterwards, because she knew that if she did so before, I would prohibit her from calling in these charlatans. Their performances brought no relief: on the contrary, they only aggravated the disease, and made her so furious that she appeared as if possessed. I was called in, and seeing her in this condition, I seized upon the occasion to speak at length upon superstitious practices, and said that they were the works of the devil, etc. They all promised me that they would never again have recourse to such sorceries. The woman died in delirium a few days after that. Whilst I was delivering my discourse, the most famous of the medicine-men was present, and since then he has lost all credit, and everytime we meet he looks at me with indignation, and if he can harm me, he will certainly do so.

I recommend myself to your SS. SS.,

Væ Ræ infimus in Xto,  
L. PARODI, S. J.

*VII.—Nes Percé Mission—Extract from a Letter to  
Father Cataldo.*

You are entitled to this consoling account of the state of our mission here, where for so many years your Reverence worked so zealously. The sad trials to which these poor Indians, more than any others have been subjected, still continue to draw many souls from God. In general, it may be said, that one portion of these Indians are Protestants; though not from choice, but necessity, since no other form of worship is allowed them, and this in spite of every law of the U. S. Government, which fosters and protects all denominations from the Capital to the meanest village of the land. Another part call themselves Protestants, though evidently from interest or fear, and the greater this fear and interest, the more devoted Protestants they appear.

The truth is, neither of these two classes have any religion whatever, and it may justly be said that they have relapsed into their primitive infidelity; for remembering how much blood, together with their liberty, Protestantism has

cost them, they look upon it not so much as the religion of a Creator, as that of a destroyer. A third part of these savages, whom a special Providence has preserved from these calamities, remain fervent Catholics, practising their religion in spite of every danger and temptation that surrounds them. For the first class, your Reverence knows well, nothing can avail but prayer, whereby heaven may be moved to pity their miserable lot. Respecting the second class, patience is our only hope; still we do our best, meanwhile, to turn to profit every occasion that offers itself, and God, ever faithful to His promises, fails not to reward our labors with conversions from time to time to our holy religion. These converts are usually the very best Catholics, because they are Catholics from conviction. The Catholics who gathered round the mission for the celebration of the late festivities, attracted a good number of lost sheep, who, to the joy of all, were brought into the fold. Thus by force of patience, we hope in time to gain over the greater part to our religion, and though heaven design for us but the toilsome labor and martyrdom of waiting with patience, leaving to others the consolation of gathering the fruit, we submit willingly to the divine decree, and will continue to cultivate this field with all diligence.

The following incident is a proof that our efforts are not barren. Not long ago an individual named Yatonatomischat, known to you no doubt, seeing himself fast sinking under an ever growing disease, asked and obtained Baptism from Latakol. Firm in his new faith, and conscious that his end was fast approaching, he called on me to instruct him, which I had the consolation of doing, and of shortly afterwards giving him the Sacraments. To effect this, many obstacles had to be overcome that were thrown in his way during the last epidemic. But our Lord, who wished to grant him this consolation, brought everything about in his favor; for, notwithstanding the difficulties made by those on guard to prevent the spread of the contagion, a messenger succeeded in bringing me word, so that I was enabled

to give him instruction and administer the Sacraments. A few days later, thus strengthened, he passed, as we may hope, to the bosom of his Lord. I had also the consolation, on this occasion, of baptizing a little girl, who most likely, had never before received that Sacrament. Hence, can I say in all truth, that my labors have been rewarded an hundred fold.

A. MORRILLO, S. J.

*VIII.—St. Joseph's Mission, Yakimas.*

About two months ago I left the Mission in order to be nearer to the Indian camps, so that they might have an opportunity to receive some instructions, and to approach the Sacraments more frequently. The impossibility of having them all constantly in the neighborhood of the Mission, is, in the present condition of affairs, an insurmountable obstacle, both to the practice of their religious duties, and to their proper instruction in the doctrines of our faith. Accepting the courteous hospitality of Mr. Becker, I devoted all the time that I could spare to the instruction of his five children. These poor white families, scattered here and there through the Indian territories stand in need of care and instruction no less than the Indians themselves.

On the occasions of the festivals especially, the Indians flock from all sides in great numbers to this temporary residence of mine, where I have transformed an old house belonging to Mr. Becker into as decent a chapel as the circumstances permit. Here I celebrate High Mass with Indian singing, preach, administer the Sacraments, etc.

The Indian music consists of hymns either composed by ourselves, or translated into their idiom, and they are executed with such devotional style as to be very attractive and impressive. At the last celebration of the Nativity, so great was the concourse of people, that it was precisely midnight when I had finished hearing the confessions of those who wished to receive Holy Communion at the High Mass. As many Indians who still remain pagans are attracted by curiosity to these celebrations, or induced to come by their relations, so these great gatherings and festivals are profitable to both parties.

The day after the festival, an Indian came to tell me that there was at his camp a woman who was dying ; could I not go there to administer the Last Sacraments to her ? I told him that the fasting and fatigue of the preceding day had made me very tired, and that I should go on the following day. But afterwards combating my weariness with the fear that perhaps I might not be in time to offer the consolations of religion, after a few hours I set out, and in a short time I had traversed the twenty miles or more of distance. I found her, as had been reported, almost *in extremis* : and I lost no time in hearing her confession, after which I administered the Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction. Her relations and friends surrounded the bed repeating prayers, and expecting that each moment would be her last. After the lapse of half an hour, she rallied and asked for some nourishment : the bystanders hesitated to comply with this request, being in doubt as to whether she was muttering in delirium, or speaking in her right senses, but as she kept on insisting in her demand, they brought her some food, of which she freely partook, to the amazement of all, as during the preceding days her stomach had rejected every kind of nourishment. I went to visit her next day, and found her sitting at table with the rest of the family, and at present she can be said to be perfectly recovered.

Amongst the many Baptisms that I administered during my stay in this place, there was one which brought me great consolation. An American, about fifty-nine years of age, had for a long time been inclined towards the Catholic faith, but he could not persuade himself to come forward and ask for Baptism, as he was full of vulgar prejudices and erroneous ideas. During the many conversations that I had with him, my first endeavor was to root out this wilderness of errors, and then gradually to sow the good seed, which was not long in bringing forth the desired fruit. The first day of the year was marked out by Providence to confer the great boon upon him, and to fill me with consolation. After his Baptism, he said to me : "Father, this is truly the happiest day of my life."

T E X A S .

*Letter of Father F. P. Gareschi to Father E. I. Devitt.*

SEGUIN, TEXAS, Oct. 3, 1882.

REV'D DEAR FATHER,  
P. C.

Your last number of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS, sent gratuitously to my address, has brought the blush of shame to my face though bronzed by the sun of Texas. You have so often encouraged me to write and I have so weakly shrunk from the contrast between my poor labors and those of the other Fathers who write for your journal! I will overcome myself, and tell you the *Story of my Luling Mission*.

This is a railroad town about 25 miles by country road from Seguin. A frame church had been built there by Fr. Mancini, and paid for by Rev. Kosspiel. It has been served by other secular priests who visited it from time to time. The Bishop having annexed it temporarily to Seguin, with the request that we should visit it once a month, I accepted the charge, and announced for my inauguration a course of lectures on Catholic doctrine. My experience in Texas has convinced me that for such lectures it is always better, if possible, to take a public hall, as the non-Catholics of this State, especially the women, will not generally go to a Catholic Church. A zealous Irishman, Chas. Boyle, by advertising and the distribution of hand-bills made sure of an audience. On a Sunday evening, then, we commenced, and were cheered by a very respectable audience numbering over two hundred, of which scarcely twenty were Catholics. The audience continued numerous and respectable, until Wednesday, when I announced that we should have to transfer the scene of action to the church, as the hall was to be occupied as a skating rink. The result was just what I had



anticipated, the number diminished, but those who came were the cream of the place, among whom we counted every evening four or five ministers. I have always endeavored on such occasions, while presenting the truth as forcibly and plainly as I can, and denouncing Protestantism as explicitly as possible, to so word my discourses as to save personal feelings. I have reason to believe that the general impression after my lectures was that the Catholic argument was unanswerable, and yet no single expression of offended sentiments was reported to me.

In the meantime I was making myself acquainted with the Catholics and asking an account of their spiritual state. This I could do the more readily and easily, as for the greater part they were Irish by birth, and had been remiss only through the lack of opportunity. They were the more willing to respond, as they were jubilant over what they were pleased to think a public triumph of the faith in a place where they had been contemptuously treated as a well-meaning but ignorant set of people. On the Friday I had to omit the evening lecture as on that day Texas celebrated the victory of San Jacinto, and no person would have come after the fatigues of the festival. I accordingly returned by rail to Seguin, and on Saturday morning came down on horse-back.

Will you forgive me if I occupy some of your valuable space in telling you about my horse, *Careto*? I will try hard to be short, but I grow eloquent when I speak of him. We are great friends and companions; he comes to my whistle and will follow me like a dog. He is a Spanish Indian mustang, in size between a pony and a horse, piebald or a *paint* as the Texans call him, beautifully marked, a brownish black being his prevailing color. He has great endurance, is gentle, spirited, and a natural pacer, though for long trips I make him trot. If I am to continue these letters you must expect to hear of him occasionally.

On the following Sunday I announced that during the next week I proposed to *round up* my flock and *renew the brand* upon all estrays. I hope these expressions are intel-

ligible to you : every child in Texas understands them. Indeed, I had found that a special effort was needed. The Catholics lived on farms distant from four to ten miles, some on this side, some on the other side of the San Marcos, a deep, though not a wide stream, with treacherous fords, that I have always dreaded to traverse alone. There were but three families residing in the place itself. Of all the congregation there were not ten who were Easter communicants, and the greater number of adults had been from nine to twenty years absent from the Holy Table. I could not assemble them together for a mission, so taking Charlie Boyle for guide, I determined to visit them singly.

Alas, my guide was not of the surest, and I found that in cases of doubt the right road was the one that he condemned. My daily order of the mission was as follows : Feeding and grooming my horse ; meditation, Mass, instruction for first communion, breakfast and then 'boot and saddle.' We rode from fifteen to twenty miles a day. On coming to a Catholic farm I would take down the names, incidentally ascertaining how many had made their First Communion, and how long they had been from confession.

Then came catechism for children, more by the way of examination than instruction, and following that, a special exhortation to the parents. These few points were insisted upon. Mass whenever there was Mass at Luling ; prayers of Mass or Rosary on all other Sundays ; catechism every evening, and repetition on Sunday, family prayers every night. I am happy to say that in my subsequent visits every month, which I prolong for a week, I have found that these exercises are generally practised. We were always back in Luling by four o'clock, when I had a class for First Communion. The nights I spent on a thin pallet on the floor of a small room back of the altar.

The results were proportioned to the prayers of the holy souls who at Seguin and San Antonio follow me wherever I go. I had thirty-three communions, and since then, I have increased the number, and I give communion every month to ten or fifteen, some of whom come ten miles and fast until noon.

There were some incidents which I think may not be uninteresting. Three or four men gave me especial concern. One of them, married to a Protestant, had three children unbaptized. His mother-in-law did all she could to keep them in that state, declaring that she would rather see them dead than baptized into the Catholic Church. The husband and father triumphed, first in his children, and next in his own case, for rarely have I received one in the tribunal of penance who showed more compunction for a luke-warm life. His wife gives promise of a speedy conversion. Another knew and "that in his day the things that were for his peace." On the third or last Sunday of my stay he approached the Holy Table, and on the Thursday following he was cut to pieces by a railroad train. Another refused all compliance with the numerous invitations extended to him by myself and by his friends. On my last visit I found that he had suddenly taken sick and died, his Catholic friends knowing nothing of his danger, his Protestant wife never thinking of sending for the priest. Still a fourth bound up in a secret society holds out, but in fear and trembling for the late examples that he has witnessed. In a fifth case I could verify what Father Damen once told me. He acknowledged that he had once been inclined to lament that so many priests should be occupied in colleges who could do so much on the missions for the glory of God, but that his experience had shown him that one of our old students, though long neglectful of duty, coming back to his church and his God, generally became the right hand of his pastor. An old student of Bardstown was living in Luling married to a Baptist. His old faith was renewed. He made a confession, the first in eighteen years, is now a monthly communicant, the weekly Catechist, and is trying to merit his wife's conversion by consecrating all his spare moments to the adorning of the altar, to which he is adding a reredos, and which he is enriching with scroll-work.

My visits to Luling, made on horse-back, lasting as I have said a week at a time, are full of consolation, but are also, as I hope, initiating me to longer and hardier excursions. Once I found myself surprised by the darkness of a

rainy day and early night about a mile from a farm where I proposed to spend the night. What with the number of cross-roads, the blinding lightning, and the falling rain, I lost my way. At nine o'clock I found myself just on the point of being precipitated into a deep ravine, but was saved by the intelligence of my horse. I staked him out, spread my horse blanket, placed my saddle and saddle-bags between two young live oaks, and then wrapping myself in rubber coat (*slicker*), after reciting a pair of beads and sucking a short pipe lay down to my rest. I assure you that I did not recognize any hardship. The rain was gentle and warm, the night air mild and pure, and I was dropping off into as sweet a sleep as I have ever enjoyed, when my unruly and impertinent fancy suggested the rustling of a moccasin snake near by. It is true that they do exist and in numbers in such places, but reason told me that there was no reality in my fears. Reason was of no avail, and feeling that there could be for me no more sleep that night, I arose, saddled up and gave my horse the reins, knowing that he would take the road to Seguin. About eleven o'clock we came to a small farm by the way-side where I was given a bed for the night. I found it, though the doors were left open, a stuffy place compared to my abandoned couch under the live oaks. One gets so accustomed to the open air here that one prefers it to the close comfort of an apartment.

On my last visit I had my first swim on horse-back. There had been a sudden rise and overflow in the San Marcos and its tributary, the Blanco, in consequence of a water spout about twenty or thirty miles off. My first notice of a flood was when I was twenty miles from Seguin, and a mile distant from a farm where I spent the next day and night. The road crossed a ravine about fifteen feet deep and twenty-five or thirty yards wide, in which ordinarily there was not water enough to wet a hoof. What were my surprise and disgust to find it bank-full, and carrying a great deal of drift. I thought it as good an occasion of testing my horse's swimming powers, and of enriching my own experience, as I could have, trusting that happen what might, I could always save myself. I packed my saddle-bags in

my rubber, tied my boots to the pommel, unloosed my tie-rope which I coiled up and held in my left hand, and then with my feet free of the stirrups, after an earnest *memorare* and a brief appeal to my Angel Guardian, I pressed in. At the first plunge we were over depth, Careto hesitated an instant, and was for returning, but with a few encouraging words (in Spanish, of course, for he understands no English, and I don't wish him to learn it) he struck out, and I almost cheered for joy as I felt how strongly he swam and how bravely he held me up. The current was not very swift, but we had no room for drifting and we barely made the opposite bank where the road issued from the cut. Indeed Careto struck his forehoof on the side of the bank and as he slightly reared, gave issue to such a sob, so full and deep and pathetic, that it almost sounded human. In the next minute we were out, and as we both, turning round, looked at the stream we shook our heads as who would say —'well out of that'—one of us at least gave thanks to God. My friends, Protestant and Catholic, have assured me that had I known all the danger of such an experiment, I would never have ventured it. I am glad then, that I did not know it, for now I do know what I can do, and better how to do it.

F. P. G.

## BRAZIL.

EDIFYING LIFE AND SAINTLY DEATH OF A BRAZILIAN NOVICE.

*By Father R. M. Galanti.*

ITU, October 15, 1882.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER IN CHRIST,

P. C.

In fulfilment of the promise which was made in my last letter, I come at length to relate some edifying things about the life of a novice, who died three years ago at Naples.

EMMANUEL AUGUSTUS NEVES, was born at Itu, July 13, 1861. In his childhood, a long and obstinate disease, from which he was delivered by an especial grace of our Blessed Lady, had so undermined his constitution, that he was ever afterwards weak and sickly. His mother, a most pious and respectable lady, understanding the sublime mission entrusted to Christian parents, spared no trouble in the education of her son. Accordingly, from the very dawn of life, she taught her child the holy fear and love of Almighty God, respect and veneration for our Blessed Lady and the saints; from her instructions he learned how to pray, and how to avoid all words and actions that might in any manner offend against purity and the most perfect modesty. Moreover, she exercised constant personal supervision in his regard, not permitting any familiarity with the servants or slaves; nor allowing him to go abroad except in her company, or attended by some trustworthy person. Her care in this respect was so great, that even during the vacations which he spent away from the college, when he was already fifteen years of age, he was never allowed to go out alone.

Such a system of education is extraordinary and without example in this country:—and so, too, was the result obtained. It is not to be wondered at, that opposite methods produce opposite results, just as from contradictory princi-

ples are derived consequences which are in opposition with each other. It is not an uncommon occurrence to hear parents lamenting that their children have gone astray; and, unfortunately, they will not understand that the evil is only the necessary consequence of the unlimited liberty and irreligious education which is given to them.

Our Emmanuel Augustus, on the contrary, was so accustomed to obedience, devotion, and modesty, that these virtues seemed to be a part of his nature. He lost his father, when he was still a child seven years of age, and the circumstances of his family brought him to San Paulo, where he was admitted into the episcopal seminary, which was then under the direction of the Capuchin Fathers. There, he made his First Communion with such devotion, that he ever afterwards recalled that solemn day with the liveliest pleasure: his piety and innocent simplicity attracted the notice of his teachers, who still remember these traits in his character. His mother, for special reasons, preferred to send him to our college of Itu, after a year had been spent at this first school, and he came to us on the 8th of May, 1873. From the very beginning, every body in the college observed that he had a soul made for virtue, and that he was a boy of great promise. He found no difficulty in adapting himself to the college regulations, and soon acquired filial confidence towards all his masters.

With regard to studies, he applied himself earnestly to the matter of his course, and tried his best to give satisfaction to his teachers. In addition to the regular preparatory studies, he cultivated music and drawing with success. During the time of recreation, he disliked idle talk, and preferred to busy himself in anything that would be useful to himself or others; always obliging, his services were freely given to anyone that requested them. He was ever cheerful, but always within the bounds of the severest modesty. On one occasion, an imprudent word caused him to abandon a game in which he was engaged. For this reason, the Father who acted as prefect was always sure that so long as Emmanuel Augustus was in a crowd of boys, the mor-

ality of their conversation was safe; and whenever his suspicions were aroused in regard to any gathering, he used to send him to join it. And yet, although his presence was such a check upon impropriety, he was never known to use sharp language towards his companions, whilst he had to bear a great deal from some of them, to whom his purity, modesty and devotion were a reproach.

But it was in the practices of devotion that the Christian education received from his mother was most conspicuously displayed, and from these, too, could be foretold the future in store for him. How consoling it was to see him kneeling in prayer by his bedside before retiring, or in the church and elsewhere: he showed at these times by outward signs, and yet without any affectation, that he felt the interior impression of grace. He went regularly to confession, and received Holy Communion every Sunday, and even oftener when he could obtain permission to do so. His conscience was so delicate that frequently at night he asked whether he could go to bed without confession, as he had committed such and such a fault during the day. Yet, these faults were so trifling, that when he asked me for the first time, before I had known his interior, I doubted whether he was speaking seriously or not.

He had great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, to our Blessed Lady and St. Aloysius. Nor was his devotion limited to mere words or barren sentiment. At the head of his bedstead, and on his desk he was accustomed to keep a crucifix and some pious picture, and it was also a custom with him to perform some acts of mortification in honor of his patron saints. On Saturdays, especially, he showed some such mark of honor towards the Blessed Virgin, abstaining from the *merenda*, and declining to partake of anything else that was given beyond the ordinary food. As I closely observed the conduct of this amiable youth, and was gratified with his rapid progress in virtue, I subjected him to trial whenever it could be conveniently done, by offering him on Saturday something that he naturally liked, or by scolding him without sufficient cause, or by imposing



some extraordinary task upon him; and, I can say, that I found him steadfast in his resolutions. For on Saturdays, he never accepted what I offered, and never complained of my reprehensions, either to me or his companions, or to the superiors. As for the work that I assigned him, when it was too much, he did what he could, and then calmly reported that he had been unable to finish it.

I could add many particulars concerning his life at college. I knew him well, for he was in my class and also in the division over which I had charge; but it is time to speak about his vocation to our Society.

We could easily conjecture from his conduct whither his steps were tending, but as he was reticent on the subject, we did not ask any questions, and left God to deal with His creature according to His own loving designs. At the beginning of the year 1876, he asked the permission of his mother and superiors to start immediately with two Fathers who were about to set out for Europe. It is needless to say that the superiors declined to grant a request proposed without any previous intimation. It was only after several months of delay, and after his determination had been subjected to several proofs, that they permitted him to be examined; and, although all were convinced that his vocation was from above, yet the weak state of his health caused his admission to be delayed until the end of the year. Words fail to describe the joy he felt at the accomplishment of his cherished wishes; thenceforward, more than ever before, his inclinations were for prayer, self-denial, retirement, and zeal for the conversion of sinners.

At length, it was resolved to send him to Europe, a favorable opportunity presenting itself, as two Capuchin Fathers were about to return home, and he could travel in their company. It was not difficult to obtain the consent of his pious mother, although she was a widow, and on his departure would be left with only one little girl: her permission was given in a beautiful letter, worthy of a Christian in the best ages of faith.

He keenly felt the sacrifice of leaving home and country,

but whilst acknowledging the pain it cost him, he was steadfast in his resolution, saying that he was ready to give up everything, in order to follow his vocation. During the voyage his cheerfulness and modest behavior attracted the notice of the other passengers. He was also very particular in performing all his exercises of piety.

His arrival at the novitiate of Les Alleux, near Laval, was a cause of consolation to the whole community: simplicity, modesty, light-hearted innocence, and, above all, filial confidence in his superiors, were the distinguishing traits of character, which he displayed from the moment of his entrance. Father Camillo Marini, Master of Novices, wrote to Reverend Father Rector: "The arrival of a new novice always diffuses joy throughout this community, but the joy excited in all of us at the sight of the little Emmanuel Augustus was such as I had never witnessed before." Father Albini, Rector of the house, wrote on the same occasion: "Yesterday, 31st of May . . . we received into the house Emmanuel Augustus, joyful, lively, and contented. He caused general consolation. How happy and satisfied he is! He seems to be swimming in a sea of honey. May God preserve him for many years in good health." On another occasion, the same Father wrote: "I did not know that the Brazilians have such good qualities. You may send to our novitiate as many as you choose, provided they be like little Nevēs. He has but one fault; it is to be somewhat scrupulous."

Every one observed the great facility with which he practised all the virtues proper to novices, together with an intense love of his vocation, devotion towards the Blessed Virgin and filial confidence in the direction of the Master of Novices. During recreation he took delight in conversing upon spiritual subjects; he was conspicuous for charity towards all; his demeanor was calm and cheerful. Unhappily, his health was too delicate to bear with the cold climate of France. The approach of winter made him feel unwell, and at length he fell sick of a pleurisy. His patience and resignation during this illness increased the opinion that

was entertained of his virtue. He recovered from the disease, but not perfectly. Therefore, it was resolved, in accordance with the advice of the physicians, to send him back to Brazil, with the hope that his native air would benefit him. When the R. F. Provincial, who happened to be there for his Visitation, announced this decision, Emmanuel Augustus calmly, but firmly, answered: "Oh! not that, Reverend Father; I would prefer to die in the Society, rather than return home." "But your mother, what would she say then?" "It is what she wishes. She will be far better satisfied to hear that I died in the Society of Jesus, than to see me home again."

The Father Provincial, admiring the virtue both of the son and of the mother, said that he would try every means for the restoration of his health, and on that same day he asked by telegraph a place for him in the novitiate of Naples. Therefore, after a few days, he left Les Alleux, to the great regret of all. At Naples, his health was improved, but it was not completely restored. Here, as elsewhere, he soon won the affection of all in the house. In numerous letters to his mother, he constantly speaks of the great charity of that community, particularly of the superiors, and shows the high estimate in which he held his vocation, by the words with which he invariably concluded his letters: "I pray all of you to recommend me to God, and to the Blessed Virgin, that I may persevere in my holy vocation." He was allowed to pronounce the vows at the end of two years of noviceship, and this he did with great devotion, as appears from a beautiful letter written to his mother on the occasion.

His health, to all appearance, was improving, but the appearance was delusive. Fever, inflammation of the lungs, bronchitis attacked him, and the most skilful physicians of Naples declared that the malady was incurable. Prayers were offered for his recovery. Meantime, the renown of his virtues was spread far and wide.

The Archbishop of Naples wished to see the sick novice. He went to visit him, and was so well pleased, that he

seemed loth to withdraw, and before retiring he asked Emmanuel to send for him whenever he wished to see him, and afterwards spoke in high terms of praise concerning the virtue he had observed in the young religious. Emmanuel, fully aware that death was close at hand, asked permission to take leave of his mother, which he did in a touching and heroic letter. As the disease was making rapid progress, he received calmly and devoutly the Last Sacraments, on the Feast of the Nativity of our Blessed Lady. Next day, about 8 P. M., his agony began: the whole community had gathered around his bed. They remained there praying until a quarter past ten, when our Emmanuel Augustus Neves, without pain or struggle, repeating the holy names of Jesus and Mary, quietly resigned his innocent soul into the hands of our Lord Jesus Christ.

His body was buried with the other Fathers and Brothers, who had died in Naples during the dispersion. I must not omit that a funeral oration in honor of his memory was delivered in the refectory of the novitiate—an extraordinary fact, which shows the esteem in which he was held even by those in whose midst he had lived for only a brief time. A Father, from whom I received these last particulars, concludes by saying: "This good Brother left us a wonderful example of patience, conformity to the will of God, and exact observance of our rules."

May he now in heaven pray for our beloved Society, so much afflicted, for his masters, and for this college. May this notice also edify your readers, and move them to pray for this unhappy country, which is rapidly drifting towards Protestantism, or something worse, and will lose the Faith, unless God help it.

R. M. G.

## SOME OLD LETTERS (1801-8).

[These letters, now published for the first time, were written by Bishop Leonard Neale, Father Anthony Kohlmann and Father Charles Sewall to correspondents in England. They furnish some interesting facts and observations, in relation to the religious state of the country at the beginning of the century, as also in regard to the condition of affairs at Georgetown College, and the re-establishment of the Society in America].

*I.—Letters of Bishop Leonard Neale to Father Marmaduke Stone, Stonyhurst College, England.*

### LETTER I.

GEO. TOWN, Oct. 19, 1801.

DEAR AND REV<sup>d</sup> S<sup>r</sup>,

I wrote to you some time past in answer to a letter received from you purporting the acceptance of my Bill of Exchange, and the payment being due, etc. In my answer I observed that nothing was mentioned in yours concerning the object of the Bill: or whether there was any prospect of succeeding in the commission I so confidently presumed to charge you with. I would wish to hear your explicit sentiments on the subject.

The public prints announce the re-establishment of the Jesuits in Sardinia. We wish to know whether the report be founded, and whether *Societas Jesu*, or *Societas Fidei Jesu*, be the object of the report. Farther, I wish to know the real sentiments of the *clear-sighted* respecting the latter, and whether their fourth vow concerning the Pope's declarations, really involves any change of the object and spirit, which the former held up and supported. In my weak judgment, I can discern nothing in it, but the extending to His Holiness that obligation of *blind obedience* which all Jesuits profess to the Superiors of their Order, and in that

supposition could it be deemed to change, and not rather support and promote the genuine spirit of St. Ignatius—who not only insisted on blind obedience with all the members of the Society, but would have the Professed Fathers bound by a special vow of obedience to His Holiness? Be fully communicative on this head and on every other point which may concern a subject so intimately interesting to us.

Rev<sup>d</sup>. Mr. Molyneux is a convalescent from a serious attack of illness by which he was reduced to death's door. All the members of the Society here are now grown old, the youngest being past 54. Death, therefore, holds out his threatening rod, and excites us to redoubled wishes for the re-establishment of the Society on which the welfare of this country seems much to depend. Could we have some of its genuine members to fix in the possession of our College and estates, the gratification would be singular, and our latter days would be crowned with joy and peace.

We are struggling to commence Philosophy immediately. We hope to get a Professor from the Seminary of Baltimore for the present, till you can provide us one, if possible, of the Society. Bishop Carroll has been indisposed, but is, I believe, recovered from his indisposition. My brothers are well, as are all in the college. Messrs. Young, Matthews and Lawrenson are still here. They and all our BB. join me in every cordial wish and congratulation on the flourishing state of Stony Hurst College, for which we feel as for the elder brother of our own. Mr. Ashton has been informed of Mr. Semmes' request, which I presume he will attend to.

Present my kindest compliments to Mr. Semmes and all my other dear friends and acquaintance. We want assistance. Pray, if you can, fail not to afford it. With all esteem and regard,

Dear and Rev<sup>d</sup> S<sup>r</sup>,

I remain most devotedly,

Y<sup>r</sup> Obed<sup>t</sup> H<sup>ble</sup> S<sup>vt</sup> in X<sup>t</sup>,

✠ LEON<sup>d</sup> NEALE, B<sup>p</sup> of Gortyna and Pres<sup>dt</sup> of G. T. College.  
To Rev<sup>d</sup> Fr. Stone, Stonyhurst.

## LETTER II.

GEO. TOWN, Ap<sup>l</sup> 21, 1802.REV<sup>d</sup> D<sup>r</sup> S<sup>r</sup>,

I wrote to you a considerable time past, but have received no answer. Perhaps my eager desire of hearing from you may have represented the time longer than it really is. However, it appears to me as if you wished not to communicate at all with me. I could wish you to remove the impression, as it is not an agreeable one.

I write to you concerning the money forwarded to you, the receipt whereof you have acknowledged, and also concerning the object of said money. We have heard of the re-establishment of the Society thro' Mr. Strickland. But the clear light does not as yet shine on us. You, who are nearer the sun, should not refuse to communicate its benign rays. If we could get members of the Society, they would be objects of our wishes. Anything genuine from our ancient body would be highly gratifying. If possible you can assist us, do not let the want of feeling for remote and distressed Brethren prevent the salutary aid. If Stonyhurst can forward assistance to our poor George Town College for Masters, etc., surely selfishness will have no influence with you. I never looked upon you as a selfish man.

I am obliged to have recourse to extremes, even to make *scholars prefects*, etc. We have some moderate prospects of future success. This blessed day, I gave the tonsure to six young men, all promising characters: more are coming on for next year. We have but four Philosophers, three of whom are Clerics. Mr. Maréchal is my professor of Philosophy: he is one of the French gentlemen of the Seminary of Baltimore. There is but one Cleric studying in the Seminary making his way to higher orders.

Rev'd Mr. Walton requested me to enquire whether the money he made over to you has been received and applied to the object he pointed out. I request a full reply to all these different points. I write in a hurry. All our Gen-

tlemen here join me in the sincerest wishes and most affectionate compliments to our old friends and all the members of Stonyhurst.

With the greatest esteem and regard, I remain,

D<sup>r</sup>. and Rev<sup>d</sup> S<sup>r</sup>.,

Y<sup>r</sup> most affectionate and Hb<sup>le</sup> S<sup>vt</sup>,

✠ LEONARD NEALE, Bis<sup>hp</sup> of Gortyna and Coadjutor to the B<sup>p</sup> of Balt<sup>re</sup>.

LETTER III.

GEO. TOWN, June 30, 1802.

REV<sup>d</sup> AND DEAR S<sup>r</sup>,

As an opportunity serves from our port of Geo. Town, I could not omit writing a few lines, tho' I had received no answer to my two last letters addressed to you. I must own it is painful to have s̄o seldom any communications from you, especially when they are intended to serve the grand object, Religion, which is common to us both and our beloved BB<sup>n</sup>.

I wish to hear how matters stand and whether the small sum transmitted to you will produce any *beneficial proceeds* to Geo. Town College. I am frequently called upon by our Gentlemen to know what effect my communications with you have, or are likely to produce in our favor. Mortifying it is to me to have no other reply to make, but that I have received no answer to my applications, or that I am left perfectly in the dark relatively to the object in question. For God's sake relieve me from my distressed situation. If the Sulpicians remove to France (which is threatened by Mr. Emery, their Superior in Paris), we shall be left perfectly bare. Besides, I suspect some of our professors will quit the College for other views, say one or two. In a similar situation, what would you feel without any prospect of succor from our friends more happily circumstanced? In these circumstances do not act so cruel a part as to retain from me the communications which may either afford relief, or form a *basis* for entering into new plans.



It is strongly impressed on my mind that Almighty God will send assistance to his distressed servants laboring in his vineyard in the United States. When human means fail, I confidently expect his providential interference, as the work we are engaged in is not ours, but His. The urgent necessities of the Catholics oblige Bp. Carroll to employ, otherwise, exceptionable characters in the ministry, which, you know, must produce evils of no small magnitude. The few scholars I have in the College are flattering prospects of future relief: but to be deprived of the means of carrying them through their course of studies damps our sanguine expectations and distresses our feelings in the extreme. If possible, do something to alleviate our distress. We enjoy good health, but all the members of our Old Society are aged and worn down with continual labor. How long they may subsist depends upon the hand of God which holds the thread of life. If we form not successors before that fatal period, the Society, tho' re-established, will scarcely succeed to the property we have been studiously preserving for her. A concurrence of our BB<sup>n</sup> in England, I think, is of strict obligation. B<sup>r</sup> Francis, Messrs. Young, Matthews, Lawrenson, etc., etc., join me in most cordial wishes to you and our worthy BB<sup>n</sup> with you. With the sincerest sentiments of esteem and regard, Rev<sup>d</sup> Dear S<sup>r</sup>, I remain

Y<sup>r</sup> most affectionate friend,

and B<sup>r</sup> in J. Xt.

† LEON<sup>d</sup> NEALE, B<sup>p</sup> of Gortyna and Pres<sup>dt</sup> of G. T. College.

LETTER IV.

GEO. TOWN, June 25, 1803.

REV'D AND DEAR S<sup>r</sup>,

I am rejoiced that your pen is at length set at liberty, or that the *mighty control* is removed. I had heard of the General's advice to our BB<sup>n</sup> in England before I had the pleasure of receiving your favor. The information came not from Mr. Strickland, but from Mr. Nic. Sewall, who has our thanks. We have adopted the advice, and forwarded the names of

the Postulants to the General, who will act in the matter as it shall appear most suitable. Most of the old members and many of the young men in *Tonsure* have subscribed the petition. \* \* \* \*

The Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr. Walton is gone to a better life to receive the reward of his faithful and laborious exertions. He died some short time before I received your favor. His loss is severely felt. How to supply his place without leaving another point open, I know not. We are reduced to a very small number of *suitable* members. The gentlemen of St. Sulpice are ordered back to France. Some have already departed, others are on the point of sailing. Of course, the seminary is no longer calculated on. The school of boys erected there to the great prejudice of George Town College still exists: but as the Spanish youths, their chief support, are ordered by their Government to return immediately to their native country, it must naturally fall to nothing.

Our number of scholars is very small, but we still stand in the critical moment of trial. Were it the will of Heaven that the Society be speedily re-established here, I should be happy to deliver up my Presidency to their happier guidance. Notwithstanding our small number of scholars, we have a respectable number of postulants for the clerical state, and had we but funds for free places, we should undoubtedly be able to supply a considerable number in a moderate time. Hence, as this must be our grand object, you will be kind enough to transmit to me the money I formerly deposited with you, if the object then proposed cannot be obtained. I have communicated the statement you made respecting my old professor, Mr. Semmes, to Mr. Ashton, who says that he has never received his protested bills, which were necessary to claim the penalty due from the drawer. I have no influence on the gentleman. His eccentricity puts him beyond all that. He now lives on Mr. Semmes' place, etc. Mr. Francis Neale still remains with me, as also does Mr. Matthews. Mr. Young is turned farmer on a piece of land left him by his father, and, of

course, teaches no longer. The rest of my masters and professors are Eleves of the College in the Clerical line. They all join most cordially with me in every good wish to you and our D<sup>r</sup> BB<sup>n</sup> with you. With sentiments of the greatest respect and esteem, Rev<sup>d</sup> D<sup>r</sup> S<sup>r</sup>, I remain,

Y<sup>r</sup> most obd<sup>t</sup> H. S<sup>vt</sup> and B<sup>r</sup> in Xt,

✠ LEONARD NEALE, Bishop of Gortyna.

LETTER V.

GEO. TOWN C., May 5, 1804.

REV<sup>d</sup> FATHER,

I wrote to you some months past in answer to one received from you announcing happy tidings of a revival of the Society of Jesus in England. Since that, Bishop Carroll and I have been solicited by many of the clergy serving in this Mission to make known to the General their ardent prayers for re-establishing the same Society in this diocese. We have readily complied with their request, but have not been so happy as to receive an answer. The last despatches were forwarded to your Reverence, which, I understand, from a letter written by R. F. N. Sewall to his brother, have been received and sent on to their destination. I hope the issue of the business will be happy. Could the General see and feel our situation, he would certainly forward some suitable members both to regulate matters on the occasion, and also to fill the offices in the College, which I wish to deliver up to the care and management of the Society as soon as possible. I am sorry to hear of Cardinal Borgia's opposition, tho' I am not surprised at it, as the business was entered on without the support of a Papal Brief. It appears evident to me that Providence has excited this opposition in order to enforce that public *authoritative* support without which the commenced work would rest on a tottering base, and would, of course, be either of short duration, or ineffectual as to its grand object. We endeavor to struggle through our great difficulties as well as we can, trusting in the merciful providence of God. I have seven young clerics to commence

Theology next scholastic year, all *postulants* for the Society. But our Missions are left destitute of pastors in many places to the great prejudice of religion. *Messis quidem multa, operarii autem pauci.* Oh! could you by any means lend a helping hand, it would certainly be co-operating with the views of our holy founder, *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam.* I wish to hear from your Reverence as frequently as possible, and now more especially as every occurrence becomes more and more interesting. Bishop Carroll is well. None of our gentlemen have died since Mr. Walton's demise.

My brother Francis requested before he left me, to be particularly remembered to you. He is down in Charles and St. Mary's counties on public business and will not return under one or two weeks. All my other co-operators in the college join me in respectful compliments and cordial affection to your Rev<sup>ce</sup> and all our BB<sup>n</sup> with you. Believe me with the sincerest attachment and esteem,

Y<sup>r</sup> most ob<sup>it</sup> H. S<sup>t</sup>

† LEON<sup>d</sup> NEALE, Bish<sup>p</sup> of Gortyna.

LETTER VI.

GEO. T., March 15, 1805.

REV<sup>d</sup> FATHER,

Your long expected letter has been received. The contents, tho' consoling in substance, have such a connection with implicating circumstances, as to render it difficult to send you an appropriate answer. This has been the cause of my long delay. But now, as Father General's letter is received, by which we are empowered to proceed in the great business, and which seems to point out something more explicit than was discoverable in yours, I have undertaken to reply to your favor. I did expect from the directions given you by the General, you would have sent forward some one of our proved and venerable characters, who might have commenced the contemplated restoration, and I should have been glad if the money I have placed in your hands, had been employed in defraying his expenses. Even now, if you can

forward any assistance, that is, any of your subjects, I shall be willing that they employ the said money to pay their expenses. If this cannot be done, I wish you to employ at least £30 to purchase scholastic books, such as you know are suitable for our schools both higher and lower, as also the rules of the Society, its constitutions, etc., etc., not only in Latin, but also in English, as we are generally destitute of them. Our lame and crippled situation in point of the Old Members, renders the commencement of the business perfectly awkward. However, Bishop Carroll will meet our Gentlemen at St. Thomas's Manor soon after Easter, in order to put hand to work. If Scholastic Books be forwarded, I hope you will exert your endeavors to procure them as low as possible: no matter if they be second-handed: and they must be directed to me, *for the use of the college*, as that will exempt them from import duties. The residue of the money, if such there be, you will be pleased to refund to me in a suitable bill. As for taking a bill on Mr. Ashton, I cannot. He is one I do not deal with in money matters. Your idea of sending our young men to Stonyhurst, etc., is perfectly eccentric. Much less expense would attend one of our Gentlemen from England to teach them here, than would be necessary to transmit them thither to be taught in your schools. Such a project was never contemplated by us. The glorious re-establishment of the Society in Naples, of which we have received accounts, has filled our souls with joy. May the infinite Mercies of God be eternally exalted. My brother Francis is well, as are also the other gentlemen, who unite with me in presenting our sincere congratulations and most cordial wishes.

I am, Rev<sup>d</sup> and Dear S<sup>r</sup>,

Your most Obed<sup>t</sup> S<sup>vt</sup> in Xt,

✠ LEON<sup>d</sup> NEALE, Bish<sup>p</sup> of Grtn<sup>a</sup>.

## LETTER VII.

GEO. TOWN, Feb. 16, 1808.

REV<sup>d</sup> AND DEAR S<sup>r</sup>,

A considerable time being elapsed since I had the pleasure of hearing from you, I find it necessary to address you in these few lines. The money I formerly deposited in your hands is now much wanted, and I request that on the receipt of this you will be pleased to transmit to me *personally* the full amount of the deposit, not by giving orders on any one, but by a good Bill of Exchange.

We have had the happiness of receiving five members of the Society, <sup>(1)</sup> and expect a further reinforcement ere long. Since the arrival of the above five members, we have been blest with the increase of two worthy Priests from Brabant, who since their arrival have been received into the noviceship of the Society. <sup>(2)</sup> Both are already engaged in the Mission.

The Novitiate is established in Geo. Town College. The first course consisted of eleven Novices, and the second of seven. All going on well. Several scholars are expecting to enter and form the third course next term. Thus the College of Geo. Town, tho' short in point of numbers of scholars has not been unfertile in genuine productions. The proof drawn from stubborn facts must be an ample support of the discipline and principles adopted in that College during my Presidency. It gives me solid comfort to feel in my mind and conviction that I have contributed to the increase and welfare of the Society by raising and preparing worthy subjects to join it. Four novices of the first course are studying Theology. They are in their second year and will be admitted to Priesthood as soon as circumstances will admit of it. <sup>(3)</sup> Thus things seem to go on well under the influence and blessing of Heaven.

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<sup>(1)</sup> FF. Anthony Kohlmann, Peter Epinette, Adam Britt, John Henry and Francis Malevé.

<sup>(2)</sup> FF. Beschter and Wouters.

<sup>(3)</sup> Benedict J. Fenwick, Enoch Fenwick, Leonard Edelin and James Spink, ordained March 12, 1808, by Bishop Neale.

All our Gentlemen are well and join me in presenting our respectful compliments and sincere wishes to you and all our Brethren. May Heaven protect them all and pour down its choice blessings on them.

With great respect and esteem,

Rev<sup>d</sup> S<sup>r</sup>, I remain

Y<sup>r</sup> most Ob<sup>dt</sup> H. S<sup>t</sup> in Xt,

✠ LEON<sup>d</sup> Bish<sup>p</sup> of Gortyna.

II.—*Letters of Father Charles Sewall to his Brother,  
Fr. Nicholas Sewall.*

ST. THOMAS' MANOR,

Nov. 21st, 1803.

DEAR BROTHER,

\* \* \* \* I am glad to hear how much the College of Stonyhurst flourishes, and that they are going to build, or preparing a house in its neighborhood for little boys and a Novitiate; but I am sorry that there are no hopes of our obtaining help from the success of your College. As I informed you in my last, our College is still declining, there being about twenty students at present, all owing to bad regulations, etc., which displease parents. I fear we shall have no success until the re-establishment of the Society here. I shall be glad to know how many Novices Mr. Stone may have and whether all the ancient Gentlemen of Stonyhurst have re-entered. By some letters written from your neighborhood to America there was a diversity of opinion in Stonyhurst relative to the propriety of re-entering the Society, at the time of Mr. Stone's instalment. Mr. C. Plowden, etc., thought you ought to wait longer: as for my part, I would never ask a Bishop's leave to be a Jesuit, as long as there was the Pope's even *verbal authority*. God grant I may live to renew my vows also in the Society: the General's answer is not yet received by our Bishop.

If Bonaparte ever intends to execute his boasted attack on England, I suppose he has done it by this time, so that he has met with his deserts; his brother Jerome is in Bal-

timore; a little, insignificant, dissipated youth of about 19 years of age. Lately there was a horse-race at Baltimore: the winning horse was named Bonaparte: this elated Jerome so much that he offered to run a foot-race with any gentleman; the challenge was accepted, the race was run, and Jerome lost it; and immediately it was sung thro' all the streets of Baltimore: "Bonaparte with four legs won the race: Bonaparte with two legs lost the race." . . . I informed you in my last of the death of the Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr. Jos. Doyne, who departed this life on the 21st of the last month: requiescat in pace.

I shall be glad to know how religion goes on in France; whether there be any prospect of the Society re-existing there or in other parts of Europe. . . . I fear there are little hopes during the reign of the Corsican despot. Comp<sup>ts</sup> to all friends.

I am Y<sup>r</sup> aff<sup>to</sup> Brother,

Cs. SEWALL.

P. S. I doubt much whether the letters sent by our Bishops with our petitions to re-enter the Society of Jesus have ever reached the General; or, if he has received them, I fear his answer is intercepted. As his letters and answers have been received by Messrs. Strickland and Stone, it appears that there is a more ready and sure communication between England and Russia, than between America and Russia. Wherefore I cannot close this letter without requesting you to present my humble respects to your Rev<sup>d</sup> Provincial, whom I beg to do me the singular favor of obtaining leave of the General for my re-entrance into the Society of Jesus, as a member of the English Province, in case the General has not or does not otherwise ordain by erecting America into a separate Province: others of my Rev<sup>d</sup> Brethren here will be equally obliged to Mr. Stone for the same favor in their regard. As we are very few in number, I think it would be more to the advantage of Religion were we united to you in the same Province. But this I suppose will be regulated by Fr. Gruber. Be pleased to answer this letter as soon as you can.

Y<sup>rs</sup> as above.



ST. THOMAS' MANOR, Feb. 5th, 1805.

DEAR BROTHER,

On the 28th day of last December I received your letter of the 15th of Oct<sup>r</sup>, 1804, by the packet; and your other of the 20th of the same month sent by a private ship, I received last night; so that you see how much better it is to write by the packet. Both of your letters brought most agreeable news. Before the rec<sup>t</sup> of your last, Bishops Carroll and Neale received from Mr. Strickland a copy of Fr. Gruber's answer to theirs and our petition. Mr. Strickland had received the General's answer as early as last April and immediately sent it off; but hearing from B<sup>p</sup> Carroll, that he had not yet received it, he sent a copy, which the General directed him to take, lest the original might be lost, as it so happened: this news, you may suppose, gives us the greatest satisfaction. I have not yet seen the General's answer; but Bishop Carroll first, and then his Coadjutor informs me of it. The General's letter contains full directions for reorganizing the Society in this country; and it appears from what Bishop Carroll tells me, that we are to be formed into a Province, as we are to have a Provincial or Vice-Provincial, on whom, as soon as he is appointed, the General confers the usual faculties. From the letters of our Bishops they are to have a meeting of our oldest members, when, i. e. at which time, a Superior will be appointed, etc. But this can not be done till the weather is much more moderate than it now is: we have had a most severe winter hitherto. It began with great severity early in December, and has continued with great fury ever since, attended with much snow, dreadful North West winds, and ice so as to render the roads sometimes impassable: the Potomack river, which from this place is about seven miles across, is now entirely frozen over.

As soon as the Society is re-organized here, I will write to you again. In the meantime I thank God for having preserved a few of us at least so long as this, and I hope we

shall live to see the happy day of our re-entrance:<sup>(1)</sup> and from your letters I confide and think there will be ere long a general re-establishment.

For these six weeks past I have been confined to my room with an attack of the gout in my right foot, unable to say Mass; but I hope I shall be well to officiate in our Church next Sunday, the Monday following being the day appointed for the Jubilee for the beginning of this Century.—I can not learn that any of our family ever had the gout. I never had the least symptoms of it before, and never expected to be visited by such a *noble* disorder at this time of life of sixty and upwards. I am

Y<sup>r</sup> aff<sup>te</sup> Brother—CS. SEWALL.

*III.—Letters of Father Anthony Kohlmann to Father William Strickland, Poland Street, London.*

GEORGETOWN, Feb. 23, 1807.

MY VERY REVEREND FATHER,

\* \* \* \* You are doubtless acquainted through other sources with the fact that last autumn obedience sent me in company with Father Epinette to America; he is to teach Theology, and I Philosophy. We arrived after a safe but tiresome passage at Baltimore, where Bishop Carroll welcomed us with the kindness of a father: after a short stay in Baltimore, he sent us to Georgetown, distant twelve leagues from Baltimore. Our College, although not yet completed, is a fine building, capable of accommodating more than two hundred scholars. The present number is quite small compared with that of a few years ago; the diminution is owing to a long chain of circumstances which

(1) This hope was realized. When Father Gruber authorized the former members of the Society in Maryland to renew their vows, Fathers Robert Molyneux, Charles Neale, Charles Sewall and Sylvester Boarman availed themselves of the permission. Father Molyneux was appointed Superior, June 27, 1805, at which time, or shortly afterwards, Father Sewall had the happiness of re-entering the Society which he loved so well; he survived this only for a short time, dying at St. Thomas', Nov. 10, 1806. æt. 62. He was the first stationary priest at Baltimore, which before his time used to be attended from Whitemarsh, Prince George County.

it would be too tedious to mention in detail just now. It is a favorable sign that in general a spirit of piety and religion flourishes in the house, and I have no doubt that under the new management the number of scholars will soon be considerably increased. I am fully persuaded that there is not a country in the world at the present time which is better prepared than this to give a firm and lasting foothold to the Society. Furthermore, there is not one which offers a vaster field to the apostolic zeal of the Society; whether you consider so many Catholics scattered through the different sections of the United States, and almost entirely deprived of priests, especially of the Society, and consequently living and dying in complete ignorance of their religion; whether you regard the unfortunate tribes of Indians, to whom the Gospel of Jesus Christ has never been preached, and who are so well disposed to listen to the tidings of salvation; or, finally, whether you reflect upon the vast number of heretics, especially of Methodists in country districts, the greater part of whom, as experience demonstrates, would become Catholics, if there were anyone to point out the truth to them. Surely, here is fully verified that saying of our Lord: *Messis quidem multa, operarii autem pauci.*

All these hopes rest upon the help that the Society can furnish. It seems, indeed, that it is for the accomplishment of his merciful designs upon this people, that God has sent us a number of young men to be, as it were, the corner-stones of the Society in this new world. They are twelve in number, viz: eight Scholastics (four of whom are in theology and four in philosophy) and four Coadj. Temp. The Novitiate is in a house separated from the College, but not far from it. Fr. Francis Neale is Master of Novices, and I am his *socius*. Fr. Charles Neale resides with his holy Carmelites. Fr. Britt is in a German congregation at Philadelphia. FF. Henry and Malevé are engaged on the missions and are busy learning English. Fr. Epinette is at the College, and teaches Latin to several candidates for the Society. Our worthy Father Provincial, Rev. Fr. Molyneux, resides at the Novitiate, and has the confidence and affection of all

by his kindness of heart and good humor. Our Novices give catechism twice a week in the parish, and I do the same on Sundays and Festivals, and our good Lord is pleased to bless these labors, because whereas, formerly seven or eight children at most used to attend the instructions, now there are more than eighty, and amongst them some Protestants and grown persons. An infinite good can be accomplished by means of catechetical instruction, as a large proportion of the Catholics are plunged in total ignorance of their religion, and a great number, especially Methodists and Protestants, would embrace the Faith, if they knew it. Conversions are of daily occurrence. Heaven grant that they send us abundant aid from Russia. If the whole Society were transplanted to these countries, many places would still be destitute of workmen. I cannot write at greater length at present, for I am quite busy at the novitiate. In a short time I am to go to Philadelphia, and several other towns, to instruct the Catholics in German and English, and to hear confessions, especially of the Germans, who, according to the letter of Father Britt, are no longer well enough acquainted with German to confess in that tongue, and he does not know English well enough to hear them in that language. I have preached several times in English, and every one tells me that I was fully understood.

May God in His goodness bestow His benediction upon the work: to this end, I commend myself to your Holy Sacrifices, and I remain with the highest esteem and most lively gratitude,

My Very Reverend Father,

Your most humble and grateful servant,

ANT: KOHLMANN, S. J.

P. S. Mr. Zocchi is in charge of a congregation or parish not far from here, and has applied to be received into the Society. There are several other postulants, and amongst them all the masters of the College, but they are obliged to wait until next year to begin their novitiate. Fr. Molyneux, the Provincial, and Fr. Epinette commission me to present their regards, as also Mr. Young and Mr. Mat-

thews, who are going to make the long retreat after Easter, in order to enter the Society.

*To the Same.*

PHILADELPHIA, April 23, 1807.

VERY REVEREND FATHER IN JESUS CHRIST,

I write to you from Philadelphia, where I have been sent by Bishop Carroll, to give a little mission in a German parish, which for a long time was in charge of unworthy priests, but is now cared for by a venerable Father of the Society. From this, I shall pass through the greater part of the congregations of Pennsylvania composed principally of Germans, and shall finish my missionary tour by a tridium at the German church in Baltimore. \* \* \* \*

*To the Same.*

GEORGETOWN, March 9, 1808.

\* \* \* We have at present ten Novices of the second year, four studying Divinity under Father Epinette, four who are to begin next year their course of Philosophy, and two Lay Brothers. Eight Novices of the first year, five Scholastics and three Brothers; and eleven Fathers, of whom three are Novices. The College begins to raise itself from that state of degradation, to which it was reduced since a few years. There are about forty students at present. A present made to the College of \$500 enables us to finish the building. Piety flourishes as well as a love of application. I attend since a few weeks the congregation of Alexandria, tho' residing in the College. There is a great deal of good to be done in this country in every line of the Ecclesiastical ministry. May it please Almighty God to multiply this rural flock. To this end I recommend me with my dear companions to your holy sacrifices, being for ever most respectfully,

Rev<sup>d</sup> and Dear Sir,

Your most humble and ob<sup>t</sup> Serv<sup>t</sup>,

ANTHONY KOHLMANN, S. J.

[A sketch of the Life of Father Kohlmann, together with some interesting letters written by him from New York (1808-10) appeared in these LETTERS, Vol. IV., page 137.]

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NOTES UPON THE CAUSES OF BEATIFICATION,  
RELATING TO THE SOCIETY OF JESUS, PENDING BEFORE  
THE CONGREGATION OF RITES.

About the middle of last October, Father Negroni, successor to Father Boero, furnished the following notes, of which we give the translation :

REALINI.—Proposed April 30, 1878, in full Congregation *coram Sanctissimo*, for the approbation of the miracles; the cause was suspended, because the Holy Father desires miracles other than those proposed.

THE FRENCH MARTYRS.—The cause was presented to the Promoter of the Faith in order that he might make his observations. It was replied that ten years had not yet elapsed since the presentation of the process, and that for this reason the cause could not be proposed. A petition was offered for the abridgment of the intervals; but the Holy Father has not judged it proper to grant this favor. Meantime there have been sent certain instructions of the Promoter in order to strengthen the process on several points. But the Vice-Postulator of the Province of France has not yet answered.

DE LA COLOMBIÈRE.—The cause was proposed in the ordinary Congregation, Feb. 12, 1881: a favorable decree was obtained. After all the requisite formalities, finally, under date of January 14, 1882, the dimissorial Letters were granted to make the apostolical process *super fama in genere*; it belongs to the Bishop of Autun to collect the documents for this. Up to the present time, he has not been able to begin this process, or has not deemed it necessary.

BALDINUCCI.—The cause was proposed for the approbation of the miracles in the Congregation of January 10, 1882. A final medical report was ordered. The physician deputed by the Congregation has not down to this date given his vote or his report.

THE ENGLISH MARTYRS.—Since the 8th of April, of this year 1882, the cause has been before the Promoter of the Faith, in order that he might make his observations. He has not taken the charge upon himself; finally, in September, he intimated the desire of the Holy Father, that an application should be made, in order to name a particular Congregation of five Cardinals. Application was made accordingly by the Postulator, and the result will be known after the autumnal vacations.<sup>(1)</sup>

Three other causes are being examined by the advocates, and it is hoped that, during the course of next year, it will be possible to pass on to further proceedings.—All the other causes are in abeyance, either through defect of miracles or for other reasons.

NEGRONI, S. J.

The progress made in the *Causes* during the past decade can be learned by a comparison of these notes with the following statement which appeared in the WOODSTOCK LETTERS for May, 1873 (Vol. II., p. 165).

DE STATU CAUSARUM SERVORUM DEI, SOC. JESU.

I. Proxime ad Canonizationem sunt Causæ BB. Petri Claver, Joannis Berchmans, et Alfonsi Rodriguez. Jam con-

(1) "To shorten the process for the English martyrs the Pope has specially appointed a committee of five Cardinals of the Congregation of Rites to consider the case. These five are Cardinals Bartolini, Bilio, Oreglia, Serafini and Parocchi. Had the usual course of leaving the matter to the entire Congregation been adopted, the case would have been prolonged for many years. The Postulator, Father Augusto Negroni, S. J., has already made progress with the proceedings. When his *positio super introductionem cause* goes before the five Cardinals, the Promoter of the Faith will put in his *animadversioni*, and to these a response will be made by the Postulator, probably before the end of the year 1883. Afterwards the depositions will be laid before the Pope.

"The proceedings will necessarily take up some time, as the number of English martyrs exceeds three hundred and fifty;—38 of these belong to the Society."

London Tablet, Nov. 25, 1882.

fecti sunt Processus Apostolici super novis miraculis in Belgio, in Hispania et in America Septentrionali. Ideoque statim ac probata fuerint eorundem miracula, procedi poterit ad Canonizationem.

2. Ad Beatificationem præ ceteris proximior est Causa V. Rodulphi Aquaqvivæ et quatuor MM.—Deest enim una tantum Congregatio, qua declaretur, procedi posse ad Beatificationem cum iis signis, seu miraculis, quæ proposita sunt.

3. Post hanc venit immediate Causa V. Bernardini Reolini.—Desunt tantum duæ Congregationes pro approbatione miraculorum.

4. Circa virtutes in gradu heroico pendet Causa V. Antonii Balducci. Deest ultima Congregatio, proxime habenda, super iisdem virtutibus.

5. Pariter una tantum Congregatio desideratur ad absolvendum ac dirimendum dubium de virtutibus in Causa V. Roberti Bellarmini Card. et Episc.

6. Agitantur præterea in S. R. C., Causæ sequentes: VV. MM. Cassoviensium, Marci Crisini Canonici Strigoniensis, et PP. Melchioris Grodzecii, et P. Pongratz S. J.—Agendum est in tribus Congregationibus de Martyrio et de signis.

V. P. Juliani Maunoir.—Agendum est de introductione Causæ.

V. P. Emanuelis Padial.—Agendum est de virtutibus in gradu heroico.

7. Die 16 mensis Octobris 1872, hora 10. matutina, coram Illustrissimo Archiep. Parisiensi inchoatus est Processus super Martyrio quinque Patrum S. J. ab impiis in odium, Religionis necatorum.

Atque hæ sunt Causæ, quæ in præsentia aguntur.



## ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S, NEW YORK.

### DESCRIPTION OF THE NEW CHURCH.

[A full detailed account of the Dedication, etc., is promised for the next issue of the LETTERS. The following description is a condensed extract from the guide book prepared for the occasion by Father Aloysius J. D. Bradley: *A Memorial of St. Francis Xavier's Church, comprising a short biographical sketch of the Jesuit Missions in New York, and a Description of the New Church.*]

The corner stone of this new church was solemnly blessed on Sunday, May 5, 1878. The Cardinal Archbishop of New York was at that time in Europe, and he was consequently represented by his Vicar General, Monsignor Quinn, who acted as officiant. The preacher was the Rt. Rev. Bishop Lynch, who, twenty-seven years before, had preached at the dedication of the old church. Thousands of the faithful were present. It was on this memorable occasion that the Boy-choir, which has since become a special feature and glory of St. Francis Xavier's Church, made its first appearance in public, and astonished and charmed the assembled multitudes with the sweetness, the gravity, and the refinement of its chant.

On the face of the corner stone is cut a horizontal scroll, bearing the title, "St. Francis Xavier," and having a raised Maltese cross in the center. There is a recess in the rear of the stone, in which is inserted a metal coffer, containing a roll of parchment inclosed in a sealed glass tube. The parchment reads as follows:

D · O · M  
IN · HONOREM  
FRANCISCI · XAVERI  
APOSTOLI · SOSPITATORIS · ORIENTIS  
LAXIORIS · TEMPLI · OPERE · ADSVRGENTE

*St. Francis Xavier's, New York.*

ANNVENTE · IOANNE · McCLOSKEY  
 S · R · E · CARDINALI  
 NEOEBORACENS · PONTIFICE · MAIORE  
 GVLIELMVS · QVINN  
 EIVSDEM · DIOECESIS · IVRE · VICARIO · MODERATOR  
 SOLLEMNIBVS · CAEREMONIIS  
 QVAS · PATRITIVS · N · LYNCH · CAROLOPOLIT · PONTIFEX  
 CONCIONE · AD · POPVLVM · HABITA · CONDECORAVIT  
 LAPIDEM · SACRVM · AVSPICALEM · STATVIT  
 III · NON · MAIAS · ANNO · MDCCCLXXVIII  
 LEONE · XIII · PONT · MAX  
 RVTHERFORDIO · B · HAYES  
 BOREALIS · AMERICAE · FOEDERATAE · PRAESIDE  
 LVCIO · ROBINSON  
 NEOEBORACENS · REIP · GVBERNATORE  
 SMITH · ELY · IVNIOR  
 NOVI · EBORACI · VRBIS · PRAEFECTO

QVVM ÆDES IAM XXVII ANNOS VII MENSES X DIES HONORI S. FRANCISCI  
 XAVERII DICATA FREQVENTIÆ CVLTORVM IMPAR ESSET;

PATRES S. I. PETRO BECKX SVMMO ORDINIS PRÆPOSITO ADPROBANTE  
 TEMPLVM COMMODIVS OPERE ET CVLTV SPLENDIDIVS EXCITANDVM DECREVERE  
 ADMONITV ET INSTANTIA THEOPHILI CHARAVX NEOEBORACENSIVM CANADENSIVM  
 QVE SODALIVM MODERATORIS:

ADSITAS QVAQVA VERSVS PRIVATAS ÆDES AD SEPTEM COEMERVNT EARVM  
 QVE QVATVOR FVNDITVS TRES PARTIM DEMOLITI SVNT ET COLLEGIVM IPSVM  
 MEDIA ALA EXCISA DETVRBAVERVNT VT TEMPLI MOLITIONI AREA PATERET IN  
 FRONTEM PEDES LXXXIII IN LONGVM PEDES CLXXXVI.

TEMPLVM INSVPER GEMINATVM AB INCHOATO EVEHENDVM EXORNANDVM  
 QVE PATRITIO C. KEELY ARCHITECTO COMMISSVM EST.

AD INGENTES OPERIS SUMPTVS CONATIBVS SODALIVM S. I. PIETAS CVLTO-  
 RVM STIPE CONLATA DONIS QVE ADFVTVRA ERIT.

HENRICVS HVDON RECTOR COLLEGII IVVENTVTI RELIGIONE BONIS QVE ARTI-  
 BVS INSTITVENDÆ ITEMQVE DAVID MERRICK VICE SACRA ECCLESIE CVRATOR  
 ARDVVM OPYS SOLLERTIA STVDIIS QVE OMNIBVS PROMOVEBNT.

AVE · FRANCISCE · SODALIS  
SI · AMPLIORES · TIBI · AEDES  
A · SOLO · EXCITAMVS  
AST · TV · AMPLIORE · TVITIONE  
COLLEGIO · SODALITATAEQVE · NOSTRAE  
VOLENS · ADESTO · FOVETO  
BENE · IVVATO

There are many other memorials inclosed in this chest; among them we may mention a fragment of The True Cross in a valuable reliquary, a portrait of the reigning Pontiff Leo XIII., coins of every country of the present day, copies of the architect's specifications, a list of the contributors to the building fund, catalogues of the Jesuit Colleges, copies of contemporary journals, both Catholic and Secular, etc.

THE DIMENSIONS OF THE NEW CHURCH.—If we include the portico on 16th street and the sacristies in the rear of the chancel in 15th street, we may describe the church (to use the language of New Yorkers) as extending from street to street.

The extreme length from the portico to the chancel wall is 190 feet.

The portico itself is 48 feet by 14.

Length of the church, including the vestibule, is 186 feet.

The vestibule is 18 feet deep.

The breadth of the nave and aisles is 78 feet.

The breadth of the nave at the intersection of the transepts, 136 feet.

The transepts are 45 feet by 20.

The sanctuary, including the steps, is 44 feet deep.

This leaves an area of some 11,200 square feet for the accommodation of the congregation.

The height of the front elevation from the sidewalk is 104 feet.

The height of the interior of the upper church, about 74 feet.

The height of the proposed campanile-tower, 180 feet.

THE LOWER CHURCH OR CRYPT.—Before we describe the church itself, it will be well for us to pay a visit to the

Lower Church, commonly known by the undignified colloquialism, "Basement." Here we will be surprised to find ourselves in what, but for its want of elevation, would be considered a handsome and commodious parish church; not that it is by any means stunted in height, it is comparatively lofty, measuring almost 20 feet. The other dimensions are on the same liberal scale as in the Upper Church.

The tone of the decoration gives it a light and pleasing effect by day, while at night it is cheerful and even brilliant. The stately High Altar of white and blue marble, inlaid with mosaics, is the gift of the Sodality of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Half the cost was defrayed by an individual member, the rest was collected by the late Father Mignard. The writer of these pages can vouch for a touching little incident that happened on the day of Father Mignard's funeral, and which he is glad to place on record as a tribute to the delicate refinement of the Catholic poor. A very indigent woman brought a dollar, requesting him with the tears in her eyes: "Father dear, please say a Mass for the repose of Father Mignard's soul, and say it at his own altar."

Above the altar is a copy of the well known picture of the Sacred Heart venerated in the church of the Gesù at Rome. Two lamps of olive oil, the care of a pious association affiliated to the Sodality, burn constantly day and night before it. They are kept lighted for three intentions:

1. In reparation of all the crimes now committed.
2. To obtain graces for America, especially her conversion.
3. For all the intentions of those who subscribe.

The tabernacle door is a work of great beauty: It is the design of a devoted member of the Sodality, whose piety is not exceeded by her evident good taste. It represents the Sacred Heart, surrounded with sheaves of wheat and clusters of grapes, with intertwining tendrils of the vine.

On either side of the main Sanctuary are the shrines of our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph. The white marble altars, constructed in imitation of the ancient *arcosolium*, carry us back in thought to the first ages of the Roman Church

when Christians worshipped in the catacombs, and the tombs of the Martyrs served them for altars.

The *arcosolium* was a sarcophagus, or stone coffin, in which the bodies of the more distinguished martyrs were entombed. This was made the support of the altar-slab for the celebration of Mass. In modern churches, especially Italian, it the custom to inclose the relics of the enshrined Saint in a wax model, representing him in the act of martyrdom. This is what has been done in the case of the two altars we are describing.

Beneath the table of the Lady-Altar repose the relics of St. Amantius, a Roman martyr. His body was exhumed from the cemetery of Lucina, in the Viã Aureliã, in the year 1666, during the pontificate of Alexander VII. These relics, and the phial containing the martyr's blood found buried with them, were given to the nuns of St. Theresa "*de urbe*" that same year. With Papal approval they were transferred to the Rev. Father Dealey, who conveyed them to New York. The authentication, dated 1666, very faded and partly eaten away by the chemical action of the ink, is preserved with the relics.

The other relics, under the slab of St. Joseph's altar, are a portion of the body of St. Vincent the Martyr.

In the east transept there is a handsome altar in black and white marbles, the gift of a generous benefactor. It is an altar privileged for the souls in Purgatory. On the reta-ble is inscribed the prayer "*Requiem æternam,*" etc.

In the west transept stands a fine-toned, two-manual organ, described elsewhere. The aisles are subdivided into side chapels, four on each side. Each chapel is furnished with an altar and a handsome oaken confessional.

The altars and chapels are dedicated as follows:

GOSPEL SIDE (E.)	EPISTLE SIDE (W.)
1. St. Ignatius, founder of the Society of Jesus.	1. The Precious Blood of Christ.
2. Blessed Margaret Mary.	2. St. Mary Magdalene.
3. St. Cecilia.	3. The Angel Guardians.
4. The Holy Child JESUS.	4. Blessed Peter Claver.

The Chapel of the Holy Child Jesus is used as the Baptistery. The Font is only temporary. It is to be hoped that some generous soul may soon provide one more worthy and substantial.

The whole church is seated with handsome open benches of ash and cherry wood, providing ample accommodation for 1250 persons, and leaving comfortable standing room for at least a thousand more.

THE INAUGURATION OF THE LOWER CHURCH.—The main altar and those of Our Lady and St. Joseph were consecrated by His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan, on the octave of Corpus Christi, 1882. The following day, the Feast of the Most Sacred Heart of JESUS, the Lower Church was opened for public worship. The Most Adorable Sacrament of the Altar was exposed throughout the day. At 9 a. m., Solemn High Mass was sung by the Rev. Father Rector, S. H. Frisbee, assisted by the community. It was remarked of the clergymen officiating at the altar, that all three of them were converts from Protestantism. Father Magevney preached the sermon. The modest procession of the surpliced choristers, chanting on their way the quaint and beautiful strains, "*O quanta qualia*"—an unwonted spectacle in this city—touched many a heart, and moved to tears of delight many of those present.

The music of the Mass was a stately orchestral composition, by the famous modern maestro, Franz Witt.

A well known musical amateur (a Protestant lady), when leaving the church at the conclusion of the service, was overheard expressing with energy her emphatic criticism: "*That was what I call worship.*" "And the preaching?" continued her interrogator. "Well, *that was what I call a sermon*; it did me good."

The solemnities of the day were crowned by the Benedictine Service.

THE UPPER CHURCH.—Intense difference of opinion—even fiercely contested—will probably always continue to exist as to the style of architecture best befitting ecclesiastical structures.

Enthusiasts will doubtless never weary in overbearing attempts to enforce upon others their own æsthetic predilections;<sup>(1)</sup> meanwhile we may modestly venture the plea that if the Roman Basilica is surpassed in graceful elegance and the minuteness and multitudinousness of its symbolisms by the Gothic Cathedral, it is undoubtedly better adapted to the majesty and grandeur of Catholic worship. Moreover, the Basilica is an historical and eloquent monument of the triumph of Christianity.

The devotional gothic church—and we speak of pure gothic, like our own Cathedral, not the cheap pretentious imitations we all know too well—impresses the awe-stricken beholder with the solemnity and deep mysteriousness of religion. It draws a marked line betwixt priest and people, and somewhat reminds one of the Temple of old and its sacred exclusiveness. The Basilica, on the other hand, exhilarates the mind with the joyousness, the boldness and the grandeur of faith, the priestly character of God's people (I Pet. ii, 5) and the oneness of the universal church.

The most ancient *ex professo* treatise on architecture extant defines the perfection of architecture as consisting in the combination of the three excellencies: stability, utility and beauty.

With what success these three elements of good design have been blended in the new Church of St. Francis Xavier must be left to the good taste and judgment of each visitor himself. All we profess to do is to (as it were) accompany him and point out the more notable features of structure or

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<sup>(1)</sup> *e. g.* Prof. Ruskin condemns Mr. Wood for speaking of St. Mark's, Venice, as "remarkable chiefly for its ugliness." He protests that Mr. Wood is naturally incapable of appreciating it. He himself regards it as "a vision rising out of the earth." Again, the late Mr. Welby Pugin, in spite of his universal esteem, was, in the eyes of Mr. Ruskin, "not a great architect, but one of the smallest possible or conceivable architects." Professor Parker, of Oxford, considers the modern churches in Rome, "the most hideous in Europe," and George Edmund Street is credited by *The British Encyclopædia* with the following outrageous indictment: "It is not too much to say that throughout the interior of St. Peter's at Rome there is scarcely an ornament which is not offensive; whilst not one of them has the slightest natural connection with or use in a sacred building."

design. While doing this we may venture to remind the reader that we are writing for the general and good-natured public, and not for connoisseurs, still less for those unhappy, self-made outcasts "whose livelihood is to find fault," as Thackeray puts it, and who, imagining themselves to be *virtuosi*, make it their profession to put themselves out of harmony with everything that exists, created or made—saving "number one"—and dub themselves *savants*.

The exterior of the church is of brick, and is plain and solid. In this it presents a noble contrast to the too prevalent bad taste which piles up showy ornament on the outside, and this in spite of what the Divine Founder of Christianity has warned us concerning mere external professions. The Façade is in the best style of Roman architecture. In its main outlines it bears the stamp of the classical period, without losing the distinctive characteristics of a church. Nor is it, like the later Romān façades of the Renaissance, charged with minute ornaments better suited for internal decoration than for a massive exterior. With true architectonic taste Mr. Keely has not been content with building merely an elaborate frontispiece that would suggest rather than express the construction of the church behind it; he has erected a monument which in itself is "a thing of beauty." The framework is in rock-faced and bluish gray granite, while the more ornamental parts of the structure are in mottled granite. It is interesting to know that none of this material ever crossed the seas; it is all from the primitive rock-bed of our own continent. To New Hampshire we are indebted for the polished columns and the lighter-colored cornices. The quarries at Monson, Massachusetts, have furnished the blue, the mottled and the snow-flake granite. A colossal bronze statue of St. Francis Xavier occupies the central niche. The portico is supported by columns of polished granite. A grand ascent of twelve steps (hence the ancient word *steop* (step-up) and so *stoop*) conducts to the portals of the edifice. Pausing to admire the massive oaken doors, the visitor passes into a commodious vestibule, the beauty of which promises well for the church



itself. The pilasters are of polished marble. A Latin text, appropriately selected from the promises of the Old Testament, runs in letters of gold around the threshold of this New Testament Temple, in which the promise is indeed so literally fulfilled: "*Sanctificavi domum hanc ut ponerem NOMEN MEUM ibi et erunt oculi mei et COR MEUM ibi.*"

A broad sweep of gray marble steps invites him to enter the church. The style of architecture is what is known as "Classical Roman," liberally modified with adaptations of the ancient Grecian and the latest developments of the "Renaissance."

The lavish profuseness of foliations, friezes, moldings, cornices, etc., surpasses even the Renaissance in luxuriance. Yet the *tout ensemble* cannot be described as overdone. It is all blended in such good proportion, harmony of tone, lightness of handling and lofty grandeur, that the emotion first excited is that of admiring surprise, and next of contented satisfaction. To pretend, however, that either the design or the execution is above criticism or without a fault, would be, of course, an idle exaggeration.

The edifice is in the form of a Latin cross, consisting of Chancel, Transepts and Nave. The chancel is apsidal. The transepts also have small apsidal terminations, apparently modeled from the Cathedral of Pisa; indeed, the ground plan of the church is almost identical with that of Pisa—of course, on a reduced scale.

The general outline of form reminds the traveller of the churches of the Gesù and San Ignazio in Rome. The walls are constructed on the principle of the pier-arch, the arches being upheld by pilasters veneered with "Dove" Italian marble, and crowned with foliated Corinthian capitals. These pilasters (often richly clustered) range round the entire building, giving it almost the effect of a marble palace.

Corresponding with these and parallel with them a row of polished granite pillars (monoliths) support the upper story, technically called the triforium, which, by the way, is not a gallery, nor intended for use as such. There are in all ten of these beautiful columns.

Above the masonry of the arches a highly decorated horizontal entablature belts the whole interior. A higher range of pilasters reaching to the top of the clerestory support the arches of the vaulted roof. The somewhat faulty loftiness of these pilasters is relieved by bracketed statues of Saints, the brackets being so placed as to form a line of unity with the hood moldings of the open triforium bays. The series of arches formed by the bays is continued right round the transepts and chancel, thus forming, with the tribunes, one complete arcade. The compartments of the arcade are frescoed, excepting those which flank the windows of the transepts. These are pierced with apertures for a single light, which form a section of the design of the beautiful windows.

The tribunes, at the intersection of the chancel and transepts, are intended—one for the use of the religious community, the other for a choir-organ when it shall be given.

In the chancel apse the bracketed statues of the Saints are placed in a series of niches *above* the arcade, thus giving a crowning effect to the whole design.

The roof is elaborately decorated with stucco, and richly ornamented and embossed.

The pavement is of gray marble. We notice, not without heartfelt thankfulness, that a step in the right direction has been made in the matter of seats. The hideous unsightly pew (the invention of Protestantism), with its closed doors and its proprietary air, has given place to an open elegant oaken settee.

The six confessionals are handsome structures, likewise of oak.

The altar rail is of marble supported by Corinthian fluted shafts in metal work, with arches elaborately wrought.

The chancel gates are of like skillful workmanship.

THE HIGH ALTAR, graceful and majestic, is, as it ought to be, the central feature of admiration. It is constructed of blue-veined Italian marble, with moldings and cornices, etc., chiseled in fair white statuary marble. It is tastefully decorated with mosaic work, and all the shafts (or small pil-

lars) are of Mexican onyx. The front panels are ornamented with sculptured floral devices, and the Holy Name (I H S) is conspicuous in the center.

The Agnus Dei and the "Pious Pelican" embellish the altar wings. The tabernacle is of white marble. In the beautifully embossed door we recognize the delicate touch of that loving hand which sketched the design of its sister in the Lower Church. Waving palm branches enwreath the Chalice and Host. The cross is in the background, and the imitation of "wood" is perfect. In the Host appears the Sacred Heart of our Lord, while the Precious Blood is flowing down from the gaping wound into the chalice beneath. "*Ecce Tabernaculum Dei cum hominibus*" (Apoc. xxi, 3) is inscribed in golden letters.

Above the tabernacle rises majestically a white marble canopy, intended to serve as a throne at Benediction-time for the exposition of the Most Adorable Sacrament. This again is surmounted by a graceful cupola. The shafts both of the cupola and canopy are of onyx. The height of the cupola, measuring from the sanctuary floor to the apex of the cross, is 24 feet.

The gradines (sometimes erroneously called super-altars) are spacious and dignified. The breadth of the altar is nearly seven feet. The massive candlesticks are 6 feet high.

The side altars are exquisite gems of art, and in workmanship and finish of detail surpass even the grand altar. They are all constructed of white statuary marble.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN'S ALTAR is on the Gospel side. The *mensa* is supported by shafts of very perfect specimens of Mexican onyx. In the graceful capitals the initial letter M is tastefully formed of intertwining lilies. The central front panel contains the Heart pierced with Sorrow (St. Luke ii, 35) in *alto relievo*. It is wreathed with roses, and three lilies sprout from the neck. Angels bearing scrolls, "*Regina Martyrum*" and "*Regina Angelorum*," occupy the niches in the side panels. The gradine is inscribed with the prayer, "*Sauēta Maria, ora pro nobis.*" The panels of the screen on each side of the tabernacle are filled with lilies in *basso re-*

*lievo*, with the angelic salutation engraved on scrolls, "Ave Maria, Gratia Plena." The tabernacle door is embossed with lilies and rosary beads.

ST. JOSEPH'S ALTAR is modeled after a similar design: the materials equally rich. The capitals of the onyx pillars display the letter J. A group of lilies in *alto relievo* beautify the central panel.

"Sancte Joseph, ora pro nobis" is carved on the retable; "Ave Joseph, Justus et Fidelis" on the scrolls of the screen.

THE ALTAR OF THE SACRED HEART is erected as a memorial of the late Father Mignard, on the part of the archsodality of the Sacred Heart. The front is divided into panels. In the central one the Sacred Heart of JESUS is surrounded by adoring cherubs. The other panels contain the instruments of the Passion: the ladder and spear, the scourge and the sponge. On the gradine we read the prayer, "*Cor Jesu, miserere nobis.*" The central niche of the reredos is ornamented with a foliated cornice, and bordered with a wreath of Passion flowers, vine leaves, and grapes, in *basso relievo*. The panels are diapered, and scrolls convey the gracious invitation: "*Venite ad Me, Ego reficiam vos.*"

THE ALTAR OF ST. ALOYSIUS, otherwise called the Students' Altar, is exceedingly chaste and simple. The Front consists of two panels of diapered lilies, broken by a semi-circular scroll, on which is carved, in Roman sunken letters, the Jesuit motto: "*Ad majorem Dei gloriam.*" In the center is a medallion, with the crown of thorns, the sacred monogram, and the nails of crucifixion, in *alto relievo*, a device, which is, in fact, the "Seal" of the Society of JESUS. On the gradine is the invocation: "*Sancte Aloysi, ora pro nobis.*" The screen is subdivided into small panels, three on each side of the niche. In the central panels, sculptured angels carry scrolls, with the names "Berchmans" and "Stanislaus."

THE MURAL DECORATION.—One very admirable feature of the church is the irresistible appeal to devotion, which meets the eye of the worshipper in every direction. It is, as it were, "a temple built of living stones." Wheresoever he looks he will find something to speak to him, instruct

him, console him, animate him; either preaching to him the eternal truths of salvation, or recalling the memories of the triumphs of faith; here encouraging him to fight manfully the battle of life, there cheering him on to the attainment of the glory which is to come. Beauty and edification are combined. The style of architecture is such as to admit even profuseness in gilding; this however is merely, as yet, tastefully indicated. The windows are filled with pleasing geometrical glass of delicate tints, and the rich and subdued effect is that of holy cheerfulness rather than the "dim religious light" of a Gothic church. It is perhaps needless to observe that the pictorial style of stained glass would be quite out of place in a building so lavishly adorned with mural scenic paintings.

The frescoes were sketched and painted on the walls themselves by Mr. William Lamprecht. This artist obtained the medal of honor awarded in 1864 by the Royal Academy of Art in Munich, and two years later carried off the first prize for historical composition. He is a pupil of the celebrated Professor Schrandolf of Munich.

As the visitor enters the church he almost seems to meet our Lord Himself, bearing His cross along the *Via Dolorosa*, for the stations of the cross, in characters nearly life-size, are painted *al fresco* on the walls. These frescoes fill the whole space between the pilasters, and very beautiful they look in their chaste, simple setting of polished dove marble. Looking toward the high altar the eye is at once attracted by the bold frescoes which form a background to the arcade round the chancel apse. These represent the five principal events in the life of our Saviour:—His Conception (commonly called the Annunciation of the B. V. M.), His Nativity, His Crucifixion, Resurrection, and Ascension.

On a lower level, ranged around the altar are portraits of five typical missionary saints of the Society.

B. PETER CLAVER, the apostle of the blacks, who died a martyr of charity.

ST. FRANCIS JEROME, the evangelizer of cities, admirable for his sweetness and patience.

ST. FRANCIS BORGIA, the zealous organizer of foreign missions, remarkable for his intense devotion to the real sacramental presence of JESUS upon earth.

ST. JOHN FRANCIS REGIS, the missionary of peasants and the meek uncomplaining victim of calumny.

B. PETER CANISIUS, the reclamer of protestants and schismatics, who by his success in withstanding the progress of Lutheranism won for himself the title of "Apostle of Germany," while for his prodigious learning he was surnamed "The Incomparable Canisius."

The mural paintings above the altar of our Blessed Lady illustrate the Visitation and the Presentation in the Temple.

Over St. Joseph's altar are two very sweet pictures of the workshop at Nazareth and the death of St. Joseph.

In the west transept the small apse which contains the student's altar, is beautified by frescoes depicting on one side the Guardian Angel, and St. Stanislaus in the garb of a pilgrim receiving the Holy Eucharist from angelic hands on the other.

THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.—The Altar of the Sacred Heart, in the east transept, is adorned by two striking paintings; that on the right is a landscape view of the church and garden of Paray-le-Monial as they exist to-day. In the foreground a statue marks the spot where our Divine Lord appeared to B. Margaret Mary on the eve of her profession—an apparition known as "*au berceau de Noisetiers.*" She herself is kneeling there habited in the novice dress of the Order of the Visitation.

That on the left describes the most famous of the many apparitions our Lord condescended to favor her with. She was kneeling behind the grating of the nuns' choir, in adoration of the B. Sacrament, on a day within the octave of Corpus Christi, when suddenly our Lord became visible to her. "Jesus came to me all resplendent with glory, His five wounds shining like five suns. Flames issued on all sides from His Sacred Humanity, but particularly from His ador-

able breast, which resembled a furnace. At the same time He disclosed to me His most loveable heart, the living source of these flames. I beheld His Heart on a throne of fire and flames, shedding rays on every side. The wound the divine Heart received on the cross was visible, and it was encircled by a crown of thorns, and above it appeared a cross. My Divine Master then said to me: 'Behold this Heart, which has loved men so much that it has spared nothing for them; it has been exhausted and consumed to testify its love for them, and in return from the greater number I only receive ingratitude; they unceasingly grieve Me by their irreverences and sacrileges, by the coldness and neglect with which they treat Me in the sacrament of love. But what grieves Me still more, is that hearts consecrated to Me should treat Me thus. Therefore I ask thee that the first Friday after the octave of Corpus Christi be consecrated as a special feast in honor of My Heart: the faithful shall receive Holy Communion on that day, and offer solemn reparation for the indignities My Heart has received when exposed on the altars. I promise thee, that My Heart shall be opened to shed the effects of its divine love abundantly upon those who shall render it this honor, and who by their zeal shall cause it to be rendered.'"

In the arcade of the same transept are representations of The First Vows of the Companions of St. Ignatius and the death of St. Francis.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF ST. FRANCIS.—The large central medallion on the roof at the intersection of the nave and transepts is one of the most beautiful frescoes in the church. It represents St. Francis, clothed in priestly vesture, borne heavenward by angels. One holds in readiness his crown, another the lily, others are weaving garlands of flowers, while a group are carrying a scroll, on which is inscribed his constant favorite ejaculation, so oft repeated as he lay dying and abandoned, "O, Most Holy Trinity!" The subject is, of course, purely ideal. The four less medallions which surround the center-piece represent angels bearing scrolls which celebrate his virtues. One holds out the green

palm of victory to "Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies," another the lily of chastity for "Xavier, Virgin in Soul and Body," a third carries the cross and chalice, and salutes him as "Defender of the Faith," the fourth, mirror in hand, proclaims him to be a "Mirror of true piety." The whole roof of the church is treated in a similar style. Angels with scrolls invoke him in joyous Litany as "Destroyer of idols; Helper in famine, pestilence and war; Terror of devils; Whose power the sea and tempests obey: Life of the dead; Most obedient; Most chaste; Most poor; Worker of Miracles; Overflowing vessel of Divine love."

THE JAPANESE MARTYRS.—When in 1549 Francis Xavier entered Japan there was not one Christian in the country; forty years later there were more than 200,000. Among them were kings, princes, and bonzes. In 1588, however, began that era of fiery persecution which, for its cruelty and duration and the fortitude and constancy which it evoked, is perhaps without a parallel in Christian annals.

The year 1597 was specially memorable by the glorious crucifixion of twenty-six martyrs. This is the subject of the fresco-painting on the north wall of the west transept. The sufferers comprised three Jesuits, SS. Paul (Michi), John (Gotto), and James (Kisai); six Franciscans; two altar boys, fifteen years of age, and a third who was but twelve; the rest were converts. It is on record that the boys astonished all beholders by the joy and courage with which they suffered. All these lovers of the cross of Christ were beatified by Urban VIII., and subsequently canonized by Pius IX. in 1862. Their feast is observed on the 5th of February, the day of their triumph.

THE PATRONS OF YOUTH.—This is the painting on the left of the Students' Altar. It is in the conventional style. The Infant JESUS, standing on his mother's lap, is giving to St. Stanislaus his hand to be kissed; on the other side, St. Aloysius, on bended knee, is accepting the lily of purity from the Immaculate Virgin; in the foreground kneels Blessed John Berchmans, clasping in his hands his crucifix, beads, and book of rules. These three young men, all of



them scholastics of the Company of Jesus, are universally venerated, especially in the colleges of the Society, as the patrons of youth. Aloysius is a type of purity and the spirit of penance; Stanislaus, a model of simplicity and innocence; John Berchmans, of modesty and studiousness. All three, stainless lilies in the terrestrial garden of grace, were transplanted to the glories of the celestial Paradise in their virgin bloom. May they watch over the *alumni* of their dear alma mater, the Society of Jesus! How intense their love for the Society was, may perhaps be inferred from the fact that St. Stanislaus walked over 1,400 miles to enter the novitiate; Aloysius used to say that he would have been content to have passed through Hell to have reached it, while B. John could never speak of it without transport: "My dear society! . . . The society of my heart! . . . The work of an almighty finger! . . . The living image of the life our Lord led upon earth."

THE STATUARY.—In the center of the apse, above the High Altar, stands the image of THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS, and on either side THE BLESSED VIRGIN and ST. JOSEPH; next are ST. IGNATIUS, holding in his hands the book of the Constitutions of the Society, and ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, preaching with crucifix raised aloft. After these come ST. PETER, with the keys, and ST. PAUL, grasping the sword of martyrdom. Ranged around the transepts figure the eleven Apostles, while the two great windows are flanked by the four Evangelists. ST. MATTHEW is recognized by the angelic attendant in human form; the lion crouches at ST. MARK's feet; the ox designates ST. LUKE; the eagle, ST. JOHN. These ancient symbols, derived from the Vision of Ezekiel (i, 10), indicate the special characteristics of each Evangelist. St. Matthew dwells on the human nature of the God-man; St. Mark begins his gospel with, as it were, a lion's voice roaring in the desert; St. Luke insists on the priestly (sacrificial) character of Christ; while St. John soaring high, like an eagle, teaches us the sublime truth of the eternal Godhead, of the Word made flesh.

The Apostles, likewise, can be readily distinguished by their respective emblems.

JAMES THE GREAT, the Apostle of Spain, wields staff in hand, as if inviting us to visit his tomb at Compostella, once a so famous place of pilgrimage. He can also be recognized by the shell.

JAMES THE LESS wields the author's pen, as a New Testament writer.

ST. JOHN holds in his hands the poisoned chalice which he drank unhurt.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW, the knife, for he was flayed alive.

ST. PHILIP glories in the cross, to which his crucifixion entitles him.

ST. MATTHEW points to the open pages of his Gospel.

ST. SIMON leans on the saw, one of the instruments of his torture.

ST. JUDE, beaten to death for the faith, is grasping the club.

ST. THOMAS is conspicuous by the carpenter's rule (square). This is his emblem as the patron of architects; a tradition originating in one of the miraculous events of his apostolate in India.

ST. ANDREW rests his hand upon his  $\times$  shaped cross.

Below these are half-length effigies of the four greater prophets, rising from the capitals of the clustered granite pillars, and seeming to bear up the vast arches of the vaulted roof. These, too, have their respective emblematic devices, copied from a mediæval design, commemorative either of their personal history or the more famous of their prophecies. The saw indicates ISAIAS and his painful manner of death. The "burning coal" and the "tree of Jesse" are explained by the following texts: "One of the Seraphim flew to me, and in his hand was a live coal from the altar, and he touched my mouth" (Is. vi, 6). "There shall come forth a stem out of the root of Jesse, and a flower shall sprout forth" (xi, 1).

JEREMIAS is characterized stroking his beard and weeping

his laments over Jerusalem, her idolatry, and her doom, both symbolized in the medallions beneath.

EZEKIEL carries the sword of martyrdom and the scroll of the Word of God which he was bidden to eat (Ezek. ii, 8). The "city gate" reminds us of his celebrated prophecy proclaiming the perpetual virginity of the Mother of God: "This gate shall be shut, and no man shall pass through it, because the Lord, the God of Israel, hath entered in by it; therefore it shall be shut" (Ezek. xlv, 2). The pair of scales, or "balance," is an allusion to certain mystic rites he was bidden to perform (ch. v).

DANIEL is easily recognized by the lions, the three children in the furnace, and the basket of bread miraculously brought to him when he was imprisoned in the lions' den.

Thus practically are we reminded of that exultation of St. Paul: "The Church is built upon the foundation of prophets and apostles, JESUS Christ Himself being the chief corner stone."

The statues in the nave are ranged in pairs, as follows:

ST. AUGUSTINE.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

(These two face the altar.)

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

ST. MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL.

ST. PATRICK.

ST. BRIDGET.

ST. FRANCIS.

ST. DOMINIC.

ST. TERESA.

ST. ROSE OF LIMA.

ST. VINCENT OF PAUL.

ST. ALPHONSUS.

ST. CATHARINE OF SIENNA.

ST. CECILIA.

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K A N S A S .

*Letter from Fr. P. M. Ponziglione.*

OSAGE MISSION, NEOSHO CO., KANSAS,  
December 31, 1882.

REV. DEAR FATHER,  
P. C.

From an article of the *Catholic World*, December, 1881, and another from the *San Francisco Monitor*, reported by the *St. Louis Western Watchman*, July 15, 1882, page 7, it appears that some learned men are inclined to believe that the great St. Thomas extended his apostolical labors from farther India to the Pacific coasts, and from California came down to Arizona and Mexico! This matter being very important from a historical point of view, it is worth while in my opinion to inquire into it, for if it could be proved that St. Thomas came down as far as Mexico, it would become very easy to show the origin of several religious practices of our Western Indians, practices about which neither they nor we can give any satisfactory reason.

And here I do not intend to contradict what eminent scholars have said or written on this matter; I only wish to help the development of an intricate question, and if by such inquiries it could be found out, without going so far back as to St. Thomas, how these Christian practices, yet in use amongst some of our Western Indians, especially the Mexican, came to be introduced among their nations, we should prefer this to any other theory on the subject.

Having been living with the Osages since 1851, and having during this long period of time come in contact with most all the different nations of our Indian Territory from the gentle Cherokees who dwell on the eastern line, to the wild Kiowas, the terror of the western boundaries, I have examined their ways, habits, and traditions as closely as I

could, and the only conclusion I could come to has been that they seem to be of Jewish derivation almost without exception, and if in some of these nations practices are to be found which appear to be of Christian origin, I do not think that such can be traced so far back as to St. Thomas, but they must be of more recent date.

Some time ago I wrote a letter on this subject to a friend of mine, but as I have reason to think that he never received it, I will reproduce it here, in hopes that it may perhaps throw some light on this question.

The idea of bringing St. Thomas to plant Christianity on the soil of Mexico is certainly a great one, I should say a gigantic one! Those who hold such an opinion are no doubt very learned, and the arguments which they adduce in support of this hypothesis would appear to be very convincing.

As regards the etymology of the names and the symbols of the great personage supposed to represent St. Thomas I have nothing to say, for I acknowledge that I am quite ignorant of whatever concerns Mexican literature and traditions. My objection is rather to the institutions and ceremonies of the Aztecs, as representing the Sacraments as well as other religious rites and usages of our holy religion, such as monastic life, the fast of Lent, public penances, processions and the like, for I cannot feel inclined to look on St. Thomas as the author of all these good things, but would rather believe that at some early day, long before Christopher Columbus discovered this country, some holy and zealous Catholic Priests might have landed in Mexico and planted on that virgin soil our holy religion, with all its good practices. In process of time, however, those Priests having died, and no others having been left to succeed them in the ministry, the faith which they had planted must gradually have disappeared, so that by degrees all marks of Christianity were effaced with the exception of some few relics I might say of sacramental ceremonies, and of other religious rites which the ministers of the pagan

worship must very willingly have adopted to induce the converts to Christianity to return to them. The Priests of the Aztecs were indeed shrewd enough to resort to artifices of this nature.

You might ask me on what authority do I advance a supposition as bold as this? Well I will tell you, that all my authority rests upon an account of the discovery of a cave reported to have been found in Florida at the beginning of our late war. If the account given at that time by the newspapers be true, I think that my supposition would be the easier to demonstrate what has been the origin of all these relics of Christianity to be found amongst the Mexican, as well as Western Indians.

I do not remember well whether it was during the first or second year of our civil war, but I feel confident that it was before the end of the third year that I read in the newspapers an account of a very interesting cave having been discovered in Florida; neither do I remember what paper it was that gave the account, though it seems to me that it was the *Missouri Republican*. The mind of the people at that time was so much preoccupied with the daily bulletins of the war, that generally they would hardly care about reading anything except news and reports concerning the two conflicting parties. I read the article again and again, and I am sorry that I did not preserve that paper.

In that journal it was stated that two young men of a town in Florida (the names of the town and county being very plainly given) were out fowling in the country, and following up the wounded game, it escaped into a bush growing out of some rubbish. The young men, anxious to bring out their game, began to clear the bush with the butt of their guns, and in doing this the gun of one of them fell heavily on a large slab which sounded as if it were hollow underneath. They wondered at the sound, and not caring any longer about the game, they determined to find out what mystery the rock concealed. They cleared out the bush, and to their surprise they noticed some rude steps going down to a small opening like a door. Here you may

easily suppose how their curiosity was excited! They must discover where these steps may lead, and as the inside appeared to be very dark, they make torches of pine sticks, and start down the steps on their exploring expedition. They had not descended very deep when they found themselves on the floor of a large cave. Seeing that the ground under their feet was solid they moved around very cautiously examining the walls. And lo! when they came opposite to the entrance of the cave, they noticed some writings carved on the rock. Quickly they raise their flickering torches to see what was there written, and behold they found an inscription telling that in a certain year of the Christian era a party of Danish navigators having been shipwrecked on the coasts of Florida, succeeded in making a landing; they were kindly received by the natives, who allowed them to repair their vessel, and this having been refitted they were obliged to depart. At the foot of this inscription was the name "Romanus Præsbiter," which I can only translate as follows, "Romanus, the Priest."

From this I can come to but one conclusion, that these Danes must have been Catholics, and Romanus (whether this was his patronymic, or whether he called himself so to signify of what church he was Priest, makes no difference) was their Chaplain, or he was some Missionary traveling to visit his people. Now, the inscription says that no sooner was their vessel refitted than they were obliged to depart; well, it would seem but probable that they must have directed their course to the nearest coasts, to supply themselves with fresh provisions, of which their unexpected delay must have made them stand in need. Going on a course due west they could but strike in the vicinity of Mexico, and in all probability there they landed and remained for a good while.

Now, supposing that really this was the case, it is but probable that Romanus, acting according to the spirit of his calling, must have tried to enlighten the natives, and God helping him he must by degrees have made followers, and so introduced Christianity amongst those people. Whether

Romanus was the only Priest that was in the vessel, or there were more with him we cannot tell; this, however, would not interfere with my supposition, for we know that an apostolic man can convert a nation by himself, in the same way as the Apostles did.

This hypothesis in my opinion can stand, and the probabilities are in its favor. We know from history that Denmark was once a good Catholic country with numbers of Monks, Nuns, Priests, and Bishops, whose names we frequently find recorded in the Martyrology. Relics of their ancient churches, and monasteries are yet standing to show what that country was in former times. Moreover, in those old days the Danes were a powerful nation, perhaps the best navigators of that age, and they boldly coursed the seas in search of new countries, just as people do in our days. Now, this hypothesis once admitted, the religious problem concerning the origin of Christian-like rites amongst the Aztecs of Mexico could in my opinion be very easily explained without bringing St. Thomas from India to the Mexican shores.

Here you might ask, how can this matter about the cave be ascertained? Well it seems to me that this could be done without much difficulty. Let some historical society of Florida offer a premium for the one who would be able to find out whether such cave really exists, or not. Let the newspapers of the different counties of Florida printed during the first three years of the war be thoroughly searched over, and the truth will come out. The expenses and trouble of such an investigation would by no means be useless, for in the supposition that the reported discovery was a mere fabrication calculated to create a momentary sensation in literary circles, by now proving its falsehood an historical error might be prevented in time. But if an investigation of this kind should prove that really a cave with such an inscription does exist, who can tell what light this might throw upon the history of this country, and who knows that this discovery might open the way to some other of still greater importance.

PAUL M. PONZIGLIONE, S. J.



NOTE.—As statistics should always be correct, so I take the liberty to inform you of an error made in the printing of your LETTERS (vol. 11, n. 3) for September, 1882. At page 281, line 13, it reads: “no less than nine thousand, &c.,” it ought to be: “no less than nine millions.”

Again on the same page, line 24; “dwindle away to hardly fifteen thousands,” it ought to be: “dwindle away to hardly fifteen hundreds.”

## OBITUARY.

### BROTHER MICHAEL KAVANAGH.

No better epitaph can be placed upon the grave of dear Br. Michael Kavanagh than the following:

“Christo viventi mori lucrum,”

for whoever knew him during the 23 years he passed at this Osage Mission can bear testimony that he lived, and labored only for God, whom he recognized not only in the person of his superiors and brethren, but also in that of the poorest of the Indians, to whose service and instruction he devoted the best part of his life.

Br. Michael Kavanagh came to Osage Mission on the 21st of October, 1858, and in those early days the life of a Brother at this place was really a hard one, for the Brothers being very few in proportion to the community we had, and the duties they had to attend to, a Brother frequently was obliged to fill different offices at the same time. This was the case with our Brother, of whom I can say in truth, that he was *ad domestica*, that is to say for any job imaginable. Yet withal he never appeared to be tired, never was heard to complain of having too much to do. When his assistance was needed for any new exigency he was always ready to accommodate every one, and you were sure to meet him with a smile on his countenance and a sweet word on his lips. He was the model of a perfect religious; his patience and charity were the most prominent of his virtues, and these he displayed most remarkably when for some twenty-five days he volunteered to take care of a wretched

white man, who having been fatally wounded in a quarrel, was brought to us in a dying condition.

The unhappy man, an American by birth, had been shot in the lower part of his body, and his bowels were literally torn to pieces. He was senseless when some strangers brought him to us in the middle of the night and left him in our charge. Indeed we did not know what to do! The poor man needed assistance, and could not be refused a shelter, but who could take care of him? Good Br. Kavanagh seeing the perplexity of our Superior offers himself on the spot to be the nurse. His offering is received with pleasure, and every one feels confident that the wounded man is in good hands.

The charitable Brother goes to work, and in a few minutes he has the dying man on a comfortable bed, he gives him some stimulant, and watches by him most carefully during the the balance of the night. The poor man, who is of portly proportions, is quite helpless; he is sobbing and roaring like a wild stag that has been shot by hunters, and so exhausted is he from the loss of blood that for two days he is not able to speak a word. He is one of those who profess no religion, and his being so sadly hurt is but the consequence of his debauchery! At last he recovers his intelligence, and looking around, like a man who awakes from a long sleep, he seems to wonder at finding himself in a religious house. He looks up with suspicion and contempt, he gives no answer to our questions, he curses frequently and shows himself irritable and sullen! Such conduct did not discourage our dear Brother, O no indeed. He passes over all this, and just as if the poor man had been one of his best friends, he nurses him, he dresses his wounds, and tries to assuage his pains with more love and tenderness than a mother ever would show to the dearest of her children. Such charity was bound to conquer. The unfortunate man by degrees became conscious of his dangerous condition, his looks became more friendly, he speaks more freely, and appears sensible to kindness; he begins to enjoy our company, likes to converse about God and the

future life, and craves for instruction. Meanwhile the weather being very warm mortification sets in, his flesh is fast falling into corruption, and he is a living corpse! He sees that death is on him, and following the inspiration of grace with which God in his mercy is moving his heart, he wishes to be reconciled with his Creator. He publicly pardons his enemies, he deplors the scandals he has given in his life time. At his request he is baptized, and strengthened with the last Sacraments, he dies the death of a sincere penitent on the 29th of July, 1868. The conversion, and, as we hope, the salvation of this man were due to the heroic patience and charity of our dear Br. Michael Kavanagh. These virtues, which in several other instances he displayed with an equal courage and perseverance, drew on him the esteem of all that knew him. We could but admire him, and the children loved him most tenderly.

By the end of last June, having settled all the accounts of our scholars, he bade them farewell. They went home to their vacations, and he being afflicted with an inflammation of the bowels was obliged to withdraw to the infirmary, where his case soon appeared to be a serious one. He felt that the time for his dissolution was at hand, and far from flattering himself with the hope of recovery, he made his preparation for death, full of confidence that he would not miss his reward! And this was no presumption in him, for after 23 years of continual labor in the service of God in this our Mission, he could say with truth that he had 'fought the good fight' against his passions, he had 'finished his course' with honor, he had 'kept the faith' in the midst of numberless temptations, and now he had a right to expect that crown which God, always faithful to his promises, will never deny to his servants.

He lingered in great distress for over one month; at last on the 18th of August he slept in the Lord, after having received the last Sacraments with most edifying devotion. At his death, he was 62 years of age; of these he had passed 29 in our Society. In him we had a treasure, and alas! his death made us really understand how valuable he was to

us. May his soul rest in peace, this is the prayer of all, who for so long witnessed his virtuous deeds; and this is particularly my own prayer for him who during so many years has been my right hand in taking care of the poor Indian children, and who never refused me a service no matter how tired and busy he might be. R. I. P.

PAUL M. PONZI GLIONE, S. J.

## MISSIONARY LABORS OF FATHER MAGUIRE AND COMPANIONS,

FROM THE MIDDLE OF JULY TO DEC. 25TH, 1882.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.—The Summer in Boston this year during the months of May and June was unusually cool, and thus favored the work of the Fathers engaged in Missions.

In the month of June we gave two missions in the diocese of Springfield, and we found the fire in our rooms very comfortable, especially in the mornings and evenings.

In Houlton, Maine, where one of the Fathers gave two missions in June also, the snow was scarcely melted in some places. We gave a mission even in July at Marblehead, about twenty miles-north-east from Boston, near the sea, and we found the weather very pleasant. We thus can continue our work in New England during the Summer months, which would be impossible in the South.

Retreats to the clergy and to the sisters formed the chief work, however, in July and August. Rev'd Theodore A. Metcalf, formerly Chancellor of this diocese, and now the Pastor of the church in Marblehead, invited our Fathers to give a mission to his people.

Marblehead is a port of entry of Essex Co., Mass., on an irregular rocky peninsula of its own name. It is pleasantly situated in an excellent harbor which is accessible at all seasons to vessels of the largest class. The congregation of

this place is larger in Summer than at any other time, as many persons from the cities have cottages here, and the large hotels in the town are filled with boarders in the warm weather. The inhabitants are extensively engaged in the cod fisheries. Many ships and brigs, owned here, sail from and return direct to Boston. There are also manufactures of various kinds. The principal articles produced are boots and shoes, which give employment to our Catholic people, both men and women.

The church is a very handsome one and being situated on high ground the steeple with its large gilt cross is the most prominent object that strikes the traveller's eye as you come near the place. The Fathers found work enough for a week. Many who made the mission and filled the church every day came from a distance. The children formed an important part of our care, as there are no Catholic schools here, and many of them were being prepared for First Communion and Confirmation. Two converts presented themselves to be received into the Church. They were left in the care of the Pastor for more instruction. One was an Englishman, the other a native of the town. One thousand confessions were heard, and Holy Communion given to nine hundred.

CENTRALIA, PA.—This mission began September 17th, and ended on the 24th. Two days more were spent here, in order to catch those who had not had the courage to come to confession during the previous week. This was a good idea, as some who had not been to the exercises, took advantage of this last opportunity to confess their sins. A lecture was also given by Father Maguire during this time. There was in honor of our Blessed Lady a fine procession of the children through the town on the second Sunday of the mission.<sup>(1)</sup>

Centralia has about two thousand inhabitants, and is in the very heart of the coal country. The miners are of va-

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<sup>(1)</sup> Due to the zeal of Father Casey.

rious nationalities. The Irish are quite numerous, and hold on to their faith and its practices. Notwithstanding the troubles of former years on account of the "Mollie Maguires," it is now thought that that reign of terror is over forever. Certainly the Catholics in this town have no sympathy for secret societies, as they have already lost too much by them. The congregation numbers, perhaps, twenty-five hundred, scattered through the town and the neighboring collieries. It is composed principally of Irish, though there are some Germans and Poles, living near the "Dark Corner," who are very good Catholics. The Irish in some parts of the coal regions are more like a colony transplanted from the old country. They have the old-time customs and festivals, are very strict in regard to the holy days of obligation, and on St. John the Baptist's feast-night have the mountains ablaze with bonfires for miles and miles around.

The Fathers were much pleased with these good people, and, especially, with the children for whom two instructions were given every day. The boys, though sent to work too soon, are smart and innocent. They are the "pickers" in the mines, that is, they separate the slate from the coal at the breakers, or immense sieves on inclined planes. No machinery can do the work of these urchins; and hence when they quit work, all mining operations have to cease. And they know this, and, now and then, put the bosses in mind of it by giving up work, when any injustice is done them. During the evenings, it was amusing to see these little fellows struggling, and almost fighting for their turns at the confessionals. The Fathers were obliged to interfere, to prevent trouble and to see justice done. The older folk were no less anxious than their children to comply with the conditions of the exercises. An old woman, who had walked for four miles fasting said: "Father, I want to make this mission under Father Maguire. I was one of those who fasted until six o'clock in the evening seventeen years ago, when the Fathers were in Pottsville in Schuylkill County."

There were two thousand Communion; five Protestants were received into the Church; a hundred persons gave their names for Confirmation. Two or three hundred scapulars were distributed during the week.

Frs. Maguire, Casey and Morgan gave this mission.

In the midst of the coal country, one sees how gigantic the business is, and what a revenue the companies must have that own, or rather monopolize the mines. By purchase, or by tricks too well known on 'change, a few railroad corporations control the trade. The price current is in their hands; the miners get less wages now than formerly, and are not allowed, for months at a time, to work more than three days in the week for fear of an overplus in the market, and a consequent fall in the value of coal. Such dealings give the companies a bad name at home and abroad.

ST. MARY'S, PHILADELPHIA (Oct. 1-15).—This church was built by the Society in 1763, but during the suppression it fell into the hands of the secular clergy. Very little comfort has it given to its pastors since the opening of the century. What with trustees, bad Catholics, and bad priests, the faithful have had to undergo many trials. Of late years, and, especially, now under the management of its zealous pastor, Doctor Horstman, the congregation, once the most aristocratic in the city, is gaining in the number, if not in the wealth of its members. The history of this church and the Hogan schism is too well known to be repeated here. Suffice it to say that the ringleaders against the Bishops were cursed in themselves and their children. It is sad to read the names on the tombstones in the graveyard near the church, and to reflect that many of the descendants of the people buried there have lost their faith, and are now its bitterest enemies. The Barrys, Meades and Careys, historic names in civil and ecclesiastical affairs of our country, are for the most part, no longer Catholics. The spirit of rebellion which they showed has produced in their children, apostasy, its natural effect. The most infamous book ever written in America on the celibacy of the clergy has for its author a grandson of Matthew Carey.

The mission was overcrowded from the beginning, as the pastor thought it unnecessary to divide the congregation. The men fared badly, as the women took nearly the whole church to themselves. The galleries, after three or four days, were reserved for the men, and then they had a chance to make the mission. The pastor saw his mistake too late to correct it.

Among the results of the mission it may be mentioned that eleven Protestants were baptized, and others left under instruction. Though in truth this counting of converts as the work of the mission needs to be taken cautiously. In two cases out of three, the candidates present themselves the first days of the exercises, and are not carried along by the general excitement, not having even heard any of the sermons. The mission gives them an opportunity to receive instruction, and encouraged by the example of others, they embrace the faith. These remarks are made to do away with the prejudice against mission converts, though it seems a proper thing to listen to an erring brother and instruct him at any time.

There were 4,250 Communion; 110 adults were Confirmed, and 40 prepared for First Communion. Many marriage cases were settled.

J. A. M.

Our next mission was at ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, CITY HALL PLACE, NEW YORK; it lasted two weeks, from October 22nd to November 6th. Fathers Maguire, Langcake, Morgan and Kavanagh gave the exercises. This church was formerly used by the Universalists. Afterwards, it was known as Carroll Hall. Here it was that Archbishop Hughes fought against the Public Schools. And yet, strange to say, there is no school belonging to this church. In fact, the parish to-day is about what it was twenty years ago. It seems to be waking, and will try to make up for lost time. This mission was the first ever held in the church. The pastor, Fr. McMahon, was very well satisfied with our labors. The women, of course, attended well. The men were greatly benefited, and the vast majority received the Sacra-



ments, but not all. There are several who live within a stone's-throw of the church, who have not been in the church for over twenty years. A day or two before the mission opened, one of the assistants was called to see a sick man. He asked the wife if she was going to attend the mission. "What mission?" "Why, the one to begin Sunday." "That is the first I have heard of it, your Reverence." Then she began to speak about, as she supposed, the pastor, and when told he died nearly three years ago, she was astonished. This is not an isolated case; plenty more like it are to be found. The parish is quite cosmopolitan; all nations are represented; Irish, Germans, Italians, Chinese, etc. The pastor did all in his power to make the mission known, yet he was a little afraid that the people would not attend as well as he would like; but when he saw the number on the first day he smiled, and said: "my trouble is over: the mission will be all, and more than I hoped."

Every pew was filled, and all the aisles were packed. St. Andrew's never had so many within its walls before, and the men on the second week turned out even better than the women.

This is perhaps one of the worst parishes in the city; the famous Five Points is situated a little north of the church. Here the Howard Mission House tries to entice the children to their services, by means of food and clothing. One child accused herself in confession of worshiping false Gods; that was too much for me, and asking how, the answer I got was that she went to the Mission House. But this was nothing in such a place, where ignorance and vice were rampant. We shall have to travel far before we find, on the whole, as hard cases. There were some very good ones, where are there not? but the bad ones by far predominated. Superstition was rife, and fortune tellers reaped a rich harvest, but the poor boxes did likewise during the mission. This must have got abroad, as they were broken open once, and twice a man was arrested who hid himself in the church.

I was a little astonished one day; a man had been away from confession ten years; that much settled, I asked him;

"What have you been doing since?" "In the liquor business, your Reverence." Confirmation was to be administered after the mission, and as it can be received but once, grave doubts were raised; e. g.: "I've got a ticket for Confirmation, your Reverence; but I think I was confirmed before." "Why do you think so?" "Well, your Reverence, I think I was confirmed in Ireland." "But don't you remember?" "Not very well, your Reverence; but I think I was." "How old were you when you left Ireland?" "About eighteen, your Reverence." "Surely you ought to remember then." "Well, your Reverence, you know the Bishop does not come around very often, and I was a little fellow at the time." "But why do you think you were confirmed?" "Well, your Reverence, I think I remember my mother telling me once, that the parish priest put ashes on me." The poor fellow was as serious as could be about the matter, and had grave doubts whether he should present himself or not. Such tales might be multiplied ad infinitum. One amusing case I must tell. When we would tell the old women to say the act of contrition; not a word; then when we began it for them, they would tell us, "I have it in Irish," and then say it in Irish. One of this class who, I afterwards found out, would not be satisfied unless she said a whole string of prayers in Irish, before she began her confession, came to me. When I opened the slide she looked at me in astonishment, her hood was thrown off, she was all prepared to hear well. When she saw me, she cried out, "Ah-h-h, sure you are not my little man, where is he?" Supposing she meant one of the assistants, I told her he was hearing in the box in the end of the church. She started up to go to him, and instead of going around she climbed over three or four benches which were placed between the boxes. She did not go to the box at the end of the church, but stopped at Fr. Morgan's, where in spite of all he could do, she had her say in Irish, which took her nearly ten minutes. Those preparing for confession, and bringing themselves to a hearty sorrow, lost it all for a while; in fact, one of them made it a cause of confession that she laughed at the old woman climbing over the benches.

As a result of the mission we had nearly 6,000 Communion—80 adults were prepared for First Communion. Ten were Baptized, and two more left for instruction. On the Monday following the mission, His Grace, Archbishop Corrigan, administered Confirmation to 588, of these 350 were adults. Some of them were hardly able to walk from old age.

It was a grand sight, and yet a sad one; grand to see the good work done; sad to think so many had been neglected.

I forgot to mention in the proper place an incident at one of the sermons. One night while preaching on death, Fr. Maguire said: "Now, I want to ask you two questions, and I want you to answer them. Is there any one here in mortal sin?" Here he paused as for a reply. One of the men shouted out, "Yes, Father, I am," and immediately another replied, "And I am too." Some thought they were drunk, but the pastor says they were perfectly sober, but earnest. The second question was then put: "Where would you go, if you were to die to-night?" He did not stop here, as he did not wish a scene, but in spite of all, the first fellow shouts out: "to Hell, sure."

If the work is hard, such results as these well repay us for all, and urge us on to gather in the harvest, and ask the good Master to send more laborers. It is time I think to stop or my communication may be thrown in the waste basket. One word more, it is to return thanks to those who assisted us to hear confessions. The two assistant Rectors of St. Andrew's worked nobly; besides these FF. Toner, Daubresse and Nash claim our thanks, which, for want of something better, we most heartily give them.

If you would excuse me, I would add as a P. S. that the mission ended the day before elections, a time to lay by lots of barrels. The boys of St. Andrew's were not slow in this regard, but to their credit let it be put, that two barrels belonging to the church were respected, and not one of the young gamins thought of touching them, although they were within their reach all day.

Enough about St. Andrew's. Let us on to Philadelphia and take a look at

## ST. AGATHA'S.

The west Philadelphians, not having the culture of the Hub, are quite primitive in their pronunciation of proper names. St. Agatha's in their mouths becomes St. Agátha's. His Grace hoped one of the results of the mission would be the proper pronouncing of the name of the patroness of the church. This was the second mission given by Fr. Maguire in the new church; it began on November 14th and ended on November 28th. The first one was four years ago on the opening of the new church. The church is very beautiful. The more you see of it, the more you like it. What is best about it, it is all paid for. There is a debt of twenty thousand dollars on the ground, which the pastor says he can pay at any time; but he does not care about doing so. The old church with residence, if sold, would bring him more than the debt. He has no school at present, but when opportunity offers he will have one. Just now he is looking for an eligible site. Two or three could be had, but a clear title to the property cannot be obtained, Directly opposite the residence a splendid position, and sufficiently large, is offered, but unfortunately, there is some flaw in the title. It is only a question of time; a man who can build such a church as the pastor has done, and pay off the debt in such a short time will not be long without a school-house.

Seventeen years ago, there were but three hundred people in the parish, now the number is twenty-five hundred. I do not suppose they will increase much more, but they are generous, love and respect their pastor who has their interest at heart. He is indeed a father to them. We can bear witness to the zeal of the pastor and his assistants, for they were all at work during the mission nearly as hard as ourselves. A hint was enough to get them to do anything. They were always ready to do their share, and so willingly that it was a pleasure to be with them: the name of the pastor is Rev. John Fitzmaurice; the assistants are FF. Brannan and McAnany.

The church although large could not hold all who came. It was soul-inspiring to have such an audience before you. There must have been more than five hundred at the five o'clock Mass every morning. This is, perhaps, one of the best signs of how the mission is going on, when sleep will be neglected, and fatigue forgotten in the good will shown to do the mission well. If the priests pleased us so did the people. The best of good will was shown. Even the little ones came out in numbers: over five hundred attended the instructions every day. The class for adults also was well attended, and among them were many Protestants. Fifteen were baptized, and four left for further instruction. One member of the adult class, said he was born in Mexico. His color would give no indication as he was much darker than Mexicans generally are. He was none of your common trash, not he. Any one who could boast of a name like his could not demean himself to be classed among the vulgar herd. He gloried in the name of General Philip Sheridan, who gave it him. "Have you any other name?" "Yes, sah." "What is it?" "Prince Albert, sah." Who will ask what is in a name after that? He was a conundrum from first to last. "Was he really baptized?" was the question often put, but the darkey himself always insisted that he was, and that General Sheridan gave him his name.

The number of Communion given numbered over 6,000. Of course this number did not come from the parish. Persons came from all parts; some even from the other extremity of the city. Over 40 made their First Communion.

To show the generosity of the people, let me give an account of the collection taken up to defray the expenses of the mission. Two or three weeks before the mission began, the big collection of the year, that to pay the interest on the debt, was taken up. During the mission, outside of the ordinary collections, the women gave in their collection \$450, and the men \$432. What great things can be done in Philadelphia.

During this mission a great number of marriages was settled. I mention it here on account of the number—there

were enough for three or four missions. After the mission, receptions to the Sodality and Temperance Society were in order. Sixty boys joined the Cadets of Temperance, and over fifty men the Temperance Society. The Sodality was the great feature: over three hundred persons, male and female, consecrated themselves to our Blessed Lady. This was a good ending to our two weeks' labors. May that Blessed Mother always help us to make sinners feel that she is their sure and safe refuge.

This mission was given by FF. Maguire, Morgan, Hamilton and Kavanagh. Our thanks are due to FF. McElhone and Regnery, who came from other parishes, to help us to hear confessions.

H. K.

#### MISSIONS BY FR. HAMILTON.

Fr. Hamilton opened a mission October 8th in ST. BERNARD'S CHURCH, WEST NEWTON, MASS., Fr. C. McGrath, Pastor. This mission lasted two weeks, during which time, over 1200 persons received the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion. Three mixed marriages were made all right, and four converts were left for instructions for Communion. There is a great deal of bigotry existing in this little town, even to such an extent that servant girls, in some cases, were forbidden to attend the mission, on the ground that it was enough to go to the meeting on the Sabbath day. Nevertheless, the good servant girls came *every day* for at least one exercise. At the building of this church, some years ago, the Protestants attempted to put a stop to the good work on hand, but some found out to their cost that the Irish were too much for them. The Mayor of the town was called upon to act as Umpire in the case, and finding the Irish in real earnest, he was obliged to decide in their favor. At this mission the Pastor was requested not to ring the big bell at so early an hour in the morning as 5 o'clock. With this request the Pastor politely complied, as he would not have the applicants disturbed at such an unseasonable hour. But my good Irishmen turned out in strong force about four and a half in the mornings, and the clattering of

their heavy brogans upon the hard, concrete pavements, was more than enough to disturb the slumbers of seven times seventy sleepers.

On the 29th of October, another mission was begun by Fr. Hamilton, at the CHURCH OF THE STAR OF THE SEA, EAST BOSTON, MASS., Fr. John O'Donnell, Pastor, Fr. Ken-ealy, Curate. Only one week's mission could be given in this parish, on account of the mission which was about to begin at St. Agatha's, West Philadelphia. The Pastor was pleased with 800 Communion and with the conversion of the head of a family of seven Catholic children. Many who had been away from their religious duties for years were brought back to the church once more. During this mission at East Boston, the only death which took place was that of a little girl, eight years old, who insisted on coming to confession to *Fr. Hamalin* and to get the blessing. A few hours after she received absolution, she was terribly mangled by the railroad cars, but lived long enough to receive the Sacrament of Extreme Unction.

The mission at ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH, BRIDGEPORT, CONN., commenced one week after the mission at St. Agatha's. In Bridgeport we have the residence of the celebrated showman, P. T. Barnum. As we enter the city of Bridgeport, our attention is attracted by the howlings of Barnum's wild-cats, lions, leopards, tigers and other animals.

Fr. Maguire who opened this mission was called at the end of the first week to begin another mission in the beautiful church of St. Francis Xavier in New York city. Fr. Kavanagh and I were left to continue the work at Bridgeport, and we were kept at that work from 5 o'clock Monday morning until 10 o'clock Saturday night. With the help of the kind Pastor and assistants, we managed to hear upwards of 4,000 men, and amongst the number we had a good sprinkling of actors, actresses, weight-lifters and pugilists of Mr. Barnum's circus. Besides the men, we had over 4,000 women to confession, and 14 children were baptized,

each of whom was large enough to come to the mission unattended.

N. B. The Pastor's name is Thos. Synnott; assistants, John Synnott and Fr. W. Shanley.

The proprietors of the dance-halls, concert saloons, bar-rooms and other places of the kind were asking the question: "What is a mission? Our places are deserted. What's going on?" The answer was: "You had better step up that way and see for yourselves."

Fr. Hamilton was also engaged at Marblehead, Mass., to prepare the people for the feast of St. Theodore, November 8th. Six hundred persons, more than half of whom were men, received Holy Communion.

Whilst the other Fathers were engaged at Bridgeport or New York, Fr. Morgan gave several small retreats. After a triduum at JENKINTOWN, where the people were prepared for the feast of the church, the Immaculate Conception, he gave a three days' mission at SNOW HILL in New Jersey, [December 10-13]. There is a settlement of negroes around the church, but all are Methodists, and, at the same time, great shouters when they get religion. Their ministers kept up a revival whilst the Catholics were attending the exercises. The fervor of these colored people did not prevent them from stealing a part of the weatherboarding from the Catholic Church sometime ago, nor the wooden monuments from their own graveyard.

Short missions were also given at GLASSBORO and WOODBURY. This part of Jersey is very sandy, and yet good crops of corn and potatoes with other products of truck farming are noticed on all sides in summer. The towns are kept up by the manufacture of glass. In these retreats there were nearly seven hundred Communion.

Fr. Langcake during the autumn gave missions at BOSTON, in St. Mary's, for the Sodalities, in UTICA, and in WASHINGTON for the colored people. Results were over eight thousand Communion.

General results for the autumn: First Communion, adults, 175; Confirmation, adults, 595; Baptism, adults, 48; Baptism, children, 20; Communion, 39,600; Converts to be instructed for Baptism, 12.

NOTE.—To the above results must be added the figures for St. Francis Xavier's Church, New York, where one of the principal missions of the autumn was given. The account of it has not yet arrived, but is promised for our next number.



# WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. XII, No. 2.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY FATHER NICHOLAS POINT.

## CHAPTER IV.

*First year among the Flatheads.—St. Mary's Mission.*

*Aug. 15, 1841.* On the day of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, towards sunset, during the finest weather imaginable, and when all our party were in excellent health and spirits, we arrived at Fort Hall, where we were welcomed as friends by Captain Hermelinger. Although a Protestant, this worthy Scotchman overwhelmed us with favors, and promised to recommend us to all the forts and trading-posts of his Company. We found Father De Smet here, who had arrived the day before: he was full of joy, for he was able to present to us the advance guard of our prospective neophytes. A meeting under happier auspices would be impossible, and on both sides it was marked with deepfelt manifestations of gladness. The Flatheads were very quiet and somewhat undemonstrative in manner, but from the affectionate way in which they grasped our hands, it was easy to perceive that their hearts were satisfied. How much they had done to obtain the Black Robes! How many repeated supplications, journeys and sacrifices! They beheld us at last, and with us they saw

those succors for which they had been hoping, and being unable to express their sentiments over their good fortune, they kept silent : but their silence assuredly did not arise from want of feeling or intelligence. The Flatheads think and feel deeply, and those before us were their chosen men. "I am only an ignorant and sinful man," said the chief of the deputation, "but with all my heart I thank the Great Spirit for what he has done for me ; I wish no longer to live, except for prayer, and I shall pray until my death." They told us that after the departure of Fr. De Smet, the Flatheads never ceased praying for his happy return ; that all their brethren still persevered in their good dispositions ; that the greater number of them knew by heart the prayers that had been taught them ; that regularly twice a day, and three times every Sunday, the whole tribe met to recite the prayers in common ; that five or six baptized children had gone to heaven ; that a young girl of twelve years, seeing herself to be at the point of death, had asked for Baptism, and Peter, the Iroquois, had baptized her under the name of Mary ; and when she was about to die, she exclaimed : "How beautiful it is : I see Mary, my Mother !"

*August 18.* Setting out from Fort Hall under the guidance of our best friends, the first step came nigh proving fatal to us ; but thanks be to God, it only gave us a new proof of their devotion towards us. At the passage of the Snake River, which is a very rapid stream, one of our Brothers having lost the control over his mules, the whole team was swept into a place where the water was over their heads. It was all over with the driver, had not our gallant Flatheads immediately flung themselves into the water, and although they managed to keep the novel gondola afloat, yet in spite of all their efforts, three of the mules were drowned, and one of the Brothers, who to avoid the same fate had crept to the back of the wagon, would have also perished, had not our hunter, at the peril of his life, enabled him to escape by backing up his horse to the rear of the wagon. In his efforts to save the baggage, which contained all the treasures of our chapel, this brave man who was the most

powerful swimmer in the party, labored so strenuously that on reaching the bank, he fell from exhaustion. Luckily, everything was in safety, when his strength gave out. It chanced that on this day, through some unforeseen causes of embarrassment, we had, contrary to our custom, set off without having recited the itinerarium. After such a lesson, we never again failed on this point.

A few days after this, some Indians were perceived at a short distance, and the cry was raised: "Blackfeet! Blackfeet!" Five of the Flatheads, as soon as the alarm was given, seized their arms, and mounting their horses proceeded at full speed to reconnoitre the enemy. After an hour's time they reappeared at the head of a dozen Indians, who were fully armed for the warpath. They were not Blackfeet, but the party was composed of men, who were perhaps still more to be dreaded, seeing that but a short time before they had violated the rites of hospitality in regard to nine Flatheads, who had escaped being massacred only by defending themselves against the attack of a whole village. On that occasion the brother of the chief had been killed by the Flathead chief, Michael, and Michael was now brought face to face with the leader in the treacherous assault. But this was not the time to call him to account for his conduct. The Bannocks were received in a friendly way; but, nevertheless, the Flatheads refused to smoke with them. Two or three days afterwards, their whole camp, of which these were a scouting party, joined us. We profited by this circumstance, as in duty bound, to let them see that the spirit of revenge is alien to the character of the true religion.

On the second Sunday after the Assumption, when the Church celebrates the festival of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, our little pioneer party consecrated itself to that pure, compassionate and generous Heart, which had already been a source of grace to its members, and which will become for the whole tribe a source more abundant still of benediction and consolation. The eve of this day was remarkable for the great quantity of fish which we caught with a line in

a little stream flowing by the gospel-side of the chapel. In less than an hour we landed more than a hundred, and it was a neat performance—true, however improbable it may appear,—to catch two fish at a time on one hook. It seemed like a prognostic of what was shortly going to happen. One must travel for a long time in the wilderness, in the midst of privations and dangers to understand the joy that fills the missionary's heart at the least sign which can be referred to his ministry.

*August 30.* After having wound our way through a long gorge of the mountains, we emerged upon a great plain, on the western edge of which the Flathead camp was pitched. As we drew nigh to it, messengers in quick succession came out to meet us. One of them, who was, distinguished from the others by a broad red scarf, resembled in some sort a marshal of France. He is one of the finest looking warriors of the Rocky Mountains. As a proof of his regard for the Superior of the Mission, he had sent forward his best horse, with a prohibition for any one to mount him, until he had been delivered up. Shortly after this, we perceived a very tall Indian riding towards us at full speed, and all began to cry out: "Paul! Paul!" It was, in truth, Paul, who had received Baptism the preceding year; it was thought that he was absent, but he was actually in command of the camp, for by a special providence he had just arrived in order to have the pleasure of presenting to his people those who were going to devote themselves to their welfare. Towards sunset, Fr. De Smet and his companions were in the midst of their neophytes; children, young men, the aged, mothers carrying their little infants, all vied with one another in pressing forward to shake our hands. It was as if they had but one heart and one soul. As the sun was about to sink, the scene was most touching and almost magical. Only a mother can understand what is meant by the return of a long absent son. She may in some manner enter into the feelings of the Missionary, who for the first time finds himself surrounded by a numerous family, which he has never seen before, and which nevertheless, is already entirely devoted to him.

*September.* It was necessary before winter set in, to select a place for the future reduction, to prepare such shelter as was indispensable, and, finally, according to the universal desire, to construct a house of prayer. There was, then, no time to spare. Consequently, we left the hunting camp, where all were busily occupied in gathering supplies of provisions, and continued our journey under the guidance of the small party, which had been acting as our escort.

*September 24.* We passed through the gorge, which has been called Hell-Gate, and entered upon a plain, bordered upon the North by the territory of the Pend'Oreilles, and on the West by that of the Cœurs d'Alêne. Not finding here that which we were in search of, we went up again through a pass trending southward. It was quite narrow at first, but constantly grew wider until we had marched a full day's journey; it was already the evening of the third day, and there seemed to be no brighter prospects of success than during the preceding days, when suddenly, as we reached the foot of the highest mountain in these districts, we were agreeably surprised at sight of the rich vegetation unfolded before us. This fertility was due to two streams flowing from South to North, and the broad valley, which was guarded by a mountain range against the incursions of the Blackfeet from the South, was also defended against the rigors of Northern winds by another chain of mountains covered at the base with forests which would furnish firewood and the timber needed for building purposes. Between these two ranges of mountains flowed the river of the Flatheads, called the *Bitter Root*. It was the unanimous opinion that no better situation could be discovered. We encamped, with the intention of laying the foundations of our future reduction here. We began by erecting a large cross. I shall always remember the good old Simon, who, notwithstanding his weight of years, had come as far as Fort Hall to meet us. Whilst our men were hewing the wood for the cross, he was seated upon a log, obliged to lean upon a staff in order to support his body, for he was very much tired by the last day's march, but his eyes never wandered

from the Tree which has saved the world, and which was soon to open for him the way to his true country. The mere sight plainly told to what his heart was fixed. He was, I believe, the first to be laid to rest beneath the shadow of that cross, having given promise, during the short time that he survived, after our entrance into this region, that his life would be an example to all by the virtues of a fervent Christian.

What name should be given to the first Mission of the Rocky Mountains? We called to mind that the principal events in our long expedition had generally coincided with some festival of our Blessed Lady: the remembrance was like an inspiration, and all exclaimed: "We will call it *Sz. Mary's*." We shall see that our Holy Mother was not insensible to this spontaneous outburst of gratitude. May the remembrance of her favors live forever in the hearts of her new children.

When the hunters returned from the summer hunt, the mission cross was standing, and their chapel was just beginning to rise above the ground. At sight of these works which had all the charm of novelty for the Indians, and which promised so much for the future, universal gladness was spread throughout the camp, and all gave their highest approval to everything, especially to the site which had been chosen. They called to mind a prediction which had been made some months before by a young child, who had since gone to heaven with her baptismal innocence unstained. Peter, the Iroquois, was the first to remark it. "You remember," said he to the bystanders, "you remember what little Mary said when she was about to die?" "We remember it perfectly," they said.

Although still quite young, this girl, during Father De Smet's first visit to the Rocky Mountains, had heard enough about our holy religion to experience the desire of Baptism before dying. Having fallen sick, and knowing that her end was nigh, she sent for Peter, the Iroquois, and said to him: "I am about to die, and I wish to be baptized." After some questions and instructions, Peter complied with her

request, and gave her the Queen of Heaven as patroness. Believing firmly as she did, that death was going to open for her the gates of heaven, she was so far from dreading its approach, that, on the contrary, she rejoiced, praying and singing with such fervor that her voice rang out above all the others. Finally, like one rapt in ecstasy, she exclaimed: "Mary! O how beautiful! I see Mary." Some time afterwards, she added: "I come back, and it is to tell you that those whom you are expecting are the true blackgowns: you must listen to what they tell you." Then pointing out the spot where to-day the cross is erected, she declared that the house of prayer would one day be built there; after which she expired.

The enemy of God and of men saw with displeasure the approach of so glorious a day, and God permitted him to subject us to trials. I shall merely mention these trials. The men whose assistance was most needed under the circumstances, the interpreter, the prefect of the church and the sacristan, fell sick. On the very eve of the festival, a hurricane discharged all its fury upon the neighboring district, and even upon the house of prayer; the windows of the church were driven in, three lodges were whirled about at the sport of the wind, large trees were uprooted,—but thanks to God and to the fervor of these new children of the faith, nothing could hinder their little sanctuary from being decked out in its best, and the time which to all appearances should have caused it to mourn was converted into an occasion of glorification. On the third of December, Feast of St. Francis Xavier, a day selected by their piety, two hundred and two catechumens were assembled within the body of the church to receive holy Baptism. They had been sufficiently instructed, they could give intelligent answers to all the questions of the priest. Never shall I forget their ringing responses. The time for dinner excepted, the ceremony lasted from six o'clock in the morning until nine in the evening, and it was remarked that the Head Chief, who had been baptized two years before, and who was almost ninety years of age, was present from beginning to end. More re-

markable still was the apparition of St. Francis Xavier to a catechumen, named Michael, belonging to the tribe of the Crees, an event narrated by himself with such simplicity, that it would be impossible to suspect the least deceit. The personage whom he saw, according to his narration, was standing erect, lifted above the ground to the height of the altar, on the epistle side, wearing a surplice and stole over the soutane, and he had upon his head a cap resembling that of the Fathers.

*Christmas—Apparition of the Blessed Virgin to Little Paul.* This little Flathead had barely passed beyond the age of early childhood; in beauty, mildness and piety he was angelic; he was very desirous of Baptism, but his memory was so treacherous that in spite of his hardest efforts, it had been impossible for him to learn what was absolutely necessary in order to be made a sharer in that blessing; and now the second solemn administration of the sacrament was to take place on the morrow—Christmas Day. The pious child said to himself: "I shall go and find John; perhaps he may be able to teach me what I have to know." He departs, and enters John's lodge, from which he issues after a few minutes, and with a thorough knowledge of all the prayers. It was not John, nor his brother, nor his mother who was better instructed than either, who had taught him, but a teacher far surpassing all earthly instructors. It was the Queen of Heaven herself! This is the recital of the child, given by him several times, and with never a contradiction. "At the moment of my entrance into John's lodge, I saw above the fire, a very beautiful person. I cannot tell whether it was a man or a woman, for the dress was such as I had never seen before. Beneath the feet there was a serpent, and beside the serpent a fruit which I do not know, and around the figure shone a bright light. It looked kindly at me, and at the time my mind was clear, my heart was warm, and I do not know how it all happened, but I knew all my prayers, and after that the person disappeared. She also told me that she was pleased because the village had been named St. Mary's." In proof of his veracity, he recit-



ed all the prayers with the greatest ease upon coming back to the tent of his parents. It is needless to mention that on Christmas Day he was admitted to Baptism without any difficulty, and took the name of Paul.

*Edifying death of Peter, the first Head Chief of the Flat-heads who was baptized.* His death was truly like the close of a beautiful day. For even whilst he was still walking in the darkness of idolatry, he never knowingly acted against what he thought to be right. On the day of his Baptism, he could say: "When I did wrong it was through error." And when this man, who had been so upright through all the vicissitudes of his former life, had reached the end of his glorious career, and was invited to confess the sins that he had committed after Baptism, he answered with a sort of amazement: "Sins after Baptism! How could I be guilty of any, I, who every day warn all my children to abstain from them." He received the Holy Viaticum in the full possession of his faculties, and with the most edifying dispositions. At his own request, he was buried enfolded in the prayer-flag, that is, the flag that was hoisted on Sundays to announce the day of the Lord. His mortal remains were interred at the foot of the great cross erected on the day when the land of the Flatheads was taken possession of in the name of the Saviour of men. And beside his grave thus protected were laid to rest, during the first months which followed, five or six other members of the tribe, who at different ages were taken away by death.

*December 29.—The Winter Hunt.* According to custom, although the preparation is active from the evening before, yet the actual departure does not begin until the afternoon. They go off in small squads. As the great hunt lasts for a long time those engaged in it take along with them everything that they possess. As a general rule, each lodge includes seven or eight persons, and these together with the provisions already made, or in prospect, necessitate the employment of about twenty horses. Between two chains of mountains, which sometimes approach as if to give you a

nearer view of the grandest sight in the wilderness, and then diverge widely to open up one after another far-off scenes of varied beauty, wind fifty tracks or more formed by the dragging of the tent-poles. This is what is called the Broad Trail of the hunters. The present hunt coming immediately after the greater part of the tribe had received Baptism was distinguished from all others by a spirit of piety. From the very first evening, the chiefs, assembled for prayer, requested that during the expedition the same practices should be observed as at St. Mary's. Consequently, it was proclaimed, that all should meet for prayer twice a day, and that after prayer there should be an instruction, preceded and followed by singing; that at daybreak, before setting out to hunt, and at night before betaking themselves to rest, each family should say the Hail Mary three times, etc.; that finally, the Sundays and festivals should be observed and celebrated to the best of their power. No mention was made of prayers of supererogation, which each one could multiply and prolong according to his fervor.

The Great Buffalo Hunt presents a thousand thrilling scenes, nor are comical incidents wanting: but it will be described elsewhere.

*Notes from Diary.* Jan. 6, 1842. Eighteen Baptisms.—Feast of the Holy Name. Two catechism classes established.—Jan. 31. Great Hunt.—Purification, Feb. 2. Fifteen Baptisms.—Feb. 16. Friendly visit of twelve Blackfeet.—March 6. Organization of new catechism classes; preparation for Baptism.—March 12. Fifteen adults baptized; visit of the Pend'Oreilles.—Holy Thursday. Nine more Baptisms.—Holy Saturday. Four Baptisms: Eighty Baptisms in all. Good dispositions of the Pend'Oreille Indians of Grand Lake.—Easter. Return to St. Mary's. Recitation of the beads in use. Living Rosary established.

The nomadic life of our new children is not without attraction, but it is so full of peril, because made into hostile territory; so full of embarrassment, because of the aged and the children who have to be transported from one place to another, whenever the camping ground is changed; and so

full of occasions dangerous to virtue, on account of more frequent intercourse with strangers, and the rapid transitions from scarcity to plenty; that our earliest care was to instil into them little by little a love for fixed habitations. This could be accomplished only by substituting the fruits of agriculture for the profits of the chase, and the innocent pleasures of the fireside for the varied excitement of the hunter's roving life, and above all by introducing the pomp of religious ceremonies. Thus the building of the chapel was our first thought; then we applied ourselves to the cultivation of the land. From the first spring, every kind of useful seed was sown, and the foundation was laid of whatever would further our views. The first grand solemnity had been the sweet festival of Christmas, just before the departure for the Great Hunt; the first after our return was that of Easter. The Winter Hunt with its hardships had lasted three months. Whilst the hunters were busy laying in supplies of meat, the workmen of the mission assisted by our Brothers had caused the rudiments of a plantation, and even of a village, to spring from the ground. They had, in accordance with the custom observed in places exposed to hostile incursions, surrounded the whole with a strong stockade. It is easy to imagine the joy felt by each one at the first general reunion in the chapel on the eve of Easter to sing the *Regina Cæli*.

Easter had come, and there was a great duty to be accomplished, but it was rendered pleasant by the good dispositions of our neophytes. They were to be prepared for their First Communion: with the exception of those who had died at St. Mary's during the winter, none of the Flat-heads had approached the Holy Table. None of them had even been to confession in the interval since their Baptism. All, therefore, were to be prepared for the reception of these two Sacraments; consequently, another course of instructions was given, and the good conduct and fervor which had characterized their preparation for Baptism were renewed, until the day which was truly for them, as it has often been called, *the most beautiful day of their life*.

*First month of Mary among the Flatheads.* It can be said that if the observance of the Month of Mary was lacking somewhat in splendor, yet the edification was as great as in the most devout parishes of Europe: if in the singing of hymns the voices were not always in harmony, it can be said that there was but one heart and one soul amongst all those who assembled three times a day in the chapel. At the end of the month, a little wooden statue, made by one of the missionaries, was borne in triumphal procession of the whole tribe to the spot where the apparition of their patroness had taken place, as already narrated. It is needless to say that after the statue of Our Lady, the principal personage on whom the eyes of the multitude were fixed, was he to whom Mary herself had deigned to appear. Since the erection of the little monument, there has been established, under the title of *Our Lady of Prayer*, a sort of pilgrimage and shrine, and no one passes along the road which leads by it without reciting a Hail Mary, and every day after the evening prayers all kneel to repeat three times the Angelical Salutation.

*First Communion among the Flatheads.* During the Winter Hunt, occupied as we were constantly in preparing for Baptism the fractions of stranger tribes which had followed us with the desire of sharing in the happiness of the Flatheads, it had been impossible to prepare our new Christians sufficiently for the sacraments of Penance and the Blessed Eucharist. Upon our return to St. Mary's, the occasion being most favorable, inasmuch as supplies of meat had been gathered which would hold out until the Summer Hunt beginning only in July, all devoted themselves with so much the more ardor to the duty of preparation as the precept of Paschal Communion urged those who had received Baptism. But the grace of Baptism had been bestowed upon them in such abundance, that their present labor was real pleasure. The full submission of mind and heart to the new mysteries which were proposed for their belief, and to their practical consequences, cost them but little trouble: when asked if they believed with all their heart

such or such a truth, their invariable reply was: "Yes, Father, we believe that firmly." When the subject of confession was proposed, many of them were of opinion that it should be public. The day of Pentecost (1842) was the most beautiful that had shone upon the village of St. Mary's, since on that day its principal inhabitants received for the first time the Bread of Angels. The most striking incident, apart from the actual reception of Holy Communion, was perhaps that in which the missionaries came to meet them, in full choir dress, preceded by the cross, and with everything that could help to add dignity to the pious ceremony. You should have seen them gathered together to proceed towards the church: the religious silence, the profound recollection, the solemn march could not fail to excite the deepest emotion.

*First Procession of the Blessed Sacrament.*—On the feast of Corpus Christi, we could not have the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, as we had no ostensorium, but this obstacle having been removed by the industry of a missionary, on the festival of the Sacred Heart, we had the procession, and, notwithstanding our poverty, it was conducted on a magnificent scale, in harmony at least with the genius of the savage, which one of our great writers has so justly described as simple and pompous. A repository profusely decked with flowers was prepared at the spot where the monument was erected to commemorate the apparition of the Blessed Virgin, and there under the eyes of their august patroness the people received for the first time the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament—a happiness enjoyed by them every Sunday since that date. The practices of the devotion to the Sacred Heart are already known to several of the people: to propagate this devotion still more widely, as also the devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, we have laid the foundations of four sodalities, for the married and unmarried of either sex, which have already inscribed upon their lists the names of all those who are best in their respective states. The great chief of the nation is prefect of the association of the Sacred Heart, his wife holds the

same office in the Blessed Virgin's Sodality, and the children of the chief are at the head of the other two. All were elected to their offices by a plurality of votes, and to show that merit alone was the standard and motive of each choice, it will suffice to mention that the head of the men's sodality was by the sole fact of his election to that dignity, elevated also to the dignity of Head Chief to replace him who had died during the preceding winter. Would that every election amongst civilized people were conducted in the same spirit.

*First Summer Hunt among the Flatheads.*—The first desire expressed by the Flatheads after the Baptisms administered during the winter was to have one of the three missionaries accompany them to the hunt which followed after a large proportion of the tribe had received the sacrament of regeneration. After all that had been done with so much edification since their return to St. Mary's, it was impossible to act otherwise now, and the same missionary was appointed to accompany them again. As his poor horse had been taxed beyond its strength, he had left it to die in the land of the Blackfeet, and a better animal was now placed at his disposal. We were getting ready to set out on the Summer Hunt, when a deputation of Blackfeet Indians presented itself to the owner of the horse that had been abandoned, and wonderful to relate, since it is probably the first case of restitution made by the Blackfeet, they offered in the name of their chief to restore the horse gratuitously, on the sole condition that the owner should go to their camp, which was not far off, and take him away. But as our departure was fixed for the morrow, he was too busy, and could not afford the time to visit their camp. The horse, however, was after some time brought back to St. Mary's; and when he caught sight of his master, the poor animal came towards him galloping and curveting, as who should say, we are glad to see one another once more: after that, who will dare to say that animals are mere machines? The Summer Hunt partook more of the character of a pious pilgrimage than of an ordinary hunt, and it can be said to

have been most remarkable under every respect, as will be detailed in another place. In regard to piety, the numerous Communions of every Sunday ought to occupy the first place. The feast of St. Ignatius was marked by all the chiefs and the most distinguished warriors being the first to present themselves at the Holy Table. At the end of the hunt, an old squaw was the only one of the party who had not gone to confession: but, doubtless, in order to give a warning, Heaven permitted her horse should go plunging headlong down a steep hill, and being flung, her leg was broken, at the distance of a few steps from the priest. This opened her eyes to the fault that she had committed, and on the spot she wished to go to confession. The last day of the hunt, after eleven hours of marching through the mountains, the confessional was frequented through the greater portion of the night, and next day there was a general communion.

## CHAPTER V.

### *Mission to the Cœurs d'Alène.*

Towards the end of October, 1842, Father Point set out from St. Mary's for the mission of the Cœurs d'Alène, in the company of three chiefs and some others of that tribe. Having reached the plain which is called Hell Gate, he sent off some messengers to the distance of one day's journey from there in order to obtain domestic animals for the new mission. In the interval, he baptized an adult half-breed woman, who had been instructed by Louis, a Canadian. This young man having shown a desire to join us, the missionary engaged him at a trifling cost, because in addition to a certain zeal for religion, he was not devoid of the knowledge befitting a farmer. With this reenforcement, and a half-breed interpreter versed in the Flathead and Nez Percé languages, the little expedition hopefully penetrated the gloomy pass which separated us from our future destination. During ten days it crept along, now through

dense forests, now around huge rocks, and now again in the very bed of a stream so winding that one day in less than eight hours, we were obliged to cross it forty-four times.

After much stumbling of our horses, and upsetting of the baggage, and after many a grave accident had been avoided by the protection of Heaven, the little company at length reached the land of the Cœurs d'Alène, on Friday, November the 4th. Since the first Friday of each month is set apart in a special manner to honor the Sacred Heart, and since the mission we had come to found had been already placed under Its powerful protection, it scarcely need be said, that our first duty on dismounting was to kneel down along with all those who had come to meet us, in order to renew this consecration. To see these poor neophytes mingling their overflowing feelings with the voices of those who came to aid them, one would have said that the presence of their Divine Protector was even then sensibly revealed to them.

What wretched misery existed amongst these poor people! Some miserable huts thatched with straw, or constructed of bark were surrounded with piles of the bones of animals and fish, and filth of every description; inside there were bundles of roots flung in a corner, skins hanging from a pole, fish smoking above the fireplace. And the occupants! squalid faces, unkempt hair, hands doing duty for comb, handkerchief, knife, fork and spoon; in feeding, repulsive sounds were emitted from the mouth, nose and windpipe. This external misery feebled imaged forth the pitiable state of their souls. For at this date there still reigned amongst this benighted people idolatry so debasing that they paid divine honors even to the vilest animals, a moral abandonment which knew no check save caprice, a passion for gambling so absorbing that it trenched even upon their time for sleep, unmitigated sloth which nothing but the pangs of hunger could make them shake off, and finally an habitual inclination to cheating, gluttony and every mean vice: these are a portion of the spiritual miseries in



which the Cœurs d'Alêne had been immersed until our coming. Happily, beneath all these, there was felt an undefinable yearning towards some superior power, and this had always helped them to lend a willing ear to the least word that could give them any information in regard to Him.

What was to be done? The soil around their wretched hovels was unsurpassed in fertility; it required but a trifling labor to make it produce a hundred fold. It was, therefore, no great difficulty to assign the true cause that lay at the bottom of all their misery. The remedy was to be found in instructing them, in inspiring them with a taste for industrious labor, by aiding, encouraging and rewarding their efforts so far as our means allowed, and to attain this end their scattered families must be gathered into one place. In other words, we must found what our ancient Fathers called a reduction. This was the consummation to which all our endeavors were to be directed.

It was a hard task to bring together a people that were occupying twenty-seven different localities, to make reason triumph over the instinct of native place so powerful among savages, to instil a love of labor where idleness was inveterate, to satisfy insatiable appetites, and to extinguish the jealousies that were rife among the bands. Add to these obstacles, the redoubled efforts of the infernal powers to prevent the union, and it will seem as if the project were hopeless. Nevertheless, the chiefs could not fail to see clearly that all their interests depended upon the adoption of this plan, and they agreed upon this preliminary point, that without partiality towards any person, the preference should be given in selecting a site to that place which combined most advantages for the whole nation at large. There were only five places which could lay any claims to be chosen. In the first of these, all the conditions of wood, soil and water necessary for the purposes of a reduction were fulfilled, but on account of the spring floods, it was unsafe to build there. The second place spoken of possessed

gently sloping hills, fertile valleys and a broad field. The two extremities of the plain were bounded by two lakes, the resort of numerous wild fowl; a hill facing towards the South offered a fine position for a village. This, it should seem, held forth every inducement to be selected. But there was only one position suitable for building purposes, and that was deficient in springs and good lands, and besides it was too far away from the river. Nevertheless, no conclusion having yet been reached, and the joy manifested at our first meeting appearing to the old chief as a happy augury, he gave us a hearty welcome, and, although the sun was on the point of setting, he issued immediate orders to two Indians to go in search of the chiefs of Grand Lake.

Whilst waiting for these to comply with the invitation, we went to inspect the country of a fourth chief, since called Gabriel, situated at the distance of nine or ten miles from the place where we then were, and separated from the last mentioned district by mountain ranges communicating with each other only by paths so rugged and winding, that at first it appeared to have no chance of being selected in preference to the other places. But when we reached the point where it unfolds all its beauties and advantages, we were most agreeably surprised. Let one imagine, towards the South, a horizon of mountains whose lowest peaks touch the clouds; towards the East, a wide-extended landscape whose tints melted away into the azure of the skies; towards the West, beautiful stretches of water which disappear through dark gorges, and beneath our eyes a river with high banks forming a peninsula large enough to serve for the establishment of a plantation. Between this river and the lofty ground on which we stood, perpendicular rocks forming a grotto carpeted with verdure, clumps of pines growing straight upward, broken blocks of stone of every shape, and, finally, below these rugged beauties, a copious spring lending to the productions of the soil an air of freshness which is ordinarily witnessed only along the water courses; in the nearest environs all the woods suited for burning and building purposes; sugar maples, a quarry of white clay which

could supply for lime and whiting—all unanimously acknowledged that nothing could be better adapted to our purposes, and this decision gave us so much the more pleasure as it coincided with the judgment pronounced upon it by Fr. De Smet.

The good old chief, Ignatius, on learning our decision, was so depressed, that he was in danger of losing his mind. "What!" he cried, bursting into tears, "I who am upon the verge of the grave was in hopes that the word of God would rest upon my lands, and now it withdraws from them." Thereupon, he redoubled his lamentations, followed by heart-rending shrieks. But as the greater common good demanded that we should stand by the resolution which had been taken, we employed every effort to console him, and succeeded in making him see that the close proximity of the site selected would render it easy for him to reach it without much difficulty.

The pretended head chief of Grand Lake arrived. I call him *pretended*, for in truth he was only a chief for the occasion, not to say a fraudulent fellow. He was called *Stellam*, i. e. 'Thunder,' presumably on account of the extraordinary lung-power he displayed in his harangues. For more than one reason he was jealous of the chief whose land we had lately visited, but especially his exemplary conduct was a lively reproach to his own disorderly way of life. He was accompanied by another Indian named Montsatlem, 'The Mountain Bull,' who, notwithstanding his name, had a countenance sufficiently prepossessing, and a very conciliatory disposition, but his actions were completely under the influence of Stellam. Thus prejudiced, it was to be expected that they should look with an evil eye upon the choice that had been made: but as they could not gainsay the justice of the reasons upon which it had been based, they remained satisfied with the promise that we should go and spend the winter with them, binding themselves at the same time to join us, if we persisted in our choice. We subscribed the more readily to this arrangement, because the land of Gabriel could not just at present furnish the means of subsistence to all. But before

their departure, we could easily perceive that sincerity was not in any high degree to be numbered amongst their virtues, and what confirmed us in this thought was that Stellam had not been ashamed to hint that to deserve his protection it was necessary that he should be appointed the distributing agent of all the powder and tobacco that we had, claiming that a positive promise to this effect had been made to him by Fr. De Smet, at the time of his visit to the Spokanes. But to understand more clearly what sort of a man we had to deal with in the person of this chief, it will be necessary to go back to an earlier period.

A dozen years or so before this date, the Cœurs d'Alêne had only some very hazy notions concerning the Deity, a future state, the existence of the soul, etc. Their ideas of wrong did not comprehend much more than theft, deceit, and quarrels among themselves, and these crude notions of morality had force among them, because they had been handed down from their forefathers. Now about that time a Spokane Indian, having had some intercourse with the Protestants of Red River, returned to his own people with some rudimentary ideas of religion, mixed, it is true, with many errors, but yet novel enough to pique their curiosity.

A Cœur d'Alêne Indian having listened to the traveler's story spoke about it to his countrymen, and the news spreading quickly from neighbor to neighbor, a great number of Cœurs d'Alêne, being curious to learn what should be believed on the subject from the lips of him who had been its echo, met together for that purpose in the country of Temisposomen. Stellam came there also, less through any desire of enlarging his religious knowledge than to assume the role of objector. He carried his opposition beyond the mere limits of contradiction, for during the course of the meeting he insulted the narrator, saying: "It well becomes you, young man, to pretend to teach us." Before separating from the others, he painted his body with grotesque figures, and went off in such a manner as to leave them all under the impression that he had cast a spell over the assembly. Whatever may be thought of such a belief, it happened that no sooner had he gone away than an epi-

demic broke out which carried off many of the people. This method of acting goes to prove what has been said of the proud and haughty character of our chief. But Divine Mercy knows how to draw good from evil. "I have heard this (it is the missionary who narrates it), from the lips of a good old man, who came nigh falling a victim to the plague. Whilst I was in a swoon, said he to me, I perceived a light streaming down from the sky, and a globe of blue color which descended towards me, and at the same time I heard a voice that said: 'Tell your brethren that their prayer is bad; that henceforth they must place their confidence in Him alone who created the world, and in Jesus Christ, his Son, who redeemed it. Cast down the idols on the mountain which projects into the lake; address your supplications to Jesus Christ; have faith and the pestilence will cease.'"

It may possibly be that all this was the effect of a disordered imagination still vividly excited by the news of the day before: and this explanation is rendered more probable from the fact that the sick man was in a delirious state. But when the vision had passed away, it is most certain, that scarcely had the dying man obeyed the voice that he had heard, before his health was restored, he arose in his full strength, and going through the sick camp, he reported what had happened to him, and persuaded all of them to do as he had done, and all having imitated his example were in the same manner restored to health.

The upright character of this good old man and the pious gratitude which made him shed tears whenever he mentioned the occurrence, do not permit any suspicion to be thrown upon that portion of the affair, of which he was the only witness. The other circumstances are attested by such a multitude of witnesses still living, that no man of good faith can withhold his belief in regard to them. Furthermore, it is incontestable, that from that date all superstitious observances ceased, and they would probably have been forever done away with, had not the miserable Stellam re-established their credit, in consequence of a meeting of the Medicine Men.

THE DEDICATION OF  
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S, N. Y.

If any of the readers of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS had peeped into our new church in New York seven days prior to its dedication, he would have been tempted to protest:—"how in the world can all be got ready by Sunday next!" In fact, a great many onlookers not only said this again and again, but kept on repeating it in the most tantalizing way. One great anxiety among others was the completion of the pews. A whole set of pews had already ascended to heaven as a fiery holocaust in the Indiana factory where they had been constructed. New ones had consequently to be manufactured. For fully six months every member of the community had conscientiously discussed the pews twice every day. "Have the pews come?" was asked with persistent regularity by everybody every morning, and the laconic reply:—"No! but they're on the way," was so invariable, that nobody any longer believed it; venerable Fathers laughed, but of course in their sleeves, and even those models of mild propriety — our estimable scholastics — were beginning to exhibit slight symptoms of cynicism. At last—to the confusion of all skeptics, a cart load of the constituent factors of pews arrived from Richmond and kept on arriving by intermittent instalment. Ends without backs—backs without props—then more backs than ends—next more ends than seats, and even this not without a great deal of the electric battery on the part of exasperated superiors. As you may believe, everybody had pews on the brain. In spite of all, however, the church was decently in order for the consecration of the five beautiful marble altars on Friday morning, December the first.

The ceremony was a long one, lasting some five hours, and the devout congregation had a patient opportunity of

drinking in edification by admiring the unwavering meek and reverent deportment of our saintly archbishop. The peace of God which reigns in his soul overflows itself in a demeanor most Christ-like and gentle—it does a man good even to look upon Archbishop Corrigan.

Early on Saturday evening all the arrangements were well completed. True, the perverse pews were not all there, but this was a real advantage in its way, because it afforded more standing-room than would otherwise have been available. Loving hearts stole in again and again on that last night to feast their eyes on that most contenting sight. Everything seemed to be reposing in quiet radiant loveliness. "T is like the Bride awaiting the Bridegroom," whispered a dear Father whose present absence in Washington is a source of misery to many beside the writer of this chronicle. And so it was. The very silence seemed to breathe the prayer: "Come for all things are now ready!" "*Veni, Veni, Emmanuel!*" The High Altar so noble in its own natural legitimate comeliness, unspoiled by tawdry trappings, lace or spangles, and far less by the tasteless vulgar displays which too often degrade the Table of the Lord to the level of a horticultural market-stand—the six grand massive candlesticks holding aloft their tall, graceful wax tapers, with four slender but stately palms growing in between—the only decoration—the rich green sanctuary carpet looking like a fresh-mown lawn—the whole effect was not only elegant and captivating, but dignified and majestic.

Meanwhile the old church had died in glory. The closing services comprised a solemn novena with discourses every evening by *alumni* of the college, such as are the Reverend Fathers Fox, O'Connor, Halpin, Cassidy, Pardow and Campbell. The sermon at the last high Mass was delivered by Father Merrick, the *quondam* pastor. There was a packed congregation. The good man preached in so pathetic a strain that everybody was in tears. *Te Deum* brought the function to a close.

The melodrama of this parting scene was somewhat comically enhanced by a histrionic but genuine *improvisamento*

on the part of the six altar lights. It must be explained—not without blushes—that the altar was furnished with those abominable imitation candles called “dummies,” having an arrangement of springs within:—an invention worthy of that venerable friend of our childhood, “Jack-in-the-box.” As the Mass proceeded, one light after another extinguished itself, so that when the *Te Deum* began only one solitary light was burning. As the solemn chant proceeded, the wick of this surviving candle leant piteously over, clinging for dear life to its tin-sided supporter, and after repeated spasmodic efforts died of sheer grief and exhaustion just as the hymn came to an end.

The long-expected morn of Advent Sunday—December 3, 1882, awoke full of sunshine, but piercingly cold. The Archbishop and clergy vested in the old church and thence advanced in procession to bless the outer walls of the new one. This accomplished, the procession entered the church singing the Litany of the Saints, chanting it, *more romano*, in its true diatonic form and not spoiling it by the use of that modern mode, which has unfortunately become so common in this land and which changes the whole character of what is meant to be a plaintive strain. The Litany is intended to be a penitential exercise; the new method of singing it converts it into a pæan of joy and triumph. This may indeed be pleasant to listen to, and easier to sing, but the effect is the contrary of that which Holy Church has herself in mind. This consideration is humbly offered to those who instead of carefully studying the science of their church's own chant from her own authorized liturgical books, content themselves by adopting the vagaries of some provincial use, or worse still by following the cheap elementary manuals of so-called church chant arranged for the use of Sunday-School girls.

At all events, if we accept the verdict of the *New York Tribune*, the Litany as sung on this occasion produced the desired effect—“The Archaic music, like an echo of the Middle ages, was strangely impressive.”

There were present 2 Archbishops, 3 Bishops, 3 Domes-



tic Prelates, 2 Provincials, 2 ex-Provincials, 9 Rectors of Colleges, 23 Parish Priests and some 20 others who were for the most part alumni of the College and Curates in the Arch-diocese. "Ours" were also represented in large numbers.

His Eminence, the Cardinal, supported by his attendant clergy, entered the Sanctuary at the offertory, his increasing infirmities not permitting him to be present during the preliminary portion of the service and the long sermon.

It should be mentioned that the First Sunday in Advent being *primæ classis*, a special indult granted by his Holiness Leo XIII. in consideration of the exceptional interest of the occasion, permitted the commemorations of St. Francis Xavier to be made at Mass; and of course on the principle, "*Favores sunt ampliandi*," the pervading character of the service was jubilant rather than sad, gold predominated over the purple, and the organ far from being silent was supplemented by a full orchestra.

The entire Mass was sung, that means to say, the Introit, Gradual, Offertory and Communion were chanted at their proper times as well as the Kyrie and Creed, etc. The latter were sung to figured music and were rendered in a masterly style which won universal praise.

At St. Francis Xavier's there can be no question that the boys are admirably trained, and if there is a fault, it lies in the direction of over-refinement. Indeed, one of our distinguished guests—who when at home presides over a college—"a dear innocent soul"—(to quote the venerable Father Stonestreet) was in his surprised perplexity and to our considerable amusement, constantly protesting in a knowing tone of voice:—"But they sing just like women"—as who should say, "Don't think to take *me* in; surplices can cover a multitude of sins!"

The newspapers spoke of the music in the highest terms, *The New York Sun* alone excepted. The Reporter representing that Journal chanced to be a highly sententious young gentleman who delights to vent himself in very

strong emphatics with regard to woman's rights in choirs, but even he seems to have felt that the music was sacred, for he very prudently, if not very generously, held his peace on the subject altogether.

The *Herald* was more genuine; according to him, "the music was of inexpressible sweetness and charm," but he thought that this might be partly attributed to the perfect acoustic properties of the building. The *Tribune*—the only real musical critic among the reporters, described it as "a peculiarly impressive musical service."

However all this may be, there can surely be no doubt that the choir as it exists is admirably suited to a Jesuit Church, and more especially one with such scholastic surroundings as St. Francis Xavier's.

The ceremonies were all that could be wished. Order and tranquillity went hand in hand. The fussy *ceremoniaris* was conspicuous only for his absence, and the proverbial "Jesuit in Holy Week" did not put in an appearance. Monsignor Preston, the Vicar General, openly affirmed that never in his life had he witnessed a great function in which the ceremonies were conducted with such correctness, coolness, order and precision.

"The scene at the elevation," to quote a reporter, "was solemn in the extreme. The scarlet of the Cardinal, the purple of the Bishops and Monsignori, the surpliced priests, the youthful altar boys in their rich white soutanes, the gleaming light, the beautiful blue-veined altar itself, the solemn majesty of the officiating Archbishop, the wreaths of incense ascending on high, formed a picture of majesty and grandeur that can be witnessed no where outside the Roman Catholic Church."

The edifice was comfortably full, but not over-crowded. After the beginning of Mass the doors were thrown open to all comers. This little fact is carefully chronicled because it gives the lie direct, to certain ungenerous strictures which appeared in a journal of not too Christian a tone, and which were not merely disedifying but absolutely untrue.

The Te Deum brought the ceremonies to a close.

In the evening the Bishop of Newark who is an *alumnus* of the College, pontificated and Archbishop Corrigan preached. The Church was brilliantly lighted by jets of gas running above the entablature and thus incircling the entire structure.

The following day—Monday the 4th—the transferred Feast of St. Francis Xavier, the Very Rev. Fr. Hudon, S. J., sang the solemn Mass, the whole College assisting. Solemn Vespers were chanted at night and a sermon was preached by Rev. Father Lilly, O. P.

Next evening (Tuesday) the much admired Stations of the Cross were solemnly blessed by the Very Rev. Father Charles, Provincial of the Franciscan Order. Fr. Wayrick, C. SS. R., preached on Wednesday night, and Fr. Birk, C. P. S., on Thursday. Friday, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, was kept with solemn Mass and Vespers, Fr. Hewitt, the Paulist, preaching the evening sermon. On Saturday morning the College boys attended Mass and Fr. Campbell "improved" a shining quarter-of-an-hour — by which it is mildly hinted that the length of his discourse was not the measure of all he ever saw, or read, or dreamed, or heard of, but was short, practical, eloquent, pithy and to the point.

With Sunday appeared Father Maguire to open a fortnight's mission—one week for women and the next one for men—and from the point of view that a mission is intended to rouse sleepy sinners, it was eminently successful. Fr. Maguire blew "the Trumpet in Sion" with no uncertain sound. Our venerable Father Thebaud was heard to remark that never in all his experience had the people's consciences been so deeply awakened. The Men's Mission was a comforting sight, especially when over 200 came up to the altar to consecrate themselves to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, by joining the Arch-Sodality.

It is difficult to estimate the number of confessions and communions. The men's week lasted right up to Christmas Eve; and of course all the women converted during the previous week, and all the other women, desired to make their

Christmas confessions as well as the men. In consequence of all this zeal people had literally to fight their way into the confessionals—and I regret to record that the women proved themselves the mistresses of the situation. And if for once a pun may be forgiven, “they held the fort.” I doubt whether any of the Fathers engaged in hearing confessions will ever forget Christmas Eve, 1882.

On the last night in the year the beautiful Roman custom so long established at the Gesù, was inaugurated at our Church in New York. The Most Rev. Archbishop pontificated, and the *Miserere* and *Te Deum* were sung before the Benediction Throne of our Lord Jesus Christ. The scene was in the highest degree brilliant and impressive.

There is hardly anything more to be added, by way of chronicle, except the course of popular Sunday evening addresses commenced by Fr. Prendergast on the first Sunday in the year 1883, and which are still in progress. They are a great success. The discourse on Eternal Punishment, was according to all who listened to it, a masterpiece of theological reasoning, good taste and common sense. It is a source of great thankfulness that many of the Pastors in New York are beginning to open their churches on Sunday night, and thus attracting by the charms of God's worship, giddy souls who would otherwise risk their faith and their virtue by seeking recreation elsewhere on that most dangerous evening of the week.

The Lenten conferences will be given by Fr. Pardow.

The old church is metamorphosed into a “New Hall.” Platform, footlights, piano and the star spangled banner are there already. Mr. Walsh, who it may be remembered left Woodstock in a dying state, is so far from the “moribund,” that he is now aspiring to the post of theatrical manager. He desires to introduce a veritable stage, trap-doors, drop curtain and all complete:—but there is a Rector at home, and his reverence desires to know “who will pay for it?”

## MISSIONARY LABORS OF FATHER MAGUIRE AND COMPANIONS,

FROM JANUARY 21ST TO MARCH 18TH.

ST. FRANCIS', PHILADELPHIA, (Jan'y 21—Feb'ry 2).— This church, under the patronage of St. Francis Xavier, was begun in 1839, by Rev. Michael O'Connor, who at that time was a professor in the diocesan seminary. The sodality, the largest, perhaps, in the city, was organized in 1856, by Fr. Barbelin of the Society. The present church is quite a large and imposing structure, and can hold in mission times nearly three thousand people.

The weather was intensely cold during the first days of the retreat, and the church was badly heated. The Fathers had to put up with this inconvenience, not to mention others arising from bad air and draughts of cold wind from the doors and windows. Theorists on ventilation would have to admit there is a conflict betwixt science and religion, and when hardened sinners are to be reconciled to God we must yield to the inevitable. The people of St. Francis' are engaged principally in factories, and though the associations in these places are of the worst kind, and sinners abound, no one could complain of any lack of faith or fervor during the mission. The church was crowded even at the 5 o'clock Mass, especially during the men's week, and when the bad walking is taken into consideration, we can but admire the good disposition of the congregation. At night, the church was filled to overflowing. This was the third mission given by the leader of the mission in this church, and in every respect, it was the most successful. From the first days of the exercises, many Protestants applied for instruction, and by the end of the two weeks nineteen names were on the list. Fifteen of these candidates were baptized on the day after the mission ended; the others were left under instruc-

tion. As most of these converts are married to Catholics, we can hope more surely for their perseverance.

During the two weeks many marriages were set right, and some children were baptized. These things happen in every mission. Our thanks are due to Frs. Maginn, McElhone, Gallagher, Brannan, McAnany, Regnery, Meagher, Scully and Daily, secular priests, and to Frs. Romano and O'Neil of the Society for helping us in the confessional.

The following extract from the *Catholic Standard* of Feb. 10th will be, doubtless, interesting :

"THE JESUIT MISSION AT ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S was brought to a close last Sunday evening, when Father Maguire, before imparting the Papal Benediction to the men, announced the grand results of the labors of himself and his three companions, Fathers Morgan, Hamilton and Kavanagh. During the two weeks nearly nine thousand confessions were heard. Almost one-half of these people must have come from other parishes. Some of them went to Communion in their own parish churches, but as many as eight thousand Communions were administered in St. Francis'. An extremely gratifying feature of the Mission was that the church was filled, especially during the men's week, at the first and last Masses, when instructions were given. There were fifteen persons received into the Church. About fifty adults were prepared for the reception of First Communion. Fully one hundred such persons gave their names for Confirmation, and they will receive this sacrament at the first opportunity.

"The Mission was remarkably well attended by both men and women, and apparently there were even more of the former than the latter. The children also did nobly, about a thousand of them going to the exercises held specially for them. All of them who were capable of approaching the sacraments did so. The Papal Benediction was given to them on last Sunday morning by one of the missionary Fathers in the chapel of St. Francis' school, on Green street, below Twenty-fourth. At the same time about two hundred and fifty of them were formed into an Angels' Sodality.

"On Sunday afternoon there was a grand celebration of the B. V. M. Sodality. The church was packed by Sodalists and others. Prof. MacGonigle had had the Sodalists in training for some time, and the singing, which he himself directed, was excellent, at least as fine as that of any of the many other Sodalities taught by him. A beautiful discourse on the nature of devotion to the Blessed Virgin and the advantages of belonging to her Sodality, was preached by Fr. Hamilton. He also received one hundred and eighty ladies and eighty-five gentlemen into the Sodality, a magnificent accession of strength. The pastor, Rev. James Maginn, is Spiritual Director.

"The order of exercises was as follows: "Litany," "Heaven is Love," "Consecration to Mary," Reception, "Holy Family," "Christians to the War," "Ave Maria," "Veni Creator," Sermon, "Evening Prayer," "Guardian Angel," "Why art thou Sorrowful?" Benediction, "Tantum Ergo," "Laudate Dominum," "Jesus and Mary."

"For this occasion the high altar was handsomely and elaborately decorated with flowers and other ornaments and brilliantly illuminated."

ST. MICHAEL'S, TROY, N. YORK.—This church belongs to the Society and was built only a few years ago. Much good was done here by a mission given by Father Langcake, at the same time the other missionaries were in Philadelphia. There were fourteen hundred Communions.

STS. PETER AND PAUL, BOSTON, MASS. (Feb. 11-25).—Missionaries look for hard work in this parish, as it is one of the largest in the city, but the kindness of the genial pastor makes the work seem less hard. From the beginning to the end of the mission, all the exercises were well attended. At night, a double mission had to be given; that is services were held in the church and in the basement. Frs. Langcake, Hamilton, Russo, Blenkinsop, the brother of the pastor, and Morgan gave the exercises. During the two weeks over eleven thousand Communions were given. The forty

hours' devotion, which followed the mission, ran the number of Communions up to fourteen thousand. Many thanks are due to the priests of this church and the neighboring parishes for their kind help in the confessional at no little sacrifice to themselves. Our Fathers of the College and of St. M<sup>ary</sup>'s were also very good to us in the same way.

This congregation is made up almost entirely of people, who earn their livelihood in shops and factories in the city. Many cannot speak English, especially some of the old persons, and it is no little trouble to get rid of them, when they come to confession, thinking you are from Limerick, or Cork, or Galway. Though your eyes may never have gazed with rapture upon the emerald hills of the old country, you are thought to be a queer man for not giving shrift to the penitent, to one of your own town. An interpreter will explain, if there is one to be had; if you cannot find one, you have to remain under the cloud, and hope for a better understanding afterwards.

Special instructions were given every day to the children; in the evening two of the Fathers explained the catechism to adults preparing for the sacraments. Eight Protestants came the first night to be received into the Church. Four did not return, because they were told that to become Catholics they must be first well instructed in doctrine. They thought everything could be done in a few minutes. At the end of the mission the Most Rev. Archbishop confirmed two hundred and ninety-six adults, four of whom were converts. The Fathers in charge of the adults also prepared one hundred and seventy-five for First Communion.

Amongst the other fruits of this mission, the best our Fathers have given in the parish, it may be mentioned as a consoling fact that the Sodalities for young women and for young men were largely increased. The latter under the care of its zealous director, Rev. Hugh Roe O'Donnell, received nearly two hundred candidates.

The Fathers were much pleased with their work in Boston. The Communions were greatly ahead in numbers of those of previous missions. The work was hard, monoto-



nous, a dreary desert without an oasis, except an amusing incident now and then, which one is too tired to appreciate at the end of the week. The boys here say, "I *runs* away from Mass;" sometimes they make the verb regular in the past tense, and say, "I *runned*." The Irish say, "I *stood* away from Mass." The Philadelphia boy *bags* Mass. "Now, all this can be explained, no doubt, and by it one has an insight into the character of the people. The Bostonian is all go-ahead, hence he runs from Mass, as he runs for an office. The Irishman having had to stand at Mass in the old country, naturally *stands* away from it, when absent. The Philadelphian borne along by Quaker traditions, quiet and sedate withal, looking neither to the right nor the left, self-satisfied, *bags* the Mass.

J. A. M.

ST. GABRIEL'S CHURCH, NEW YORK.—On February 11th we opened a mission at this church, East 37th street, New York city, Father Clowry, pastor. The last mission was given by our Fathers three years ago. Every year the pastor has a retreat, or something of the kind, to stir up his people. If possible he has our Fathers for this work. He estimates his parish at 8000 souls, but, in reality, he does not know. In proof of this, I need but repeat his own words to Archbishop Corrigan in my presence. "There are people living next door to the church, that I knew nothing about." "Not know those along side of the church?" said the Archbishop. "Yes," he said, "I found that I knew nothing about them." This conversation was brought about by talking of the confessions heard; and he was telling what he had found out. As the crowd was so great, he was always ready to help, and did his share of hearing confessions. The women's week was very trying, the weather was so bad; yet the church was *packed* every night. The church, they say, will hold 2500, but we found out at the mission that it could hold many more. It was a common thing to see a row of the people standing, and another sitting in the same pew. So closely were they packed in the aisles, that the

collectors could hardly get through. The men were not one bit behind the women in numbers, if anything, more were present during their week. The ushers say they put seven (7) men where they put five (5) women. Yet the church could not hold them, and many were satisfied to stand outside and listen at the windows. The police officers on duty had to turn hundreds away, there being no room inside. The Fathers who gave the mission were Fr. Maguire and Fr. Kavanagh of the regular band, nobly aided by Fathers Dowling, Forhan, Jerge and Walker, who are making their third year of probation at Frederick, Md. Besides these six Fathers, the pastor and his assistants gave a helping hand. Frs. Toner, Petitdemange, Haugh, O'Leary, and White also came to help us. When it is taken into consideration that these Fathers have their own work to do and plenty of it, the meed of praise due them is beyond our power to bestow. As for Fathers O'Leary and Toner we cannot think of even beginning to repay them for their kindness and willingness to help. They have made us feel that there is no danger of our ever calling on them, and being disappointed. The number of confessions heard was close on 12,000, and I must say the greater number of them was of long standing. This it was that made the pastor say that he did not know Catholics living next door to the church. It is astonishing what cases will be found in time of a mission. I had one who made the first mission given in the church which was in 1863 or '64. He had not been to church since, nor was it his intention to make the mission. To give it in his own words, as nearly as I can, may be better. "I have not been to church, Father, since the first mission given in this church, and did not intend to come now, but the night before last I asked a friend what theatre I should go to, to see a good play. He told me to go to Father Clowry's, so I came." I must say that he gave all the signs of being determined to do better for the time to come. Another was a woman of thirty-nine years who had never been to confession. Her history is a strange one, and shows how good God is. She was born in England; when

seven years old her father died, and the mother was not able to support the family. She was put in a Protestant institution, where she remained till she was thirteen years old, then she went to service. She married a Protestant, before a Protestant minister, of course, and some time afterwards came to this country. She had all her children baptized in the Catholic Church, and even succeeded in having her husband baptized three years ago. Yet she had not been to confession before this mission, when she made her first Communion and was confirmed with her husband. Not to multiply cases I will give but one more. A woman came to speak about her son. He was born during the war, and the father did not want to have him baptized till he returned. The father was killed and the mother seemed to forget that the child was not baptized, and allowed him to grow up in this way. He was sent, as a boy, to the Catholic protectory, and there made his First Communion, on the supposition that he was baptized. Now the mother comes to tell about it. Fortunately the young fellow came too, and was baptized.

At the end of the mission, the sacrament of Confirmation was administered. There were 203 adults Confirmed; 140 made their First Communion; 7 were received into the church, and 6 left under instruction.

MISSION AT THE CATHEDRAL AT ALBANY, N. Y. — On March 4th, Father Maguire with Fathers Langcake, Morgan, Kavanagh and Forhan opened a mission at the Cathedral of Albany, N. Y. There has not been a mission in this church for fourteen years. The former pastor did not think it necessary as he thought all his people went to their duties regularly. But he was sadly mistaken, as we found out to our cost.

The present pastor judging from some missions he had in past time in his church, and considering the size of the Cathedral, did not want to have the men and women separated. But Father Maguire insisted, and said it would be more beneficial, even if the church were not filled, After

many letters, the pastor consented to let it be as Father Maguire wanted. The result proved the wisdom of so doing. The church will seat from 1800 to 2000 comfortably, but to seat all the women who came, it would need to be half as large again. Those around the church were surprised. They did not know what to make of it. "Where did all the women come from?" said one of them to me. I could do nothing but smile, as I was never in Albany before. But on the first night of the men's week, words could not express their surprise. At least five hundred more men than women came. One of the papers in speaking of it, said that "never in the history of Albany were so many men seen together in one place. Politically or otherwise there were more men at the Cathedral last night than were ever assembled together in Albany." But the first night was the poorest of the lot; every night seemed to bring more.

It was a grand sight to the pastor,—and the wonder of the city. Boys were kept out, therefore none but men were present, and the number of young men showed that there is no danger for the Church there, provided they are attended to.

When Father Maguire asked to have Confirmation at the end of the mission, he was told that if there were any to be confirmed, of course, the Rt. Rev. Bishop would be only too happy to oblige. But he says I do not think you will have any, as we have Confirmation every year. The first couple of days there were not many for the class, but it was the lull before the storm. "How many new ones had you last night?" was asked of Father Morgan, who had charge of the class. "Seventy-five," he said. Next night there were seventy-five more, next night sixty more new ones, the following evening forty more; so it went on, and on the Sunday of the Confirmation four hundred and twenty were assembled to receive the sacrament. No one in Albany would believe it, unless he saw it. Four hundred and twenty grown persons from the age of twenty to eighty. There were very few under twenty. The Bishop was astonished. The pastor did not know what to make of it. But the fact was there.

Twelve converts were baptized and five or six left under instruction. Among the converts, was an old man who was known as an Atheist. He was brought to the class of instruction by a friend, and in reply to some questions put by Fr. Forhan wanted to show his knowledge and said that he knew that Aaron was a R. Catholic priest. That was a sticker. The second night he had a tooth pick, and kept himself busy chewing it. The third night he lent the weight of his authority to Father Forhan by saying to everything, "that's so, I read it myself in the Bible." He was true to the last and was on hand for Baptism and Confirmation. Among those who attended the sermons was Dan Rice, the famous circus man. Before he left Albany, which he did towards the end of the men's week, he called on Father Maguire, and thanked him for his sermons, and said that he felt their power and would keep them in mind, but that at present he could not enter the church as he was going to start a circus again. But he promised to keep it in mind, and did not doubt but he would soon become a Catholic. The first night he was so enthusiastic, that he remembered his late preaching tour and could hardly keep himself from getting up to let the people know how he felt. Poor Dan! I hope he will not let the grace of the call pass from him.

We had to call upon the priests of the city to help us to hear the confessions. There were *over* nine thousand heard, about four thousand of these being men. The last day but one of the mission was St. Patrick's day; instead of being, as we feared it would be, a hindrance to us, it was a help, as the men came to confession all day. We were afraid that evening on seeing so many in the church that we would not be able to get through, but I think all were heard; at least, no one was sent away.

On Sunday the 18th, the close of the mission, the Right Rev. Bishop gave the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and at the end turned to the people and addressed them. It was a grand sight; not a space in the immense church that was not filled. From altar to door, from wall to wall, nothing but faces to be seen. He told them that in his name and

in theirs he thanked the Jesuit Fathers for the good work done. Then he encouraged them to keep faithfully their good resolutions, and be faithful to the advice given them.

It was indeed a fit closing to a noble work; a scene that will not soon be forgotten by the people of Albany. During Holy Week, Father Langcake, who remained, gave a chance to others, to come forward, if for any reason they were prevented. His work for that week is not counted in this report. Add to the 12 Baptisms, 9000 confessions and 430 confirmed, 180 First Communions of adults, and you will have the result of the two weeks. But the good done will only be known, when the registry in the chancery of heaven is examined.

H. K.

PATERSON, N. J.—Father Walker gave the exercises in St. John's church in this city from March 4th to the 12th, with extremely gratifying results. He says: "The retreat for the various Societies and Sodalties of this fine congregation, which numbers 9000 souls, came to a close last night. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Wigger came to honor us with his presence, and close the exercises with solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The church is 72x170 in the clear, and it was packed every night,—pews and aisles jammed. Last night there were many outside of the church. The number of Communions was three thousand. I said the first Mass myself at 5.30, and gave an instruction of fifteen or twenty minutes. At the 8 o'clock Mass, I gave another instruction. These two Masses were well attended the pews being about two thirds full."

AUBURN, N. Y.—This place is in the diocese of Rochester. It is a beautiful town, settled in a great measure by New England men, who are always remarkably tidy in their household surroundings. These people are always hostile to the Church, and seldom come to hear us; but this is not the case in New England itself. Frs. Hamilton, Jerge and Massai gave the mission, working hard for two weeks (March 4-18), and then ending all with the forty hours' de-

votion. There were 4700 Communions. Towards the last day of the mission the Rt. Rev. Bishop McQuaid confirmed 106 persons above the age of sixteen. "The First Communion of adults," writes Fr. Hamilton, "is postponed until June. I am fatigued, but hold out very well. We heard confessions four nights of the men's week until 11 P. M.; Saturday until 11.30, and Sunday evening until 10 o'clock. We had a sermon each Saturday; it was the pastor's wish."

ST. JOSEPH'S, PHILADELPHIA (March 11-18).—This old church, from time immemorial, has had its yearly retreat. One might as well fancy the Visitation Nuns sacrificing the annual repast on the Exercises of St. Ignatius, as St. Joseph's people doing without their Passion Week stirring up. Great good is done, as persons come from all sides to this quiet nook, to take part in the spiritual banquet, and to find peace for their souls. Father Dowling of the third probation writes to Father Maguire: "Order of exercises: 5.30, Mass; 6, Instruction; 6.30, 7, 8.30, Masses; 9, Instruction; 3.30, P. M. Stations; 7.30, Beads; 7.45, Sermon, followed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. Father Russo gave the two morning instructions; Father Dowling the Stations and the night sermon. The attendance was excellent. Number of Communions, 4050. Number of Confessions, 3712. Several couples, living as man and wife, without the formality of a marriage, were married. Some six or seven adults applied for First Communion, and were given in charge to the pastors; the same was done for a few who desired to enter the Church. The Sodality of the B. V. M. received about twenty new members. The exercises closed Palm Sunday night with a sermon and Papal Benediction, followed by solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament."

GENERAL RESULTS: Communions, 53,750; First Communion (adults), 551; Confirmation (adults), 1135; Baptisms, (adults), 38; Left under instruction, 16.

## WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

THEN AND NOW—*By Fr. J. Joset.*

SPOKANE FALLS, June 24th, 1882.

*Tempora mutantur!* and this country is a remarkable exponent of the truth of the saying. When we arrived here back in the Apostolic days, it was a savage country in the full sense of the word. In point of fact it was a wilderness owned by the savage whose barbarous customs prevailed everywhere. You would journey in those times for whole weeks and months without encountering a human being; and as long as you stayed here you were quite cut off from civilization. In proof of this last-mentioned fact, it is only necessary to remark that it took two years for a letter to come from Europe, nay, even from the Eastern part of the United States, or from St. Louis or the Missouri. It was when we were laboring under difficulties such as these that Very Rev. Fr. General Roothan once wrote to us: "How can I speak to you, afar off as I am, and beset with obstacles in the way of communication? I can only say: Do your best." We were used to travel on horseback, or in Indian canoes in case the journey were a short one; but whether travelling in either way we always had to take along all such necessaries of life as provisions, tents, beds, utensils, etc. We crossed the rivers in Indian barges. It is true that this mode of travelling was slow and tedious, but it had withal its attractions: first of all, you were everywhere at home; then you could choose for your encampment any beautiful spot you pleased, with rich pasture for the horses near by, wood for fuel close at hand as well as water, and a soft grassy carpeting around you of nature's own deft weaving. In winter a few branches strewn over the snow made a comfortable couch. In general, the more



busily occupied you were in this kind of life, the better you liked it.

In January, 1846, we had a rain that better deserved the name of deluge; it continued even up to the moment of our halting, when I took up my station beside a fallen tree that measured four feet in diameter. On this occasion, my companion, who amongst lazy Indians passed for laziness personified, for once forfeited his reputation. Whilst he occupied himself with caring for the horses, I cut some stakes with which to prop up the hut and also lighted the fire. My Indian companion, his first work done, next set about cutting down some small trees and, breaking them up into pieces of the proper length, he afterwards took them to the spot that was pointed out to him. In this way our big tree was quickly in a blaze, and the heat of this bonfire soon dried us where we were beneath our tent. But the ground on which we tented was both icy and sloping: hence the water soon began to run underneath our feet; then out of strips of bark of about two inches thickness I made a little platform on which to rest our beds; this done, we supped, sang, said our prayers and passed a happy night.

It was in February, 1859, that in company with Rev. Fr. De Smet, the venerable founder and ever ready benefactor of these missions, I was standing upon the further shore of Pend'Oreille Lake; it was just after the war of the Cœurs d'Alêne. Fr. De Smet turned to me, saying: "In a few years there will be a city standing on this site and steamships will ply up and down this lake." What a flight of fancy, thought I to myself. And yet what has happened? The event has sealed the truth of the Father's prediction and proven a lack of foresight on the part of your humble servant. One after another, war, the construction of military routes, and finally the mines have brought the whites hither: once here they were charmed with the country and spoke and wrote of it untiringly. But it was emigration that cast the final die; for with it Fr. De Smet's prophecy was fulfilled and many other things undreamt of then. Now we have

not only steamships, but also a railroad, two lines of telegraph, and cities springing up from the ground like mushrooms. Yes indeed, everything is changed: instead of vast wastes, the eye meets beautiful fields; the Indian, being now in the minority, is no longer lord and master of the land; now he must needs be quick in availing himself of the government grants to choose a homestead and domicile; otherwise he will not have ground whereon to set up his poor wigwam and may not be able to cut wood for his camp-fire. The whites in the past were fearful of the Indians: of this fact the numerous military posts that dot the country give ample evidence; now the tables are turned, it is for the Indian to tremble and keep himself in check, and as for the forts, they are at present well nigh useless.

This is not all I have to say. We must change our customs to suit our changed circumstances. We came hither expressly to work for the Indians' welfare, and up to the present time we have had dealings only with them. In order, however, to keep our missions flourishing we ought to conciliate the new-comers: now, you must know there is no sympathy lost between the whites and the Indians and were we to confine our ministry to the savages we would share in that disfavor with which the whites look upon our flock. On the other hand the Indian keeps an eye upon his rival whose superiority he cannot fail to recognize: if then the whites appreciate the missionaries, the Indians will also esteem us the more. Considering, moreover, that the white man also has a soul to save, what wonder that we minister to the spiritual needs of white and red alike. Notwithstanding our own fears, we are bold in answering the seers who foretell the coming dissolution of the Indian families, and consequently of the Indian missions,—that both their prophetic selves and we shall have long been in the grave before the missions are destroyed.

Some time ago I was called by Rev. Fr. Superior to Spokane Falls. On my arrival, Fr. Superior told me that a friend of ours, the geologist of the rail-road Co., had asked for one of the Fathers as companion and interpreter for him

among the Kalispels. The occasion was a good one for visiting the tribe which had not had a priest since the preceding summer. Our friend secured places for us on the train as far as to the lake, a distance of more than twelve miles; we took along our beds, our friend his tent. The train left at 6 o'clock, P. M.; at 8 o'clock, P. M. it stopped at Westwood to allow us to take supper, and at the stroke of 11 o'clock, P. M. we were at our journey's end. Everybody, barring the sentry, was asleep. Through his letters from the railroad authorities, the geologist counted on a courteous reception; doubtless also he wished to see his companion, the septuagenarian missionary, treated becomingly. He asked, therefore, to be led to the chief employé of the road at his camp which was situated in a marshy forest. The sentinel, thereupon, hoisted my bed upon his shoulders, our scientific friend shouldered his own, and thus burdened we trudged along, our friend who was ahead with his lantern giving us timely warning of fallen trees and branches to be avoided. Finally, we reached the camp, when our man, who after his day's fatigue was not overpleased at our arrival, scrutinized our papers and said to the sentinel: "Lead these gentlemen to such a barrack." There was no help for it, we had to resume our journey of the night and betake ourselves to the opposite end of the camp, which stood on the side of a rather steep hill. Arrived there, another individual, who like his fellow was found in bed, was unlike him in affording us a better reception; for he picked out an empty place for us wherein we might stow ourselves away. There was a littering of straw on the spot too; but it was not thick enough to protect one from the dampness of the ground. Fortunately I had with me a water tight wrapper, and upon this we stretched our bed and took a peaceful sleep. The following morning we had to make our way across the fields, for the conductor in charge of the train not being informed about us had naturally enough started without us at an early hour. After rising we entered the workmen's barrack and breakfasted there. My companion wished to settle for our departing on the baggage-wagon;

we had then, mind you, already taken to the road when my scientific friend formed his resolve of awaiting the said wagon. However, everybody told us that it was already overloaded and had no room to hold us, albeit our little store of effects was aboard it. So then it only remained for us to take to foot travelling along a path that was rough, muddy, and in fact, abominable; every moment it was necessary to pick your steps. Had I been alone I would never have minded our misfortune for a moment, but it must be known that all this time our man of science was out of sorts. Believe me, you must never take a sanguine-tempered person on a journey of this nature. It will only serve to sour his disposition. To begin with, my poor learned *socius* was not wholly pleased with the reception given him, and whenever he spoke it was to vent his spleen against that road master. I hearkened, not without some disgust, to these doleful strains; but it was music that had to be endured and that, too, daily as long as our journey lasted. Finally, he began a tirade against the Indians. He supposed, as the whites in these parts do only too often, that Catholic Indians are ready to obey the least sign of the missionaries, thus making us morally responsible for all harm done by the savages. My good friend was in error on this point, and found it out, as I shall relate anon.

By chance we came across a certain Mr. Campbell, the proprietor of a store at Ventnor on the lake shore, and he showed us many acts of kindness. While on the road we saw a crowd of white and Chinese workmen engaged in the building of bridges, etc. *Omnis vallis implebitur, omnis mons humiliabitur*. Alas! that among so many thousands who give themselves to these material works perhaps not one thinks of the moral significance of their labors. Towards midday we came upon a large camp: we went into a tent to get lunch, and fortunately were endowed with appetites that meant business; I say, fortunately; for the sight of these way-side taverns is not of a kind calculated to excite a desire for dinner. However, to quote an old French saying; *il ne faut pas avoir toujours le goût si difficile*. In the even-

ing we were at our lodgings in good time. Beyond the buildings of the railroad company, I had not as yet seen any pioneer settlements; the village comprised a market, a restaurant, a number of temporary cabins and about a dozen taverns. The population is made up of loafers, vagabonds, gamblers and general mainstays of a tavern. Mr. Campbell gave us of his best, but his shop was chock-full of merchandise and people. He took us to the restaurant for our supper, and when bed time came on, he invited us to scale a ladder that ran up the wall. It was not the first time I was called upon to play the athlete, so I climbed to the loft. The floor of the loft was already covered with recumbent sleepers; hence, another feat of gymnastics was called for in order not to step on anybody. There was only a small number of beds, one of which had been reserved for me. My guide let fall some drippings from the candle on a piece of wood, and thus improvised a candlestick. I would have preferred to sleep under the open sky in my blankets, but I could not easily decline the well-meant kindness of our hospitable friend. At another time, being in this district, I made bold to ask for a room to myself. They gave me one poorer than that of Eliseus. (In the prophet's chamber, as you know, there was a bed, a table, a stool and a candlestick). In mine, there was indeed a bedstead, but neither table nor candlestick. My hostess fetched me a stool, telling me it was the only one in the house. Add to this, that my apartment had a window with two squares of glass, only that one of them was broken, and yet in the face of all this, I deemed myself comfortable, considering where I was. On another occasion I wished to procure to myself the luxury of a room, but it was not to be had; sometimes, indeed, two of us had to go to sleep upon the same bed. As to the matter of cleanliness and a pair of white sheets, I leave you to infer whether they are to be expected here. Still, to appreciate comfort aright, you must sometimes feel its want. In the course of these last months I had come to learn the value of the smallest nook or corner where I might be alone; and, to tell the truth, our old-fashioned way of travelling,

that is, carrying along with us tent, bed, and cooking utensils, was by far preferable to the one of which I have been telling.

To return to our expedition. The following day we hired a canoe with three rowers and bore down stream. On the passage we met several Indians whom my friend, the geologist would fain have hired to accompany him to a place eighty miles distant, where he had discovered a mine. His purpose in this was to secure a means of transporting his gold to the line of the railroad. The Indians, however, would not travel with a *Sojapi*, as they called an American Protestant, giving as reason of their refusal the absence of their chief, without whose consent they could not undertake such a journey. Moreover, one of them said that one of the rowers whom we had hired was a scamp and had committed a crime that he then and there specified. Very probably too the Indian was correct in his accusation. We halted at the house of a merchant..around which were clustered several cabins; this was my chance to inform the Indians that the geologist was a Catholic like themselves, and to persuade them that if they agreed to the proposal made, I would settle the matter with their chief, that the three white men should be discharged, and that the geologist would make his journey with them alone. It was all to no purpose, however. I had my trouble for my pains in this act of diplomacy, to the great chagrin of my learned friend, who inveighed most heartily against our poor Indians. "They were," he said, "the worst Indians of any whom he had come across; they were enemies, and nobody could trust them, etc. The fact is that these brave Indians have always been on good terms with the whites, and they boast of never having harmed one of them: at the same time they are afraid of Americans, whose invasion of their country displeases them and serves to keep them aloof from the whites.

The chief, we were told, was expected daily at the mouth of the Priest river, ten miles off; thither, then, we journeyed. On the way we met the chief's daughters, who had come from Lake Roothaan on horseback, while the men were

coming by way of the river, hunting, and travelling leisurely. One of these women, who was already a grandmother, of her own accord went off in search of her father. She spent two days at the quest during which time it rained continually. Her journey extended over a tract of forest and was fruitless as far as its main object was concerned. "However," said she, "I have left a letter for him at his address;" then she explained the nature of the letter mentioned. At a certain point on the river bank that her father had to pass she had placed a certain sign whereby he would know that a missionary was present in the region. At this point my companion's patience gave out and he decided to push forward with his three rowers, since the treasure he had discovered lay above the great falls where Clark's river ceases to be navigable. Hence is seen his need of Indians to bring the gold down from the mine. There awaited him a difficult navigation of eighty miles. All this time I was only once forced to abide in an Indian tent, and then only because I could find no other.

The feast of All Saints was drawing near. Our present position made it impossible to think of saying Mass, so the other Indians had previously been told to gather at the settlement of the merchant of whom I have spoken; back to it, therefore, we came. The chief had seen the sign intended for him by his daughter and now joined us. I heard the confessions of the good savages and gave them Holy Communion. I was yet staying at this settlement when my treasure-hunter came back. He then proposed for the Indians again. The chief replied: "I cannot give permission; I must speak first with my people." A consultation ensued, the conclusion of which was that the station to be reached was too far away, being cut off from communication with the river, so that owing to the heavy falls of snow it was better to postpone the undertaking until spring. The treasure-seeker thereupon resumed his former abusive language. According to him, the real excuse was only Indian laziness; as for himself, he was sure there was a path on the route that led along the river-shore. Forthwith he left me again,

at which action I was not overpleased. I could stop then only a few days, for I had to go elsewhere in an opposite direction. The chief conducted me in his canoe as far as Ventnor, the land of taverns. You can have but a faint idea of this kind of travelling. It is as follows: you must sit down and keep quiet in the bottom of the boat which is two feet wide and one half of a foot in depth; this you do the whole day, unless, as was the case with us, the little craft had need of repairs, when it is necessary to steer for the bank. We had only eighteen miles to go; but it was straight against the current. Hence it was a great relief when we could land and move about a little. I often wondered at the skill of our poor savages, a clear evidence of the truth that, 'necessity is the mother of invention.' In making their canoes they stretch out the bark of white-pine trees upon a framework of nicely arranged pieces of wood, and close up the chinks with pitch: aboard this little craft they encounter storms with more assurance than we have on board our great vessels. There is no metal used in its construction, and what is still more surprising, the Indians made these boats before they got hold of any steel instruments. How, do you ask, did they join these little pieces of board? How did they cut those pine trees and strip them of their bark? I can only answer that they did all of these things and besides cooked their meat in caldrons of wood.

From Ventnor I took the stage and as there were no lodgings in the wood, I had perforce to await the train of the following day in an empty wagon. I arrived early at Westwood, another city of recent origin; there I delayed one day to hunt up some Catholic families, but found only some Indians from Colville, who came to confession to me. The following day I came home and spent a night there. Then I was off elsewhere.

J. JOSET, S. J.



## DEM ERARA.

*Letter from Fr. L. Casati to Fr. C. Piccirillo.*

PLAISANCE, Jan. 30, 1883.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER,

P. C.

\* \* \* \* \* I have many projects in my head, and I should like to carry them into execution, but I fear that they are going to end in air-built castles. My first and greatest want to be supplied is a little sack of those grains of faith which can move mountains, and then . . . . Meantime, I wish my intention to be recommended to the *Apostleship of Prayer*. My present purpose is to establish an association of good Portuguese young women, who, living withdrawn from the evil influences of the world, will have for the object of their institution to assist the Missionaries in the education of orphans, in caring for the sick, etc., after the manner of the Sisters of Charity. The want of ready money is the only obstacle to the accomplishment of this design.

Even here persecution begins to assail the Society. A certain man, who belonged to the Free Masons, wished to act as sponsor at a Baptism, and the Vicar General having rejected him, his friends have begun to write against us in the newspapers. I came in for my share of the abuse, because I had refused for the same office a man who had attempted to commit suicide; this man has died since then by the hands of his own son, who struck him so violent a blow as, without fully intending it, to deprive him of his senses, and he expired without the sacraments, and without giving any signs of repentance. Corruption is on the increase: in the city it is frightful; it is somewhat less in the country; but the empire of satan is daily extended more and more.

My church is adorned with a beautiful chapel of our Lady. The Sodality of the Sacred Heart increases in numbers and in fervor; the same can also be said of the Sodality of St. Aloysius. My life passes happily in the humble mission. It true that the little orphans now and then worry me with their mischievous pranks; but on the other hand, it is a true source of joy to see them making progress in virtue.

With the coming of Lent and Holy Week the labors of the mission are sensibly augmented, but these labors are recompensed by the greater good which is accomplished. A custom prevails here which was much in vogue with our early Fathers of France and Spain when they gave their missions. I subjoin a short account of this practice as it is carried out here during the procession of the Way of the Cross. On Passion Sunday, an image of our Lord Jesus Christ is used, representing Him as in the fourth station, when pressed down by the burden of the cross, he is in the act of meeting his Blessed Mother. The preacher begins his discourse inside the church, and narrates the history of the Passion down to the moment when Jesus begins his journey to the Mount of Calvary. At this point, the above-mentioned image is borne in by four members of the Confraternity. The procession starts, and halts at three different places within the precincts of the church-yard, where chapels have been erected with the pictures of the Stations of the Cross. When the last chapel has been reached, the sermon proper begins, during which the statue of Mary, the Mother of Sorrows, appears, as she comes forward to meet her Son. Then are heard the wailings and lamentations of the devout bystanders. After the sorrowful colloquy, the procession re-enters the church, and the two statues having been removed, the description of the Passion is continued, as far as the moment when our Lord is about to breathe his last. Then the curtain is withdrawn disclosing Christ upon the cross, with our Blessed Lady kneeling at its foot. Words cannot express the pious emotion of the people; they break forth into exclamations of pity, and frequently, the women

faint away overcome by their feelings. This scene is renewed in part on the evening of Good Friday. \* \* \* \*

I remain your affectionate and obedient servant in Christ.  
LUIGI CASATI, S. J.

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THE PRISONS AND HOSPITALS OF NEW YORK. <sup>(1)</sup>

*Letter of Fr. H. Duranquet.*

NEW YORK, Nov. 6, 1882.

REVEREND FATHER,  
P. C.

I once wrote—it was a good long time ago—a pretty lengthy letter in regard to the work which forms the subject of the present communication ; it was printed in *Les Etudes* in 1857 or 1859 ; I ought to have continued the narrative ; and if I can manage to be a little more faithful to my good resolutions, you will shortly receive a letter from me. In the meanwhile, here is an abridged report of our situation, our labors and their results.

Our mission of the prisons and hospitals of New York—the *Mission of the Islands*, as we call it,—employs at present five of our Fathers, which is one less than last year. Each Father says two Masses and preaches twice every Sunday. Three of us live constantly on our islands, and visit the College only once a week, for confession, for the supply of altar bread, etc. . . . In these various institutions there are more than ten thousand souls ; four fifths of them are Catholics, the majority being Irish or of Irish descent. The establishments of charity and correction, in which we exercise our ministry, are situated for the greater part on four islands, which belong to the municipality. These islands are all quite close to the city, except one which is almost twenty kilometres from New York. These different stations are

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<sup>(1)</sup> Translated from the *Lettres des Scholastiques de Jersey*, February, 1883.

reached by boats which belong to the authorities in charge. Our works of zeal meet with no opposition in the institutions which belong to the city. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said in regard to other houses which are controlled by parties who possess private charters.

It is unquestionable that the people of different nationalities, when they intermix, borrow the failings of one another, and lose to some extent their own characteristic virtues; nevertheless, our poor Irish people preserve enough of their native qualities, to render it possible to accomplish much good among them. Even the Fathers, when they first enter upon the mission, ordinarily find so much consolation, that their joy during some time partakes of the nature of real enthusiasm. It must, however, be owned that perseverance is not always the mark of the members of our dear flock; and many of the sinners so thoroughly converted in the prison or hospital, return again after a short time in a state *worse than the first*; but, they die most edifying deaths. And after all, are these poor people the only ones who after repeated falls reach the celestial throne? The Christian death of our parishioners is some consolation for their inconstancy. Were the missionaries only to see their converts after a short interval of time, how many fair illusions would vanish away. When we took charge of this work, I made the following remark to Archbishop Hughes, which was highly entertaining to His Grace: "Other missionaries," said I to him, "are like hunters who pursue their game; the mission of the Islands is a royal chase; the police officers *et ceteri* beat up the covers and drive the game in flocks to the missionary."

I spoke just now of inconstancy. Still we have at all times and everywhere a fair number of our good people who go to confession and receive Holy Communion. Cases of infidelity are phenomenal, and are met with almost exclusively amongst the Germans and French. It is only at long intervals that I have come across a poor Irishman who was an unbeliever. I regret to be obliged to say that of late years, I have had the sad experience of meeting with

several of them.—With respect to preaching, our dear parishioners are very easily satisfied, and they appreciate the efforts of their pastors. If they should understand nothing more than the *music* of the sermon, they would draw profit from it, at least for a time. I have already prepared for death more than twenty unfortunates, who were hanged at New York. All of them met death in a truly Christian manner, and several of them with sentiments that were edifying in a high degree. I have just now three who have been condemned to die; but I think that they will not all be executed. One of them is a Protestant, but ready to be received into the Church. Pray for him and the other two, not forgetting the Missionary of the Islands.

H. DURANQUET, S. J.

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## AN HISTORICAL HYPOTHESIS.

In the January number of these LETTERS, Father Paul M. Ponziglione of Osage Mission, Kansas, recalled a newspaper report concerning the discovery of a cave in Florida, which it was alleged, contained an inscription indicating the presence of a Catholic priest in that State prior to the time of Columbus. Father Ponziglione has noticed the existence of certain religious rites and ceremonies amongst our Western Indians, similar to those which prevailed amongst the Aztecs. They seem to be of Christian origin. The Indians themselves can give no satisfactory explanation of them, and one ingenious hypothesis, discussed in the *Catholic World*, December, 1881, would trace them back to St. Thomas, the Apostle, who extended his labors from farther India to the Pacific coasts. The paper of Fr. Ponziglione had for its scope to connect them with the alleged discovery in Florida, and thereby with early Danish explorers. The *Lettres de Jersey* (February, 1883), supplement Fr. Ponziglione's argument with the following historical note:—

It is not for us to discuss the curious discovery mentioned in the preceding pages. Is it a fact, or a mere hoax? Let us hope that the future will reveal this. The appearance, however, of a Danish vessel on the coasts of Florida is not wholly improbable. The discovery of America by the Normans about five centuries before Columbus is a fact known to history. Adam of Bre.nen, a chronicler of the eleventh century, speaks of the country of *Vinland*, now either Rhode Island, or some spot in its vicinity, and affirms that he has obtained a knowledge of this district, "not through any mere groundless opinion, but through the very reliable accounts of the Danes: *non fabulosa opinione, sed certa relatione Danorum.*" If, therefore, the Danes or Normans (who, according to the same chronicler, were considered by the historians of the Franks as belonging to the same family), visited the site of the future Boston and also the future confines of New York, is it rash to believe that driven by the tempest, they had touched on the borders of Florida? Here is something still more remarkable. In the year 1120, Eric, a Bishop of Greenland, set out on a visit to these same shores of Rhode Island. Therefore, it is more than probable that there were, or had been, some Christians living there. Norman Greenland was converted to Catholicity towards the beginning of the eleventh century. The episcopal see was at Gardar on Eriksfiord: in the fourteenth century, Greenland had six churches and two monasteries; and in 1448, Pope Nicholas directed the Bishop of Iceland to provide for the spiritual wants of that country. Those of our readers, who should wish to have an accurate idea of the discoveries made in North America prior to the time of Columbus, will find an abridged history of them in the learned articles of Fr. Joseph Brucker.<sup>(1)</sup> In these articles they will also find the titles of the works to be consulted on this question so very important in the study of geography, history and the advancement of the Catholic faith. We shall here quote two passages. The first is an extract from the article entitled: *The North Pole* (vol. ix. page 270.): "We

<sup>(1)</sup> See *Etudes*, 5th series, vols. ix. and x.

will be sparing in details concerning the discovery of America by the Normans of Greenland nearly five centuries before Columbus. This event is too far removed from the *polar explorations*, to which we intend to adhere as closely as possible. It cannot be matter for very great astonishment, that these bold sea rovers after so many other discoveries, should reach the shores of that land, and yet fail to attach any special importance to their discovery. From Eriksfiord to the coast of Newfoundland, where Leif, son of Eric the Red, was the first to land about the year 1000, the distance is no greater nor is the navigation more difficult than from Iceland to Greenland. Once arrived on the shores of the New World, it seems to us that our adventurers would find it mere child's play to follow the coast-line indefinitely towards the South or at least to push forward from station to station as far as the tropical regions. How great must have been the astonishment of the rude children of the North at the sight of those regions teeming with life and beauty, which met the gaze in all their varied and wonderful forms? We can have some idea of what their feelings would have been by recalling to mind the enthusiasm that swelled the bosoms of Columbus and his companions, though unaccustomed to behold (like their brothers of the North) vast fields of snow and to do battle with nature barren and ice-bound. But the Normans did not proceed so far Southward. After having sighted Labrador, which differed very little from their own Greenland, they explored in one nearly uninterrupted expedition, Newfoundland, which they named *Helluland* (land of rocks), then, Nova Scotia, which they called *Markland* (land of woods), and finally, a country to which on account of its wild-vines they gave the name of *Vinland* (land of vines), and which must lie somewhere between Boston and New York. Here these first discoverers of America stopped. They had already seen enough to excite a desire of settling in this new territory. Several establishments were founded during the opening years of the eleventh century. They kept up an uninterrupted intercourse with Greenland and with Iceland, their original home,

which sent them continual supplies of fresh colonists.<sup>(1)</sup> Several ruins can be pointed out at the present day in Nova Scotia, Rhode Island and elsewhere, as far down as to below the 42° N. Latitude, which bear traces of the ancient Norman construction.

We borrow the second passage from the article entitled: "The Relations of Catholicism to Geography," *Etudes*, vol. ix, page 564.

We know that the Norwegians (Nordwegia and Nordmannia according to Adam of Bremen are synonymous), after having towards the end of the tenth century colonized Greenland, arrived a short time afterward at the shores of Newfoundland and the present United States of North America. But by approaching the new continent they learned from the Esquimaux that other strangers had preceded them. From the description given to them they immediately concluded that their forerunners must have been Catholics and Irish monks. Hence, to that part of the country said to be occupied by this people they gave the name of Great Ireland (*Irland it Mikla*): it was also called the country of the white men (*Huitramannaland*), on account of the white dress by which the Irishmen of the New World were distinguished, similar to that of their brethren whom the Norwegian pirates doubtless had met at the Orcades, in the Faroe Islands, and at Iona. This occupation by the Irish race of a land to whose population and Catholicity they were destined six centuries later to contribute so largely is a fact well worthy of notice. We wish, moreover, to call special attention to the fact that the discovery was made under the conduct of monks, of Catholic priests. Since we are on the subject of Norman America, we will remark that the Gospel followed closely in the footsteps of the Norwegian colonists. Greenland was converted to Catholicity about the same time as Iceland, that is, about the beginning of the eleventh century. In 1120, it received its first Bishop, Eric, who also made a tour to Vinland in the New World. Rafn, the learned historian of the Scandinavian colonists in

<sup>(1)</sup>Rafn.—*Antiquitates Americane.*



America observed that the *polar* expeditions, properly so called, were begun by priests." Therefore, whatever we are to think of the grotto or mysterious cave of Florida, the presence of Danes, Norwegians or Normans, and of a Roman priest on those shores as early as the eleventh or twelfth century, is by no means unlikely. If the story of the grotto is a fable, it has at least a coloring of truth about it. *Se non è vero è ben trovato.*

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## OBITUARY.

### FATHER BERNARDIN F. WIGET.

On Tuesday, the 2nd of January, 1883, the Rev. Father Bernardin F. Wiget, a professed Father of the Society, departed this life in the 62nd year of his age. Fr. Wiget was born in Schwytz, a town in Switzerland, the capital of the Canton of the same name, on the 5th of April, 1821. His parents were a respectable and very pious pair, whose greatest desire was that their children should rather inherit their virtues than their wealth. Father Wiget made his classical course in our college of the same city with the reputation of a talented, virtuous and studious youth. In the Sodality of the college, he imbibed the truly filial devotion to the Blessed Mother of God, which growing stronger with his years, made him the Apostle of her glory, wherever he went. On the 4th of October, 1838, with seven others he entered the Society and made his novitiate at Briegg in the Canton of Valais, where after his admission to the vows of religion he also studied Rhetoric for two years. He was then sent to Friburg, where he made two years of Philosophy and entered upon the usual course of teaching, which he continued nearly to the time when the Jesuits were expelled by the Radical government from Switzerland. Being

sent with a good number of his exiled brethren to Georgetown College, he was applied to Theology and was ordained in 1851. During all this time nothing ever diminished the reputation he had brought into the Society. Always cheerful and devout, he was an example to all of the regularity and attention to study that become a scholastic of our Society. The promise that his talents held out of great usefulness in every office that Providence might ordain for him in future was never belied. After the completion of his third year of probation in 1853, he was made minister of the Novitiate at Frederick, and supplied the place of the Rector, Fr. Angelo M. Paresce, who was sent with Father James Ryder to the General Congregation in Rome. On Fr. Paresce's return, Fr. Wiget was sent in succession to St. Thomas', Boston, Frederick, Washington, White Marsh, and again to St. Thomas', where he ended his course. In these places with his usual cheerful zeal and devotion he gave himself to the works of the sacred ministry. He had a wonderful tact in attracting to God and the practice of religion the youth of his various missions, particularly boys and young men. He was ever most zealous in promoting devotion to our Blessed Lady, and the flourishing condition of the Sodalties in several places, and notably in the parish of St. Mary's, Boston, is mainly attributable to the good start he had given them.

When Fr. Wiget went to Boston in 1856, sodality work was in its infancy, confined to a small association of women in St. Mary's parish, and unknown outside of it. He saw the needs of the rising generation, and the possibilities of the work into which he threw all his characteristic energy and enthusiasm, and his efforts were crowned with success that was astonishing for its rapid and wide-reaching influence. On November 14, 1856, sixteen young men were enrolled as postulants to form a male sodality: their good example, the encouragement of the Bishop who presided at the first reception of members, the spirit which the director infused into all who were brought within the magnetism of his influence, soon attracted candidates from every section

of the city and from the neighboring towns. In less than two years, the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception bore upon its rolls the names of more than eighteen hundred members. The meetings were held in the basement of old St. Mary's Church, which at an early period was found too small to hold the increasing throngs. This original Sodality was composed of men without any distinction of married and unmarried, embracing all above sixteen years of age. The great majority, however, of the early members ranged in age between sixteen and twenty-five years, and their youthful vigor and earnest fervor were just the materials for such a spiritual director to mould and move. The North End of Boston was transformed; the sodalists shared in the apostolic zeal of their guide and leader; many a young man was saved to the faith; the good effects of the work were not confined to St. Mary's, nor were they short-lived. Fr. Maguire, at a grand reunion of all the Sodalities attached to the church, on the last day of the mission given in June, 1881, congratulated them upon the blessings God had bestowed on them and others through their example. "Twenty-five years ago," said he, "the Sodality was a mere handful; now you have on to four thousand members. Twenty-five years ago, there were but three Sodalities in the State; now scarcely a parish is without one, through the example you have set." To Fr. Wiget belongs the merit of originating and giving the first powerful impulse to this good work, and his memory will long be venerated at St. Mary's.

His stay in Boston was also signalized by another important labor in the cause of religion—the foundation of the first Catholic Parochial School for boys. Trouble had arisen in one of the public grammar schools, on account of the attempt to coerce the Catholic children to take part in the recitation of Protestant prayers and Bible-reading. One boy was severely punished; his father brought an action against the school-master, and lost the suit. Father Wiget, equal to the emergency, received the boys who deserted the public school *en masse*: and to him is due the merit of be-

ginning the boys' school of St. Mary's, which has ever since been in successful operation.

He began his missionary work in Washington, at a very critical time, when the civil war between the States was raging and suspicion and distrust seemed to be a great obstacle to zeal and devotion. Distinguished alike for his unassuming piety, his devotion to duty and ardent charity, he attracted the attention of the authorities and was appointed Chaplain, with the rank of Captain, to the hospitals in the District. The following extract is borrowed from the *Port Tobacco Times*:—

"An anecdote is told of him at this time, which manifests his energy and popularity. The Secretary of War gave orders that St. Aloysius' Church should be used as a hospital. Father Wiget, horrified at the idea of seeing the sacred edifice used for such a purpose, visited President Lincoln, and asked him, if a hospital was all that he wanted. On Mr. Lincoln's replying in the affirmative, he asked for a suspension of the order to use the church until noon of the next day. At 12 o'clock the next day he had almost finished a large and commodious hospital, and the church was saved.

"He was confessor and spiritual adviser of poor Mrs. Surratt, who was executed in the Arsenal grounds in July, 1865.

"In 1868, his superiors sent him to Europe to recruit his exhausted energies amid the mountain scenery of his own native Switzerland. On his return he was stationed at White Marsh, Prince George, Md., and in 1875, was transferred to St. Thomas' Manor, the scene of his first missionary labors and the destined scene of his last works of zeal and mercy.

"Father Wiget was a man of rare natural ability and wonderful energy of character. Quick and rapid in his movements, his actions kept pace with the activity of his mind, which was large, clear and comprehensive. His firmness was well-known, and when his determination was formed to accomplish an object, no difficulties could baffle and no obstacles deter him, from his purpose. But it is on his character and conduct as a priest, as a pastor and friend, that the memory loves to dwell. Modest and unassuming,

kind and fatherly, charitable and loving in manner, he attracted all souls and won all hearts. And in the sunset of his long life, when the sweet halo of religious charity encircled his head and enshrouded his venerable form, virtue grew more lovable in his presence and charity more attractive."

His funeral took place on Thursday, the 4th of January, in the Church at St. Thomas' Manor, Charles county, Md. For the last five years he had been the devoted pastor of this mission and this was the second time he had been appointed. After the Solemn High Mass and the funeral ceremonies he was interred among his brethren in the little cemetery annexed to the church. Infirmities brought on by untiring labor had made him aged before his time, but nothing ever diminished the cheerful zeal, that had begun with his entrance into religion and crowned his last days as it had blest his first in the service of his God. *Dilectus Deo et hominibus cujus memoria in benedictione est.* R. I. P.

#### FATHER FELIX L. VERREYDT.

[Rev. Felix L. Verreydt, S. J., died at St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, O., March 1st, and was buried at the Novitiate, near Florissant, Mo., on March 2d, 1883. He was the last survivor of that noble band of missionaries who labored so faithfully among the Indian tribes of this and of neighboring States. At our request, REV. WALTER H. HILL, S. J., of St. Louis University, has prepared for our journal the subjoined account of Father Verreydt's connection with the early Indian missions in Missouri and the northwest; to which we call the attention of our readers. It is well worth perusal and preservation as a valuable addition to the history of that interesting period.]—

*The Central Catholic Knight*, St. Louis, March, 1883.

Father Felix L. Verreydt was born at Diest, in Belgium, February 18th, 1798. In 1820, the Rev. Charles Nerinckx, a holy priest who had gone to the missions of Kentucky in 1805, visited Belgium with a view of collecting means to establish a novitiate for the Lorretto nuns, a society of re-

ligious women founded by him in 1812; and also to build a school for boys at "Mount Mary," where St. Mary's College, in Marion County, Ky., now is, the property of which belonged to the Loretto society.

On the return of Father Nerinckx to the United States in the summer of 1821, he was accompanied by a number of young Belgians, who came for the purpose of joining the Jesuit Society in Maryland, where a countryman of theirs, Fr. Chas. Van Quickenborne, from Ghent, was then Master of novices. They entered the novitiate at White Marsh, Prince George's County, Maryland, on October 6th, 1821. The names of these young men were: Felix L. Verreydt, P. J. Verhaegen, P. J. De Smet, Judocus F. Van Assche, J. A. Elet and J. B. Smedts. Right Rev. Bishop Dubourg had then visited Maryland in order to obtain Jesuit Fathers for his missions in Missouri, which were wide-spread and growing; and they included several Indian tribes which still lingered in the forests and prairies west of the Mississippi and on the banks of the Missouri. At a second visit of Bishop Dubourg to Georgetown, D. C., which was early in 1823, Fr. Chas. Neale, superior of the Maryland province of the Jesuits, who had recently succeeded Fr. Anthony Kohlmann in that office, consented to allow F. Van Quickenborne and his socius, Fr. Peter J. Timmermans, together with the above named young Belgian novices to go to Missouri, and found there a mission of the Society. These two priests, seven scholastic novices, and three lay brothers, left White Marsh for Missouri on April 11th, 1823, and after a journey, attended with not a few hardships and perils, on foot to Wheeling, by flatboats to Shawneetown, and thereafter on foot, the band reached the banks of the Mississippi at 1 o'clock P. M. on May 31st, 1823. They stood to gaze in wonder at the mighty river, then high with the early mountain rise, and the town of St. Louis on the opposite shore, with whose history their own lives were to be in some manner identified. Past this same scene Marquette and Joliet had floated in their reed canoes, then just one hundred and fifty years before. What change since that

time, when the first Europeans beheld the spot now contemplated by these youthful missionaries to the then "Far West;" what still greater change within the sixty years since Father Verreydt and companions first saw St. Louis and its surroundings as they were in 1823.

The party landed in St. Louis, and after a few days' rest with the hospitable priests, who then conducted the St. Louis College, where Elihu Shepard was professor of languages, they went to their home near Florissant. Their dwelling was a primitive cabin, 16 x 20 feet, one story high, with a loft, which was the dormitory of the young men. With their own hands they added a story and a wing or ell to their new home, and this, with the addition of a frame building, 30 x 40 feet, two stories and a half high, added a year or two later, for the "Indian Seminary," was their home, and that of all succeeding novices till the year 1849, when the present stone building was occupied.

Mr. Felix L. Verreydt, P. J. De Smet, J. A. Elet and J. F. Van Assche, were ordained priests in the church at Florissant, by Bishop Rosati, in September, 1827; P. J. Verhaegen and J. B. Smedts had been ordained early in 1825.

Immediately after the ordination of Father Verreydt, he and J. B. Smedts were sent to reside at St. Charles, which had for the two preceding years, been mainly attended by Fr. P. J. Verhaegen. Fr. Verreydt went to reside at Portage des Sioux in 1834, and during that year he built the church at that place, which was burned down in January, 1879. In 1836 he went with Fr. Charles Van Quickenborne to found the Kickapoo Indian Mission, at a place just above Fort Leavenworth, on the banks of the Missouri, in what is now the State of Kansas. The Kickapoos were vicious and indocile, they were restless and roving, had a great passion for "fire water," and when beyond the control of the military and the influence of the missionaries, were both arrant drunkards and arch horse-thieves. Finally, a young "prophet" arose up among them in 1838, and induced nearly all the tribe to wander off to far distant hunting grounds, where

they would be freed from the military and missionaries, thus rendering longer stay of the Fathers at that place useless.

In the summer of 1838, a delegation of Pottowattomie Indians from Council Bluff visited the missionaries near Fort Leavenworth, where Father Verreydt was then superior, and asked to have a "black gown" come to reside among them at their new home. These Indians had just been transferred by the United States authorities from Michigan, which was admitted into the Union as a State in 1837. The "Platte Purchase" previously made, at the instigation of Thomas Benton, had the Indians, the Allowas, now called the Iowas, moved from it also, at the same time. The Platte Purchase, so named because of the Missouri-Platte river running through it, comprised several of the present northwestern counties of Missouri, and it was then joined to the State of Missouri.

"Council Bluff" was then all the territory which is now Iowa and Nebraska; and the location opposite the present city of Omaha was named from the territory to which the Indians were transferred from Michigan. The original "Council Bluff," was so named by Lewis and Clarke in 1804, because of a council there held by them, at which chiefs from the Ottoes, the then nearly extinct tribe of Missouri, and other tribes, were present. That "Council Bluff" was in Nebraska twenty-five miles higher up on the Missouri, and near it Fort Calhoun <sup>(1)</sup> was erected in 1827 by General Atkinson.

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<sup>(1)</sup> In company with Rev. Thomas H. Miles, President of Creighton College, Omaha, the writer of this article visited Fort Calhoun, in May, 1881, carrying with him the report of Lewis and Clarke's journey across the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean in 1804-1806. Rain rendered a careful survey of the entire scene impracticable, but even a general view of it sufficed to identify the spot as the one described by Lewis and Clarke, and named by them "Council Bluff," August 2d, 1804.

The Diary of Lewis and Clarke's expedition across the continent to the Pacific Ocean was first published in London, in 1814; with the title page: "Travels to the Source of the Missouri River and Across the American Continent to the Pacific Ocean, performed by order of the government of the United States, in the years 1804, 1805 and 1806, by Captains Lewis and Clarke. London, printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme & Brown, Pater Noster Row, 1814." The work, somewhat abridged, is published in "Harper's Family Library." No publication of it seems ever to have been ordered by the government of the United States.



In the midsummer of 1838, Father Verreydt, and Brother George Miles, who still survives and is residing at St. Charles, went up to Council Bluff, with the view of establishing a mission there. Colonel Gant had erected what was known among boatmen as "the Issue House" at that place; so called because the military there *issued* blankets, food, etc., to the Indians at that storehouse. This house was kindly made over to the Missionaries by the military, and Fr. Verreydt built a small dwelling near by it, turning the storehouse into a church and school. These houses were near the foot of the bluffs, now called the "Council Bluffs," and were about a mile distant from the Missouri, on its eastern or left bank.

A prominent character among the Pottowattomies at Council Bluff was the notorious "Billy Caldwell," a fierce and violent chieftain, who had been quite distinguished near the great lakes, especially in the vicinity of Chicago. He was friendly to the whites, however. An attack was made on Fort Dearborn, at the mouth of the Chicago river, in 1812, when part of the garrison holding it was slaughtered by the Indians. In the year 1828 another attack was planned, but it was opposed, and, perhaps, prevented by "Billy Caldwell." He lived in a house built expressly for him at Council Bluff, near that of the missionaries; he never became a Christian, and died September 28th, 1841.

In the autumn of 1838, Fr. De Smet went to the assistance of Fr. Verreydt at Council Bluff, and the two did all in their power for the religious welfare of the Pottowattomies, and neighboring tribes of Indians; and meeting with no great success in their efforts to improve the adults, they got up a school for the Indian children. In the autumn of 1839, Fr. De Smet went to St. Louis in order to purchase supplies and procure additional help for the mission at Council Bluff. It was at this time that messengers from the Flat Head Indians of the Rocky Mountains were in St. Louis on their second visit to invite a "black gown" to go among their tribe and teach them the Christian manner of

living and dying. As no one had volunteered to undertake this work, Fr. De Smet offered to be the one to go to that tribe and devote himself to their spiritual welfare. His zealous wish was acceded to, and accordingly Father De Smet started early in 1840 on the first of his famous journeys among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains and on the Pacific slope. Fr. De Smet was replaced at Council Bluff by Fr. Christian Hoecken, who remained at Council Bluff until the summer of 1841. The Pottowattomies at this place were called "prairie Indians" or "wild Indians," because they were nomadic in their habits, and were wild, fierce, and even somewhat ferocious. It was gradually discovered by the missionaries that there was little or no good done among them, and there was a poor prospect of better results in the future. It was concluded, therefore, in the summer of 1841, that it was expedient to abandon this section of the tribe as incorrigible, and depart for the more inviting field of evangelical labor at the Sugar Creek mission near the head waters of the Osage river, just beyond the western borders of Missouri.

In 1838, the main body of the Pottowattomies was removed from Michigan to the Sugar Creek region. Nearly two thousand of them had become Christians in Michigan, where, in the vicinity of St. Joseph's river, they were cared for by the illustrious Fathers Badin, Desailles and Petit from the diocese of Vincennes. Father Petit accompanied these Christian Indians in their journey to Sugar Creek in 1838. Fr. Petit's health failed, and he started to Vincennes, got to St. Louis and there died at the St. Louis University early in January, 1839. The charge of his mission was committed to the Jesuit Fathers of St. Louis, and thenceforth these Indians were cared for by them.

Father Verreydt reached the Sugar Creek Mission in 1842, and was shortly afterwards made the superior. There were two good schools at Sugar Creek; the boys were taught by Brothers, and the girls were taught by Ladies of the Sacred Heart, who first arrived at the place in 1841. The mission and its schools proved a source of much good

also for other small tribes, who roamed the circumjacent woods and prairies, as the Miamis, Shawnees, etc.

In 1847, the government determined again to remove the Pottowattomies, and this time to a reservation fifty miles square, on the Kaw river, immediately west of the present city of Topeka, Kansas. This measure was deemed necessary, because of the inconveniences arising from the white settlements in Missouri, which were near to Sugar Creek, from which whiskey, the bane of the red-man, was then easily procured. The Pottowattomies, by mistake, were settled in 1847, on the lands of the Shawnees and they reached their own reservation north of the Kaw, only September 9th, 1848, when the zealous Fr. Maurice Gailland was added to the number of missionaries. Here Fr. Verreydt remained superior till declining strength and old age rendered the comforts of a better home, necessary for him. He went to reside at College Hill, in 1859, and remained there in charge of St. Thomas' church for ten years; he was then sent to St. Xavier college, Cincinnati, where he spent his remaining days on earth. He died March 1st, 1883, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. The last twenty-five years of his life were devoted to easier employments, more suited to the condition of his lost health and strength. He and the other Indian Missionaries often spoke in the highest terms of the treatment received both by them and the Indians from the military. The officers were always exceedingly kind to them, and were always the true protectors of the Indians. Many years of observation furnished no exception, nor did any change in the officers in command ever make any change in the treatment received from the military. But despite all that has been done for these tribes of aborigines by the government, and by the devoted missionaries, it is often said that no very general or permanent change was ever effected in any tribe; that they seem to be, as a race, well nigh indomitable.

The fact is undeniable, however, that much good was done for the Indians, at St. Mary's, Kansas, by Fr. Verreydt and his companions, aided by the zealous Ladies of the Sacred

Heart, and among the Osage Indians in Southeastern Kansas, by the venerable Father John Schoenmaker, Fr. Ponziglione, and the devoted Sisters of Loretto.

A mere detail of the places at which Fr. Verreydt spent his busy life, with a list of the employments in which his zeal for the welfare of the poor savage Indians was exercised, leaves no space within the limits of such an article as this must be, to say anything of him personally except what is very general. But, on the other hand, the works of a man's life tell what the man himself is, better than any other language can.

Father Verreydt spent sixty-two years of his long life, as a Jesuit in America; and sixty of these years he lived in missions of the Jesuit Society in Missouri. It is no ordinary commendation of him to say that, during all this long period, his conduct as a priest and a Jesuit, was always perfect, always blameless. He was not distinguished for eloquence or great learning; but he was eminently distinguished for his piety, and his extraordinary virtues. His long life passed in doing good and in charity proved by its deeds, was surely a great work. None but high motives, and they strong and enduring, could have induced him to leave his native land, loved ones at home, and all that is near and dear to the heart, and persevere, firm in his purpose, sixty-two years, in privation, self-denial, and a variety of hard employments. Such a man, beyond a doubt, is greatly good; and such a man was Fr. Felix L. Verreydt.

#### FATHER AUGUSTINE REGNIER.

On Sunday, April 1st, Fr. Augustine Regnier died at the college of St. Francis Xavier, New York, after having received the last rites of the Church.

He was born at Lacadie, near Montreal, in 1820. Having completed his classical and philosophical course of studies at the college of St. Hyacinth, Canada, he determined to embrace the ecclesiastical state, and studied, in the same insti-

tution, theology during one year, and during a second year at the seminary of St. Sulpice, Montreal. This was in 1842. In 1843, a novitiate of the Society having been opened in Montreal, Father Regnier entered it, as the first Jesuit Canadian novice in this century. After his noviceship, in 1845, he was sent to Georgetown to complete his theological studies and the following year was recalled to St. John's College, Fordham, which had been just made over to the Society. In 1847, he was ordained priest by Archbishop Hughes in the cathedral of New York. After his ordination, his ministries in the Society were of various kinds. During some seventeen, or eighteen years he was employed in our colleges at Fordham, New York and Montreal, as prefect of discipline, teacher, treasurer or minister, making himself agreeable to all by his gay, courteous manners in the fulfilment of his offices. The last twenty years of his life nearly were spent in the duties and works of the sacred ministry, whether in Troy, Chatham (Canada), or Blackwell's Island, New York. In the discharge of these duties of the sacred ministry, his generous devotedness recommended him to the faithful, while his tender charity for the poor and the afflicted caused him to be loved by them.

Within the year before his death, his health, amid the labors of his mission on Blackwell's Island, was giving way. A change of residence, it was thought, would relieve him, and he was sent to St. Inigoes, but returned worse than before. Now occupied with some little duties, he tried to bear up cheerfully with his afflictions; a few months before his decease he felt that there was no hope of his recovery. Day after day, he saw death approaching, but was not afraid; the thought of the Venerable Bede seemed to be uppermost in his mind, "nor do I fear to die, for we have a good Lord." Full of this holy confidence, he used to say that in another world he would meet his best friends. In this hope he died.  
R. I. P.

MR. CHARLES C. LANCASTER.

On Monday, April 2nd, 1883, at Loyola College, Baltimore, Md., died Charles C. Lancaster, in the 72nd year of his age. He had been suffering severely for a long time, but was still able to attend to the duties of his office as Procurator and agent, and no one felt any apprehension of so sudden a death. He was stricken with apoplexy and in ten hours departed this life, being unconscious almost from the first moment.

He was born on the 18th of July, 1811, at Rockhall, the family residence, in Cobb neck, Charles county, Md., and was brought up with that sedulous attention to religion, which distinguished the old Catholic families of Maryland. He had finished his classical course and even commenced the study of medicine, when he felt himself called to the religious life in his 19th year. He entered the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus in the mission of Maryland at Georgetown on the 13th of June, 1830. The master of novices was the saintly Fr. Dzierozynski, who was soon succeeded by Fr. Fidelis Grivel, sent over as companion to the Visitor, Fr. Peter Kenny, and appointed for this office on account of his great experience in the spiritual life and his long and faithful service in every office of the Society. Under these experienced guides he passed the two years of probation, partly at Georgetown College and partly at White Marsh, with the reputation of an exemplary novice. He was then sent to Georgetown College to be prefect of discipline and teacher, and at the same time to study his philosophy. These occupations filled up two more years, but they were years of pain as well as of faithful fulfilment of duty. Hence he was sent to the Bohemia farm on the Eastern Shore, with the double duty of studying Theology and attending to the exterior labors of the farm. It was thought that this mingling of study and manual labor would tend to mitigate, if not entirely cure the severe headaches, which had ren-

dered the confinement of college life a torture that was almost intolerable. But the result was not in accordance with the desires of his Superiors; and although he passed a satisfactory examination and was deemed worthy of promotion to the priesthood, he thought he could not conscientiously assume a position, when he felt himself totally unfit and incapable of fulfilling its sacred duties. He therefore begged humbly and earnestly of Superiors to allow him to remain a scholastic or to serve the province as a Temporal Coadjutor, as in either grade he thought he could do more good. Three several times they urged on him the acceptance of Holy Orders, the last time even with dispensation from Rome, and he so far yielded as to try to prepare himself, but the condition of his head always growing worse from the necessary application, he was forced to the conclusion that it was not the will of God and he gratefully declined their kind offers. Judging that the exterior occupations of Procurator and agent, which required much outdoor exercise, would suit him better and knowing how well he was fitted for those offices, they acquiesced in his petition and appointed him to the management of all the temporal business of the province. In spite of his almost continual and sometimes even agonizing sufferings he continued to fulfil these duties until relieved by death. For forty years he had the care of the temporalities of the province and had to visit frequently the farms and see to their improvement and provide for the support of the Novitiate and Scholasticate. From this it is easy to conjecture how great must have been his fortitude and devotion and how intense his affection for the Society. Indeed it is impossible to enumerate the difficulties he had to encounter and overcome in the performance of these duties. Yet such was the respect he inspired among all with whom he transacted any business, and such the confidence reposed in his integrity that every one was ready to help him even more than he asked. During his administration the revenues of the province were more than doubled. And with all this immersion in temporal business he never forgot even for a moment that he

was a religious. No novice could be more exact in meditation and prayer and spiritual reading. The frequentation of the sacraments and fulfilment of all the practices of the common life were regularly and simply and devoutly attended to. Indeed the maxims that he had learned in the novitiate were as faithfully his guides on the last day of his life as they had been during the days he studied the first principles of religion. That very morning, when the summons to eternity came, he had prepared the minutes, which were to occupy the attention of the Trustees of the Corporation, of which he was the agent, and had transacted some business for the novitiate in his usual exact and attentive manner. Returning home about noon he was struck with apoplexy, and though he survived for over ten hours he never recovered consciousness. Although his death was sudden, it was neither unexpected nor unprovided. He had already for five years had every thing provided for his successor and the thought of its coming was a familiar and daily thought for a long time. We may truly use in his regard the words of Divine Wisdom: *Fidelis servus et prudens quem constituit Dominus super familiam suam.* After the celebration of Holy Mass and the funeral rites over his remains in the church of St. Ignatius, Baltimore, they were taken to the cemetery of the Society at Woodstock College.  
R. I. P.

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## THE JUBILEE OF THE PROVINCE.

1833.

### ERECTION OF THE PROVINCE—THE PERIOD OF CHANGE.

The present and future of the American Mission had been the theme of constant meditation and anxious deliberation with Rev. Fr. Roothaan from the time of his elevation to the position of General. The territory of the United States presented a field boundless in its extent and inviting in its promise of fruitfulness to the zeal of the Society.—The Republic had lived through more than fifty years of a probationary existence and by its successful struggle against foes from within and without had proved itself to be endowed with the principles of stability and endurance.—The thirteen original States had developed into twenty-four, and some of them covered an area broader and longer than the domain of many a kingdom of the old world, that had given a home to several provinces of the Society. The tide of emigration rising higher and higher each year was sending to its shores from every European country multitudes that gave no uncertain signs of becoming a kind soil under the hand of God's husbandman. A large proportion of the settlers were already Catholic in faith, and their greatest affliction in their new home was the want of one who would break unto them the bread of life. The spirit of intolerance, that had, in the colonial times, shut the gates of almost every town against the zeal of the missionary and confined the great souls of our fathers within the limits of Maryland and Eastern Pennsylvania, had taken flight on the advent of Independence.—Well nigh every sign was propitious for the development of our reviving Society in the New World.

Against the project of creating the province stood the

very vastness of the mission, and the isolated life that the majority of its members were obliged to lead:—a necessity that did not promise an immediate relief, and yet was fatal to the diffusion of a knowledge of the Society. How, then, could love for the vocation of the Jesuit instil aspirations after the perfection and sacrifice of the religious state and fill up the ranks of the new province.

As early as 1808, Fr. Anthony Kohlmann, clearly foreseeing the barrenness that must otherwise afflict the American Mission and delay our firm establishment in this country, was planning the erection of colleges in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, as the only means of increasing and propagating the Society here.

Twenty years had passed since Fr. Kohlmann's first endeavor to meet this absolute necessity of the mission, and yet it pressed almost as keenly upon us in 1830 as in 1808.

The question then was not one to be judged in an instant, and its resolution was certainly perplexing; for delay might be fatal to the interests of the Society in this country, whilst premature action would certainly dwarf its development.

Rev. Fr. Roothaan looked about him for an escape from this state of indecision: perhaps he had overestimated the difficulties that opposed his project, and if they really assumed the proportions he gave to them, possibly, the way might be paved for speedily vanquishing them, by the experienced management of a trusty representative.

Father Peter Kenney, whom Rev. Fr. General chose for this very responsible charge, was not ignorant of the peculiar conditions in which the Society found itself in this country; nor was Fr. Fidelis Grivel, his companion, second to him in the qualities requisite for moulding into a Province the missions of the Society.

The history of the founding of the Province would be very incomplete without a sketch of the career of the two men that lent us their invaluable services during this period of change. Fr. Peter Kenney, a native of Dublin, entered the Society in 1804, being then in the 25th year of his age,

and made his profession of the four vows in 1819. His higher studies and Theology were completed at Palermo, and there he was ordained priest. He it was that revived the ancient Irish Mission of the Society, holding office in it as its first Superior until 1819, when he was appointed Visitor of our Mission. On his return to Ireland in 1822, he was again declared Superior, and in 1829, when that Mission became a Vice Province, he became its first Vice Provincial. It was while filling this office, that he was deputed a second time as Visitor of this country. He remained Vice Provincial of Ireland until 1836. He died at the Gesù in Rome, in 1841, at the age of 62. This brief testimonial of the esteem in which the members of our Mission held Fr. Kenney is copied from the diary of Georgetown College. "This morning, July 11, 1833, we all embraced for the last time our beloved and honored Fr. Kenney. He himself was very much moved at his leavetaking. Never has a man lived among us whom all without exception so loved and revered."

Fr. Grivel was born in Franche Comté, Dec. 17, 1769. Already a priest, he joined the Fathers of the Sacred Heart in 1794, sharing the varying fortunes of that body until 1803, when he was received into the Society of Jesus in Russia. Here he remained and labored until the expulsion of the Society from Russia, in 1815, when he returned to France. In the following year he was appointed Visitor of England, and shortly afterwards became Socius of the Provincial of France, to whom he rendered no little service in regulating the affairs of that Province. He was a member of the 20th General Congregation which in 1820 elected Fr. Louis Fortis General of the Society, and during its deliberations he very clearly proved his attachment to the Institute. Immediately before his coming to this country he had taught Theology at Stonyhurst and Paris. From February 22, 1831, until December 16, 1834, he was Master of Novices, first at White Marsh and the last year at Frederick. He was then assistant at St. Ingoes, and finally Spiritual Father

at Georgetown College, where he died June 26, 1842, in the 73rd year of his age.

So generously did the members of the Mission second and supplement every effort of Fr. Kenney and Fr. Grivel, that all doubts which Rev. Fr. General might have had of the prudence of the act he was contemplating were completely dissipated, and he hastened to consummate the fond wish of his own heart and reward the deserving and persevering loyalty of the American Mission. On the 2nd of February, 1833, he sent to Fr. Kenney the decree elevating the Mission into a Province, and on the 8th of July it was publicly proclaimed at Georgetown College, and Fr. Wm. McSherry was named the first Provincial. The following simple record of the event was made in the Georgetown College diary for that date :

*"Quod perpetuo felix—faustum—fortunatumque sit.* This evening at 6 o'clock, Fr. Kenney delivered an exhortation to the community, replet with eloquence and holy fervor, which he said would be his last. He then announced to all that this Mission is constituted a Province by decree of Rev. Fr. General Roothaan, with all the rights of other Provinces of the Society. He urged us to enter with confidence upon our new life and amid all our difficulties to press onward with good heart. Two hundred years, he said, had already passed since our Fathers first founded the Mission, and now at last was witnessed the crowning of their labors.

There were present at this exhortation and therefore witnesses of the new order of affairs: FF. Wm. McSherry; Thomas F. Mulledy, Rector of the College; James Ryder, Minister; Francis Dzierozynski, Præf. Spir.; James Neill, Professor of Rhetoric; Wm. Grace, Poetry; George Fenwick, Humanities; Richard Hardy and James Lucas, Operarii ad SS. Trinitatis; Helias; and Fidelis Grivel, Master of Novices from White Marsh."

Another diary of Georgetown College has the following entry:—

"The community were ordered to assemble at 6 P. M., in the Ascetory. Accordingly, at 6 P. M., Fr. Kenney made a parting address to the community, after announcing to them the new erection of the Mission into a Province, its first Provincial, Rev. Fr. Wm. McSherry. His address was a most

eloquent and fervorous incentive to pure, operative and indefatigable charity: in conclusion, he got one of the Fathers to read the decree of Very Rev. Fr. General Roothaan, creating the American Mission a Province, with the title of Province of Maryland, its Provincial Rev. Fr. William McSherry; next were read the Patents of the new Province (which was done all standing); finally, Fr. Kenney delivered them into the hands of the new Provincial with a profound and respectful bow. Then the usual prayer was recited at the end of the instruction, and Fr. Kenney having risen bowed to Fr. Provincial to go first. Fr. McSherry was placed from among the community at the ceremonial by Fr. Kenney at his right."

The decree of Rev. Fr. Roothaan, copied from the archives of the Province, reads as follows:

*Decretum Erectionis Provinciæ Marylandiæ Societatis Jesu in Statibus Unitis Americæ.*

JOAN. ROOTHAAN SOC. JESU PRÆPOSITUS GENERALIS.

Cum satis jam accreverit Americana Statuum Unitorum Missio, nihilque ipsi desit eorum quæ ad justam Societatis provinciam efformandam requiruntur, quippe quæ idoneam Sociorum copiam et, præter amplum Georgiopolitanum Collegium, propriam quoque tironum domum pluresque residentias numerat; hinc est quod, re diu multumque Domino commendata, sæpeque cum PP. Assistentibus discussa, decernendum visum fuerit, uti præsentem nostrum decreto decernimus, supradictam Missionem, prout uni hucusque Superiori subjecta fuit, deinceps in Provinciarum numerum habendam esse cum omnibus facultatibus juribusque, quæ ceteris provinciis, et in specie provinciis transmarinis, juxta Societatis Constitutiones et Congregationum Generalium Decreta attributa sunt.

*Datum Romæ pro festo die Purificationis Beatissimæ Virginis, 2 Feb. 1833.*

LOC. SIG.

JOAN. ROOTHAAN, S. J.

The condition of the Province during the first year of its existence appears from the following brief summary of the catalogue for 1833:—The total membership of the Province was 90:—38 priests, 20 scholastics, 32 coadjutors. The

residences that we possessed were located at Alexandria, Va.;—at St. Thomas', Newtown (now Leonardtown), St. Inigoes, Bohemia, St. Joseph's (which lately passed from our hands), and Frederick, in Maryland, and at Philadelphia, Goshenhoppen, Conewago and Paradise in Pennsylvania. Each residence gave occupation, on an average, to two priests and one brother.

The House of Probation which was then in a flourishing condition, having 14 scholastic and 7 coadjutor novices, was at White Marsh. This estate is situated about midway between Annapolis and Washington, in Prince George's county, Md. It came into the possession of the Society in 1760, and as early as 1820 was the seat of the House of Probation. During the ten following years, the fate of the Novitiate was quite varied. It ceased its existence in 1823, was revived again at Georgetown in 1828, and thence, on Fr. Kenny's arrival, was transferred to its old home at the Marsh. So that the Novitiate may be said to have been instituted anew, when the creation of the Province was seriously contemplated.

At Georgetown, which was then in the forty-second year of its career, the community numbered 40 Jesuits—almost one-half the membership of the whole Province, and about as large a corps as it possesses at the present day. The college was proving itself worthy of the patronage it was receiving, and its claim as a superior educator was generally recognized by Protestants as well as Catholics.

This was the capital with which the Province embarked upon its new career. Though raised to a higher plane of existence its overstrained energies were not unburdened, but rather taxed to a still greater extent. And though the members of the Province were suffering many hardships, and had the vision of severe trials in the future, yet they felt that God's hand was lightening the weight upon their shoulders and His blessing was upon their labor of supernatural love, and they resolved to await in patience and with confidence the time that He had appointed for the increase.

## ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE JUBILEE.

Rev. Fr. Provincial, in the subjoined circular letter, proclaimed the Jubilee celebration; we add the text of the petition to His Holiness, together with the reply:—

DEAR REV. FATHER SUPERIOR,

*On the twenty-second of November 1633, Fr. White and Fr. Altham left England to found the Mission of Maryland. Two centuries later, on the eighth of July 1833, was promulgated at Georgetown College the decree by which the Mission of Maryland was erected into a Province. The creation of the first Province of our Society within the limits of the United States, is full of interest not only to members of the Province, but to all of Ours in this country; nay, to all of the Society throughout the world. There would be some impeachment of our loyalty should we allow the anniversary to pass unnoticed.*

*I am sure, therefore, that I respond to the universal wish in giving the following directions.*

*1. Each local Superior will send to Woodstock, as speedily as possible, a brief history of his house, that the materials so compiled may be interwoven into a history of the Province.*

*2. Each local Superior will also send to Woodstock photographic views of his residence, church and college, to be presented to our venerable Father, inviting him to rejoice in his children's joy. Minute directions will be forwarded from Woodstock as to the accomplishment of these two orders.*

*3. Since the anniversary itself occurs during the vacation, I propose to anticipate it, and celebrate the Jubilee of our Province on the fifteenth of April. Let a novena in honor of St. Joseph precede the day; let the Masses and communions be offered for the special intention of the day; let the late Mass for the congregation be a solemn High Mass, an appropriate discourse be preached and the Te Deum sung.*

*Let the special intention of novena, Mass, communion and all our devotions be to offer to God the meed of thanks for the countless favors of the past years, to implore abundant outpourings of grace for the future. Co-operating with this grace, let us add our own exertions, fostering the interior spirit,*

*invigorating the external act, that from this year may be reckoned the dawn of a golden age of the Society in this our land.*

*Yours devotedly in Christ,*

ROBERT FULTON, S. J.

*Provincial of New York-Maryland.*

*Novitiate, Frederick, Jan. 27, 1883.*

BEATISSIMO PADRE :

Il P. Roberto Fulton, d. C. d.

G. presente Provinciale della Provincia Maryland-Nuova York, negli Stati Uniti dell'America Settentrionale, prostrato ai piedi della Santità Vostra, umilmente espone che ricorrendo in quest'anno 1883, il cinquantesimo dacchè fu nominato ivi il primo Provinciale, mentre per l'addietro in quelle parti non vi era che una semplice Missione, si vorrebbe celebrare questo Giubileo con un triduo solenne in tutte le chiese della Compagnia di quella fiorente Provincia. Onde però eccitare viepiù la divozione dei fedeli e procurare loro un maggiore spirituale vantaggio, il suddetto P. Provinciale supplica la Santità Vostra a degnarsi accordare l'Indulgenza Plenaria a tutti coloro, che poste le necessarie condizioni, assisteranno al triduo da celebrarsi come sopra nelle Chiese della Compagnia nella detta Provincia del Maryland-Nuova York. Che *etc.*

*Ex Audientia SSmi. Diei 4 Martii, 1883.*

SSmus D. N. Leo div. prov. PP. XIII, referente me infrascripto S. Congregationis de Propaganda Fide Secretario, Indulgentiam Plenariam ab omnibus et singulis utriusque sexus Christifidelibus lucrandam, hac vice tantum, benigne concessit, dummodo vere pœnitentes sacramentaliter confessi ac S. Eucharistia refecti triduanæ supplicationi ut in precibus celebrandæ, singulis diebus adstiterint, Ecclesiam visitaverint, ibique aliquas preces pro S. Fidei propagatione et juxta Summi Pontificis intentionem effuderint.

Quod si novendialia celebrentur, Indulgentiam Plenariam benigne concessit, dummodo ultra medietatem dierum adstiterint, aliaque ut supra servaverint.

Datum Romæ ex ædibus dictæ S. Congregationis die et anno ut supra.

L. S.

† D. ARCHIEP. TYREN. *Secr.*



## CELEBRATION OF THE JUBILEE.

We publish below the various accounts of the celebration which have been sent to the LETTERS. Original descriptions in manuscript occupy the first place; then follow the accounts compiled from newspapers which have been sent for the purpose.

### CHURCH OF THE GESÙ, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Golden Jubilee of the Province has been duly celebrated at this Residence. We had a double Novena conducted in the church;—one at the children's Mass at half-past eight o'clock, with suitable points of meditation and prayers, by one of the Fathers. At this Novena the school children attended, as well as that portion of the congregation who could not come at another time. The church was nearly full of people at the morning services.

The other Novena took place in the evening, with greater solemnity, fine singing, sermon every night for the nine days and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. During this Novena the church was crowded. The confessionals were thronged with penitents; many great sinners were converted, and we had numerous communions every day.

On the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, Solemn High Mass and Solemn Vespers, both with Deacon and Sub-Deacon, were celebrated, and an excellent Panegyric delivered by one of our Fathers. Upon the whole, the celebration had a very salutary effect on the people *ad majorem Dei gloriam*.

B. VILLIGER, S. J.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, D. C.

REVEREND DEAR FATHER IN XT.,

P. C.

God saw fit to turn our Jubilee festival into a day of mourning; and with the remains of our dear Fr. Whiteford lying in death in the house, which for many years had claimed his labors, not even the presence of the many Fathers who had done honor to the community by accepting our invitation to dinner, could put aside the pall that rested over the gathering. The fervor with which the students followed the exercises of the Triduum ordered by Very Rev. Father Provincial was consoling indeed, and a most edifying spectacle was presented on Sunday, the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, when nearly all the communicants amongst the boys presented themselves at the Holy Table and complied with the other conditions for gaining the Plenary Indulgence graciously extended by the Holy Father. Later in the day Solemn High Mass was sung in the student's Chapel, and thus in a quiet manner, did the religious feature of our Jubilee receive due honor from the successors of those students, who in 1833 rejoiced at the birth of our Province.

On Monday, the students were granted a full holiday; and the college entertained at dinner Very Rev. Father Provincial of the Maryland-New York Province, Very Rev. Fr. Bushart, Provincial of Missouri; Very Rev. Fr. Lessmann, Superior of the German Mission of Buffalo; the Reverend Rectors of St. John's, Fordham; St. Francis Xavier's, New York; Loyola, Baltimore; Woodstock; Gonzaga, Washington; Novitiate, Frederick, and a number of our Fathers who made sacrifices to be with us on the occasion. A feature of peculiar interest that distinguished this social reunion was the presence of the venerable Fr. Curley, one of those assembled Jesuits to whom fifty years ago was officially made the first announcement of the erection of the Maryland Mission into a Province of the Society.

Thus in saddened joy in the old home of the Province was our day of Jubilee spent ; one less on earth to share its happiness ; one more in Heaven, we trust, to pray for God's blessings upon the inheritance of Andrew White, John Carroll and William McSherry.

Faithfully yours in Xt,

JAMES A. DOONAN, S. J.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, ALEXANDRIA, VA.

There was a Novena to St. Joseph, followed by the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament after the six o'clock Mass each morning, for the nine days preceding the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph. On the festival, a large number of persons approached the holy table at the first Mass.

At High Mass, which was celebrated by Fr. John Fox, of Georgetown College, Father H. C. Denny, of Gonzaga College, preached from St. Luke, xxiii, 45, 48.

The commission, he said, was a very simple one—to be witnesses of the Resurrection of our Lord. The Apostles were to establish a kingdom ; the means provided—their testimony—was apparently insufficient. Referring to St. John, xxi, 3 : "Simon Peter saith : 'I go a fishing.' They say to him : 'We also come with thee.'" It was not, he said, for amusement that St. Peter went fishing, it was to provide himself with food, for he was miserably poor. Suppose a modern newspaper reporter, having heard of the great promises made him by our Lord, to have met him, and, in the fashion of to-day, to have "interviewed" him. "I learn," the reporter would have said, "that your Master promised to establish a kingdom through you." On the assent of St. Peter to the truth of this statement, he would probably have continued thus : "Now, do you really think you are the sort of man to carry out the plan ? and if you are, have you the means of doing it ? Fleets and armies are required for an undertaking of that kind, and you have none. Above all, you will need money, and you have none. Then, supposing you had means, look at the opposition you will

meet; neither the Jews nor the Gentiles are going to give up their old religion for your new one. The Romans have established an empire almost universal; do you think they will abandon the worship of their gods upon your unsupported testimony that your Master died and rose again?

"But, besides this external opposition, see what you will have to oppose in the hearts of men. You preach mysteries, and ask people to believe what you cannot even explain; you require that they shall conquer their passions; the rich man must not be avaricious; the lover of pleasure must practise self-denial; the proud man must become humble; your law must not be observed outwardly alone, but must govern even thought.

"And what do you promise in return for all this? misery, suffering, and even death, with a heaven which no man has seen. The establishment of a universal empire has been found impracticable, even by the greatest conquerors, their kingdoms approaching it, have fallen to pieces upon their death. Now what are you going to do about all this?"

St. Peter would have acknowledged the force of all he had said, and admitted that he did not know how the promise of his Master was to be fulfilled.

"Well, then," would the reporter have replied, "what do you propose doing?"

St. Peter would have answered: "When the time comes, we will do just what God tells us; He will do His part."

And so it has happened. On the day of Pentecost, St. Peter testified to the resurrection, and three thousand men were converted; then St. Peter and St. John wrought a miracle by curing a man lame from his birth, and, again, gave testimony to the same great truth, and converted five thousand. Next, St. Peter had a vision by which he was taught that the Gentiles were also to partake of the Redemption, and he baptized the centurion, Cornelius, testifying to him, also, of the Resurrection. St. Paul also bore witness before the philosophers of Athens in the Areopagus, and while some mocked, and some said: "We will

hear thee again concerning this matter," some adhered to him and believed.

At last, Christians became so numerous that they ceased to be counted. Justin Martyr, in the second century, said: "There is no nation which has not heard of us," and Tertullian, soon after, told the heathens that the Christians filled their cities, their workshops, their armies, and their schools, and left them but their temples. For centuries, men gave testimony with their lives,—for a martyr is but a witness.

The Church is a missionary society; she goes out among the nations, and preaches the Resurrection. St. Patrick gave testimony to Ireland, St. Augustine to England, St. Boniface to Germany, and after the great spiritual revolution in Europe, others continued to testify. Zeal for the preaching of the Gospel to the heathen stimulated discovery; it led Columbus across the unknown ocean, and guided Magellan first around the world. Kings and princes promoted explorations, to bring new nations to the knowledge of Christ. In a recent number of the *Century*, there is evidence that in the 12th century there were Christians in America, and when we look upon the Round Tower at Newport, we see the baptistery of an ancient church. There was a Bishop there. Irving and Prescott show that a century before the Puritans trod upon Plymouth Rock, Mass was celebrated upon American soil, and there were Christian Indians within fifty miles of Boston, years before Eliot began to preach. The Ark and the Dove just two centuries and a half ago, bore to the virgin soil of Maryland two Jesuit missionaries; so we are not strangers in the land.

We must all be witnesses to Christ, by true faith and good works, commencing at Jerusalem—our own homes. Let us give testimony to Jesus, who fought the fight, suffered the shame, and won the victory;—and who now sits at the right hand of God."

After the Mass, the choir sang the English version of *Te Deum Laudamus*. At Vespers, the Novena was concluded, and the ceremonies were closed with the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

## CONEWAGO, ADAMS COUNTY, PA.

At Conewago, the Golden Jubilee of the Province was celebrated in the manner which suited the simplicity of surroundings. It was characterized more by piety than by display of ceremony or ornamentation, more by a quiet spirit of thanksgiving to God for favors granted than by eloquent panegyrics of famous workers, or praises of work done. Our good country people neither appreciate nor love much display; but they do love to say their prayers and hear simple, plain instructions on the truths of salvation, and we tried to satisfy them. As most of them have a long distance to come to church, we thought special devotions for three days would be a sufficient preparation for the feast. They attended in goodly numbers. At the early Masses on the festival itself about two hundred and fifty received Holy Communion, and, as was evident from the gratitude depicted on their faces, thanked God with full hearts for all the good he had accomplished through the labors of our Fathers in this old Catholic settlement, and fervently begged him to continue to assist us in our efforts to promote his greater glory and the salvation of souls. Fr. Manns, who has sung Mass in this church almost every Sunday for nearly twenty years, celebrated High Mass. The music was suited to the joyful occasion and well performed. The sermon which was given by the assistant pastor, alluded briefly to our great Jubilee, to the motives for celebrating it with joy and thanksgiving, and touched with becoming modesty on the principal points in our history; then dwelt more at length on the virtues and merits of St. Joseph, pointed out how dear he is to the Society, because of his near relationship to Jesus and his mother, and finally urged the strong motives of hope and confidence for the Church and her children which are founded on his powerful patronage. The attendance at church was very large.

Taking our celebration all in all, it was everything our circumstances would allow, and the piety of the faithful

could make it. The people who have grown up under our care in this rather remote district evidently needed only the occasion or opportunity to show their warm regard for us, and many were the prayers offered up to God that he might abundantly bless the Society and her children in the future as in the past.

H. A. QUIN, S. J.

FREDERICK, MD.

On Sunday there was a Solemn High Mass in St. John's Church. The juniors and novices were in the sanctuary. Fr. Casey preached on the text: "Go to Joseph, and do all that he shall say to you." (Gen. xli, 55). After speaking on St. Joseph's life of faith and applying what he had said to his audience, he presented for their consideration motives why they should rejoice on the feast, and thus passed smoothly into the second part of the sermon, in which he alluded to the Jubilee. Thanksgiving for the past and present of the Province, and an eloquent forecasting of future success made up this part of the discourse. After Mass, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given. Our choir sang the *Te Deum* and *Tantum Ergo*. In the evening there was Solemn Vespers and Benediction in the church, and Benediction and the singing of the *Te Deum* in the Domestic Chapel.

A Frederick newspaper says:—"Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Lancaster, with Rev. Fr. Forhan as Deacon and Mr. O'Malley, a scholastic, as Sub-Deacon. The sermon was a most eloquent discourse—the only regret was that it was too short. The music by the choir, Mr. John Eisenhauer, director, Mr. Edward Lamb, a scholastic, organist, was first-class in every respect. The High Altar and St. Joseph's were a scene of exquisite beauty and taste, decorated as they were with choice flowers and brilliantly illumined with numerous wax candles. The sight within the sanctuary was brilliant in the extreme. The officiating priests, clad in their vestments of yellow and gold, stood in bold contrast to the fifty scholastics, who wore

simply their black cassocks and white surplices, while the rich dress of the ten altar boys threw a warmth and color over the scene which was very pleasing to the eye, and clouds of incense floated over the worshippers. The "Te Deum," sung by the choir from the Novitiate after the celebration of Mass, was admirably rendered, after which Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given. At 4 P. M. Solemn Vespers were held, the pastor officiating, when the music was again of a high order of excellence, especially the instrumental, which was executed by Lamb, the young organist. Both services were largely attended."

On Thursday, the 19th instant, the Jubilee was celebrated in a literary specimen given by the juniors. The programme was as follows:—

PRELUDE— <i>An Allegro</i> . From Handel's Messiah.....	J. Deck
CHORUS— <i>Veni Jesu</i> , Cherubini.....	Choir
CARMEN SACRUM—Alcaic Ode.....	C. B. Macksey
THE VISION—Poem.....	G. A. Pettit
A LEGEND OF THE EARLY Mission—Poem.....	A. O'Malley
SOLO—Adaptation from Haydn.....	P. J. Casey

#### INTERMISSION.

SOLO—" <i>He has gone on High.</i> " From the Messiah.....	E. L. French
TRIUMPH OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT—Recitation.....	J. B. O'Leary
OUR GOLDEN JUBILEE—Poem.....	D. Hearn
THE PLEDGE OF THE SACRED HEART—Poem.....	E. C. Kane
CHORUS—Adaptation from <i>Le Petit Tambour</i> .....	Choir

MANRESA, NEW YORK.

FATHER GLEASON writes:—

The celebration in this house was confined to the community. We prepared ourselves for the feast by a Novena, and an exhortation from Fr. Doucet.

ST. JOSEPH'S, YORKVILLE, N. Y.

We celebrated the Golden Jubilee in our church by a general communion of the men's Sodality, a Solemn High Mass, and an appropriate sermon both in German and English.

H. BLUMENSAAT, S. J.



CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, BOSTON.

Looking back to the last great celebration that occurred at the Church of the Immaculate Conception,—I refer to its consecration in 1878,—we will see that the grand preparations, untiring energy, and crowning success of those days, were witnessed in the Golden Jubilee of '83.

Each ensuing year has seen our Church gather strength and increase in numbers and splendor. Each Christmas and Easter has received fitting tribute of adornment, so that the celebration of the Golden Jubilee on a vaster scale than any of these, required extraordinary preparations to ensure success. The Novena preparatory to the celebration attracted large crowds, and the discourses each night, so forcible and full of interest, awoke enthusiasm and generosity in the breasts of many. The little notes too, soliciting contributions, sent out by the ladies in charge of the decorations, hinted vaguely at large expenses; and invitations, requesting the attendance of the pastors of the various churches in and around the city, met with cordial and flattering answers. Thus it became noised throughout the city that the Jesuits were to commemorate an important event, and for that purpose were making vigorous efforts to celebrate it in a grand and perfect manner.

Evenings were spent by busy tongues discussing different plans, whilst busy hands wove the green into various figures or strings, as need required. All seemed to enter into the celebration with the greatest earnestness. It was a grand enthusiasm that filled them, an enthusiasm which feels as if it could not do enough to realize the perfection of the ideal. Our Rector, Fr. O'Connor, seemed to have thrown all his love for the Society into this celebration, and at all times, his suggestions, encouragement and ready assistance, kept alive the interest in the work. The plans are enlarged as success seems assured—for nothing is to be done by halves; a satin curtain to fill the central arch, and several hundred

yards of art drapery are purchased. It involved much trouble and anxiety to find the shade of satin, to make the lining, test it, and then adjust all properly. At length it is finished. Anxiously did the diligent laborers witness the raising of the curtain to its destined position, as eagerly as the inventor watches the trial of his invention, or the discoverer the hoped-for land in the distance. And when the curtain swung into place, not a piece or a fold having to be altered, applause testified their entire satisfaction; for all felt that this was to be the crown giving perfection to the whole. The curtain is fixed upon an iron frame that sets securely in the arch, and is composed of five parts. The spring of the arch is twenty feet, the span, forty, and the entire height from the sanctuary, sixty. Let us glance for a moment at the banners—with their traceries of silver and gold; some are subdued in color, yet rich; others clothed in the brightest ornaments. They are eight feet long by four wide, and number fourteen of this class. Flowers, and plants, and gifts that can in any way grace the altars, are here in abundance. The liberal donations of money, in answer to the notes, sped on the work, and by Friday night the untiring workers saw the finish and perfection of a beautiful whole. How exquisite all appeared that night in the deep fulness of repose! In the college, Saturday is a busy day, everything is to be transformed, the dining hall decorated, and numerous little wants to be supplied.

Sunday, April 15th, has come, and the day full of bright sunshine and blue sky welcomes the glorious anniversary. As early as nine o'clock, great crowds, restless, busy, are gathering before the church. Soon the doors are thrown open; group by group they enter, rapidly filling the church; and now standing room is not to be had. Within the sacristies the altar boys, sixty in number, clad in white merino with sleeves braided in crimson and gold, with gauze surplices, are proudly awaiting the signal to move. Through all these preparations sweet tremulous music, with strings gently sounding, strikes on the ear. It is the choir under

the leadership of Signor Campanari, assisted by the Germania Orchestra, preparing for the services. The programme of music for the Mass is as follows:—

PRELUDE . . . . .	<i>Salomé.</i>
PROCESSIONAL — “Hymn of St. Cecilia”	<i>Gounod.</i>
OFFERTORY — “Alma Virgo” . . . . .	<i>Hummel.</i>
MASS . . . . .	Mozart's 12th.
TE DEUM . . . . .	<i>Romberg.</i>
RECESSIONAL . . . . .	<i>Lachmanier.</i>
POSTLUDE — “Chromatic Fantasy” . . . . .	<i>Thiele.</i>

The portières are now thrown open, and exactly at 10.30 A. M. a loud burst of music ushers in the slowly moving procession. The boys pass out with reverent mien and proceed to the seats, then come the scholastics, then the Fathers of the house,—the secular priests, the archiepiscopal cross borne by one of the scholastics surrounded by the choir boys who are to assist the officiating prelate, the ministers of the Mass, the deacons of honor, the arch-deacon, and last, the Archbishop in full pontificals. The prelates and clergymen who were present are as follows: Most Rev. Archbishop Williams; the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Reilly, of Springfield; Rev. L. O'Toole; Rev. John O'Brien; Rev. T. Gallagher; Rev. James O'Brien; Rev. L. O'Connor, C. SS. R.; Rev. M. O'Brien; Fathers Bodfish, McMahan, Delahunty, Ronan, of Dorchester, Flatley, Daily, Corcoran, and many others; Fr. O'Connor, Rector of the college; Fathers Welch, Daugherty, Byrnes, Jamison, Charlier, Heichemer, and Massi, of the Society.

In humble prayer at the foot of the altar the Mass is begun, and the music in harmony with the time, floats softly through the church. In quick succession we pass from Kyrie to Gloria, from Gloria to the Gospel, now ceremony, again art, displaying all that can move the heart to God. The sermon by Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Reilly was taken from St. John xv. 16. The *Daily Advertiser* briefly sums up the whole sermon, as follows: “The sermon by Bishop O'Reilly of Springfield was both historical and critical. He spoke of Loyola and his times, and also of the achievements

of the Society of Jesus. He contrasted Loyola with Martin Luther. Almighty God, he said, raised up these two men side by side so that the world might see the difference between them, and might learn salutary lessons. Loyola sought the salvation of the world. Luther puffed up by pride, hurled his defiance at the whole Church, and even the head of the Church, when he posted up his theses. Herein is seen the wonderful providence of God. When God permitted the German monk to declare war on the whole Church, he took the means for the wider spread of pure Christianity. Luther supposed the whole world could not overcome his arguments, but in overcoming them the world has come to a better knowledge of Christianity. These two men seemed to be pitted against each other, and have fought each other from that day to this."

He then spoke of the Jesuits having traversed the entire continent during the past 250 years. How they went among the savages, and sixteen (16) of them gave up their lives. All the country from the Gulf of Mexico to the Great Lakes, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has been marked with their blood. Loyola did not limit his followers to missionary work. No society in the world has given a larger number of men distinguished in literature, art and science. Infidelity hangs over this country, but this is not so dangerous as indifferentism. In closing, the Bishop congratulated the Society upon its remarkable career, and wished for it an equally efficient future.

Again ceremony and music come to charm the heart. The Sanctus, Elevation, and Communion, each with its hallowing associations passes, and the blessing comes, which the Archbishop solemnly chants from the altar, while the breath is hushed, and head bowed, until the last echo dies away. A gentle silence is around, as God's benediction sinks into the soul. Then with strength added to strength we rise to profess our faith. And so we pass through the whole, our thankfulness has been expressed, and our hearts gladdened by joining in the "Te Deum" that finishes the services.

The banquet hall is decorated with streamers of various colors flowing from the centre of the room to the windows and walls; at the upper end of the hall are the Papal arms with—*Thrice Welcome All*—beneath; at the lower end the picture of St. Ignatius in a recess draped with green and maroon; on one side, a large banner, with the inscription "*250th Anniversary of the Jesuits in Maryland, 1633-1883,*" and around the room large graceful folds of blue and white drapery. Here dinner is prepared for fifty invited guests. In the evening Solemn Vespers were sung by Rev. Theodore Metcalf, of Marblehead, the Fathers, Scholastics, and some of the Secular Clergy assisting, in copes. The congregation was one of the most numerous that ever filled the church, and this was partly due to the fact that no tickets of admission were required. Mercadante's Vespers and the Te Deum were sung by the choir, assisted by the Boston Symphony Society. Father O'Brien, C. SS. R., preached.

Thinking that the best view of the decorations could be obtained at night, for the breathing lights give then the freshness of youth to all around, I chose my position near the end of the church. As seen from this point the picture was grand—complete in itself. Above the main altar, in lights—for Vespers is just beginning,—was the motto of the Society,—A. M. D. G.; on each side three large candelabra were swung, sparkling with their gas candles; and behind these crimson drapery flushing the face of the church with its rich warm glow. Below, the altar nestled; decked with its gold cloth, the tabernacle covered with white satin trimmed in gold, on which a sheaf of wheat and grapes was gracefully fastened; whilst hanging baskets kept reverent watch before its door. The sanctuary lamp was adorned with flowers, and budding calla lilies like a wreath of pearls, crowned it. Six portières hung over the doors leading from the sacristies. They were of cardinal plush, with a rich band of old gold two feet wide, on which large clusters of flowers were wrought in appliqué; the heavy fringe that bordered them gave a perfect finish to the whole. The

throne erected on the Gospel side was of white satin, covered with arabesques of gold leaves. Far above—amid the fretted dome rests the satin canopy, its outer edge trimmed with a double row of gold lace, twelve hundred yards being needed. The gathered folds of the curtain upon yon bow-shaped edge of the arch reflect the splendor of a thousand lights. It seems so thin, so frail, that the slightest heat might melt it away. Yet how peacefully it looks down on the sacred tabernacle, and the low murmuring crowd beneath. How grand it appears in its pride of place! Nothing distracts the attention from the beauty of its folds, from the loveliness of the waving satin bright with reflected light. Through the central nave, over sixty feet from the ground, six groups of art drapery flow down, darting and dipping from capital to window-arch, where they unite with the crimson drapery coming from the altar, and gleam on the white background of the walls. The first group is white and blue, colors of the Immaculate Conception; at the end of the aisle, are white and gold, the Papal colors; in the centre, black and orange, colors of Maryland; then gold and grey, pink and blue, fill the intermediate spaces. Between each group, seeming to live in upper air, the banners of the different associations are hung. Festoons of greenery, beginning from the altar, winding in and out, now lightly springing, now creeping from arch to arch, and pillar to pillar, circle the whole church. The columns, twelve in number, colossal, and beautiful with their richly carved capitals, are entwined with art drapery in three spiral folds; and the frieze paper, encircling these spirals, at the top, bottom and centre, reflects their traceries of silver and gold in the changeful light. The first column on the Gospel side is enwrapped with white drapery, the names of FABER, REGIS, and PIGNATELLI, being in blue letters; that on the epistle side is blue, having in white letters, the initials in black: PAULUS III CONFIRMAVIT—1543. And in like manner, all the columns are variously bound, appropriate names and actions of Ours adorning the folds. Where the crimson drapery unites in a festoon on the pilasters, hang the large banners

I spoke of before. They are made of satin and art drapery. On the Gospel side, the first banner is white, with a large Maltese cross of emerald satin as centre piece; the second, scarlet and white quartered, with gold satin dexter bar inscribed in black letters, S. FRANCISCUS XAVERIUS. On the Epistle side, the first banner is pearl and white quartered, blue satin chevron, with name of S. IGNATIUS LOYOLA; the second, purple and gold, large Latin cross in scarlet letters. Where the loops catch up the great satin curtain hang two banners, the one on the right, of gold and white, with a broad purple band, on which shines the name LEO XIII, in red letters; the other, made of black and gold, has two dexter bars and the inscription, PROV. MARYL. NEO-EBORAC. 1880. At the further end of the church, hanging from the galleries, swing two beautiful banners; that on the right, is pink, with white fleur-de-lys in dexter chief, broad black dexter bar bearing in white letters "MISSIONIS," and **250** in a black lozenge; the other, violet, with gold fleur-de-lys, gold dexter bar with "PROVINCIAE" in red letters, **50** being worked in a gold lozenge. In each of the windows are statues of our Lord, the Immaculate Conception, and saints of the Society, surmounted by small banners. The banners number thirty-three.

Everything looks grand, yet all is so subdued, and invites to simplest prayer. Now Benediction begins. The incense ascends in slow circling wreaths, melting as it rises. How the lights seem to haunt the altar, and cloud-like gather around it. How patiently they stay, growing brighter and richer as the eye continues to gaze. Now the soft notes of music droop, gentle murmurs steal through the nave and die away: in solemn stillness clad, the church stands alone in her grandeur. God and man are speaking in heart music to each other. How strongly God's glory impresses our souls! And how clearly the scene speaks to the eye, telling of the beautiful picture before us. At length all is finished, the Te Deum is sung and the procession has passed from out the sanctuary, and the lights, like stars vanishing, disappear. As we watch the change, and see the dim

lights, and the deep clouds of shadow settling on the church, the heart sighs for the loveliness that is gone, yet thanks God for the bliss felt during this day.

AD. SS. TRINITATIS, BOSTONII, MASS.

1. Novena habita est coram Sanctissimo, præcedens Festum Patrocinii Sti. Josephi cujus statua et imago ornamento plurimo decoratæ fuere.

2. Indulgentiæ plenariæ promulgatæ cum conditionibus numerum non exiguum pœnitentium attraxere.

3. Die ipso Festo campanæ in altitudine turris inusitato sonitu et clangore celebritatem ad plurium leucarum distantiam annuntiaverunt, et apud Sacrum Solemne ingens populi concursus assistebat et sub fine Sacri, "*Te Deum*" omnes alta et sonora voce concinebant.

4. Post meridiem Vesperæ Solemnes.

5. *Sermonis Synopsis* :

a) Domus Dei, Sancta Christi Ecclesia, Sub Patrocinio S. Josephi longe lateque per orbem terrarum dilatata est ;

b) In hoc opere propagandæ Ecclesiæ Ordines Religiosi plurimum laboraverunt ;

c) Inter quos Societas Jesu præprimis ;

d) Hujus una Provincia, sc: Neo-Eboracensis-Marylandiæ Jubilæum duplex celebrat ; sunt enim :—

a) 250 anni ex quo Missio Marylandiæ fundata est, et

β) 50 anni ex quo ad gradum propriæ Provinciæ elevata est ;

e) Quapropter hoc peculiare Festum gaudii et gr̄atiarum actionis, non solum pro membris hujus Provinciæ, sed pro omnibus Catholicis in Statibus Fœderatis Americæ, etiam pro Germanis. Cur ?



## WHITEMARSH.

FATHER JAMES MAJOR writes :—

The Golden Jubilee was duly celebrated in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Whitemarsh, by the devotions of a Novena and a Triduum in honor of St. Joseph, the former commencing on Thursday, the 5th of April, the latter on Thursday, the 12th, and both ending on Sunday, the 15th, with the reception of the Holy Eucharist by the faithful jubilants.

Not having sufficient clerical force for a Grand High Mass, we had to be satisfied with a Missa Cantata celebrated by the Rev. James Cotting, S. J., who also delivered an appropriate discourse on the virtues and glories of St. Joseph, the husband of the Blessed Virgin Mary, under whose holy auspices the Society of Jesus first planted the standard of the cross on the land of Mary two hundred and fifty years ago; and two centuries afterwards crowned its labors by the appointment of a Provincial.

The notes of praise were pealed forth from the grand old Whitemarsh organ under the skilful fingering of Miss Agnes Iglehart, accompanied by the vocalism of a dozen or so of fine healthy Teutonic throats.

After Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, a *Te Deum* was chanted by the same choir, not the *Grosser Gott wir loben Dich*, which they are so fond of, but the real old Latin. *Te Deum laudamus*,—the music as arranged by St. Gregory.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N. Y.

FATHER HALPIN writes :—

We had all the ceremonies and observances indicated by Fr. Provincial's letter. In the parish church, a Novena—on *the day* itself, Solemn High Mass—*Te Deum*—Benediction; Sermon by Rev. Fr. Jouin, S. J. In the college chapel, the same. Sermon preached by Fr. F. McSweeney, a secular from Rome, and one of our old students.

## ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

I am sorry that we could not celebrate it in a more solemn manner. Our means do not allow us to make expenses for grand musical displays nor for costly decoration. The festival was preceded by a Novena, some prayers being said every day after Mass. On account of our people living very far scattered, not many could assist at this devotion as often as was required to gain the plenary indulgence. On the day itself, we had a Solemn High Mass; celebrant, Fr. J. P. M. Schleuter; Deacon, Fr. Joseph Busam; Sub-Deacon, Joseph Mattson. Fr. Busam preached. After High Mass, the German *Te Deum, Grosser Gott wir loben Dich* was sung by the whole congregation. A good number received Holy Communion on the day of the Jubilee.

JOH. P. M. SCHLEUTER, S. J.

## COLLEGE OF THE HOLY GROSS, WORCESTER, MASS.

(*From the Worcester Evening Gazette.*)

The day of the Jubilee, Sunday, the 15th inst., Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, was preceded by a *Triduum*. This was held in the college chapel, and consisted, each evening, of Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and the recitation of prayers proper to the occasion. Choice musical selections were rendered. Those given on the first evening, that of Thursday, the 12th inst., were Lambillotte's *Quid Retribuam*, with solos and chorus; Morrison's *Tantum Ergo*, solos and chorus; and the *Laudate Dominum*, a chorus, by Lloyd. On the next evening, the *O Salutaris* was a trio by Mercadante, the *Tantum Ergo* in the form of solos and chorus was by Berge, and the *Laudate Dominum*, a chorus, was by Bristow. The last evening of the *Triduum*, the music consisted of Stearn's *O Salutaris*, a solo; Rossi's *Tantum Ergo* in A, solos and chorus; and Fisk's *Laudate Dominum*, solo and chorus.

On Sunday there was a Solemn High Mass at 9 o'clock. Besides the students, an unusually large attendance filled

the spacious college chapel to its utmost capacity. The weather was delightful. A pleasant breeze tempered the warmth of the sun, which, shining from a cloudless sky, illumined the incipient green of hill and dale in the neighborhood. Within the chapel a striking scene was presented by the benches crowded with worshippers, the sanctuary and side-altars with their tasteful decorations, the numerous troop of brilliantly-dressed altar boys, the ministers in their rich vestments, and the resplendent ornamentation of the main altar. The maroon-colored hangings which covered a part of it brought into relief the green of the plants and shrubs, the varied hues of the flowers and the soft light of innumerable tapers. The High Mass was celebrated by Fr. F. W. Gockeln, S. J., with Fr. H. D. Langlois, S. J., as Deacon, Mr. F. B. Goeding, S. J., as Sub-Deacon, and Mr. J. B. Lamb, S. J., as Master of Ceremonies. Not less in keeping with the scene and the occasion was the music. The vocal part was furnished by the same choir which had done such good service during the *Triduum*. It is composed of students of the college, and is under the direction of Mr. T. J. Gannon, S. J., and Mr. C. I. Riordan. The latter gentleman presided at the organ at all the exercises both of the day and of the *Triduum*. The choir was supported by a select orchestra of seven pieces, under the direction of Prof. G. P. Burt of the college.

The Mass was the second of Haydn, with the exception of the *Credo* which was from his first. Before the sermon, Lambillotte's *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*, a duet and chorus, was sung, and, at the Offertory, his *Lauda Sion* in D, with duets and chorus, was given. The postlude rendered by organ and orchestra was *Et Vitam Venturi*.

The sermon was preached by Fr. C. H. Stonestreet, S. J. His discourse embraced the Society of Jesus in general and the Province of New York-Maryland in particular. He portrayed the character of St. Ignatius in terms glowing with all the enthusiasm of a devoted son, and described the celebrated Spiritual Exercises, of which he said that the Order is the offspring. He showed the wonderful effects they

had wrought, and how the giving of them is one of the great works of the Society. Another of its characteristic employments he said, is the missions, especially to foreign countries. He dwelt with enthusiasm on St. Francis Xavier as the great type of this work. Then he dilated upon the third great charge undertaken by the Jesuits,—the education of youth in colleges,—and pointed out some of the fruits of their endeavors. Passing to the New York-Maryland Province, he contrasted its humble beginnings with its present flourishing condition, and returned thanks to God, without whose merciful assistance this progress would have been impossible. The reverend gentleman spoke then of the College of the Holy Cross, and concluded with a moving exhortation to the students present to do all in their power to correspond to the efforts of those who are laboring in their behalf.

At 6 P. M., there was Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Fr. A. M. Mandalari, S. J., was celebrant; Fr. A. K. Peters, S. J., first cope-bearer; Mr. F. X. Sadlier, S. J., second cope-bearer; and Mr. J. B. Lamb, S. J., Master of Ceremonies. The attendance was large, the ornamentation of the altars even more elaborate than in the morning, and the music particularly choice. Its chief feature was the *Te Deum* in D, solo and chorus, by Lambillotte. The other pieces, likewise from this composer, were his *Tantum Ergo* in F, a chorus, and his *Laudate Dominum* in C, also a chorus.

Thus ended a day which had been one of extraordinary rejoicing for the College of the Holy Cross, as was made evident to all who came within sight of the building by the national flag which floated from the balcony of the main entrance, as the day closed a celebration satisfactory in every particular to all who took part in it.

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## ST. IGNATIUS' CHURCH, BALTIMORE, MD.

*(From the Catholic Mirror, April 21.)*

At St. Ignatius' Church great preparation for the Jubilee had been made, the culmination of which was reached on Sunday with most impressive ceremonies. God's sanctuary had been beautified with exquisite taste, the high altar being chastely adorned with calla lilies and other choice flowers, and lighted with innumerable candles, supported by rich candelabra. On the Gospel side of the sanctuary a rich canopy and throne were erected for Most Rev. Archbishop Gibbons, who pontificated. His assistants were: Assistant priest, Rev. Fr. Magnien, President of St. Mary's Seminary; first Deacon of Honor, Rev. Joseph Keller, S. J., formerly Provincial of the Maryland Province, and at present Rector of Woodstock College; second Deacon of Honor, Rev. Jno. Lessmann, S. J., Superior of the German Mission, of Buffalo, N. Y.; Deacon of the Mass, Rev. E. A. McGurk, S. J.; Sub-Deacon, Rev. P. P. Fitzpatrick, S. J.; first Master of Ceremonies, Rev. J. McCallan; second Master of Ceremonies, Mr. Charles S. Williams, S. J. The attendants on his Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop were chosen from the members of Blessed John Berchmans' Sanctuary Sodality attached to St. Ignatius' Church.

Among those present in the sanctuary were Rev. E. F. Schauer, Provincial of the Redemptorist Order; Rev. Henry Danenhauer, Rector of St. James' Catholic Church, and Rev. Thomas Lee of the Cathedral.

As the Most Reverend celebrant and his retinue of assistants and attendants entered at 10.45 o'clock, the joyful strains of Mendelssohn's Prelude in C filled the temple with its richness. The scene in the sanctuary was such as has been rarely witnessed within the walls of St. Ignatius' Church. The imposing appearance of the Most Rev. Archbishop in his Pontifical robes, the assisting clergy in gold chasuble and dalmatics, the numerous array of attendants,

and the beautifully illumined altar, united in forming a spectacle of surpassing grandeur.

The orator of the day was Rev. Wm. F. Clarke, S. J., who was one of the first novices at the Novitiate after the foundation of the Maryland Province. His text was taken from the Eighty-eighth Psalm, 6th verse: "Blessed is the people that knoweth jubilation: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance, and in Thy name they shall rejoice all the day."

[The sermon is given *in extenso*, occupying four columns of the *Mirror*. Some extracts from the narrative portion of the discourse are here subjoined, which contain a large amount of historical information, compressed into small space,—information concerning the Society not easily attainable elsewhere.]

"Catholicity in Maryland and the Jesuits were identified from the advent of the *Ark* and the *Dove* to the death of Archbishop Neale, in 1817. At Bohemia, the name of our farm and residence, in Cecil county, Maryland, in the only Catholic school in this country, John Carroll and Charles Carroll of Carrollton were prepared by our Fathers for the collegiate course which they made in Europe. John Carroll entered the Jesuits' Novitiate at St. Omer's in 1753, was ordained in 1759, became a professed Father in 1771, returned to America in 1774, was Vicar-Apostolic, with power to administer Confirmation, in 1784, and in 1790 was consecrated Bishop of Baltimore, the limits of his diocese being the boundaries of the United States. As the first missionary in this country was a Jesuit, so the first Bishop and Archbishop of this country was a Jesuit, and the second Archbishop of this country, Most Rev. Leonard Neale, was a Jesuit. Their signatures appear, with those of other Jesuits, on our books as trustees of our property in Maryland and Pennsylvania until the respective death of each. Hence the body incorporated by the Assembly of Maryland to administer the property of the Jesuits was entitled simply the "Roman Catholic Clergymen."

"Archbishop Carroll wished to have for his coadjutor and

successor, first, Fr. Molyneux and then Fr Gressel, both Jesuits. Fr. Molyneux, declined, and Fr. Gressel died at Philadelphia, a victim of charity, during the yellow fever in 1793. So Archbishop Neale offered the nomination of co-adjutor and successor to several Jesuits, but all declined.

"This city was indebted to the Jesuits for the faith, and the facilities of practising and enjoying it until the close of Archbishop Neale's administration, and partially so indebted after that period. Here, indeed, were the Sulpitians from 1791. But their labors were almost exclusively confined to the education of subjects for the sacred ministry, in which, thank God, they are still zealously and successfully occupied. Nearly 140 years ago, when this now beautiful city was a little village, too poor to support a resident priest, a Jesuit Father from White Marsh, in Prince George's county, visited it regularly, celebrated Mass and administered the Sacraments. In 1784, Fr. Charles Sewall was stationed here. Fr. John Carroll joined him in 1786. Fr. Francis Beeston was here from 1794 to 1805. Fr. Enoch Fenwick, who built the present cathedral, was rector of old St. Peter's, then the Cathedral, from 1808 to 1820, and Fr. Wm. Beschter was pastor, from 1821 to 1829, of old St. John's, which stood where now is St. Alphonsus'. But from 1829 to 1849 the Jesuit was unseen in Baltimore, save as a pilgrim, and might exclaim as did holy Job: "They that knew me, have forgotten me. They that dwelt in my house have counted me as a stranger" (Job xix, 14, 15). In 1849, Archbishop Eccleston welcomed the Jesuits back to the scene of their labors, the old homestead of their Carroll and their Neale. I had the pleasure of opening my pastorate at St. Joseph's, in this city, informing our Very Rev. Father General of that Archbishop's uniform kindness to us, and the happiness of being, by commission of the General, the bearer of his compliments and thanks to the Archbishop. At the invitation of his successor, Most Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, our Fathers opened Loyola College, in Baltimore, September 15, 1852.

"When the Mission of Maryland became a Province, July

8, 1833, Rev. William McSherry was appointed Provincial. Of him it is related that when he was an infant in his mother's arms, a mysterious voice from mid-air bade her take special care of that child, for he would be of service to the Church of God. He admitted me to the Novitiate shortly after his accession to office, and consequently I was well acquainted with him and with his successors, and I know something of the history of the Province. But that history I do not propose to rehearse. I would merely and briefly call your attention to the wondrous change wrought not in the Province only, but in the Church in this country, and in the country itself. Fifty years ago the Province of Maryland was confined to the States of Maryland and Pennsylvania and the District of Columbia. Now, besides Maryland, Pennsylvania and the District of Columbia, it includes New Jersey, New York, Rhode Island and Massachusetts. Then there were but six Catholic colleges in the United States: one-half of them were in the Diocese of Baltimore, and two of the six were Jesuit Colleges—the present Universities of Georgetown, District of Columbia, and St. Louis, Missouri. Then our Province had but one college, now it has nine. Then we had but four city churches, now we have 17. In the Province then there were only 38 priests, now there are 211; then 17 scholastics or candidates for the sacred ministry, now 156; then 30 lay brothers, now 173; the total then being 85; the total now 540.

“Whereas in 1833 there were but ten dioceses in the United States—but one of these dioceses comprised all the New England States, another all the country west of the Mississippi—there are now 63 dioceses and eight Vicariates-Apostolic. Then there were 12 Bishops, two of them being coadjutors; now there are a Cardinal, 13 Archbishops and 59 Bishops. Then there were scarce 250 priests, and a Catholic population of half a million; now there are more than 6,500 priests, 7,400 churches and chapels, 31 ecclesiastical seminaries, 81 colleges, 580 academies, 275 asylums, 185 hospitals, and a Catholic population of nearly 7,000,000.

“Of all the Prelates and priests who attended the first



Council of Baltimore, only one is now living, the Archbishop of Cincinnati; and of all who were members of the Jesuit Mission of Maryland when it became a Province, July 8, 1833, only four are living, three who were priests—Fathers Finnigan, Havermans and Curley—and one who was a novice, Fr. Ward, now of Loyola College.”

At the termination of Mass the Most Rev. Archbishop Gibbons, by virtue of the privilege granted him by the Holy Father, bestowed upon the large congregation the Papal Benediction, which brought the impressive ceremonies to a close; and as the procession left the sanctuary the choir sang with excellent effect Handel's "Alleluia Chorus," with orchestral accompaniment. The music was of unusual excellence, the Mass selected being Haydn's Imperial in D, which was sung by a choir of sixty voices, supported by an orchestra of twenty pieces, under the leadership of Prof. E. G. Hurley, the organist and director of St. Ignatius' choir. The effect throughout was of the grandest order, and most apposite to the solemnity of the festival. Before the sermon, *Veni Creator*, by Buehler, was superbly given, and at the Offertory, *Alma Virgo*, by Hummel, was sung.

ST. ALOYSIUS' CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

(From the *National Republican*.)

St. Aloysius' Church was crowded yesterday by thousands anxious to take part in the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Jesuit Province of Maryland.

Over the high altar burned in letters of living light the motto of the Society of Jesus: "*Ad majorem Dei Gloriam.*" On both sides hung a series of flags and banners—the papal colors, the stars and stripes, the flag of Maryland, banners emblazoned with the images of the Blessed Virgin Mary, St. Joseph, St. Aloysius, etc.

Over the tabernacle stood the seal of the Society, surmounted by a cross, both of natural flowers.

The seal was six feet in diameter, composed in the back-

ground of lycopodiums, the body of pure carnations, the border of calla lilies, the rays of yellow roses, and the nails and cross of red and crimson carnations, all surmounted by a cross at least three feet in height of white carnations and calla lilies. The altar itself was tastefully decorated with St. Joseph and calla lilies, while here and throughout the sanctuary rose clumps of camellias and palms. The musical portion of the services was very judicious in selection and really splendid in execution. The chorus singing was massive and artistic, with that nice attention to crescendos and pianos which is needed to make a chorus perfect.

The church from the sanctuary railing to the street door was crowded, the aisles being also filled, while many could not gain entrance.

Taken all in all, the solemnity at St. Aloysius' yesterday was perhaps the grandest in all its details which that church has ever known.

The sermon by Fr. Murphy, was a very brief one, but, at the same time, very full of matter. He spoke the thoughts suggested by the occasion, and explained their meaning and their drift. Blazing, said he, in splendor above our altar to-day, you read what is at once the watchword and battle-cry of the Society of Jesus, "*Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam.*" For the greater honor and glory of God, Ignatius, the soldier saint of Loyola, marshaled his little band in the beginning. With this motto on their banner, and with its prompting in their hearts, they went forward, nobly fighting, nothing fearing, fully confiding, to the conflict which the Lord had summoned them to engage in, and through the chances and the changes of three centuries in the past of men. For this same "greater honor and glory of God" the sons of Ignatius have lived and labored and gone to their account. Like Him whose name the Company bears, and whose monogram you see engraven in rich crimson flowers above the tabernacle, the Society of Jesus has had days of darkness as well as days of glory. In early infancy it was marked with the sign of the cross, and no matter how splendid were its achievements, no matter what triumphs it won

in the field of letters, theology and missionary enterprise, the weight of the cross was always heavy upon it. Like Jesus Himself it had its Palm Sunday, when Xavier, rivaling the glories of the first apostles, traversed with apostolic zeal the distant Indies and Japan; when Suarez and Bellarmine astonished the schools of Europe by the brilliancy of their genius, and when, in 1633, the Jesuit Andrew White, friend and adviser of Lord Calvert, helped to plant the standard of civil and religious liberty in the soil of Maryland. In such days hosannas were abundant and songs triumphant rang aloud, but darker days were coming on apace. Good Friday was close in the wake of Palm Sunday; and the Society of Jesus, the victim of calumny and corrupt intrigue—the target of designing Pombal and brazen Pompadour—was pursued as a disturber of the peace and a fomentor of sedition; was hounded on to death and laid in a grave which, like the grave of Jesus Christ, was not inglorious. Gloom, it is true, had settled over it, but the quickened eye of faith could pierce the cloud and read the legend of hope: "I will arise again." And the day of glorious resurrection did come, and one of the first of the nations of the world to give a welcome and a home to the re-established Society was the young republic of the West that had won her right to freedom by fighting for it under the banner of the stars and stripes. Washington himself offered his prayer of thanks in the old Jesuit church of Philadelphia, and was glad to honor with his majestic presence the Jesuit professors and students who thronged the classic halls of old Georgetown college. He then spoke of the general encouragement which the Jesuits received in the United States. They were no longer looked upon as enemies to civilization and liberty, no longer denounced by crafty statesmen, no longer loaded with chains and led to prison or the stake. They were assimilated into the organism of the nascent republic. They labored for her welfare and God's glory. Their schools and colleges spontaneously multiplied, until superiors at Rome felt that the time had come to reward the good wishes of the people by raising

the Mission of Maryland to the rank of a Province of the Society of Jesus, in 1833; and aptly, too, one of the sons of old Maryland—one of those whose ancestors had battled for religious liberty in the past—was chosen to be its head.

From that time during the last fifty years, owing to the kindness and encouragement of the faithful, the Province has increased and multiplied, having in view ever the motto of Ignatius, the glory of God and salvation of man. And to-day we come forward to return you thanks for your kindness to us in the past, and beg your prayers that we may be faithful to the example left us by our Fathers in the past, that we may carry out the designs of Ignatius to the glory of God and your salvation.

LEONARDTOWN, MD.

(*From the St. Mary's Beacon.*)

The day was commemorated in St. Aloysius' Church by a High Mass, Rev. Father Jenkins officiating and Rev. Fr. Swagers preaching the sermon from the text:—“The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a mustard seed.” He spoke of St. Ignatius, his life and labors; of the works of the Society in every land *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*; of Father White and the early Maryland Mission; of the suppression and restoration of the Society. He told how the Mission grew, until in 1833, fifty years ago, it was formed into a Province; how the Province grew and sent out Missionaries to other States; how six young Belgians entered the Novitiate at Whitemarsh, and what a glorious destiny God had for them; how they became in 1823, the Founders of the Missouri Province, and he rejoiced that he had known them all; finally, bringing down the history to our own day, how the Maryland and New York Provinces were united. After speaking of the labors of the Jesuits in Maryland, and particularly in our own county, the Rev. Father in conclusion, expressed the hope, that his hearers “might lead happy lives here and one day might meet their Teachers before the throne of God.”

The choir sang the *Kyrie*, *Gloria* and *Credo* from Concone's Mass, and the *Sanctus* and *Agnus Dei* from Mercadante's. At the Benediction, the *Te Deum* was chanted. This, in our memory, was the first time that this great Hymn of Thanksgiving was ever sung in St. Aloysius' Church.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

(Compiled from the *Ledger*, *Press*, *Inquirer*, and *Catholic Standard*.)

Five notable events were commemorated yesterday in old St. Joseph's Church, in Willing's Alley. The occasion was the Golden Jubilee of the establishment of the Province of Maryland of the Society of Jesus, the feast of the Patronage St. Joseph, the 250th anniversary of the establishment of the Jesuit Missions in America, the 150th anniversary of the building of St. Joseph's Church, and the fiftieth anniversary of its restoration to the followers of St. Ignatius.

The dusky walls of this venerable edifice, standing in the midst of what was once a graveyard, but is now a closely built block of business houses, surrounded on all sides by the busy hum of coal, railroad and iron men all the week, have still a solemn charm peculiarly their own. The first Jesuit church on this spot was built just 150 years ago, the Jesuit Fathers then taking up their abode in the rectory whose walls stand now as solidly as when built in 1730. This same church edifice has been built and torn down twice, each time proving too small for the necessities of the Fathers, until fifty years ago yesterday it was finally rebuilt and given back to the Jesuits.

No efforts were spared to make the solemnity of the ceremonies worthy of the occasion, and the observance appropriate. The sanctuary, but especially the high altar, was richly adorned, and excellent taste was shown in the selection and arrangement of the flowers.

Entering the church, after passing the two confessionals on the right, a shrine of the Blessed Virgin was reached, in front of which were flowers and a burning gas jet.

Then came a life-sized image of St. Joseph with the infant Jesus in his arms, and a corona of burning gas jets above his brows. Then came the great altar, with its more elaborate floral decorations and illuminations, a great bell resting on each corner of the altar and two magnificent candelabra, with blazing candles throwing a soft glow over all. Above the altar and high up toward the dusk of the ceiling was another corona of gas jets, bearing the name "Jesus" in letters of flame.

The celebrant of the Solemn High Mass at 10 o'clock was the Rev. John E. Fitzmaurice, pastor of St. Agatha's, Revs. A. Romano, S. J., and Francis O'Neill, S. J., being Deacon and Sub-Deacon, and the pastor, Rev. Fr. Ardia, S. J., Master of Ceremonies.

The St. Cecilia Mass, composed by C. Wels, was very effectively sung, under the leadership of Prof. M. F. Aledo, director of the choir, Madame Aledo presiding at the organ. The composition, a very fine one, was produced for the first time in Philadelphia at St. Joseph's Church, on Easter Sunday last, and its repetition yesterday added materially to the impressiveness of the celebration.

The Rev. F. X. Schnuttgen, C. SS. R., Rector of St. Boniface's Church, preached an eloquent sermon appropriate to the occasion, alluding particularly to the Jesuits' great success in the dissemination of the Gospel and the establishment of schools, colleges, etc., since their first entrance into the United States. He also dilated on several of the more prominent episodes in the life of St. Joseph, who, he said, was an effulgent beacon light for all Christians to pattern after who desired to conform to the will of God and advance towards perfection in serving him and obeying his commands.

The hymn of St. Ignatius was sung at the conclusion of the Mass, after which the large assemblage dispersed.

In the afternoon Solemn Vespers were sung, Rev. J. B. Guida, S. J., of East Denver, Col., being Celebrant as well as orator. The Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Father Guida, and the service was concluded by the singing of the *Te Deum*.

## PROVIDENCE, R. I.

(From the Catholic Visitor.)

It was a happy day for Providence that witnessed the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the introduction of Jesuits' missionary labor into this country. Not that this city can claim the quarter of the millennium that marks the existence of the Jesuits in this land, but it, in common with the other cities which enjoy the presence of these evangelical Fathers in their midst, can be conscious of the multi-form benefits which the Jesuit Order has bestowed upon Providence and elsewhere. A mere traveller in that part of the municipality in which the Reverend Fathers have taken their abode can not fail to be stricken with the improvements that the introduction of their Order has created. The schools, which were certainly needed in St. Joseph's parish, are now opened and, better than all, they promise to be eminently successful. The societies have multiplied in number, while there is no doubt that a deeper religious sentiment pervades the whole Catholic community of the parish.

In the Jesuit celebration, which occurred last Sunday, there was not the least deviation from tenets which the Church ordinarily teaches. There may have been more display, more ostentation, but the faith which prompted the observance in all the grandeur it obtained here in the city, was identical with the belief that filled the hedges of Ireland with worshippers and which, long before the Green Isle became famous, heard with attentive ears, the mysteries of the crucifixion celebrated in prayer and song.

But of the Jesuits, and of their stay here in our city, what shall we say? That they have proved a blessing and a benediction in many ways cannot be denied. That their presence here in Providence has awakened warmer feelings of religion can hardly be controverted. Therefore it is only right that the Catholics of this city should rejoice in the anniversary of the Order which has brought them so many spiritual benefits. Nor be it thought that in mentioning

this city there is intent to refer merely to the district in which, and Providence, the Jesuit fathers are stationed. Their presence in the city has been felt in places their feet have never trod. The echoes of their voices, like that of Longfellow's clock, which ticked "never and forever" are heard through all the streets and inculcate the sublimest doctrine.

*(From the Evening Bulletin.)*

The Jesuits were introduced into the Diocese of Providence in 1877, through Right Rev. Bishop Hendricken, who gave St. Joseph's Church to their charge. During this short period their influence has been widely felt, not alone in their own parish, but in all parts of the city. St. Joseph's Church, under Rev. Fr. Cleary's pastorate, has become one of the most beautiful sacred edifices in the diocese, and compares very favorably with the older churches in the United States. The parish is the youngest in the New York-Maryland Province and one of the most important and promising. Although a Jesuit college has not yet been founded, the grammar and high school is one of the best of Catholic parochial schools, and in the near future steps will be taken to found a college.

Saturday, April 7th, a Novena was commenced in St. Joseph's Church as a preparation for the feast of yesterday, and to which, by special favor, a plenary indulgence was granted to all who faithfully complied with the conditions. Yesterday a large congregation attended the impressive services that commemorated the Jubilee in this city. Solemn High Mass was celebrated at 10.30 o'clock with the Rev. W. B. Cleary, S. J., officiating as celebrant; Rev. Fr. Sheerin, S. J., Deacon; Rev. Fr. Nagle, sub-Deacon, and Rev. C. Hughes, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Master of Ceremonies. The sanctuary decorations were as profuse as possible to be in keeping with the richness of the altar and surroundings. The pinnacles and arches of the altar were decorated with bands of laurel, arranged as on Easter Sunday by Mr. Edward Seagrave. Plants and choice cut flow-



ers added their choice perfumes to the brilliant display of light which flooded the sanctuary, and in particular near the close of the services, during the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The discourse was preached by the Right Rev. Bishop Hendricken, after the singing of the "Veni Creator Spiritus."

He began by speaking of devotion to the saints. The first portion of the discourse treated of devotion to St. Joseph, during which he said :

"The first Jesuit Fathers that came north placed all the churches they built under the Patronage of St. Joseph. In Quebec three hundred years ago a little church bore the name of Joseph, and with churches and institutions the name of Joseph has always been associated. The first of the Hurons that came to be baptized received the name of Joseph, and the first of the Iroquois that came to be married took Joseph as his name."

After exhorting his hearers to confidence in the protection of him whose patronal feast they honored, he spoke of the special event which was celebrated :

"Together with the great feast of St. Joseph celebrated to-day, there is a solemn event commemorated, the 250th anniversary of the settlement of the Jesuit Province of Maryland; 250 years of a history of the greatest religious order that God has permitted to exist in the world. It is a history that no other order could furnish, no matter whether we consider the work accomplished by them, the men produced or the enemies overcome. It had the good will of heaven from its foundation. The Society was founded by St. Ignatius Loyola during the time of the Reformation. It was during his attendance at the university of Paris that he prevailed upon seven fellow-students to adopt his example, abandon all worldly pleasures and band themselves together to stem that dreadful torrent that threatened to pour down in violence upon the world. Year by year they increased in numbers, until within a hundred years they are found everywhere throughout the world, ever ready to shed their blood

for their faith. At the very foundation, when kneeling together, they made their solemn vows that God might never leave them without persecution. In Asia, China, Japan, South America, everywhere, they had enemies, who succeeded in suppressing them for awhile. The Province of Maryland has never been suppressed, but has continued, practically speaking, in unbroken succession. The charges preferred against them and for which they died martyrs were never proved. At one time they were the head of all the colleges and universities which were the most renowned institutions of learning. They have been the greatest statesmen the world has ever seen and the Order is the most eminent in the Church to-day. The order will not pass away. You may kill a Jesuit, yet he will not die, but live forever. It is now driven out of France and other countries, its churches and colleges given to the infidel sway. France, poor France, in her dire condition banishes God's holiest servants from her realm. To-day you have plenty to think of,—this great community in its rejoicing,—and St. Joseph."

The Bishop imparted his blessing at the end of Mass, which was followed by the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. During the exposition, "O Salutaris Hostia" was sung, the concluding prayers of the novena said and then the chanting of the "Te Deum" in thanksgiving for the favors conferred during these years. During the chanting of the "Te Deum" the officiating clergy and vast congregation remained standing. The singing of "Tantum Ergo" and the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given by Fr. Cleary concluded the lengthy and interesting services.

The chorus was enlarged for the occasion, and sang parts of Mozart's 12th, Generali's and Mercadante's Masses. At the Offertory, Lambillotte's "Alleluia Chorus" was sung. At the end of Mass, the trio "O Salutaris," the "Te Deum," full chorus, and the duet, "Tantum Ergo," Rossi, were rendered with good effect.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S CHURCH, NEW YORK.

*(From the New York Times.)*

The services in St. Francis Xavier's Church yesterday were elaborate. A Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Fr. Frisbee, Rector of St. Francis Xavier's College. Fr. Thiry was Deacon and the Rev. Mr. Hart acted as Sub-Deacon. The special music for the occasion consisted of a new Mass by Greith composed in honor of St. Joseph, and was sung by the full choir of the church, accompanied by an orchestra, in addition to the great organ. The Rev. Fr. Fulton then preached the sermon, speaking of the hardships and persecutions which the Jesuits underwent in the early days of their mission in this country, and traced their continued growth in power and numbers, especially in the Maryland district, which he said was the mother of many missions in the West which had even outgrown her in numbers. The missions were now in a prosperous condition, and of the work in New York city St. Francis Xavier's College and the great church in Sixteenth street was an evident proof. Afterward, the procession passed through the church, and the services closed with a *Te Deum*.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, BOSTON.

*(From the Pilot.)*

Special services were also held at St. Mary's, Endicott street. The Celebrant of the Solemn High Mass was the Rev. Fr. Duncan; Deacon, Fr. Reid; Sub-Deacon, Father Holland; Master of Ceremonies, Fr. Byrne. The Rev. Theodore Metcalf, of Beverly, preached a masterly discourse on the history of the Society, and eulogized Loyola and his faithful followers for their zeal in the conversion of the heathen and the education of the young. The choir sang Mercadante's Mass.

ST. THOMAS', CHARLES CO., MD.

*(From the Port Tobacco Times.)*

The services at St. Thomas' Church last Sunday, were marked with a solemnity rarely witnessed in that church. The altars were most beautifully and tastefully decorated with candles and flowers, the altar of St. Joseph especially, whose feast also occurred on that day, being particularly striking for the great degree of care and taste that had been bestowed on its embellishment. Rev. A. P. Keating, pastor of the congregation, celebrated the Mass. The choir under the direction of Mrs. Nicholas Stonestreet and Miss Eliza Jenkins, the accomplished organist, rendered Borlese's Mass in a manner that was highly creditable, and deserves more than a passing notice. The parts were all well sustained, the choruses grand, and under the able direction of the leader all was as accurate as could be wished. At the Offertory, the "Regina Cœli" was sung by the full choir, and as the sweet words of the music from the well-trained voices blending so harmoniously with the soft, deep tones of the organ, under a master's touch, rose in rich cadence on the air and were borne by the rippling wavelets of sound to every part of the old church, it seemed to us that every heart should be touched and every head bowed in thanksgiving to Him who had allowed us to see the 250th anniversary of the establishment of His Church in "My Maryland." "Tantum Ergo" was sung by full choir, and at the conclusion of the services the "Te Deum," the glorious hymn of thanksgiving and praise, was sung by full choir. The sermon, or rather a lecture appropriate to the occasion, was delivered by the Rev. E. Connolly. It was such a masterly effort, evinced such deep and careful thought and study, and abounds in so many historical reminiscences that are of local interest, that we lay it before our readers elsewhere in to-day's issue. It occupies considerable of our space, but after a perusal we are sure an apology for devoting our space to it will be superfluous.

We give some extracts from the discourse:—

“The commemoration of an event so important, so significant of the progress made by the Catholic religion in this country, as early as fifty years ago, would be inadequate, if it did not embrace the panegyric of the faith, the devotion, the self-sacrifice of the pastors and people who won so glorious a triumph for the church in the new world, of men who came across the seas bearing with them the seed of the faith, and carefully tended the sapling that sprang from that seed, until it grew into a very great tree, whose branches cover all the land, and under whose shadow millions of souls find refreshment and rest.

“It would be an honor to be permitted to preach the panegyric of these men on such an occasion as this in any place or in any temple. It is an honor and a privilege to be permitted to preach it here, here in the very home of some of the first colonists of Maryland, in the place which witnessed the labors of Father White, the Apostle of Maryland, for the conversion of the Indians, which bears testimony to the zeal of Fathers William and George Hunter in the earlier days, and to that of the Neales, and of Father Wiget in later times.

“But not only this. It is an honor and a privilege to be permitted to commemorate the first formation of the Province here, in the very Church where Fr. McSherry, the first Provincial, offered the holy sacrifice every day during the early years of his administration. Such an honor and such a privilege have fallen to my fortune—I had said good fortune, did I not feel myself unequal to the task which this honor and privilege involve; for not every man is fitted to pronounce the eulogy of the heroic band who first came hither over seas. But this also I feel, that I have been exalted by being thought of in any way in connection with such a theme, and this feeling of exaltation is the only qualification I can bring to the task for which I have been chosen. Let me say, too, that for another reason it would have been more fitting that the praise of the Jesuit pastors of your fathers and of yourselves should come from other

lips than mine. For I, also, though most unworthy of such a grace, am a priest of the Society of Jesus, and while eulogizing my brethren who have gone before, I may, by implication, appear to praise myself. Not necessarily so, I think; for the last recruit who joined the old Maryland Line for the reason that he took a manly pride in their valor, did not, after his enlistment, boast by inference of his own courage, merely because he found delight in praising theirs. He had boasted of them in the same way long before, as a boy; and it would have been hard to deprive him after he had joined, of a pleasure which may have been the noblest inspiration of his youth.

“So, too, these Jesuit Fathers, these devoted pastors of yours and of the men from whom some of you are descended, these men of the Company of Jesus, whose shoe-thongs I am unworthy that I may loose, were honored and venerated before my day, as they will always be honored in the after time; and so, too, it would be hard if I should be deprived, now, that, through God’s favor, I am one of their number, of a right which I enjoyed and exercised with the keenest relish in the days of my boyhood. It may be admitted then, I think, that a priest of the Society of Jesus may praise the noble sons whom the Society has produced, without seeming to arrogate any part of that praise unto himself.

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“There were twenty Jesuits on the Maryland Mission at the time of the suppression. Afterwards eleven more, natives of Maryland, returned from abroad, making the total number 31. Within the space of thirty years, 18 of these had died, and of the 13 who still survived, 10 never lost the hope of dying in the restored Society. They continued, as Secular priests, to attend to the ministry with all the heart that was left to them, although they felt not any more the inspiration which had, in happier days, soldered them together in firm fellowship of heart and hand. They had waited ten, twenty, thirty years and more, their dim eyes always straining towards the hoped-for restoration. Four of them by authority received from Russia renewed their vows in 1806,

an act which bore witness to their devotion, but probably did not reconstitute them canonically as Jesuits.—Set a plant upon a shelf within doors, before the window-pane, and its leaves turn to the light, its branches bend towards the light, it becomes warped with its reaching for the light, and all of it seems dead except what sees the light. So it was with these venerable men. They were out of place, set upon a shelf, and all the life that was in them turned towards the hope, and grew towards the hope of the restoration.

“Of those ten who had kept the hope of the restoration, all except three had passed away before the brief of Pius VII. reconstituting the Society was promulgated. Two of the surviving three, John Carroll and Leonard Neale, the Archbishop and the Coadjutor Archbishop of Baltimore, could not be permitted to abandon their charge. Only one was left to be the link between the old and new. He was one of those who had renewed their vows in 1806, and now, at last, in 1815, clasping on either hand the outstretched palms of the old Society and the new, he raises his eyes to heaven and thanks God for vouchsafing to grant the blessing he has been asking for more than forty years. This man was of a family which has given eight of its sons to the Society of Jesus. His name was Charles Neale of Charles county, Maryland.

“My brethren, if you should ever hear the calumny repeated that the religious life in the Catholic Church is one of weariness, and pain, and agony of mind, or that the life of the cloister is a life of coercion, tell this story of the old Maryland Jesuits.

“Now what was it that made these feeble veterans, who had been scarcely able to totter over the threshold of the present century — what was it that made them care to have the Company of Jesus formed anew? The reason of it, I think, was this: They could not forget the old discipline in which they had been trained, always to strive for what is best and noblest; and, in their view, the best and noblest thing was to give, under vow, themselves

and all they had to God, in that same fellowship wherein they knew from experience that their powers had been multiplied for good. And they wished this benefit not for themselves only, but for others also; they wished it for the sake of the Church. Their watchword had been, "All for the greater glory of God," and this cry was still ringing in their ears. What though their blood ran chill, the old spirit still tingled along the courses of their veins. It was with them as it had been in former days with those who had followed the banners of Godfrey de Bouillon or of St. Louis in the cause of Christendom. What though the old Crusader's arm were now too feeble to couch a lance, he still could train younger knights, or elevate their thoughts with talk of noble deeds, of gallant feats of arms; or if not this, he could at least, out of love for the old cause, die in the old mail, which he wore when he first went forth under the pennon of the cross. And although they nearly all passed away, with their desire unfulfilled in themselves, their constant prayers may have brought about the fulfilment of it in the persons of other men. But whatever may be the case, it is most true, that the good name they won, lived after them. We have been told how the Spanish cavaliers of old time gained victories over the Moors by buckling his armor about the dead Cid and setting him on his charger in their army's van, as if he had come once more to lead the Christian host—so, too, under the prestige of the old Jesuits' name, later and younger men have found it easier to advance the cause of the faith.

"Of these venerable men Charles county had given, as it had given from the first, more than its due proportion. The records left by the early Jesuits in Maryland are few, for they did not care to say much about themselves or their good deeds. However, in catalogues of the Society of Jesus, I find the following Charles county surnames: Smallwood, Lewis, Neale, Diggs, Mattingly, Matthews, Floyd, Semmes, Boarman, Jenkins, Pile, Doyne, Mudd, Edelin, Stone-street, Lancaster, Brookes. These historic names tell better than tablets of perishable stone of the faith and de-



votion of St. Thomas' children. It was no wonder that so many generous men should be produced in a community comparatively few in numbers. They had been born among high minded and devout Catholics, and here their childhood had been passed. The nobleness of their origin, the inspiration of their environment, would not suffer them to be less than noble themselves.

"The men of the older time could point out the scenes where Father White spent himself in his labors for the Indians. Those of later days breathed the atmosphere made fragrant by the virtues of the Carmelites near by, whose lives of penance, like the leaves of the sweet briar, scattered their odors over all the country side. They could hear the old bell of St. Thomas' calling, calling on them to come and pray and bear witness to their faith and the faith of their fathers. This church was to them a memorial of the generosity and liberality of their sires in the cause of the faith, as the story of its restoration will be to your children, my brethren, a memorial of yours. If these old walls of English brick had the power of utterance, what a tale they could tell of the piety of pastors and people.

"God's providence, my brethren, chose your ancestors to be the seed of this great harvest. Think of how vast the harvest is throughout the whole country! For the Jesuits in the United States with their congregations, only form a small fraction of the pastors and people. God is called a husbandman in the gospel. It is the part of a good husbandman to choose good seed for the sowing, that he may have a good harvest. The seed this good husbandman chose, to produce a great harvest of souls, were the pastors and people of 250 years ago; that is to say, the 8,000,000 of Catholics now in the United States are the harvest of the Maryland seed. They, your fathers, my brethren, did their part; and hitherto you have done yours, keeping the faith steadfastly and well. So may you keep it always, and thus show yourselves to be the worthy product of the good seed, thus render yourselves worthy of God's continued blessings.

God has indeed blessed you in many ways; but in no way so conspicuously as in your pastors. I shall recall them to you one by one, accurately as I have been able to procure their names, not always perhaps in the exact order in which they come. In the early days Fathers White and Altham and Copley and Morgan and Rigby had much to do with the Indians and settlers near St. Thomas' Manor. After them the most conspicuous name is that of Fr. Wm. Hunter of whom we hear often about the year 1704. In 1750, Fr. George Hunter shows himself a zealous and able advocate of the rights of the Catholic colonists. Then come Charles and Francis Neale, Epinette, Cousinne, Combs, Francis Neale, a second time, Mudd, Lilly, Powers, Barber, Barrister, Vicinanza, Wiget, a second time, and, alas, that we should have to say it, for the last time. They do not answer to my call; only the breath that breathes a soul into clay can fan their ashes into life. But there will come a day when the Son of Man, whom they faithfully served, will descend from heaven, clothed with the majesty of God, and a voice stronger than a mortal voice shall summon their souls back to their dust, and the angel who keeps the roster of those who have fought the good fight, will call this same roll which I now read, and, as we trust, shall bid those who bore them stand on the right hand of God."

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

*(Compiled from the Baltimore Sun and Washington Post.)*

The closing event in the commemorative celebration of the semi-centennial anniversary of the founding of the Jesuit Province of Maryland took place yesterday at the College of the Sacred Heart, Woodstock, Md., the scholasticate of the Order in North America. At 6 A. M. a Solemn High Mass was celebrated, at which all the community received Holy Communion, thus conforming with the conditions for gaining the indulgence granted by the Papal rescript. The Very Rev. Robert Fulton, Provincial of the New York-Maryland Province, was Celebrant of the Mass; Rev. S.

Frisbee, President of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, Deacon; Rev. P. F. Dealy, President of St. John's College, Fordham, New York, Sub-Deacon; Rev. J. Henry Sandaal, Master of Ceremonies. The music of the Mass was Mozart's "Kyrie" and "Sanctus", Rosewig's "Gloria" and "Credo," Winter's "Ave Maria," Weber's "Benedictus" and Mercadante's "Agnus Dei."

The early morning train brought a number of visitors, who together with the community made the largest reunion of members of the Society ever assembled at one time or place within the limits of the United States. Those who honored the celebration with their presence were: Very Rev. Robert Fulton, Provincial of the New York-Maryland Province; Very Rev. Leopold Bushart, Provincial of the Missouri Province; Very Rev. John Lessmann, Superior of the Mission of Buffalo; Rev. Peter Racicot, Socius of the New York-Maryland Provincial; Rev. James Perron, Frederick; Rev. P. F. Dealy, President of St. John's College, Fordham, New York; Rev. S. Frisbee, President of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York; Rev. A. J. Tisdall, Master of Novices, Frederick; Rev. Jeremiah O'Connor, President of Boston College; Rev. E. A. McGurk, President of Loyola College, Baltimore; Rev. E. D. Boone, President of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.; Rev. J. J. Murphy, President of Gonzaga College, Washington, D. C.; Rev. John McQuaid, President of St. Peter's College, Jersey City; Rev. W. H. Duncan, St. Mary's Church, Boston; Rev. W. F. Clarke, Rev. Thomas Hayes, Loyola College, Baltimore; Rev. R. W. Brady, St. Peter's Church, Jersey City; Rev. J. B. Emig, Conewago, Pa.; Rev. Joseph Ardia, St. Joseph's, Philadelphia; Rev. Burchard Villager, Church of the Gesù, Philadelphia; Rev. C. K. Jenkins, Leonardtown, Md.; Rev. J. P. M. Schleuter, St. Joseph's, Washington; Rev. D. O'Kane, St. Mary's, Alexandria, Va.; Rev. J. A. Morgan, St. Mary's, Boston; Rev. H. St. C. Denny, St. Aloysius', Washington; Rev. P. H. Toner, New York; Rev. A. P. Keating, Charles county, Md.; Rev. J. Pye Neal, St. Inigoes, Md.; Rev. F. W. Gockeln, Worcester College,

Mass.; Rev. H. Kavanagh, St. Mary's, Boston; Rev. L. Vigilante, St. Inigoes, Md.

At 10 o'clock a literary and musical entertainment was given in the library of the college, in which a raised platform had been erected. Around its base were massed choice potted flowers and plants from the college conservatory. On one side was a life-size statue of St. Ignatius, and on the other side of St. Aloysius, placed beneath canopies of blue and cardinal. Over the rear centre of the stage, in the attitude of ascending, was an American eagle, with the legend "1633" in its beak. Prominent in the background were the portrait of St. Thomas Aquinas, the Angelic Doctor, and paintings of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and of Mary.

The order of exercises was as follows :

"ACROSS THE WAVE OUR FATHERS SAIL:"	QUARTETTE—Rossini
SUPPRESSION AND RESTORATION.....	REV. R. S. DEWEY
EARLY RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN NEW YORK AND MARYLAND)	H. VAN RENSSELAER
FORTES CREANTUR FORTIBUS ET BONIS.....	J. A. BUCKLEY
PRAISE OF THE SOLDIER: DOUBLE QUARTETTE—Boieldieu	
BEFORE THE UNION.....	D. O'SULLIVAN
A FEW TRIALS.....	REV. J. A. CONWAY
"WATCHMAN THROUGH THE DREARY NIGHT:"	DUETT—Donizetti
THE PERIOD OF CHANGE.....	W. P. BRETT
EARLY INDIAN MISSIONS.....	J. T. HEDRICK
SONG OF THE PIONEERS.....	C. J. CLIFFORD
THE RUINED CHAPEL: DOUBLE QUARTETTE—Becker	
THE HOUSE OF STUDIES.....	J. J. A. BECKET
FROM RETROSPECT TO PROSPECT.....	REV. E. CONNOLLY
ARISE NEW SUN: QUARTETTE—Rossini	

## A. D. 1634—1733.

Across the wave our Fathers sail ;  
Sorrow is for a night :  
Their hope long waiting may not fail,  
Joy cometh with the light.

They love their land of Mary : night  
Drops down again more drear :  
Brave hearts, hope on, await the light,—  
At darkest, dawn is near

## A. D. 1773—1805.

Watchmen through the dreary night,  
See, amid the gloom that shrouds  
Earth and heaven with blackest clouds,  
Glory opens on your sight.

—Glorious visions far away,  
Through the rifts amid the gloom  
There where darkest clouds uploom.  
Onward sweep to endless day.

—O ye toilers! night drops down ;  
Fold your all unwearied hands!  
But, athwart the thronging lands,  
Shines a newer day and crown :

—Crown that, at the close of day,  
When with folded hands again  
You shall fare from haunts of men,  
Brightens out and far away.

—Fadeth not again to night?  
No, but to the endless rest :  
For the life that sets to west,  
Eastward breaks in perfect Light.

## A. D. 1805-'33-'83.

Hearts sick with waiting long, behold !  
Past is the turn of night :  
Arise, new sun ! the sadness old  
Flees from the morning light.

Fleet hours speed onward from the night ;  
The workmen follow soon :  
Fade not from sight, O fair day's light,  
Till uncreated Noon !

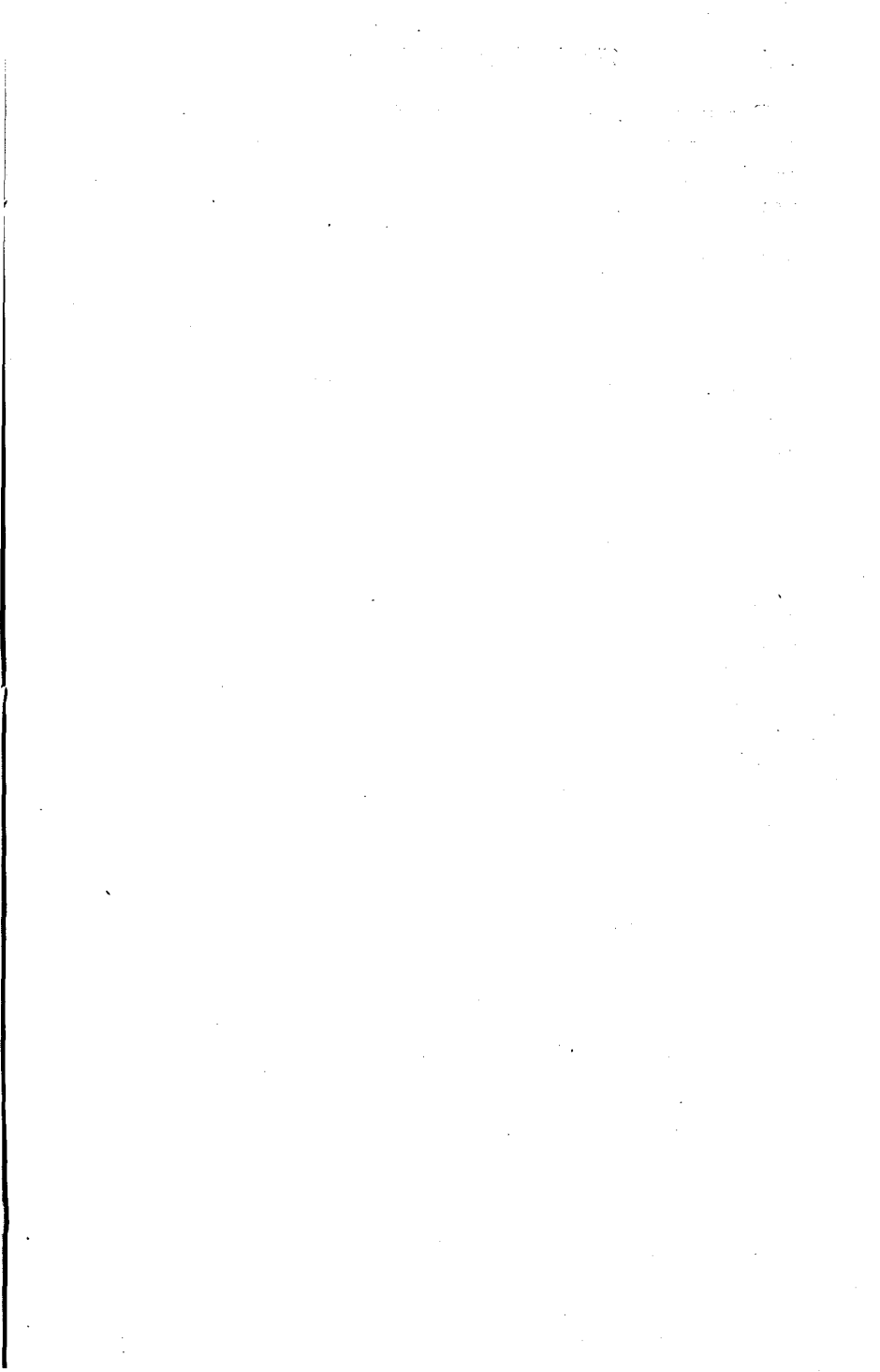
The music rendered was arranged with special reference to the notable dates in the history of the Maryland Mission and Province. The first period from the year 1634 to the year 1733, the period of missionaries, was represented by the song, "Across the wave our Fathers sail." The years 1773 to 1805, which formed a dark and foreboding period in the history of the Province, were appropriately typified in the verse commencing "Watchman through the dreary night." The years 1805 to 1833 and then to 1883, which ushered in the prosperous days of the Province, were represented by the last song, "Hearts sick with waiting long, behold."

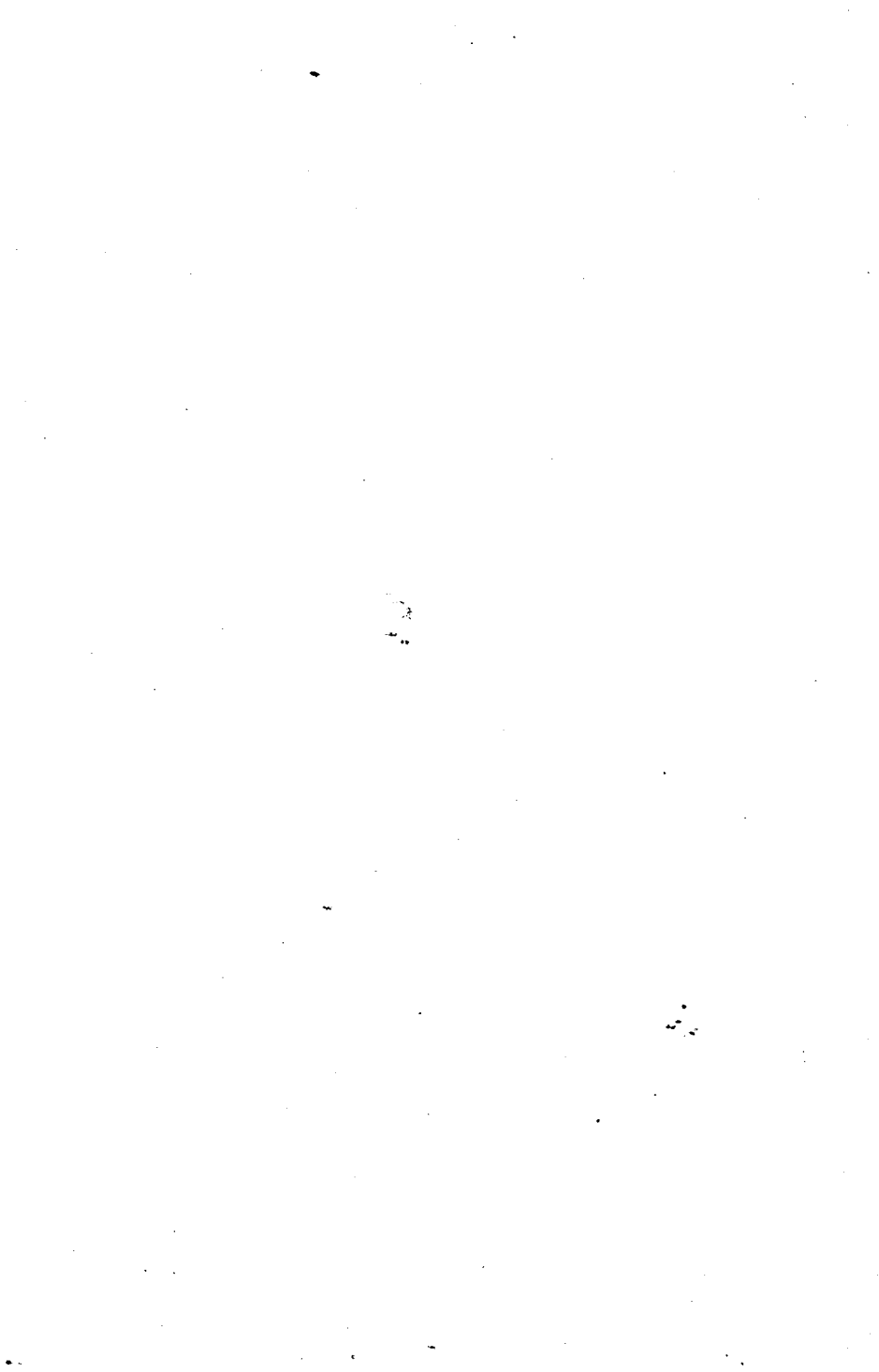
At the conclusion of the exercises Solemn Benediction was celebrated, with Rev. J. E. Keller as Celebrant; Rev. W. F. Clarke, as Deacon; Rev. James Perron, as Sub-Deacon. The music at the Benediction was as follows: *O Quam dilecta*, Lambillotte; *Te Deum*, Gregorian; *Tantum Ergo*, Lambillotte; *Laudatë*, Lambillotte.

This ended the formal exercises of the Jubilee celebration.

At two o'clock dinner was served in the refectory of the college, which had been decorated with banners filled with legends pertinent to the great celebration.

D. O. M.







# WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. XII, No. 3.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY FATHER NICHOLAS POINT.

## CHAPTER V.

### *Winter among the Cœurs d'Alène.*

On the 13th of November, a sufficiently noteworthy day in the Society of Jesus, we took our departure for lands, destined to afford us the greatest trials, as well as the greatest consolation. Early on the 14th, we arrived at the domains of Stellam. Everybody came to shake hands with us, but the snow, which was falling in large flakes, helped to shorten the ceremony, as we were in a hurry to get our luggage under cover.

We landed at a spot where the lake flows out through the river of the Spokanes. Quantities of fish collect here and the Indians continue to catch them by means of a wier stretched from one bank to the other, up to January. To this facility in obtaining sustenance, a facility rendered still greater by the skill of the medicine men, do the Cœurs d'Alène owe their sluggishness and other faults derived from this; but there are good persons and customs everywhere among them. The spoils from the fishing, as well as the hunt, are divided amongst all that are hungry, whether

they have contributed to the result or not. They never begin either their fishing or hunting without invoking some one or other in whom they put their trust. Formerly, it was some manitou according to their view of a provident deity: to-day, thanks to the grace of God, which has revealed at last the truth to these poor idolaters, it is to the creator of heaven and earth, or to Jesus Christ, or to the Blessed Virgin that they betake themselves. This year for the first time they addressed themselves to the true God, to obtain assistance and to return their thanks for the success permitted to them.

The first Friday of December, one month to a day after the consecration to the Sacred Heart, the august sign of our redemption was planted on the river bank where they assemble for the fishing, not far from the house of prayer. During the ceremony, a most edifying one, the Cœurs d'Alène came and kissed the sacred emblem, exclaiming "Jesus, I give you my heart!" The priest chanted: "O crux, ave spes unica." "Hail, holy cross, our only hope"—and the entire people repeated this after him. From this out there was no longer any of the questionable amusements in which they had been wont to indulge, nor any of the diabolical incantations, which once found favor with them. To these and their cult of the manitou, succeeded the worship of the true God—and these mountain heights often re-echoed to the chant of sacred canticles.

Under such circumstances, one might have expected these new children of the faith to have experienced even temporal blessings in excess of those heretofore enjoyed. On the contrary, to the great surprise of the good neophytes, the cross seemed to have removed both fish and game from these regions, which were so well stocked with both at the corresponding time the year before, and a feeling the best calculated to restore to the spirit of lies his old adorers began to obtain. What could be the cause of a result so different from what had been looked for? A victorious solution was earnestly desired to this query. The missionary priest could only ascribe it to some secret ad-

herence on the part of a few to their old practices in opposition to the good faith of the majority—and if such there was, it was highly necessary to discover and remove it for the glory of God, and the greater good of souls. He expatiated on the crime of hypocrisy, setting forth the efforts which the wicked one would make to retain them in his meshes, and depicting the serpent in the terrestrial Eden and the temptation of Jesus Christ, he set forth in glowing colors the tricks of him, whom the scripture calls the father of lies, and, on the other hand, the rigor of the divine justice toward those, who lend ear to his deceptive promises. As a result, every day there was brought to the missionary's tent to be cast into the fire a medicine-bag, or some superstitious trifle like a feather, the tail of an animal, or what had been retained in the possession of those who had adopted the worship of the true God. This continued up to the Purification, a day to be noted as that on which it could at length be said: "The tree of death has been cut down to its very roots." To ensure credit to their superstitious practices in the midst of the dearth, which was making itself felt, the foremost of the medicine men exultingly proclaimed that on one day after an invocation of the manitou one hundred and eighty roe bucks fell before their arrows. To this taunt the believing Indians were enabled to retort: "And we, almost without using gun or arrow, by the power of Him who has created and redeemed the world, have struck down in six hours no less than three hundred."

*Polygamy.* — The low sports and idolatry of the Indians had yielded to grace; but an enemy still more redoubtable remained to be conquered. This was polygamy. Deprived of the light of faith, and possessed of but little in point of reason, these poor blinded creatures were scarcely less dissolute in their morals than they were insensate in their beliefs. Thus to leave one wife, to take another, or to have several of them at the same time, was with them so common an occurrence, that a father for the merest trifle would

give his daughter to a man already having a number of wives. The chiefs set the example in this shameful traffic. One of them with three wives was married to a woman, who had formerly been the wife of his own brother, and she gave to him in marriage two of her daughters. Stellam had, in point of fact, but one, though her youthfulness was sufficient proof that she was not the first. Moreover, as avaricious as he was vile, he gave consent for his niece's marriage with a man, who had already espoused and dismissed a number of wives, on the payment of a horse. So one can easily conjecture that polygamy with the Cœurs d'Alène, if not regarded as extremely honorable, was extensively practised. To induce such people to act more in accordance with reason, it was necessary to employ all possible indulgence: and notwithstanding this, the difficulty of getting them to do right was incredible. Two days after Christmas, the principal polygamists heard again from the mouth of the missionary the conditions on which alone they could be admitted to the sacrament of baptism, and the great motives which should lead them to avail themselves of such a favorable opportunity. Thereupon Montesalem arose and unable to restrain his emotion, exclaimed amid his sobs: "My brothers, I want to save my soul: let us listen to the voice of God. Do as I am going to do." His example was so contagious, that they all followed it except one, and he deferred doing so for a few days, only in order to better repair the effects of his scandal. Of the three chiefs who were not present, one after a night of serious reflection came to the best possible conclusion; the second was assisted in his doubts by the voluntary withdrawal of one of his wives: and the third, despite himself, was destined to help to the good of the community by evidencing the manner in which God punishes even in this world hardened hearts: for in a short time by gaming or unexpected misfortunes, he lost half his fortune, and if his two wives remained, it only showed the excess, of which women are capable, who prefer to God's friendship half of a man's heart.

*Christmas Night.*—From the beginning of the mission, the holy mysteries had been celebrated in an enclosure large enough for all the catechumens who came three times daily, either to pray or to hear the word of God. It was under a roof much like that which protected the Holy Infant, that light began to glimmer in the darkness of their minds. For midnight Mass, the place was hung with garlands of green and mats covered the ground, and various pictures, representing the different mysteries were hung about. At midnight, there was a rattling fire of musketry, announcing that the house of prayer was open for the piety of these new children of the faith. Crowds of adorers hastened to prostrate themselves in the temple of the Infant God, and filled with sweetest emotion at the sight of the brightness in the middle of the dark night, they cried out: "Jesus, I give you my heart."

The baptism of the adults, which was to be administered solemnly on the feast of the Circumcision, found in these Christmas days of devotion an excellent preparation; but as usual the days of grace, which preceded that ceremony were not without their severe temptations.

The wretched Stellam, from the first of these days, opposed himself to the work of God, either contradicting the missionary, or recalling the happy times, when he could spend his life in enjoyments. Never had his attacks been more hostile. One day, he told the missionary that a Protestant chief had told him that thirty men of his sect would make him pay for the deference, with which he heard the words of his minister and those of theirs. This was a pure invention on his part. When discovered to be such, and his news had been treated as it deserved, he was not disconcerted, but pretended to be very repentant, and, as a proof of his devotedness, he told the missionary that there was some secret opposition to the truth, and that the fire of superstition had been re-enkindled. He acted with such apparent sincerity, that the missionary went to his tent, to consult with him some means of doing away with this apostasy. He was well received, but when he said, "Come, let

us go at once," the devoted friend beat a retreat, giving it to be understood that the affair would be much better without him than with him. The missionary then took his leave, accompanied by two young savages. They arrived at the camp ground and made suitable representations. To their reasonings there was offered no opposition but that of absolute silence. The young savages who had accompanied the Father put out the fires, and the Father himself withdrew. But scarcely had he disappeared before Stellam arrived. And for what? To rekindle the extinguished brands. He did more; he presided at the assembly of apostates, and sung there with more vigor than ever the diabolical cries of his old cult. But neither his cries, nor his gestures, nor his invocations, nor any of the things, which his imagination could add, was of avail in arousing the powers, formerly so potent, of his manitous.

To the reproaches made to him for conduct in such contradiction to his promises of the night before, he merely answered, laughing, "I did not know I was doing anything wrong, but since you say I was, I won't do so any more." For the honor of his relatives, we hasten to add that they were among the first to express the strongest disapproval of such conduct. For a long while, his wife, the jewel of our catechumens, had only awaited her husband's conversion, to become baptized: two of his sisters were among the first to receive baptism, and were remarkable for their many virtues. The son of Martha, one of them, was gifted with all the qualities held most in honor among the Indians, and was the first of the catechumens to take part in the instruction of others. In reward for his zeal, the missionary had given him the glorious name of Vincent at his baptism. Let us hope that some day these good examples will succeed in recalling to a sense of duty the unfortunate chief, whose vagaries we so deplore. The young people have been the greatest help to us in assisting to instruct the others. With their aid we often saw the poorest memories learn all that was prescribed. One of them learned in one night all the necessary prayers. She assisted her memory in this

wise. She had as many little sticks in her hand as she had words to learn—and after learning one word she would drive a stick in the ground, and after learning another, would stick in a second; and so on, until she had learned them all. Then she would take up the first stick, repeating the word, and then with the whole series, until by dint of repeating this proceeding she contrived to learn them all. Sometimes one would come to the tent of the examiner, accompanied by a child or grand-child, and when the memory would fail, the eyes of the old man would rove towards the little one, as if begging it to have compassion on him and help him. By this means, they soon were nearly all acquainted with the prayers. Then it was necessary to learn their dispositions of heart, which was done in this way. Three days before the baptism, the name of the catechumen was read out morning and evening in the chapel, and each one who was present, when he heard his name thus called, had to rise. Then the whole assembly was told that if they knew any impediment to the baptism of the person so called out, he should tell the priest of it. On the last day, there was a meeting of all the chiefs, and each one was asked what he thought, and they would confirm the testimony of the assembly. Seventy-nine adults were finally admitted to baptism on the feast of the Circumcision. Nothing had been omitted, to render the ceremony an imposing one, and thanks to Heaven, it seemed worthy of God's gaze.

But what was pleasing to God, was not so, at all, to the enemy of mankind. On the very evening of the great solemnity, we learned that Steltam had made more complaints than ever, saying, among other vicious remarks, that he was glad he was not to be baptized, since baptism instead of giving life, as we had said, made people die: that among the Flat-heads many had died after it, and that Gabriel, one of the first baptized, was at the point of death, and Stephen also, as well as many others. As many of the Indians had in truth, died the first year of our mission among the Flat-heads and Gabriel and Stephen were really sick, we feared

that such talk would shake the faith of those who were not very strong. Providence came to our help, for Gabriel and Stephen, who were sick enough to receive the last Sacraments, had such faith, that after Extreme Unction they were both cured, and moved about. So the sacrament of the sick did not make people die—a fortiori, Baptism would not do so. And besides the two sick men who had just been cured, not one of the old men who were baptized the preceding year had died, but all enjoyed the best of health. So the whole weight of these truths fell on the author of the contrary saying, not to punish him, although he deserved punishment, but to determine him at last, to surrender to the solicitations of grace. From that time the contradictory chief dared no more to run counter to the general belief.

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## MISSIONARY LABORS OF FATHER MAGUIRE AND COMPANIONS,

FROM APRIL FIRST TO JULY FIRST.

ST. MARY'S, NEW YORK (APRIL 1-15).—This is one of the oldest churches in the city, coming in order of time next to St. Patrick's. The congregation was formed about sixty years ago. Few, who saw the modest beginnings of the third parish in New York, could have imagined its present flourishing state, much less the gigantic growth of Catholicity about the city. Forty thousand baptisms have been performed in St. Mary's alone since the first pastor was installed. No wonder then that native born Catholics are so numerous in New York. Amongst the older Catholics there is a great attachment to St. Mary's; all are reluctant to leave its neighborhood, when bid to do so by the march of trade. Still the congregation is large, notwithstanding the inroads of business. Even now the five zealous priests at work here have more than they can do.

There were eleven thousand Communions, a thousand



more than at the last mission we gave in this place, two years ago. We hope the good will be more lasting, as special efforts were made to increase the sodalities and other societies. These keep up the good work done in a mission. It is common enough to find societies for women, who, as a rule, do not need them so much, but the poor men, and the young men, particularly, are neglected. "I send my daughters to a Catholic school," said a northern Protestant to one of Ours. "Why don't you send your sons to a Catholic college?" "Ah! the boys," said he, "they'll go to hell any how." It is true that the philosophy of this answer has no weight with any priest; but the difficulties, real or imaginary, prevent many good priests from undertaking any work for men in the way of sodalities. "What's the use? the thing will be a failure." And yet at the mission the men did remarkably well. As many Communions were distributed to them, as to the women.

On the last day of the mission, Archbishop Corrigan administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to four hundred and sixty-nine adults. Seventy of these had been prepared for first Communion during the exercises. A Jew and a Jewess were confirmed. This fact is mentioned, not that the Fathers had anything to do with their conversion, but as a sign of the lifting of the veil from the eyes of some poor wanderers.

The Archbishop made a very instructive address to the candidates upon the importance of the Sacrament, and then alluded quite affectionately to the two jubilees, the one at St. Joseph's church in the city, the other of the Society of the Province. He spoke at length of the great labors of Ours in early days for the Catholics of New York; how the first sacraments were administered by Father Jogues, when a guest here after his ransom from the Indians; how Frs. Gage and Harrison under Governor Dongan had a school and congregation. Coming down to more modern times, he spoke of Fathers Kohlmann and Fenwick, the former having baptized the Cardinal, and afterwards been his director at the Propaganda for years. Nor did he omit to speak most kindly of the Society of the present day.

Among the results of our work, it is agreeable to state that a number of marriage cases were settled. Nineteen Protestants were received into the Church, and four others left under instruction.

Our thanks are due to Frs. Rapp, Toner, and O'Leary of Ours for their help. The priests of the parish, Frs. Hughes, Gleason, Dunphy, and Parks were most kind in their attention, and, what we like above all, most ready in the confessional.

Fr. Langcake gave the mission to the children the week before the other Fathers arrived. This was a good move, as it made the parents aware of what was coming.

ST. PATRICK'S, HARTFORD, CONN. (April 22nd-May 6th).—Catholicity has not a remote antiquity in Hartford. In 1837, when the first church was built, there was a mere handful of worshippers. Now the faithful number on to fifteen thousand, having two churches and a magnificent cathedral. The Catholics are about a third of the population, and yet two thirds of the births are of Catholic parents. Divorce and its attendant evils are the canker on the home life of the Protestants. More than half of their marriages in Hartford last year were offset by so many divorces. Generally the rate is not so high, though high enough, ranging from ten to fourteen per cent. The great wealth of the city, and the consequent facilities for evil courses, may give it its unenviable position. Other causes explain the birth rate in favor of the Catholics. Hartford is a fine city and very rich. The state capitol is a magnificent building of white marble, and for light, air, good taste, and cleanliness is far ahead of most of our public edifices. Immense sums of money are invested in the insurance business in Hartford. The other industries, common in New England towns, are not so flourishing here as in other places, because the millionaires do not encourage them. Such things are too plebeian.

The mission was very consoling. The services were always crowded at night. The men did very well. There

have been schools in the parish for twenty-five years, and they tell a great deal in time of a mission.

The results were 7000 Communions; first Communion of adults, 43; Confirmation of adults, 170; Baptisms of adults, 2; left under instruction, 2.

The Church of St. Patrick's is a large and expensive building of Portland stone, as it now stands. The first edifice was burned down in 1875, after having done good service for twenty-five years.

During the work at Hartford by Frs. Maguire, Langcake, Kavanagh, and Morgan, a mission was given at NORWOOD and WEST ROXBURY in Massachusetts by Father Hamilton. A great deal of good was done. Two married women who had been brought up Protestants, although baptized Catholics, were reconciled to the Church. Many hardened sinners went to their confession. There were fourteen hundred Communions. Two adults received baptism.

ST. JOSEPH'S, PROVIDENCE, R. I. (May 13-27). — This church of Ours has been greatly improved since the last mission, two and a half years ago. Perhaps, on the day of its dedication thirty years ago, when it was fresh from the hands of the builders it did not appear neater and more devotional than now. The restoration effected by Fr. Cleary is most thorough. The congregation meanwhile has done well. The sodalities are doing good, and will do more good hereafter with the large increase brought about (two hundred and fifty members) by the mission. The school for girls is in a good state. The people are most willing to send their children, being not so much led by worldly motives as are Catholics in other places. It is to be regretted that the boys as yet have no school. In a short time they will be provided for.

During the exercises, the usual sermons and instructions were given. The night service, of course, was always better attended. The morning instructions, however, considering the occupations of the people, had good audiences.

On the last day, May 27th, there was a reception into the

sodality. This was a most edifying sight, a most loving tribute to our Lady during her blessed month.

There were nearly six thousands Communion, a much larger number than in any former mission. About twenty persons were prepared for Confirmation. An adult was baptized, and two others were left under instruction.

Not unfrequently missionaries are bothered by crazy, or drunken persons. If there are any in a parish, and there are always some, they show themselves during a mission. Now it is a crank, who may ask you to read a poem devoid of terminal facilities; now a man too deep in his cups, to make a confession, wants to tell you his whole life. One day at Providence, a drunken fellow stretched himself at full length in the church, and when requested to move on, begged to be allowed to die before the altar. He was told to go outside and bid farewell to this nether world. He yielded immediately, went out of the church, but forgot to die.

J. A. M.

ST. MARY'S, BOSTON. — On May 13th, Father Kavanagh began a one week's mission for the married women of St. Mary's Boston. This mission was given under the auspices of the Married Women's Sodality. There were about fifteen hundred present every night, and at the Mass, which was followed by a sermon, there were every morning about one thousand. In a parish, so well worked up as St. Mary's is, one would not expect to find many long cases, yet there were enough; I do not think it fair, however, to give St. Mary's credit for all of them, for they came from other parishes. One woman when asked "when were you at confession last?" answered, "never." "How old are you?" "forty-three." It was about time to go, sure enough. She had four children, the youngest only was baptized. The other three, one over twelve, one going on nine, the other over six, were baptized during the mission. The Fathers of the house, six in number, heard confessions all the week. The number of Communion was over seven thousand. I do not wish any one to think these were all married women;

as the last day of the mission, May 20th, was also the last day of Easter time, we heard all who came. Those who attended the mission were warned to get through before Saturday, so as to leave that day for those who had not yet made their Easter duty. At the close, we had a reception of new members; one hundred and ninety-five were received. Among these were several of the "quality" who could not be prevailed upon to join before. By far the greater number were young married women. As a general thing, several imagined that the Married Ladies' Sodality is only for old women, and so kept aloof. They were told they were the ones most wanted, and they nobly responded to the call.

The sodalities of St. Mary's are all in a flourishing condition. The Married Ladies now number over seven hundred and fifty. With such mothers as these must be, the faith will surely not be lost. There is a Married Men's sodality, Young Ladies' sodality, a Boys' sodality, and a Girls' sodality. In fact, nearly all the parish are enrolled under Mary's banner, and all have their Sunday every month for communion.—On the last night of the mission as I was blessing religious articles, a young woman came to have her ring blessed. I asked her if it was her marriage ring; she said it was. "Did you loose the one you were married with?" I asked. "No," she said, "I was married by a Protestant minister. I am a Protestant," "Is your husband a Protestant?" "No." "When will you become a Catholic?" "I don't know, but I want my ring blessed." In hopes that Almighty God would give her the grace of true faith, I did so, and she went away rejoicing. Just as I returned to the house, I was called to the parlor. I found a lady there who could not go home till she would let me share in her joy. She had been to confession some days before, and spoke of her husband who had not been to confession for some years and wanted advice what to do. I told her to tell him I wanted to see him. "It's no use, Father, he won't come." "Tell him I want to see him," I repeated; and dismissed her. When she got home she told him that I wanted

to see him. "What for?" he asked. "To go to confession, of course," she replied. Then she began to coax him to go, until he said he would, and he did. She gave me the credit, and wanted me to know the result, that I too might rejoice with her in her great joy.

ST. DAVID'S, ROCKLAND, MAINE.—Frs. Maguire and Kavanagh began a mission here on June 10th. The work lasted for a week. The pastor, Fr. Peterson, considered four hundred communicants as the limit of his congregation; but the people came from distant places, and the result was nearly five hundred at the Holy Table. There were some persons who lived from four to ten miles from the church. They would come and stay for a day in town, to make the mission. All showed the best of dispositions. One could hardly blame those, who had been negligent in their duties (and this was their greatest sin), when one considers the distance from a church, and the bad country roads. Unfortunately, the children are not attended to, being so far away; but we could not be expected to do much with them. I prepared privately three persons for first Communion. The ages of two of these were, respectively, twenty-five and twenty-eight years. One had never been to confession; another had not been for a long time. One, a poor girl, lived four miles from the church, and as her mother was dead, the work of the house fell upon her. These duties kept her from Sunday school. She knew almost nothing. I told her if she studied her catechism, and came back next day, I would let her make her first Communion. I was surprised next day to find that she knew her catechism well, notwithstanding my long questioning on the matter.

At THOMASTOWN, where Fr. Kavanagh gave a retreat of three days, all came. Over a hundred received holy Communion. I had to hear a blind woman who came ten miles, to make the mission. The pastor puts the number of his people here at a hundred; so we must suppose all attended.

It was indeed consoling to see how anxious they were to benefit by the grace offered them. The results do not show the work done. The number of people is small; still we have to work harder, as we have to do everything ourselves.

At DAMARISCOTTA MILLS, where we began a mission on Sunday, June 17th, we had nearly a hundred communicants. Whilst Fr. Maguire finished at Rockland, Fr. Kavanagh opened the exercises here. The church, St. Patrick's, is built of brick and is of some note. This sacred edifice was erected at the expense of Mr. Kavanagh<sup>(1)</sup> and another gentleman. The priest who used to attend the Indians, would come here, when they were out on the hunt. Bishop Cheverus used to spend considerable time here. Miss Kavanagh, seventy-seven years of age, the 24th of June, 1883, and daughter of the gentleman above mentioned, gives many interesting details of these things. She is a staunch Catholic of the old school, and is as anxious for the welfare of the Church and the spiritual good of the people as any one can be. Were it not for her, Catholicity would not be able to contend with the difficulties to be met with here. The pastor comes once a month, but should any priest wish to rest here, he is always welcome. Whenever one comes, the people are immediately notified by Miss Kavanagh that Mass will be said. Thus she spends her life in good deeds. The incense I used at Benediction, this good lady told me, has been in her house for sixty years; it was got when the church was dedicated. Many other interesting things might be said, but other duties demand my attention.

The people, although receiving so little attention, are the most fervent Catholics I have ever met. They are always ready to come to church, when they know a priest is here. During the mission all attended the exercises splendidly; some came ten miles and remained the whole day, returning home at night.

To sum up the results: Communions at Rockland, 475;

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(1) Once governor of the State of Maine, and again U. S. Minister to Portugal.

Communions at Thomaston, 109; Communions at Damariscotta, 90.—Total, 684.

There were three adults prepared for holy Communion. A child three years old was baptized. Two marriage cases were left in the hands of the pastor.

NEWBURYPORT. — Fr. Langcake gave a week's retreat (June 10–17), to the young men of the parish. There were two hundred and twenty-five Communions.

WOODSTOCK, N. BRUNSWICK.—Frs. Maguire and Kavanagh opened a mission in St. Gertrude's church on June 24th. This parish has been lately divided, and the pastor estimates the number of his people at six hundred. It would be hard to say how nearly correct this is, as we had persons from all directions and distances; from near the church to Mc Adam's Junction, which I take to be sixty or seventy miles away. It was nothing to come eight, ten, twelve, sixteen, and twenty miles distance. The greater part came and staid at a hotel, while the mission lasted. Those from a less distance, if they had a horse, came to church and returned home every day. Some walked from home distances of twelve and sixteen miles. No one thought anything of walking four or five miles, fasting, and then returning home the same morning. On the last Sunday of the mission, an old woman walked six miles fasting, in order to receive holy Communion, which she did at 11 o'clock Mass, and then walked home without breaking her fast. The pastor was looking for her after Mass, to give her some breakfast, but she got away before he met her.

From such facts you may see that plenty of good will was shown. The good done will make the angels of God rejoice. Confessions from one month to forty years in length were listened to, and promises of amendment, received. The best of dispositions was shown on all sides. There were nine hundred Communions. Twenty-one persons of adult age were prepared for their first Communion, and many more were left with the pastor to be properly instructed.

H. K.



Since Easter the work has been hard enough and withal very consoling. The results are quite flattering : Communion, 26,474 ; Adults, prepared for first Communion, 161 ; Adults for Confirmation, 659 ; Baptisms, 22 ; Persons left under instruction for Baptism, 8. The results for the year have been considerably ahead of any figures so far given : Communion, 128,659 ; First Communion of adults, 888 ; Confirmation of adults, 2,389 ; Baptism of heretics, 108 ; Baptism of children, (neglected) 21. Left under instruction for Baptism, (adults), 36.

Since the last papers and documents were sent to Rome, six years ago, the Fathers have given missions in nearly all the large cities of the East, and in San Francisco and Denver in the West. Occasionally, a band of Tertians has helped them, or worked independently. The sum total of all the missions given by the Fathers and their assistants will, no doubt, be interesting :

Communion, 618,679 ; First Communion of adults, 4075 ; Confirmation of adults, 6,914 ; Baptism of adults, 993 ; Baptism of children neglected, 149 ; Persons left under instruction for Baptism, 187 ; Marriages settled, 250.

## JUBILEE OF THE PROVINCE.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S, NEW YORK. <sup>(1)</sup>

This modest and belated little chronicle intended to memorize the Golden Jubilee of the Province as celebrated in our grand new church at New York, owes its untimely appearance to a strong desire expressed by many of "Ours" for a notice fuller and more circumstantial than the mere meagre newspapers report transplanted to the pages of the last series of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

The extract in question, though in point of facts correct, was not of unquestionable parentage. It is no marvel that its birth should beget in turn a spirit of scepticism. Newspaper reports of ecclesiastical functions, not to speak of newspaper versions of sermons, are likely (unfortunately) to mystify antiquarians yet unborn, but are not calculated to over-awe a modern reader. Always unreliable, often grotesque, sometimes they are absolutely stunning! Imagine, for example, the following announcement which actually figured in that king of "Dailies" — *The New York Herald* — on Sunday, March 25th 1883:—

"On the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, the Golden Jubilee of the establishment of the Catholic Church in the Province of Maryland will be celebrated at St. Francis Xavier's in this city, and the Rev. Robert Fulton of Brooklyn is announced to deliver the sermon."

The elucidation of a joke—even an involuntary one—is always dis-enchanting, yet we feel that perhaps we ought to risk something in charity to those of our Brethren who know not New York, and explain that the Brooklyn divine mentioned above is a notorious, litigious, red-hot Protestant demagogue with an orange complexion of exceeding fierceness.

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<sup>(1)</sup> Received too late for our last number.

Evidently the genius who concocted this Bulletin was laboring under midnight influences very deeply mixed, indeed. Let us, however, return to sober narrative.

We prepared for the Jubilee with hearty good-will; in proof of which we urge the unanswerable plea that whereas the Provincial's letter of instruction left it optional to adopt either a preparatory Novena or a Triduum, we took both. There was a novena of prayers and a Triduum of sermons and Benedictions. The preachers were the Rev. Fr. Rector and Fr. McKinnon. The musical portion of these services was given by a volunteer choir, who with good reason invoked the spirit of St. Cecilia. At St. Francis Xavier's we are blessed with two choirs, to quote the definition of our Scholastics, one is the surplice choir and the other, the surplis. The former appear in soutanes and the latter, not.

The generous souls who patronized the novena gained their indulgences with comparative ease; not so those who repressed their fervor until the shorter Triduum. These had to battle with angry hurricanes and rain and hail, wading ankle deep in streams, for precisely at the time of Divine Service a deluge broke over the city, each evening, punctually.

"It never rains but it pours" in New York, and this was our experience, not only during the Triduum materially, but also on the Feast itself spiritually, for the Jubilee celebration coincided with the annual Forty Hours' devotion, and the ceremonies were consequently protracted indefinitely. Holy souls who daily pray that the years of Archbishop Corrigan may be prolonged upon the earth felt grateful that he should be spared the ordeal of pontificating at such a function. Long before the promulgation of the Jubilee he was engaged to preach another Jubilee sermon—the fiftieth anniversary of our neighbor Parish (St. Joseph's). It is, however, due to his Grace and to ourselves to record that his inability to be with us was a real disappointment to himself and that he went out of his way, to testify his love by speaking in his sermon at St. Joseph's in the most

cordial manner of the Society of Jesus and her work in New York. The Cardinal was quite too feeble to venture out; hence our festivities were exclusively *en famille*. Rev. Fr. Rector was celebrant, Fr. Thiry, Deacon, Dominus Hart, subdeacon; Fr. Campbell was ceremoniarus; Fr. Bradley was door-keeper. An immense congregation was present. We were obliged to make use of the Triforium which accommodated at least five hundred men with standing room. Every available space in the church was filled. The sermon by the Very Rev. Fr. Provincial was a characteristic one. In his own easy, flowing, epigrammatic style he reviewed the Jesuit missions from their Maryland cradlings to the Jubilee of their golden manhood, this day; dwelling especially on the life, labors and gifts of the venerable pioneer, Fr. White.

The music was an orchestral Mass of the famous Carl Freith, lately composed "*in honorem S. Joseph.*" After the Mass there was a procession of the Most Adorable Sacrament, the Fathers and Scholastics accompanying: little white-clad innocents strewed the way of our Lord with fresh cut flowers and the choir sang superbly a *capella*—that is to say, without accompaniment. The effect was very touching: we, nevertheless, may be permitted to suggest that interludes by the organ and orchestra between the verses of the *Pange Lingua* would have greatly enhanced the impressiveness thereof. Let us hope that this hint may not be forgotten on future occasions. After the Procession the litanies were chanted and the long, long service came to an end with the truly magnificent *Te Deum* of De Witt. It was verily amazing to witness the constancy of the people. Very few left until all was over, and that was not until after two o'clock.

The brilliant *Te Deum* had the desirable effect of sending every one away in high good humor, doubtless strengthened to bear the mortification of spoiled dinners and to brave the wrathful reception of awaiting house-wives.

Thus it is that jubilation and tribulation have ever to meet and kiss each other.

## ST. PETER'S, JERSEY CITY.

The Golden Jubilee of the Society was celebrated in our Church with a grandeur and a solemnity never exceeded in the history of a church, which for the pomp of its ceremonial is unapproached by any other house of worship in the city. All the other Catholic churches in Hudson County regard St. Peter's, not only as a mother, but also a model. No effort was spared, to do all honor to the Society, and to make this a day, which the memory of our people would not willingly let die.

The preparatory Novena in honor of St. Joseph was conducted by the Rev. R. Brady, S. J. The crowded attendance, the fervor of the people and the eleven hundred Communions were a gratifying testimonial of the devotion of our parishioners to the Patron of the Universal Church. On the Sunday preceding the Festival, two thousand hand-bills had been distributed; so that we were not surprised to see the church thronged at the 10.30 Mass of Jubilee. A cordial invitation had been tendered to his Grace, Archbishop Corrigan of N. Y., to deliver the discourse for the occasion. Unfortunately, a prior engagement precluded the possibility of his honoring us with his presence. We then addressed ourselves to the Right. Rev. Bishop Loughlin of Brooklyn. He answered Rev. Fr McQuaid, that having announced Confirmation for that day, he felt compelled to forego the pleasure which a visit to St. Peter's would afford him, but that on any other occasion he would be much gratified to welcome a similar request. Loth to relinquish all hope of realizing our anticipations of a grand celebration, we extended our invitation to the V. Rev. F. W. Keegan, vicar General of the same diocese, one of the veteran graduates of "Old St. John's," who ever keeps in memory's hall a favorite niche for Alma Mater and the sons of Loyola. He was only too happy to be at liberty to pay a tribute of respect and affection to the Society. After the first Gospel, he ascended the pulpit and selecting for his text the words

of St. Luke, vi, 28: "Consider the lilies of the field," etc., and having dilated on the providence of God, who, in His watchful care, forgets not the tiniest grain of sand, he paid an elaborate tribute to the triumphs of the Society, which, under the special providence of God, has achieved such marvels in the walks of religion, art and science. He traced the likeness of the Society of Jesus, to Him whose name is its watchword and its reward; in its cradle it shared the meagreness of Bethlehem; its growth was shadowed by the gloom of Calvary; its shoulders had been galled by the wood of the cross; it had descended into the darkness and coldness of the sepulchre, and after a brief triduum had again illumined the world and confounded its enemies by the blaze of its risen glory. This jubilee was not a barren cycle traced only in the heavens by the hand of time, but a centenary of years written on the fairest pages of history and inscribed upon the grateful memory of the thousands, whose minds had been enlightened, whose souls had been saved from sin, and hearts from harm.

The Mass was Haydn's Grand Imperial, preluded by Meyerbeer's Processional March. After the Epistle the choir rendered with beautiful effect: "Te, Joseph, celebrent" by Gottschalk; at the Offertory we were treated to Bergé's "Ave Maria." The Holy Sacrifice was offered up by the very Rev. Father Thomas, Provincial of the Passionists, assisted by Rev. F. A. Smith S. J., as Deacon and Mr. William Quigley, S. J., as Subdeacon, and Mr. F. D. Brady, S. J., as Master of ceremonies. When, at the conclusion of the Mass, the full choir with accompaniment of violin and piano caught up the inspired pæan and pealed forth its grand hosannas, it seemed as though some being of holier heart and heavenly voice had descended from a higher sphere, to give a tongue to the emotions of many hearts, and embracing in one grand, solemn symphony the minor melodies of earth, to return and lay at the feet of our King the combined jubilee of Loyola's sons, and of those to whose salvation they had consecrated their lives.

At the grand pontifical Vespers, the sanctuary was aglow

with the light of many tapers. The altar of St. Joseph, for whose statue the parting sun-gleams had just woven a mantle of gold, while the hands of the twilight were fringing each fold, was profusely adorned with bouquets of natural flowers relieved by the gleam of the branched candelabra and the mellow lustre of the lighted tapers. The main altar, rich in mosaics, shone with the radiance of a hundred lights, and in their midst flickered gracefully the illumined monogram "Jesus." The choir, with accompaniment, rendered with exquisite taste Gounod's processional March Pontifical; Mercadante's "Domine ad adjuvandum," and "Dixit Dominus;" Mozart's "Magnificat;" Giorza's "Regina Cœli," and Berge's "Tantum," concluding with a Jubilee Grand March by our organist, Mr. W. Dressler. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Wigger of Newark delivered a touching discourse upon devotion to St. Joseph. The church was crowded. The Rt. Rev. Bishop intoned the vespers; he was attended by Rev. J. Jerge, S. J., as Assistant Priest, Rev. F. Fullerton, S. J., as Deacon, and Mr. Wm. Quigley, S. J., as Subdeacon. Take the celebration for all in all, we may not expect to see its like again until, perhaps, the day when the mother's centenary shall be followed by the daughter's Golden Jubilee, on the day of her consecration in 1884.

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## FATHER ANDREW WHITE'S NOVICE-HOME.

Near the *Chateau Cæsar*, or "Castrum Cæsaris," Louvain, high up on Mont-Cæsar, stand three or four private dwellings, and a ruined stable. Few, even among the students of Louvain, know that these dwellings occupy the site of the old English Jesuit Novitiate, and that the stable itself was once a part of that hallowed house. When our English Fathers were driven from their own country, in 1607, they rented a house on Mont-Cæsar, and used it for a Novitiate. This Novitiate was opened by Father Parsons, in the same year, with six priests, two scholastics, and five lay-brothers. God gave this Novice-Home a singular and wonderful benediction.—He gave it an Apostle and a Martyr. While Hugh O'Neill, Prince of Ulster, occupied the Chateau Cæsar, near him, in the humble Jesuit Novitiate, Andrew White, the future "Apostle of America," and Thomas Garnett, a future Martyr, were passing their days of probation in prayer, penance and manual labors. As O'Neill spent several months on Mont-Cæsar, and knowing him to be the great Catholic hero of his time, we may take it for granted that he often visited the exiled English priests, and that he often saw the novices, White and Garnett. How proud the old chieftain would have felt had the future destiny of these two young men been revealed to him.

Father White began his novitiate on the 1st day of February, 1607. Besides Garnett, Father White had for a fellow-novice, the illustrious Father Henry More, the historian of the English Province, and the great-grandson of the martyred Chancellor, Sir Thomas More. Among Confessors for the Faith, among the descendants, the near relatives of martyrs, the future "Apostle of America" laid the foundation of his religious perfection, and caught the flame that burned in his great heart as he traversed the forests, or sailed the rivers of the New World.



Father More faithfully described White's Novice-Home as seated on "high ground, commanding the whole city; below was a walled garden, and on the slopes of the hill pleasant walks among the vines, which were ranged in terraces, and the whole, though within the city walls, as quiet and calm as befitted a house of prayer."

In 1614, in consequence of the remonstrance of the English Government, the Louvain Novitiate was transferred to Liège. In 1626, the Novitiate \* on Mont-Cæsar was taken possession of by the exiled Irish Dominicans, and thus it became once more the peaceful home of Confessors for the Faith. The Dominicans remained there only until 1650, when it passed into the hands of seculars. In 1799, the principal part of it was destroyed. W. P. T.

#### FR. STONESTREET'S GOLDEN JUBILEE.

On August 22nd, 1883, was celebrated at the College of the Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass., Rev. Charles H. Stonestreet's Golden Jubilee. The celebration had a tinge of solemnity for the younger members of the community, who had seldom seen so many venerable priests, rich in the graces that crown long lives well-spent, gather together for a festal occasion. Fifty years had failed to rob Fr. Stonestreet of all his old companions and co-novices, and many came to hail the golden years of his life in the Society of Jesus, who had known him in boyhood, or years ago in the fulness of his Jesuit career. Some there were, among the many who came to congratulate him, whom he, as Provincial, had received into the Society; and there were others who had lived under him and toiled with him in the Society's severest struggles.

The Scholastics—Teachers and Prefects of the College—prepared a programme of reading and music, which, as *they* have praised it whose praise is worth the taking, we may

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\* This house was once the home of the Knights of St. John.

call a success. Mr. J. W. Collins in a short "salutatory" recalled some early recollections of Fr. Stonestreet. Mr. P. J. Casey read an elegant "Sapphicon," full of the graces and dainty compliments of the Latin tongue. Mr. A. Maes's "Un Rêve" was a musical French poem, written for the occasion. Mr. F. X. Sadlier in a pleasant English prose composition told the reasons for our rejoicing; and Mr. A. Brosnan read a "Greeting" in English verse.

The programme was an inter-prandial exercise, and between the readings some choice songs were rendered by the Scholastics. "Auld Lang Syne" had, of course, a prominent place in the musical portion of the entertainment, and was duly appreciated by Fr. Stonestreet's venerable friends who had gathered around him, to keep with him his Golden Jubilee.

To the programme there were two very pleasant additions which, though not printed on the billet, must not be omitted here. One was an address by our Rev. Fr. Provincial, given in his own happy manner; the other, a French Song composed for the occasion, and sung, by Fr. Desribes, of New Orleans. This roundel was almost extempore and neatly adapted to an exquisite French air.

Among the invited guests were, Right Revd. John Moore of Florida; Rev. Fr. Provincial; Rev. Wm. A. Blenkinsop; Fr. B. A. Maguire; Fr. William Francis Clarke, then on the eve of his own Golden Jubilee; Fr. Duncan, of Boston; Fr. J. O'Connor, President of Boston College; Frs. Cleary and Nagle, of Providence, and Fr. E. Connolly, of Woodstock College, Md. Fr. Stonestreet was the recipient of many kind congratulations, and the day was surely a golden one that ushered in the golden years of his Jesuit life.

E. M. S. N.

## FATHER CLARKE'S GOLDEN JUBILEE.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 20th, 1883.

REV'D AND DEAR FATHER,  
P. C.

Last Sunday was celebrated at Loyola College the Golden Jubilee of Fr. William Francis Clarke's religious life. Having entered the Society Aug. 1, 1833, his life since at Georgetown, Frederick, Washington, Bohemia and Baltimore, has been, notwithstanding great delicacy of health, one of strenuous labor and unremitting zeal in the "Loyolan lists of the Lord."

Invitations had been sent to the various houses of the Province, and a goodly number of Ours assembled to honor the Jubilatus, and rejoice with him at his golden banquet.

The Mass was unusually solemn,—Fr. Clarke himself, celebrating, with Rev. Frs. Rector and Fitzpatrick as Deacon and Subdeacon; Mr. Spillane, Master of ceremonies. The choir sang Haydn's Imperial 3rd, with an occasional interpolation composed by the organist, Prof. E. Hurley; Rev. Fr. Doonan of Georgetown preached the sermon on the occasion, discoursing on the text:—"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." In this finished address of over an hour the orator closely argued the absolute ownership of God and His creatorship: then pointed out the real and historical significance of sacrifice as being man's acknowledgment of God's supreme lordship—then by a beautiful transition, in which he naturally and with much grace referred to the reverend object of the day's honors, he drew a picture of the sacrifice a religious makes of wealth, of natural inclinations and of will as the noblest profession of Almighty God's absolute dominion and sovereignty. After Mass a dinner, quite in keeping with the other features of the day, was served in the refectory, which abundantly manifested the procuratorial ability of Fr. Minister. At

the end of dinner the guests adjourned to the Fathers' recreation room, where, after a few introductory remarks by Fr. Rector, Fr. Ward, Mr. Cummings and Mr. Spillane read severally some congratulatory verses, to which Fr. Clarke replied in a neat little speech, recalling the days when Fr. Ward, Fr. Stonestreet and himself played boyish pranks together. C.

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## TWO LETTERS FROM ARCHBISHOP CARROLL.

### *Concerning the Restoration of the Society.*

BALTIMORE, July 14, 1805.

REV. AND HONRD SIR,

My last to you was, I believe, thro' the favor of the Rev. Mr. Byrne, the effects of whose zeal are yet felt, and who would still be more useful, if he tempered his ardor with more prudence. It is much better to be a profitable catechist, as he proved himself here; and, excepting in two or three of our largest cities, eloquence would be thrown away upon our American auditors. But he is so good and laborious a priest, that I pray sincerely for his return hither, where many like him are wanted. In the meantime, assure him of my cordial wishes for his happiness, and my longing desire to see him again. When he was with us, I gave him on some occasions my candid advice, and I hope that he was not offended by it.

Since my last to you, I have nominated a Superior of the Society here, pursuant to a commission from the Rev. Fr. Gruber, and in the manner prescribed by him. The Superior is the Rev. Mr. Molyneux, who resided many years at Philadelphia, but long since sought in Maryland a more retired situation. A few ex-Jesuits (about five) propose renewing their vows; the others, like yourself, are fearful of doing so, without a better security for their re-entry, and preservation of the Society, than such security as now exists.

My Coadjutor, the Rt. Rd. Bishop Neale, has formed under the conduct of four or five very pious Ladies, a female academy at George Town, and has acquired for them a handsome property of lots and houses. These ladies, long trained to all the exercises of an interior and religious life, are exceedingly anxious to bind themselves more closely to God by entering into an approved religious order, whose institute embraces the education of young persons of their own sex, poor and rich. Mr. Byrne and others have given information here of your having under your care a house of religious women, whose useful and exemplary conduct has gained general esteem and confidence.—Now the prayer of Bp. Neale, and I may add, mine too, is this; that you would choose, and if possible, engage two of those Ladies, fully approved by you, to leave their country and sisters and friends, to establish here a house of their order. One of them ought to be fit to become immediately the superior and mistress of novices; and the other to preside in the female academy.—The two principal ladies of this institution are natives of Ireland, and both women of exemplary and even perfect lives.—I know not whether one of them, whose name is Lawler (Ally Lawler) be not known to you. Bishop Neale hopes that Mr. Byrne will return and take them under his care; and he will be answerable for all their expenses.

I am with the greatest respect, Rev. and hd. Sir,

Your most obedt. St.

✠ J. BISP. OF BALTM.

TO REVD. DR. BETAGH,  
*Castle Street, Dublin.*

BALTIMORE, Oct. 22, 1805.

REV. AND HONRD SIR,

You afforded me great comfort by your favor of August 6th in giving the agreeable information of Mr. Byrne's safe arrival at Dublin, and affording at the same time, a hope of his return hither, with some other valuable companions. They cannot be wanted more than at this time, many sta-

tions being now vacant, and I earnestly entreat you to make every possible exertion to forward them as soon as possible. The impression and memory of Mr. Byrne's eminent services at New York are in the minds of those who were benefited by his ministry; but let me likewise beseech you who have so much influence over him to advise him strongly to measure the exertions of his zeal by a regard for his bodily strength and to the preservation of his health. He forgot in the ardor of his charity, the weakness and derangement, to which our nicely formed frame is subject; and in this variable climate, the stomach of few men can bear so much fasting and abstinence, as he joined to his incessant labors. At the rate he went on, he would soon have been exhausted. I often told him that if he did not regulate his mortifications by the direction of a prudent and religious superior, he had not yet imbibed the spirit of the Society, to which he is so much devoted. But, in this point, I have reason to think, my advice was not followed. Your account of the progress of that Society in England and elsewhere afforded us great satisfaction. Here a beginning is made for promoting the same good work. In consequence of a power granted to me by the late Genl. Fr. Gruber, I have nominated the Rev. Mr. Molyneux, the Superior here; he has renewed his former engagements, and some others have done the same: a novitiate is to be made ready during this ensuing winter and part of next year; several candidates offer themselves; but I must say with you, that tho' I lend my co-operation, yet I wish much to see a firmer foundation, than any yet known here. But this is not our greatest difficulty.—The provincials of England were not in the habit of sending hither many of their best subjects: and of those who were in America, many are dead, and the others are generally too far advanced in years, too inactive, of course, for those employments and that constant vigilance, which the first beginnings of such an important undertaking require. If the Society be destined to rise again, my prayer is, that it may renew again, as in its first origin, that fervent spirit of religion, those solid practices of piety, and that

sound knowledge, sacred and profane, which rendered it the ornament of the Church and its best defence. To produce these happy effects, we must have more men endowed with its genuine spirit, and capable of imparting it to others.

After receiving your promise of sending the debates on the Catholic questions and Bp. Milner's answer to the objections etc., I wait impatiently for some arrival from Dublin.—If one should offer for N. York, or Philada., either of these would answer; be only careful to send it directed *to me*, to the care of Andrew Morris Esq., at N. York, or the Rev. Mr. John Rossiter, of St. Mary's Church Philada., with a line informing either of them of the package containing a book or books for me.

Tell Mr. Byrne, that his friends at George Town, especially Bisp. Neale, and his Br. Francis are well, and that I have acquainted them of his safe arrival. He will likewise be pleased to accept of my cordial and ardent wishes for his happiness and speedy return, and the respectful compliments of my worthy companion, the Rev. Mr. Beeston.

I am with the highest esteem, and great affection,

Rev. and hd. Sir,

Your most obedt. Servt.

† J. BISP. OF BALTME.

TO REV. DR. BETAGH,

*Castle Street, Dublin.*

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## KANSAS.

*Letter from Father Ponziglione.*

OSAGE MISSION, NEOSHO CO., KANSAS,  
July 2, 1883.

REVEREND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

The Easter holidays over, I hastened to visit the distant Osage Reservation. On my way there I stopped at twelve Osage settlements, to give the people an opportunity of fulfilling their Easter duties. Many of the half breeds have done so. These half breeds are getting along quite well in the way of farming, and remain firm in the faith despite the efforts of the Protestants under whose control they have been for over fourteen years. I must acknowledge, however, that though they claim to be children of the Church, some of them are not over particular in keeping its precepts, especially in what regards marriage. Misled by false principles, and above all by the bad example of Protestants under whose guardianship they are, they make no scruple of putting away one wife, to take another, and this without the formality of a divorce. The agent, as well as the missionaries who have charge of them, far from reproving these transgressions of God's law, rather connive at them. One of the half breeds is living with two wives. Heretofore, this was unheard of among the Osages. The agent and missionaries, though they knew of the fact and the scandal which it caused, took no steps to remedy it, but treated it as a small peccadillo.

I found the full-blood Osages in a state of great excitement. Their condition was fully as bad as it was thirty-two years ago, when first I came amongst them. Awful sicknesses, such as measles, scurvy and small-pox have reduced them partially. Among the victims of the diseases is the chief or governor, as he was called, of the Osages. He



is known among his people by the name of Joseph Pawne-numpa-tsce. He was about fifty years old.

Joseph had been brought up at this mission. His original name Whatciecka-hickie was changed in baptism to Joseph. He made his first Communion and was confirmed. As a boy at this school he was bright, quick to learn and well behaved. After leaving school he continued doing well for a few years, giving general satisfaction, and promising to become at some future day very useful to his nation. But flattered by his people and urged by the braves to claim his birth-right, the first chieftaincy of the Osages, he yielded to their persuasions, threw off the clothes of the white man, painted his face vermillion green and blue, married four wives, and started on the war-path with a company of braves. They made strait for the endless plains of the West, and what they did there, God alone knows. An Osage war party on the plains are truly wild. According to them there is no good fortune without bloodshed. Joseph returned from the expedition with reeking scalps hanging from his belt. These were the trophies by which he showed himself to be his father's son, and with the rights of his father he assumed his name, Pawne-numpa-tsce, which means in their language Pawnees-two-he-killed. This name was given to his father for having with one stroke of his tomahawk killed two Pawnees, who have always been the most bitter enemies of the Osages. It is needless to say that Joseph's early training tended to make him even worse than the rest. He was a terror to the whites all along the Kansas line. Many foul deeds were laid to his charge, and though he himself had no direct hand in them, yet they were certainly done by his men upon whom he put no restraint. In spite of all this, Joseph, be it said to his honor, would never apostatize, though he was urged to do so time and again by the Agent and the missionaries. He always claimed to be a Catholic, always paid great respect to Father John Shoenmakers, and tried by every means in his power to re establish a Catholic mission and school on the new re-

ervation, but all to no purpose; for no sooner did the agent hear that Joseph had sent a petition to the President in favor of a Catholic school and mission than he would send to Washington a counter petition, to which fictitious names were affixed.

The Osages as well as most of our western Indians look upon calamities, especially sicknesses as punishments inflicted on them by the Great Spirit for neglecting the Medicine-man-worship and abandoning the customs of their fathers, to adopt those of the Whites. When in 1852 the great chief George (White-Hair), died, the medicine men went among the Osages telling them that their chief had been taken away for giving up the Indian traditions and aping the ways of the Whites. They exhorted the warriors to stick to their old worship, and to put all their trust in their bows and arrows. They are at this very time going around on the same mission.<sup>2</sup> The mortality which surpasses anything the Osages have of late years suffered seems to have completely turned their heads, and they seem to think that the only means of propitiating the Great Spirit is to return to the old worship.

The excitement caused by this great calamity is not confined to the Osages, but has spread to the neighboring tribes, and as is always the case, some crafty Indians are speculating on the situation to turn to good account the general excitement. Not long after the death of the great chief George, a very cunning Indian took advantage of the excited state of the Osages which got him both money and fame. This man whose appearance was very wild succeeded in taming a big wolf so that it hung around his lodge and followed him like a dog. He told the people that he had come from the Great Spirit who had given him this wolf as a companion and a defence, that the Great Spirit had bestowed on him the power of calling the dead to life, and that if they lent him a willing ear he would at the end of three years return them all their dead friends. This was a very bold proposition. But the bigger the humbug the easier it is believed by simple people. The Osages did not

doubt the truthfulness of this fellow, and anxious to see their old friends returned to them, they treated the impostor with all possible kindness. They gave him food and blankets and fine furs. This was what the cunning Indian was after. At length the end of the third year came and the expectation of the Osages had reached its highest. Some had made preparations for receiving their long departed friends. But the appointed day came and went, and the dead slept as quietly as ever. The Osages were sadly disappointed and going to the would be thaumaturgus, they asked him why he had failed to keep his promise. He answered that their faith was too weak.

It seems that another game of this sort is on foot. In my last excursion I heard that a shrewd full blood or buck, as they are called, has made his appearance, and is running about the different tribes. He calls himself a great prophet. He is thirty-five years old, rather portly. He claims to be an intimate friend of the Great Spirit, and to have come down from heaven in a big shower of rain? He tells the Indians that their doom is sealed unless they listen to him and follow his advice; that he has come, to re-establish the medicine worship of their fathers. They must put off the customs of the white man and return to their old habits. He promises them, if they do this, an Indian millenium. Large herds of buffaloes, deer and antelopes will, he says, appear on the plains. Clothing and food will be in abundance. "Woe to them, he says, who heed not or despise my words! Woe to those who work fields and build houses! Their labor will be lost and their hopes shall be blasted and their children shall starve, their flesh shall rot on their bones, they shall die premature deaths and their bodies after death shall be torn by wild beasts." The tone and words of this impostor have stricken with fear and dread some of the more ignorant Indians, who anxious to make a friend of him bring all sorts of presents. This is all the great prophet is after, and, doubtless, he will ply his trade with good success. Here you may feel curious to know whether the Indians generally put any trust in the medicine worship. Well, to

tell you the truth, those among them who have common sense do not; they make sport of it. Still they assist at the worship and take part in it, if they see they can make anything out of it. To illustrate this, I will relate a little incident that happened years ago when our St. Francis' Institution was but an Indian manual labor school. A good sensible full blood Osage, Mansha-kita by name, brought us a bright boy called Tajutze, about thirteen years old, and calling for Fr. Shoenmakers thus addressed him: "Father, this boy is my nephew: I have taken him into my family and look upon him as a son. I wish you to make a smart man of him and a good Christian." Fr. Shoenmakers answered that he would do the best he could for the boy. He brought the lad to the dormitory, and after having washed the red paint from his face, dressed him neatly, after the manner of white boys. Tajutze was quick to learn, and being gifted with a good memory, made rapid progress. At the end of six months he was deemed ready for baptism. He received at the font the name of Peter. In a short while he received his first Communion. Winter had passed away and spring was setting in, the time for celebrating the medicine worship. So Mansha-kita came to ask if Peter might not assist at the celebration. Fr. Shoenmakers listened quietly to the Indian till he had finished, but smoked away, without venturing an answer. Mansha-kita, feeling the un-comfortableness of the situation, grew somewhat nervous, but after a few moments silence, he mustered up courage and repeated his request. But Fr. Shoenmakers smoked on, heedless of the petition. This was hard on the patience of the Indian. He felt sure of the Father's unwillingness to grant his request. After some time during which both smoked in silence, the Indian made another and more respectful request. Father Shoenmakers at length answered: "My dear friend, some months ago you brought your nephew here, requesting me to educate him in the ways of the Son of God. I have done all I could to teach him what is right. Now you want to destroy all the good I have done and give him to the evil spirit; I cannot allow such

a thing." Mansha-kita felt the power of this argument, and looked very sheepish. Having taken a long puff he said, "Black Gown, I know you love Peter; you are a father to him and wish only for his good; you have placed him in the ways of the Son of God and I do not want him to get out of them. If I wish him to come with me to the medicine worship, it is not that he may do homage to the evil spirit. No, I wish him to get some meat and buffalo robes. Father, when during the ceremonies my turn comes, I will stand up and pointing towards Peter tell the big chief that this boy is the son of the great Kula-Shutze (red eagle) who was our leading man on the war-path, who took so many Pawnee scalps. Kula-Shutze is dead and I take care of his son. When I have said this, the big chief will give him some bundles of dry meat, blankets and buffalo robes, and the like. I will have all these things brought to my lodge and then see that Peter is returned safely to you. I am a poor man, Father, and must try to make a living somehow; so I wish Peter to come with me, not on account of the worship, but on account of the meat." And so it is with the greater part of the Indians. They attend the worship through a motive of gain. During the year the big chief receives, by way of taxes, an abundant supply of provisions. After helping himself freely, he distributes what is left among the people and thereby gains their good will.

On my way back from my missionary excursion, passing through Elgin a small hamlet on the Kansas line, I noticed a doctor operating on a young man, who seemed the while to be suffering great pain. Recognizing the boy I immediately made inquiries about the matter. The doctor told me that a few minutes before my arrival the poor lad had been eating a pickled peach. He tried to swallow the stone, which stuck in his throat, and he was now choking. While telling me this, the doctor was working at the boy's throat with a long piece of blunt wire. His vigorous twists and turns of the wire only caused the boy more pain. There was no time to lose, for the poor fellow's breathing was getting very heavy. I asked the doctor if he had any hopes for

the boy's life. He said not. Then I suggested that when my machinery is out of order, I apply oil to make the wheels run smoothly. This I thought might work in the present case. At this the doctor burst into a loud laugh, saying that would be of no use whatever. "For you see," he said, "this is quite a critical case. The œsophagus of this boy is in a precarious condition. The trachea is obstructed. One has to be very prudent, or an ulceration of the membrane might be the consequence. Then suppuration would probably follow, which might bring on a paroxysm, and at length a syncope might set in, and in such an event suspension of vitality, with fatal consequence might ensue." While overpowering me with his technical lore, he took from the shelf a small bottle, to all appearances containing oil, and having dipped the blunt wire into it, he introduced it again into the boy's throat, who making a slight effort swallowed the peach stone. The doctor looked at him, quite astounded at what had happened.—Then turning to me he said, "Sir, I do not believe you can find any one in all our western faculty who can beat me at a surgical operation." I laughed in my heart at the simplicity of my medical friend, and thanked God for having brought the affair to such a happy end, and for preserving the life of a widow's only son. The young man Edgar, in thanksgiving for the danger he had escaped, did not neglect the opportunity of receiving the Sacraments.

Yours in Xto.

PAUL MARY PONZIGLIONE, S. J.

## NEW MEXICO.

REV'D AND DEAR FATHER,  
P. C.

I had no desire whatever to intrude myself again on the readers of your periodical, but your persuasiveness has overcome my resolution. You request me to write something about that far-away, little known, and less understood mission of New Mexico and Colorado, where it was my good fortune to spend a considerable part of my life in the Society. Not a few persons labor under the impression that to go to New Mexico is to bid farewell to civilization and to civilized life; to lead a life devoid of comfort and full of miseries of all kinds; to enter upon an existence as far removed, morally, from life in the East as New Mexico is distant, geographically. My experience has taught me that these ideas have, in fact, no foundation whatever. Making all due allowance for differences in habits, nationality, climate, etc., life is the same in the far South-west as it is in any other part of the world. I preface my letter with these remarks, because people have the most extravagant, and sometimes even ridiculous notions about New Mexico. Complying with your request, therefore, I shall give all the information I can regarding the mission, and I am sure that all who will read my little account will be astonished at the vast progress that country has made in the short space of six years.

As the space allowed me is rather limited, I shall speak at present only of Las Vegas, giving an account from the establishment of the college down to the present time. Perhaps, at some future day, when I shall have gathered sufficient data, I shall give a history of the mission of New Mexico and Colorado from its foundation in 1867 to the year 1883.

Rev. Fr. Gasparri, who was Superior in 1876, had long had in view the building of a college, for he justly reasoned

that, as teaching was one of the principal duties of the Society, it could not fulfil its end properly, unless schools were established. Besides, he thought that a college there would give an opportunity for training some young men for the novitiate, and thus the Society would increase; for then there were certainly too few members for the immense amount of work they had to do, as is the case also at present. The Archbishop, Most Rev. J. B. Lamy, had about this same time conceived the design of having a seminary, where he could have his own priests trained, and he wished the Jesuits to take charge of it. So there was every reason for beginning a college. Up to this period, there were many schools in charge of the Christian Brothers, as in Santa Fe, Mora, Bernalillo and other places. The Archbishop, ever zealous in promoting the interests of religion and education, desired to have in his diocese, over and above a goodly number of elementary schools, at least one college which would afford his people every opportunity of acquiring a complete education in all branches, classical, commercial, and scientific. Weighing well all these reasons, our Fathers finally resolved on the undertaking, and commenced work at once. On the 5th of Nov. 1877, they opened classes in a house kindly placed at their disposal by a generous-hearted Mexican gentleman, Don Francisco Lopez, whose name should ever be held in grateful remembrance. They also began the erection of a new college to which they gave the name, St. Mary's, but as there was already a school in Mora of the same name kept by the Brothers, they changed the title, and called the new institution simply Las Vegas College, S. J. This was to avoid all difficulties. The work in the beginning was, of course, very hard. Indeed, the history of the college's first two years, consists of little else than severe trials most patiently borne. The faculty consisted of seven members, six of whom were to do all the teaching and perfecting, and of these six two were seculars. Twenty-five boarders, four half-boarders and eighty-five day scholars had to be accommodated, and how they managed for room only those who have labored under similar circumstances



can understand. To look at the buildings and then think of the number to be lodged therein (about forty altogether), one would think it a problem whose solution was more difficult than squaring the circle. The faculty were, doubtless, cramped for room, but they cheerfully suffered the inconvenience in expectation of the good times to come. Want of room was by no means their only mortification. They had very rough, though good material to work on. As the boys were not very far advanced, they were obliged to begin at the lowest rudiments with some, and the teachers who came immediately afterwards can tell what rapid progress was made. Many of those first engaged in the work were men capable of teaching philosophy and theology, and yet they labored hard and earnestly in their humble position, knowing that all they did was for God. While class was going on in the old house, as it is now called, the Superior, the lamented Fr. Gasparri, was pushing on the work on the new building, in order to have it ready by the opening of the second year. At that time, the country was in a backward state, and competent and expeditious workmen were difficult to find; so that it required constant watching, to see that the work was done. It was towards the end of this first year that Rev. Fr. Mazzella made his visitation, and while at Las Vegas he wrote to Woodstock for two scholastics, who had just finished their philosophy. They were Messrs. Mandalari and Lezzi, who have this year returned, to study theology. Their journey to Las Vegas deserves to be recorded; and as it occurred during the vacation, I shall mention one or two incidents. From Woodstock to Pueblo and Trinidad, it differed in nothing from ordinary railroad journeys. Beyond Trinidad, they were obliged to go by carriage, for the railroad had not been built beyond that point. Four started in company, Fr. Salvador Personé, president of the college, the two scholastics, and a lay-brother. The distance was about one hundred and forty miles, a very tedious drive. Over the vast plateaus, through dangerous defiles and ravines, across deep *arroyos*, clambering up and creeping down the mountain sides, truly it was a novel experience for them. At night,

they camped on the plains, and slept as best they could. When they wished to make a fire, to cook the coffee, they had considerable difficulty, for there was no wood to be had. But they had read in the travels of Abbé Huc in Tartary and Thibet, how that famous missionary managed in similar circumstances, and profited by his experience. One night they were fortunate enough to meet a Mexican ox-team, and they camped in company, the Mexicans being overjoyed to have the Fathers with them. The driver of the ox-team kindly lent them a buffalo-robe, to enable them to get a little sleep. So they fixed themselves for the night. Fr. Personé with Mr. Mandalari shared the robe, Mr. Lezzi had a blanket, while the brother made a bed-room of the carriage, and he had the best of it, for he was protected from the cold. During the night the two who were protected by the robe had similar dreams. One dreamt that he was cold and likewise did the other; one tugged and pulled at his side, to cover himself better, and so did the other, and hence there was a continual conflict going on till early dawn, when Fr. Personé, awakened by the cold, found himself robeless on a barren plain with naught but a cloudless New Mexican sky over him. The second or third day, one of their mules got sick, so that the tiresome journey continued for three days and a half.

These two scholastics above mentioned were the first in the mission and the first scholastics who ever taught in Las Vegas. They had their share in the trials kept in store for the Fathers until the beginning of the second year. The house occupied as the college was built of adobes, like all Mexican houses, Though to strangers these are curiosities, to my mind the only peculiarity is the roof. This is formed by laying rafters across the walls, flooring the rafters, and then over this floor depositing a layer of earth about a foot thick, which when pressed down becomes quite hard. In the dry season, which fortunately continues in these high latitudes about nine months of the year, these adobe houses are very comfortable, warm in winter, and cool in summer, but when the heavy rains come on, they are anything but

pleasant. The roofs, as might be supposed, are not perfectly water-tight, and consequently if the rain continues for any length of time, it is likely to occasion some slight inconvenience to the inmates. Thus it happened to our people. When the rains began, the house afforded them but little shelter. The water first oozed through in tiny drops, and as the porous roof absorbed more and more water, these tiny drops grew to little streams, and soon the rooms became unfit for anything else but shower-baths. Nothing could be done except to bear it, and this they did. They kept urging on the work, but despite all their efforts, they succeeded in preparing only the class-rooms and dormitory for the boys. It was a consolation to them in the midst of their troubles to know that there was some comfort in store for the boys. Such was the gloomy condition of affairs at the opening of schools in November 1878. The rains continued, and the Fathers were almost flooded out. The writers of the *Revista Catolica* could not do anything but try to find some dry spot to rest in. The rain spared nothing, and so even at night they could take no rest. Only one room in the house was habitable, and that one was reserved for a sick Father; but all who could be accommodated went there, to rest at night time, while the others wrapped themselves in blankets and tried to sleep, sitting in their chairs. We have often read and heard of dismal times, but we think that a more dismal time than this can scarce be imagined. Few men could bear up unmurmuringly under the severe trials that fell to the lot of the founders of Las Vegas College. They never repined, but cheerfully awaited the time when they could find better accommodations. Were any one tempted to give way to sadness, some cheerful soul would buoy him up by communicating his own cheerfulness to him. On one occasion, they were in the refectory taking dinner. All were huddled together in a corner standing with their plates in their hands and the rain deluging them on all sides, when one of them exclaimed that they should read for their mutual consolation, "The History of the Universal Deluge." Superiors did all that possibly could

be done, to hasten the finishing of the rooms in the new house, but seeing that it was less an inconvenience to live in a house sheltered from the rain, than in the old one which was completely water-soaked, they bade all fix themselves as well as they could in the new house till the rooms could be finished. The rooms were comfortless enough, but they afforded shelter. Some days after this, the refectory and kitchen were finished, and on the feast of St. Stanislaus the community inaugurated the new refectory, taking their dinner standing; for as yet there were no seats. These were the hardest times they had seen and though their troubles were not yet over, still those that followed were only slight compared with what they had already endured. Once in the new house, they had to undergo all the inconveniences of settling down, truly not a difficult task in their case, for their furniture was not too abundant.

Thus began the second year. The number of boarders increased to thirty-five and the day-scholars to one hundred and five, and in addition to these the Fathers took charge of the public school. The faculty numbered nine, six of whom were for the college, and one was to take charge of the public school. From the establishment in the new house, began the real college, and from that time it has been constantly increasing in numbers of pupils and in popularity. Everything went on steadily and quietly, and the Fathers suffered no other inconvenience than the necessary confusion of having the workmen about the college. At the end of the year, Ours had the satisfaction of holding the commencement exercises in the new hall which, though with little architectural beauty, was the best and most commodious in the territory. With this year terminated the severest trials they had to undergo. They had begun with nothing the stupendous task of establishing a college in a poor country; they had labored with more than ordinary courage to fulfill their purpose, suffering more than the usual share of miseries, and now after two years their object was fulfilled, the college was a fact, nay more, it was a success. Too much credit cannot be given to those who struggled so

zealously for the good of the Society in New Mexico. First and foremost in the work was Fr. Gasparri, a man whose influence for good was felt in all parts of the territory. He was loved by all the Catholics, esteemed by Protestants and Jews. The first president of the college, Rev. Salvador Personé did all that man could do, to make the undertaking a success, and the high place which the college now holds in the esteem of the people is due, under the providence of God, to his endeavors, for he worked day and night for its advancement.

I here close the account for the first two years, which were, in truth, years of trial. The college had a severe struggle for existence, but it came forth victorious, and from that period it has been growing in strength and favor until to-day it stands unrivalled as the educational institution of the great south-west. As I have in this letter recorded as faithfully as I could the incidents of its birth and infancy, I shall in my next strive in my humble way to continue its history to the present day. H.

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## ROCKY MOUNTAIN MISSIONS.

*Letter from Father Prando to Rev. Fr. Cataldo.*

ST. PETER'S MISSION.

REV. FR. SUPERIOR,  
P. C.

In November of last year, I received a summons from my immediate Superior, which obliged me to leave the camp of the Black Feet. I had been preaching and laboring among these Indians for three months, during which time I gave four missions. I found my subjects well disposed, and willing to submit to the sweet yoke of the divine law. I had wished to return to them by the month of January, and had cherished hopes that the opening of the new

year 1882, would be the dawn of a new era for my dear Indians; but my return was unavoidably deferred to the month of May, as if our dear Virgin Mother herself wished to become the propagator of the faith among these poor people, during her own month of May. I, therefore, decided to pass this happy month among the Indians, and to give special honor to the Mother of God, under whose auspices I began my labors, with the expectation of happy results. Here are a few details of my expedition.

I had foreseen that my prolonged absence from the Indians might have caused great dissatisfaction among them, and as they had repeatedly sent for me, they might easily conclude that I had little affection for them, and tell me on my arrival that I might go away just as empty-handed as I came.

Anticipating this difficulty, I went to Helena and bought the biggest pipe I could procure. The stem was about three feet long, so that the smoker would require the assistance of some one to light it for him. Now here is the way I reasoned with myself. As soon as the Indians see me, they'll gather around me, and comment on my big pipe, and grow envious with the desire of getting a puff from it. As soon as I let them have their smoke, we'll all be friends again. My expedient was a childish one, it is true, but after all, the Indians are but children. But a difficulty arose. The pipe had been procured at great expense for me. How to get enough tobacco to fill it? But here the good providence of God came to my aid. I went to Fort Shaw, to give a sermon. There I met with the Commander Colonel Galson. Our conversation naturally turned to Indian affairs, and I took occasion to speak of my pipe and my need of tobacco. The Colonel, who is a good Catholic, invited me to come and see him on the following day. Next morning, I said Mass, and went to the Commander's apartment, where I received ten pounds of tobacco for my Indians. With many thanks I received the gift and set out for the Indians' camp, where I arrived on the first day of May. I gave them no time for parley, but immediately produced my big pipe

and lit it. The greatest admiration was depicted in their countenances as they watched the volumes of smoke, clouding the air. Such was my entry on the first day of May. Next day, I visited other tribes of Indians repeating my former experiment with the pipe and tobacco. Soon all the men and women were gathered about me, each of them receiving a little present of tobacco. Finally, lest I should excite too much envy, I went to see the great chief, White Calf, who received me cordially, to whom I presented my large pipe and a goodly share of tobacco. The chief is a good fervent Catholic. I baptized him last year. He told me all that had happened during my absence, and with great signs of grief, spoke to me of the deaths of many of the Indians who were unbaptized.

Last year, in September, Rev. Fr. Damiani our immediate Superior, paid me a visit, and in obedience to your instructions, charged me with the building of a hut which should serve me for a chapel. I built a log hut about thirty-six feet square. As yet it has neither windows nor door. The Indians often ask me when it will be completed. I promised to have it ready by the first Sunday in May. On my arrival among the Indians, I followed my ordinary plan of assembling the different families, and instructing them as best I could. To give instructions and to teach catechism, are the principal occupations of a missionary. It is very difficult to make them understand the simple truths of religion, and make them abolish their inhuman practices. The poor Indians have a number of superstitious practices, which they employ especially in presence of their dead. When one of them dies, the friends, in token of grief, cut deep gashes in their legs, and cut their ring or little finger.

In presence of the dead bodies they place all the possessions which belonged to the deceased. The dead bodies are covered with skins of animals, then laid out under trees on a mound, and enclosed in coffins, but left unburied. Still there are some who bury their dead. For months after a death, the relatives continue to show signs of great grief. Oftentimes they rush out from the house to the burial spot,

calling on the name of the dead man, with sobs and groans. It is a heart-rending sight; and after witnessing it many times, I resolved to select a suitable place for a cemetery and finally chose one on a little elevation near the church. On the third of May, the feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross, I purposed to erect a cross 20 feet high upon the summit of the little hill, which I had chosen for a cemetery. On the following Sunday, the first of May, I spoke to the Indians in these words: "We have made a cross, a great cross. It was on a cross that Jesus Christ died, in order that He might be our Saviour. He bore His cross to the top of a mountain. On His shoulders He sustained its load. And now the great chief and I will bear this cross upon our shoulders, and God will look down upon us and will be pleased. He will bless our camp. When we die, we shall be buried upon that hill, and at the end of the world, we shall rise again. The earth in which we will plant this cross will be sacred to the dead, and they who die unbaptized, shall have no burial in this ground."

When I concluded, we set out, and came first to the spot where the cross awaited us. The part of our Lord I assigned to the chief, while I acted as Simon of Cyrene; the old man Robear preceded us; the others followed in procession. When we had gotten over half the journey, we halted, for the load was very heavy. I took occasion to tell them how our Saviour was forced to carry His cross, alone, and how His enemies seeing Him fall three times beneath its heavy load, forced Simon of Cyrene to carry it for Him. When I had finished speaking, they took up the cross and triumphantly carried it to the hill. As soon as it was placed in its position, I went before them, and falling down before the cross, kissed it reverently, inviting the chief to imitate me. He did so; then turning to his people, he said: "Kiss this cross, for the Son of God died upon a cross for us." Each of the Indians obeyed, and returning from the cemetery, all were full of fervor and consolation. It was an important day for the savages.

Up to this time no human persuasion could have induced



the Indians to carry the cross. The old man Robear was so astonished at my influence over the savages, that he exclaimed: "I never saw a priest who exerted so powerful an influence over the Indians as you have." "It is not I, who have this influence," I replied, "but the grace of God is triumphing over their hearts, for the day of their conversion has come." The new cross furnished a topic of conversation for the savages, so that for many days, they lost all thought of the war which was impending with the Assiniboines. On the 6th of May, war-cries were heard. Some of the Assiniboines stole upon the camp, and firing, killed one of our warriors. As in coming to our camp they had to pass by my hut, I thought it wise to make an act of contrition. But nothing more serious followed. In the midst of the excitement which prevailed in our camp, I went about instructing the Indians. I kept a constant watch on the movements of the chief, White Calf, to see if he would prove himself a fit candidate for baptism.

One day, he came to my tent, and ordered me to rise and walk on ahead of him. I obeyed, and after a time, he explained his action by saying, that he thus wished to show that he was ready to follow the leadership of the Black Robe. To fulfil his promise, White Calf had to make some sacrifices. He had four wives, three of whom he had abandoned, at my command, and thus gave the first blow to polygamy. Seeing his good dispositions, I decided to baptize him on the 2d Sunday of May.

When the day had arrived, White Calf sent me word that his wife would be unable to cross the river, which was much swollen by the heavy rains, and asked me to come across, to baptize and marry them on the camp-side of the river. I complied with his request, and the ceremony was performed with all solemnity.

I summoned three men to bear witness to the fact, that the chief gave full liberty to the then discarded wives to marry any suitor who was single. I then made the following speech to the assembled Indians: "This whole tribe

is as yet shrouded in darkness. But light has now begun to dawn upon you. To-day, I baptize your chief, White Calf, and his wife. Chief, I pour the water of holy baptism upon your head, and God purifies your soul. Your soul, on this day, is as bright as the sun, and as beautiful as heaven's inhabitants, and as you are properly married to-day, you have become God's friend, for God hates polygamy, and shall condemn all polygamists to everlasting fire. To-day, light is beginning to shine upon the entire tribe, and that light is God's commandment. The commands of God are like an axe. The axe cleaves the tree, and God's commands cut away that great evil, polygamy. I felicitate the great chief and his wife, who have shown such fortitude and good will. They have to-day entered upon the good road; they have but to persevere, in order to reach heaven in safety." After the ceremony, the Indians remained silent for some time, then they got ready to smoke the calumet or pipe of peace. I did not remain for this ceremony, but set out to recross the river, telling them that I would soon see them again. I was happy with my victory over the powers of darkness, for if, as it ordinarily happens, subjects follow the example of their chief, I had reason to hope that all the Indians would soon abandon polygamy. The three wives, after obtaining permission, returned to their parents, who belonged to another tribe.

The next day, I baptized Natosi-Onista who had asked for the grace of baptism. He had three wives. His example showed me very clearly how the grace of God was accomplishing its ends. This Indian at first showed great reluctance to dismiss his wives, as he loved them and their children, and could not endure the thought of abandoning them. I explained to him how unhappy he would be, if he refused to observe God's commandments after he had learned them. A few days afterwards, his eldest son was killed by the Assiniboines, and another was wounded and fell from his horse. The unhappy father was greatly grieved, and found his only consolation in his third child, a girl of six years; but this child was also taken from him by sickness

after a few days. Natosi-Onista in the excess of his grief, folded his tent and left the camp. Some months later, he returned, and came in haste to me, saying that he was ready to abandon his wives, and receive baptism. I baptized him on the 15th of May, giving him the name of Francis. What surprised me was, that he dismissed the two wives who were young, keeping the eldest whom he had first married. He sold a large hut which he possessed, keeping for himself and his wife, a small cabin which he said would be large enough for him now, and he exerted his best influences to induce his companions to abandon polygamy, and to lead a Christian life. On the 18th of May, I baptized a chief called Itokinma, who also dismissed three wives. Last year, he had shown great aversion for the priest, but this year he had greatly changed.

On the 21st, I baptized a chief called Innik-kajantossa, a man of very stern appearance. He sent his second wife away, and employed his time in learning his prayers and teaching them to others. He was greatly pleased with a chant I had composed against polygamy, saying that it was a great blow to the polygamists. I had gone to see him during the preceding year, but he had shown such opposition to my efforts, that I had been forced to abandon him. But this year when I came to visit the tribe, I saw him coming towards me. I took a by-path, in order to avoid meeting him. But he hastened after me, and soon came up with me. I talked to him very kindly, and from that day forth, he has been one of my greatest friends, and much devoted to the cause of religion.

It is not enough for the gardener to plant good seed in the ground; he must pluck out the weeds, water the plants, and guard them while they are tender. So with the missionary; he must not only baptize the converts, but also guard them from error, and instil into their hearts a true Catholic spirit. With this knowledge in mind, I prepared twenty Indians for their first confession, and admitted thirteen of them to Holy Communion on the fourth Sunday of May. They were principally of the tribe of Jossarka, and

had been baptized the year before. The Indians have the custom of getting up very late, and it was with great difficulty that I got them to church in time for Mass. When I told them to be at church at 8 o'clock, they came about dinner-time, giving as an excuse that they couldn't find their horses, or alleging some such reason. But, finally, by dint of constant remonstrances, I got them to come in time. The chief Jossarka who lives four miles away, always comes at the appointed hour. On the day of his first Communion, he arrived at camp together with his people, some time before I had arisen, and felt so proud to be able to rouse me, that coming to my hut he shouted: "Black-Robe, are we in time to-day?" This was a proof to me that they were really in earnest. I had great difficulty in forcing the Indians to abandon their superstitions. For instance, the custom they had of singing their mournful songs and beating the drum, when they came to cure one of the sick, or were making their medicines of buffalo tails and other things of odd compound. One day, I explained to White Calf, that the offerings and prayers addressed to the sun were sinful and displeasing to God. Immediately, the savage answered by proposing a two-fold objection. "You yourself," he said, "love the sun, and the devil. You love the sun, for you carry a watch which indicates the sun's course." I answered: "Yes, truly I have a watch, but I make no offering to it, nor do I pray to it." Disappointed, he turned to his second objection. "You love the devil," he said, "for you keep a picture of hell, in your room, and there you have the representation of many devils." I answered this second objection by seizing a broom and saying: "White Calf, suppose I had a little boy here in my room, whom I should rouse every morning with blows of the broom. You would surely say: 'The Black Robe doesn't like the small boy.' Now, although I keep a picture of the devil, in my room, yet I show it to all who come to visit me, and I tell them of the wickedness of the devil. So you can't say that I have any love for the devil." At this, all White Calf's attendants laughed loudly, and all were sat-

isfied with my answers. It seems to me, that I ought not pass over in silence the following fact which shows forth so clearly a just chastisement coming from God, and the devil's displeasure at the success of our mission.

During the preceding year, I had put a stop to all offerings made to the sun, with the exception of a spear, furnished with a haft which was enclosed in a double case. By means of this spear, the Indians imagined that they could know future events; and especially whether or no they were to be attacked by their enemies, and by what road their opponents would come.

One of the braves, who wished to get possession of the spear, had signalized himself in various encounters with the Assiniboines, and, finally, had bought the spear, giving in return four horses. I visited this warrior, and tried my best to get the spear from him. I told him it was wrong to offer tribute to the sun, and that the spear should be thrown into the fire. But he obstinately refused to give it to me, and I was, at last, obliged to leave him, with these words: "You will become very unhappy." When I came to see him again, he was sick. I noticed what appeared to me a lance-wound in his back, and I again entreated him to give me the lance, as he could not be cured by it. He still refused. After fifteen days, I came again; his wound had grown more serious, and resembled a large cancer. I earnestly begged him to give up the spear, and what was more, to send away all his wives except one, and to call in the doctor. He said: "The spear is not really my property. It belongs to the tribe. If you wish to have it, ask White Calf." I went to the chief, who told me to take it, but when, on the morrow, I came to get the spear, the Indian was gone. I asked one of the wives to give me an axe, that I might destroy the lance. She in great alarm only answered my demand with cries of despair. In the twinkling of an eye, I was surrounded by a band of savages, who manifested the greatest alarm. As I persisted in my demand, a young man, coming forward, seized me by the breast, and pushed me back forcibly, without uttering a

word. I rushed forward, asking my opponent what he meant by his action. The women untied my horse, and placing the bridle in my hand, entreated me to go. I tied the horse again to a stake, and seeing some warriors approaching, among whom I recognized many friends, I asked them to assist me. But they responded with cries of: "'Tis sacred, 'tis sacred: touch not the lance." I was powerless against all this opposition, and asked for the chief. They pointed to a tent a short distance away, which I approached, finding therein the very man who was the cause of all the trouble. There lay the sick man. I recalled to him his promise. While I was speaking with him, the women seized the lance and hastened to conceal it. I saw their action, and could scarce repress a smile. One of the warrior's wives came, leading my horse, and the chief said briefly, "go." I made answer, "yesterday you told me to ask the great chief for the spear, and the great chief told me to take it. Now, instead of keeping your word, you tell me to go. You have lied to me." Then I left him, satisfied that I had put him to shame. When the chiefs heard that one of the young men had laid hands on me, they were greatly alarmed. The sick man was brought to the physician, and was soon cured. In a few days, he sent me word that he was willing to give up the spear, provided that the four horses which he had given in payment for it, should be restored to him. Here was a case of conscience. The contract had been made when the Indians attributed some worth to the spear, but now they considered it useless; was the possessor of the horses bound to make restitution?

At sight of the great good accomplished on the mission, and the numbers that were brought to the true faith, the devil was greatly enraged against us. You are aware, Rev. Father, that there is an agent appointed for the Indians. The American Government has assigned to the Indians a very limited section of country, called a reservation. In consequence of this, the Indians cannot, as formerly, support themselves by hunting, and so, an agent is placed over

them who supplies them with food and clothing. Under the present agent, our Indians are slaves. Some have died from hunger, and many are on the road to death. Consequently the Indians hate the agent, and would long ago have killed him, if he were not protected by soldiery. Our agent is a Protestant, and an open enemy of Catholicism. His only aim is to get rich and, meantime, live as comfortably as possible. When I converted the great chief, this agent took it so ill, that he was on the look out for some pretext for my banishment from the reservation. Towards the close of May, I was going to baptize some children, when I learned that the physician was spreading a most calumnious report about me, to the effect that I had advised some of the Indians to shoot the agent. I immediately went to the agency, and asked the lieutenant to summon the physician, who came after some delay. I questioned him, but he denied that he had ever spread any reports about me. There was rumor, he said, of a conspiracy formed by some of the whites, against the agent, but I must seek elsewhere the author of the calumny. As soon as the lieutenant and the physician left me, the agent broke out into most abusive language, telling me that I must leave the reservation. "It made little difference to him," he said, "whether Mormonism or Catholicism were propagated among the Indians." "But do you not recollect," said I, "how, at our first interview last year, we agreed to commence a sort of college among the Indians, and how you granted me permission to go about the reservation, as I pleased? Do you not recall your words to me: I love the Catholic priest. In fact my mother died a Catholic." "I never told you anything of the kind," said he, "and, furthermore, you must leave the reservation and never enter it again." I went, to pay my respects to the person who had told me of the calumny which had been spread against me, and immediately left the reservation, at full speed. The agent seeing me going, doubtless, congratulated himself at the success of his plans, and flattered himself that he had triumphed over the Catholic cause. Certainly if I alone

had been concerned, I could have borne my defeat with equanimity, but his rage was injuring the Catholic religion. Captain Stans, who went a few days after to the agency, brought news that he had heard nothing but what was good concerning me, but that the cause of my expulsion was my religion. After a ride of twelve miles, I came to Birch Creek, crossed over, and was outside the reservation.

This event took place towards the close of May; so that the end of the month of May was the beginning of my exile, as if the Blessed Virgin wished to intimate that it was due to her goodness alone, that I was allowed to remain in the reservation during the month consecrated to her.

As soon as my Indians learned of my expulsion, they became convinced that the agent was doing all in his power to ill-treat me, and as I could not enter the reservation, it remained for the Indians to cross the creek and visit me at my residence, and they did this every Sunday, in order to be present at Mass. They who lived at a great distance sent me word that they were getting ready to come, camp by camp, on a pilgrimage to my house, in order to be instructed and receive baptism.

Permission is granted to any white man to enter the reservation, to speak to the Indians, to remain there one night, and go on towards the north. Consequently a Catholic priest can journey to the north, then to the east and west and return south to his residence; but the agent can always prevent him from building in the Indian territory a permanent residence.

I will give you more details in my next letter.

P. PRANDO, S. J.



## ANOTHER LETTER FROM FR. PRANDO.

REV. FATHER SUPERIOR,  
P. C.

In my last letter, I told you how the agent had driven me from his reservation, simply because I was a Catholic priest. Well, that same day I sent him a letter in which I told him some pretty rough truths, in the hope of inducing him to modify his unjust pretensions. After this, without paying any heed to his prohibition, I crossed the river daily, and instructed the savages from morning till night. The agent, of course, knew all this, but pretended not to. I pushed on sometime as far as sixteen miles into the interior of the reservation, going by *the road*; so that I was able to continue my instructions to the savages up to the 20th of June. On June 20th, a company of soldiers under command of Colonel Kent arrived here, and encamped on the banks of Birch Creek, not far from our chapel. They had been called out in haste because of a difficulty which had arisen between the savages and some whites. Colonel Kent is a Protestant, but a *man of some distinction*, and frequently invited me to dine with him, when I went, to preach at Fort Shaw. He regretted much my expulsion, of which he intended to speak to Lieutenant Anny.

Soon after his arrival, the Colonel wished to learn from myself a statement of many of the questions relative to the savages and whites. He afterwards remarked that the agent had certainly not been very sharp, since he failed to see that it was to his advantage to have near him Catholic priests whom the Indians love so much. He added that if he were agent, he would rather have a priest with him than a whole company of soldiers. He promised, furthermore, to undertake the defence of my cause with the agent.

A short while after this the Colonel invited me to accompany him on a visit to White Calf, and act as his interpreter. Having crossed the river, I called his attention to the misery that reigned among the savages. Here and there

little patches of land were cultivated with a hatchet or a piece of iron ; in the cabins there was utter destitution.

White Calf welcomed us kindly, and in the conversation confined himself to showing us how the poor savages were dying of hunger, which raged to such an extent, that even the great chief saw his own children weeping around him for the want of a little food, and himself often grew giddy from sheer hunger. The Colonel was astounded at the sad recital, and convinced with his own eyes of the pitiable condition and slavery of this people.

A few days later, Colonel Gibson, commander of the fort, also arrived. As Colonel Gibson is a Catholic, it was deemed best to send Colonel Kent to confer with the agent ; for on seeing him take up the defence of the Blackfeet, no charge of favoritism could be used as a pretext against him. The agent was so confused at Colonel Kent's representations, who insisted on his allowing full liberty to Catholic priests, that he knew not what answer to make. At last, he took to pretexts, asserting that I had spread discord among the savages, and kept trying to gain their friendship: "*Commo- vet populum docens.*"—Seeing, then, no way of extricating himself, he asked the Colonel to be kind enough to send on the following day his observations in writing. Colonel Kent sent the writing as asked for, and was careful to answer in it the objections brought forth by the agent. But the agent knew better than to answer in writing as the Colonel had desired ;—so, on the following day, he sent two workmen from the agency, to inform us that he would not grant the privilege we claimed. Colonel Kent was astounded at such an unexpected answer, and on the following morning, left in haste with his soldiers because of a scarcity in their provisions.

In my last interview with Colonel Kent, I told him that ever since my expulsion from the reservation I had confined myself to instructing the Indians of Birch Creek with the intention of avoiding any difficulty with the agent ; but that for the future I would traverse the whole reservation, and pay no heed at all to the agent, for I intended to cling

to my rights as a white man, knowing, too, that the constitution of the United States grants religious liberty to all.

A few days after this, I went to the agency for a general *census* of the whole Blackfeet tribe. The Indians were gathering for their *Medicine Lodge*. I remained three days among them, and made a tour of the whole encampment, passing several times on foot or on horse-back before the agent's door. The agent eyed me with some surprise, but had not the courage to speak a word to me. So I believe that this difficulty is settled. For my part, I suspect that the agent, for reasons easily understood, did not wish to officially authorize Catholic priests to remain on the reservation; but that is now preserving so quiet a mien, to avoid bringing trouble upon himself, and through fear lest his injustices be made public. He is in still greater fear because of the dispute which he had with the Colonel.

On this supposition, Fr. Damiani sent two workmen, to complete our cabin, and to make it twice as large. The work was finished up in a week, and we have now a chapel twenty feet wide and forty-eight long. On the 12th of June, I celebrated the first Mass in the new church. For a long time the Indians have been earnestly wishing to have their church finished, so that they could go there, to pray and hold their accustomed "smoke."

On the following Sunday, the 18th of June, there was a solemn opening. Up to that time the church door had been fastened, and when the Indians were, at last, permitted to enter, they were warned that as the church is the house of God, they were forbidden to talk therein, or to smoke. I must note that after this order the respect of the Indians, their behavior in the church edified me extremely. I opened the ceremonies by an instruction in catechism, at the beginning of Mass.

After the Gospel followed a short address and a sermon *à propos* of the church. The Indians then continued in prayer, and after Mass listened to another catechetical instruction. When all was over, they lit their pipes outside the church in the presence of their united chiefs.

On the succeeding Sunday, the ceremonies were more impressive because of the large number of Indians and presence of soldiers. The Indians of Isarka's camp, men and women, flocked in, almost all on horse-back; and one would take them for a body of cavalry, so regular was their march. The day before, I invited the soldiers to attend the divine office together with the savages; but as most of the soldiers are Protestants, I sent the invitation on condition that if they wished to come, they would have to remain kneeling during the time of Mass. I thought it proper to take this precaution, for, if my savages, as yet but ill instructed, saw the soldiers remain standing, they would take scandal from it; and besides, if they knelt, I would not have trouble afterwards in obliging the Indians to remain kneeling. The soldiers turned out in fine number, knelt during the whole time, with a blameless deportment to the great edification of the Indians. At the Gospel, I turned toward the soldiers and addressed a few words to them in English, after which I gave an instruction in the Indian tongue.

During my sojourn in these parts, three little children died without baptism,—partly, because I really had not time to baptize the whole world, and partly, too, because the parents, out of their ignorance, sent me no word of the condition of the little ones. It is exceedingly difficult to convert the ailing Indians, unless they have been well instructed while in good health; for it seems that in the time of sickness all the powers of darkness are leagued against the poor savage. In the first place, the parents offer such stout opposition, that the priest is unable to see the sick person; for they fear that the presence of a priest will only aggravate the evil. So, they put off the missionary, telling him to come back when the poor person who is dying will have recovered. This very case happened to me with regard to a poor Indian who had several wives, and who died without altering his condition. Other obstacles, too, are the superstitions, of which the Indians cannot ever rid themselves.

The other day, an Indian came to tell me that a woman whom I had baptized last year, was dying at Citon, distant

about forty miles. I mounted my horse, and after six hours brisk ride, arrived at the woman's hut. I heard her confession, and after two days she died.

*Indian Cunning.*—I was one day engaged in hearing confessions in a hut when a young man, married but a short time ago, came, to bid me hurry to see his wife, and baptize her, for she was dying. I went and found a woman who had not, at all, the appearance of a sick person, and who upon my questioning her assured me that she was quite well. I told her that her husband had come, to inform me that she wished to be baptized, for that she was dying. The woman then broke into a fit of rage against her husband, crying out: "My husband lied. He knew that I intended to leave him, so he said,—'You intend to leave me do you? Very good, I'll go and get the Black Robe to make you be baptized and marry me; then you cannot leave me, for you will not be allowed to marry any one else.'" On hearing this, the Indians who stood by all laughed heartily. The woman continued: "That man is a wretch. He is forever beating me, and has even gone so far as to try to choke me. I do not wish ever again to hear anything about him." Pretending then to speak in earnest, I said to her: "So you are not yet baptized? Well now, you just cast about for another husband, and I'll marry you to him." At this, the Indians again broke into roars of laughter, and the poor young husband stood sheepishly apart, utterly confused, and not daring to open his lips. When leaving, I told him for his consolation that it was impossible to settle the matter just then, as they were both very angry, and that I would reserve my decision for another time.

*Suicide among the Indians.*—Itorkujipujop was a young Indian of such refined manners, that one would almost take him for a civilized man. His tender-heartedness was the ruin of him. Last winter, he wished to take to wife a young Indian girl raised by Itarka, and so he asked her hand of him. Itarka intended to await the coming of the Black

Robe, so that the marriage might proceed regularly, and after the baptism of the parties; but moved by the repeated insistence of the young lover, he gave the girl up to him. Soon after Itorkujipujop took up with a young widow, and eloped with her. The young girl's parents pursued the fugitives, and fired upon them twice, but without bringing them down either time. On my arrival, I made him give up the young girl; but one day she came to meet Itorkujipujop, telling him that his brother had outraged her. The young Indian, unwilling to take revenge on his brother, turned his gun upon himself, and shot himself in the heart. He died almost instantly.

*The Medicine Lodge.*—According to their tradition, the Indians have to hold every year a *Medicine Lodge* or sundance, so as to obtain success in their chase. I had been told that at these fêtes there was a great deal of superstition and much immorality; therefore, I have often shown my displeasure on the subject of the Lodge. One day, White Calf came to tell me that he wished to hold a Medicine Lodge, but, on the other hand, he would not like to offend me; so he came to learn what there was allowable in it, and what was forbidden. I explained to him that they might without any harm sink the posts and erect their lodge, beat the drums, dance beseeming dances, and have their speeches; but that they were not allowed to utter evil prayers, nor to offer anything whatever to the sun. White Calf was very well satisfied at this, and, a few days after, all the Indians of Birch Creek gathered at the agency, to take part in the ceremony. I wished to see from afar how the thing was carried on, and take occasion from it to instruct the savages who flocked thither in large numbers. I remained in the camp five days, taking my meals in White Calf's hut, and soon perceived that the general intention was to offer a great sacrifice. The better instructed among the savages intended to offer their sacrifice to God, and looked upon the present time as one of prayer. Before lighting their pipes, they caressed them tenderly in their hands. When

the pipes were lit, one of the Indians filled his mouth with smoke and held up the long stem of the calumet; then turning his face to the sky, he blew a cloud of smoke toward the heavens, and pronounced the words, "To God." Soon after, he came to ask me what I thought of his action. I told him that there was no harm in it, waiting for a more favorable opportunity of instructing him better. One of them then brought out to an Indian woman a cup of coffee and a piece of bread. Before eating, the woman prayed for a while; then taking a bit of the bread between her thumb and forefinger, with her other fingers she dug a hole in the ground, and cast the bread into it; after this she moistened it with a little coffee. I disapproved entirely of that proceeding, and took occasion from it to instruct the savages who stood around me. The Indians had with them (as the ceremony demanded) seven or eight tongues of beef, which had been faithfully kept for the sacrifice, although they had nothing else to eat; for this camp, you must know, is quite a poor one. I myself was then suffering with keen hunger; indeed, I literally "heard the barkings of hunger," and casting a glance at the tongues of beef, I suggested, laughingly, that it would be much wiser to serve them up for us at supper. The tongues were surrounded with dry cow dung which one of the Indians proceeded forthwith to light, and the smoke of which was to serve as perfume to the tongues during the sacrifice. When this was over, I told them seriously that such sacrifices would not be pleasing to God; for the Black Robe now offers in their midst the sacrifice of the Mass, a sacrifice above all others, for in it is offered up to God His own Son. Henceforth, then, the Black Robe must be to them in the place of their wise woman. The Indians at these words eyed me with some suspicion, but said nothing.

The following day, I made an excursion of some ten miles into the neighboring country, accompanied by two of White Calf's sons, and in the evening I returned again. On arriving I heard some of the people praying; but a child who stood at the door of the hut bade me not to enter;

pointing out another hut where I could remain, for at that moment they were holding the *Okan*, that is, they were blessing the tongues of beef; how, I do not know, I said to myself that some evil was surely going on within, else how explain their refusing to allow me to be present. However, as I was weary with fatigue, I betook myself to the hut pointed out to me. The Indians soon perceived from my stern bearing toward them that I disapproved of their Medicine Lodge. I remained for some time among them, but without speaking a word to any one. One of the savages, to break the silence, made bold to ask me, if I was hungry. I told him that I would eat by and by, adding that if they continued to carry on in this manner, I would be obliged to leave them altogether. Thus far, they had refused to tell me what they did at their prayers, and this I took for a very bad sign. I concluded by telling them that the Medicine Lodge was their ruin; for every year some heavy evil had befallen them during it. Last year, one of them was murdered; this year, another committed suicide; they lose a month and a half in idleness, and instead of pleasing God, they offend Him. After this I left the hut, stopping only to shake hands with one of the children who accompanied me in the morning, and who was now watching me with a sad countenance.

In the hurry of leaving, I forgot to tuck up my habit before mounting my horse, so that a gust of wind caught it, and spread it out, giving me the appearance of a man with wings. The Indians followed me with their eyes full of wonderment. I soon lost sight of the camp, and in order to avoid meeting White Calf, returned to Birch Creek by *the road*. On the following day, White Calf sent one of the sub-chiefs of his camp, to tell me that he was very sorry for having begun the Lodge. . . . He was anxious now to know, if I had determined to forsake the savages. I answered that if the savages intended to obey the law of God, I would never abandon them; but that if they wished to set up for teachers and dictate to me how God was to be honored, I would certainly leave them. I finished by say-



ing that on the following day I would leave for the Mission of St. Peter.

The Indians knew that, at least, after a few days I would have to return to that mission, and this was why I wished to hasten my departure and leave them suddenly, so as to give them a lesson.

I believed that when I was returning I would be able to cross Pan river at almost any place, for the water did not seem to me to be very deep. But when I had reached about half-way across, my horse could scarcely touch bottom; and being no longer able to resist the current, threw himself on his left side. I tried to release myself from the saddle, and leap into the water, but in so doing, I somehow gave the bridle a vigorous jerk that sent the horse springing to his feet. I then paused an instant, but at last drew clear of the danger. On reaching the opposite bank, I turned to look at the treacherous waters, and asked myself what I was thinking of at that so critical a moment. I had not given a thought to the danger I was in, for all my attention was fixed on guiding the horse. Later on, however, I recognized in my deliverance a special providence of heaven, for the left hand pocket of my habit, in which was a little statue of St. Joseph, remained perfectly dry; while the other was soaking wet.

And now, Rev. Father, I have arrived at the end of my excursion among the savages. After to-morrow I leave again for Birch Creek; for I have taken sufficient rest during the past few weeks in the mission of St. Peter. Since my arrival here I have learned that the agent is having his share of troubles; for the Indians, driven by hunger, made an outbreak on the agency; tore open the doors, and carried off the food. Soldiers were called out by the agent, and came in great numbers. But on the day of the distribution of provisions, Colonel Kent dispatched a company of soldiers to the agency, to weigh the rations, and they found some which fell far short of the weight assigned. The Colonel sent a report of this to Washington. Thus it is

that the agent will have other misfortunes, too; and we can repeat our proverb: *chi la fo l'aspetti*;—who doth evil to others, let him fear evils for himself. We can say likewise: *Salutem ex inimicis nostris*; for as long as these are at discord among themselves, they will leave us in peace.

I must not forget to thank you, Rev. Father, for having decided to establish a residence at Birch Creek, and for having destined another priest to evangelize the Blackfeet.

In the hope of seeing all your wishes accomplished, and in union with your holy sacrifices,

Your Reverence's humble servant in Christ,

P. PRANDO, S. J.

FROM THE SAME TO HIS SUPERIOR.

BLACK ROCK CAMP.

REVEREND FATHER SUPERIOR,  
P. C.

On August the 28th, I reached the Indian camp where I found things greatly changed. The Indians had been driven by hunger to threaten the agent's life, and he had called on the troops to protect him. This terrified the poor savages whose minds were full of former horrors, and they struck into the mountains. Peace was finally restored, however, and when the savages returned, they found in the soldiers their most devoted friends. Colonel Kent showed them great kindness by obtaining from the government an increase of rations.

My first Sunday here, the church was thronged and Col. Moole and the other soldiers seemed highly pleased with the ceremonies.

There is a vein of romance in the nature of these savages that accounts for their great love of song, and which greatly aids me in teaching them prayers and the truths of religion. I kept only the baptized after Mass, and the married people, to instruct them separately. I first congratulated them on their fidelity in keeping their promise of retaining but one wife. This I dare not do to all, as I have great anxiety

about their fidelity. Afterwards, I questioned them one after another, and found to my great surprise that every one of them had scrupulously kept their word, giving full liberty to their former wives to do as they wished. Among others, there was one Indian who answered my questions with an energy that not only greatly consoled me, but also had a good effect on the rest.

This separation of the savages from many wives is a great sacrifice. One day while the Indians were listening to one of these instructions, I called for a large knife and putting it like a sword in my girdle, I told them that the Black Robe had orders from the Son of God to take the sword and, going among those who had many wives, to separate them. Then knife in hand I added, "for this have I come among you, to separate you in the name of God from your many wives. But, as you are aware, my knife is not the one you here behold; it is the commandment of God. For the moment, I know this separation gives you pain; but what will be your joy hereafter, when you will be the friends of God and forever happy in heaven!" My words pleased them and they greatly approved of my oratorical device. Every one at Innikkayantassa camp asked for baptism, and for the eight following days, they crossed the river regularly, to assist at instruction. The last day, I selected those only from among them who were free from impediments. With the exception of two, all were disposed to give up their women; but these two, though willing to give them up, still insisted as a condition that these were not to marry again, but were to live secluded in a hut set apart for them, for they did not like the idea of their sons being maltreated by other men. I tried my best to compromise matters; but to no avail, and so they had to be rejected as unworthy of the Sacrament. The chief Innikkayantassa, seeing their obstinacy, stood up and left the church indignantly. One of the polygamists who has six wives rose also and left the church followed by them, and the other who had refused baptism, cried out on leaving, "let us all go;" but he found no followers save his wives. I then concluded my

instruction and baptized twenty-eight adults and blessed six marriages.

The next day, the church was filled with Indians who have the custom of bringing their dogs with them. This was a cause of annoyance to me; so I placed a sentinel at the door with strict orders to allow no dog into the church, and also to prevent the two Indians from entering, who on the previous day had refused to part with their wives. Towards evening, one of these came to beg my pardon, saying that the chief's conduct had irritated him, but I took the good chief's part, commending his action in every respect, and after exhorting him to abandon his wives, I promised him baptism. That he promised to do. Sometime later, one of the tribe came to intercede again for him, and during the night Onistagissa himself came secretly, to tell me that some months before, his little daughter had fallen into consumption, and fearing to lose her, he had made a vow to God that if his child were cured, he would become a Christian. "Now," said he, "my child is in perfect health, and I wish to fulfil my promise. There is now remaining no obstacle but my wives, whom from this moment, I permit to do as they please." I praised these sentiments, and on the following day baptized him, and blessed his marriage with one of his wives. The chief Issarki tells me that the other recalcitrant, since the death of his daughter and the loss of all his horses, gives signs of mental derangement, a statement I am inclined to believe.

I few days ago, one of the savages while in conversation with Colonel Moole, to prove his asseveration, showed him a medal that he carried round his neck, and lifting it towards heaven said: "See by this that I cannot lie; for I wear this medal." The Colonel who is also a Catholic drew forth his own and replied: "I too, as you see, wear a medal." Since then they are the best of friends.

Pitnotokun came on a visit to me, and being quite blind was led by his wife. He met me on the road and invited me to go and baptize at his home a child of six years that was dying of consumption. I did so, and regenerated at

the same time two other infants. On my return he accompanied me for the purpose of receiving baptism himself, and on the way he never ceased praying. Though I was riding before him, I could easily overhear his fervent prayers. When I proposed to him to give up one of his two women, he made no resistance, saying that from that moment he gave them up, with perfect freedom to do as they pleased. A few moments completed his instruction, as he had been very attentive to my sermons, and the next day, I baptized himself and his first wife. I think I have never met an Indian in better dispositions.

These Indians scrupulously avoid intermarriage with relatives; I could never find out to what degree this extends.

When a young man marries the eldest daughter, he has the refusal of the other sisters, and it is not a rare case to meet a man who takes to wife all the daughters of a family. Not long ago, an Indian who had two wives asked for baptism. I asked him if he was ready to give up the second one who was with her father at the time. He said he would willingly, should her father agree to return the six horses he had received at their marriage. The compromise was effected and he was baptized. The girl in question was but seven years old at the time, and was then married two years, while he was a man of fifty years.

Some days since, while I was teaching prayers to some Indians in a house, the master of the house was on the point of entering when, of a sudden a young girl cried out to him: "Stop she is here." Hearing this, the man turned round and started back to the field.

On inquiring what all this meant, I was informed that there exists a custom among them forbidding the son-in-law from ever looking on his mother-in-law, and vice versa. This is why he dare not enter, for the old lady was in the house. I told them that when there was question of religion such customs should not be observed, for no one should deprive himself of instruction on so slight grounds. This seemed to embarrass them, for on the one hand not wishing to violate their usage, yet on the other they were

loath to displease the Black Robe. But the old lady found a way out of the difficulty by prostrating herself in one corner of the room with her face to the ground. She was then covered by some garment and the other women took up their position in front of her. This done, I went out and brought in the son-in-law after some difficulty, who took to the opposite corner of the apartment, where he remained with back to the audience during the instruction. When it was over, the old lady went out first, and he then sat down contented.

P. PRANDO, S. J.

*Letter from Father Morillo.*

LAPWAI, IDAHO TY., Jany. 2nd 1883.

REV. FATHER SUPERIOR,

P. C.

I lately visited a sick woman at Camiai to whom I gave the sacraments and consoled her in her trouble. The poor creature, besides suffering from a painful and obstinate disease, has many trials to bear on account of her conversion. Last year, I was called to Camiai in the Nez-percés territory, to baptize a woman on her death bed. She had heard several of our sermons and her heart could no longer resist the conviction she felt that ours was the only true church. Still there were many obstacles over which she had no control. Her husband being a Protestant, she was forced to live in a heretical country where blasphemies and calumnies against the Catholic Church were ever falling on her ears. But God in His mercy overcame all these difficulties at a stroke, by sending her a mortal sickness that opened her eyes to the rigor of His judgments in the next world. She now decided to renounce Protestantism and asked for baptism. When I reached her the disease had somewhat abated, which made me fear a little for her constancy, but I soon recognized the complete triumph of grace in her soul. As my time was limited and she seemed well instructed in the faith, I gave her conditional absolution and baptism, after a

very brief instruction. Her husband promised me he would live amicably with her, and I then left them, with a fervent prayer to God for the perseverance of His regenerated daughter.

When the news of this conversion got abroad, loud cries went up from the heretical Indians. They would never allow any Catholic in their territory, belonging as it did to Protestants, and Catholicism being an exotic plant was brought there by the evil one. This anathema incurred by the wife on her becoming a Catholic made it impossible for her Protestant husband to live with her; so they were forced to separate, though he was much attached to his wife. She, on her part, might easily have escaped this war declared against her, but so powerfully did the grace of the Holy Ghost strengthen her, that she did not seem to mind it in the least. Such perseverance in one scarcely initiated in the truths of our faith appears to me to be a little less than a miracle of grace; especially when I remember that she knows but few prayers and sees a priest only two or three times a year. Her husband, I am sure, adheres to his errors more as a family inheritance than for any solid reason, for he is a good simple man at heart. Were it not for his simplicity, he would have been a Catholic long ago. Once he received a medal that he kept very carefully, and having lost it, he unfortunately met a Protestant minister who baptized him. The man submitted to this very willingly, for as he looked at things, it was better to be a Christian of any sort than an infidel. All this happened when there were no Black Gowns in the country. He is now surrounded by a crowd of ministers who are alternately sending all Black Gowns to hell or extolling them to heaven, and hence he has come to the conclusion that all religions are equally good, and considers himself free to serve God in his own way.

I was afterwards called on to baptize an old blind woman who had received baptism from the heretics during the quarrel between the Americans and the Nez-Percés, when the Indians were taught to look upon Protestantism as the

surest means of gaining government favor. This blind woman assured me she knew nothing of her religion except that water had been poured on her head. Fearing she would not be able to learn the prayers, she had not dared to ask for baptism from the Black Gown. These difficulties soon vanished, and after a few instructions she was ready for conditional baptism, when I gave her the name of Susanna.

I went to see the wife of Branchard who is suffering from paralysis. I then said Mass and gave them both communion. The husband is subject to heart disease, by which he may be carried off at any moment. Contrary to all expectation, we had a little feast in our chapel on the day of the Assumption; for at this season the Indians are usually dispersed. I omit many other incidents which, though edifying, are not extraordinary. I unite myself with your prayers.

Your Reverence's servant in Christ,

A. MORRILLO, S. J.

SPOKANE MISSION.

*Letter from Father Jacquet.*

SPOKANE FALLS, ST. MICHAEL'S MISSION,

June 8th, 1883.

REV. DEAR FATHER,  
P. C.

May the Sacred Heart of Jesus be loved everywhere more and more!

I am sure that you are wondering why I have not written to you sooner about Spokane Falls, the Indians etc. Well as soon as Fr. Cataldo saw me, almost the first thing he told me was, "what a pity you could not have been here for the Sunday after Easter, to see the gathering of the Indians on the occasion of the visit of the Bishop; it would have given you an idea of our work here. However, you will have another chance, on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, at the Cœur d'Alène mission. I will so manage as to make



you go there. The Archbishop of Oregon and the Bishop of Montana are expected to be there." So I laid in hopes of seeing something not often witnessed, and to give you an account of it; for though this is a mission among the Indians too, yet there are none around here now, all being either fishing, hunting, or gathering roots. However, as on the Sunday before the Feast of the Sacred Heart, I was, after saying Mass at Spokane Falls, returning to the mission here, my horse got suddenly scared, and before I had time to control him, threw me against a tree to the ground. I had hurt my shoulder pretty badly, without, however, having any bones broken. I managed to walk back to the mission, and got some horse-liniment put on it, till something better could be had at Spokane Falls, eight miles from here. I was kept in bed for four days, and have to carry my arm in a sling yet. But what is more to the point is this. The Brother who took care of me, in fixing up my room, saw some papers which he thought I did not need, and destroyed them. What were there but my notes on my trip across the ocean, about Spokane Falls, the neighboring places, when after getting better, I wished to send them after copying them! I looked for them in vain; to my great disappointment, I perceived they had been destroyed.

Not to make you wait any longer, I prefer to let you know it. I do not think the WOODSTOCK LETTERS will lose much.

I will try to get up something else. Meanwhile, believe me, your devoted servant in S. C. J. A. JACQUET, S. J.

NOTE.—Since the above was written, Spokane Falls has been united to the outside world by the Northern Pacific Railroad. The usual fate, no doubt, awaits the poor Indian, but great advantage must accrue to the Church from the presence of our Fathers, who, failing the Indians, will have more than enough to do in saving the souls of the whites, who will crowd in with the railroad and civilization. And thus will, perhaps, be the final history of all the Rocky Mountain Missions before twenty-five years have passed away.

ED. LETTERS.

## OBITUARY.

FATHER WILLIAM T. WHITEFORD, S. J.

*(From the Georgetown College Journal.)*

Born September 19, 1843; died April 16, 1883.

So sad a day rarely falls into the calendar of college life as that, which we had thought to keep as a jubilee for the founding of the Jesuit missions in Maryland, Monday, April 16, 1883. At supper, on the evening previous, we were shocked by the announcement that Father Whiteford, whose absence none had noted, so recently had he been amongst us on the play-ground and in the class-room, was dangerously ill; but no one was prepared to believe that the hearty, robust, genial gentleman whose presence and speech were everywhere eloquent of life and health, was really within a few hours of his death. He had for some days complained of a cold and of oppression on the chest, but not until Saturday morning about 10 o'clock, did he consent to go to bed for treatment. Symptoms of pneumonia and pericarditis manifested themselves early on Saturday night, and by 9 o'clock A. M., on Sunday, the disease had taken so malignant a hold on the sufferer, that it was evident even his vigorous frame would find difficulty in casting it off. From the first appearance of alarming symptoms Father Whiteford declared that his end was imminent, and with resignation and fortitude he set about making needful preparation and all final arrangements. In the full possession of his faculties, which indeed he lost only with life, he received reverently and devoutly the last rites of the Church about 8 P. M., on Sunday, and entered upon his last night on earth in great pain and distress, for the ravages of the disease upon his heart and lungs had made respiration exceedingly difficult and labored.

Frequently, as the hours wore on, he renewed the offer-

ing of his life to God, fervently commended himself to the prayerful remembrance of all who loved him, and in all respects bore himself as a true soldier of the cross, fighting the last good fight. Two of his brothers, both of them physicians, kept watch by his bed-side during that painful night, and nothing that skill and affection could suggest was denied him. Once, when the agony of pain grew more violent, he asked if no anodyne could be administered that would bring relief. He was told that a potion could be given for the purpose, but that it would at the same time compromise his vitality and render him unconscious in the moment of death. He declined the relief to be thus dearly bought, and bore his sufferings without murmur to the end. This came at 8.30 A. M., on Monday, April 16, and our day of recreation was mournfully ushered in by the tolling of the *De Profundis* bell.

Father Whiteford was but sixteen years old on entering the Society of Jesus, and he passed through the usual probations of the Order, coming first to Georgetown in 1863, to make his philosophical studies; after which he was employed in teaching and in theological studies until 1876, when he returned to Georgetown to assume the position of First Prefect and Professor of English Literature. Here he remained almost without interruption up to the day of his death; at one time Vice President of the College, at another Professor either of Rhetoric or poetry, but in all positions the college boy's friend, guide and counsellor.

It would be presumption on our part to touch upon the portions of Father Whiteford's career spent in other institutions of his Order, as it would be a task unfitting our pen to attempt a portraiture of his character in these columns. We can tell only what he was to us and to the generations of students, our immediate predecessors. By reason of his fresh, kindly nature, his sound, practical views, his erudition, his refined literary taste, his strong affections, and, in a word, that complex of characteristics, mental and moral, which men call magnetism, he was peculiarly fitted to win the esteem of young men, and to mould and influence,

where he seemed only to amuse and entertain. In the class-room and on the play-ground, whether the question was one of intellect or of heart, Father Whiteford's approval or reproof was never a matter of indifference to the student under his eye. Who of us that ever sat before him at his desk can forget the uninterrupted play of wit, sparkling and spontaneous, called out by every line of his favorite Horace or his familiar Juvenal; the keen satire, which acted as a spur to the laggard, while the victim could not mistake the kindly motive that prompted its use; the unfailing cheerfulness which cast spirit into the dullest task; the hearty good humor which enchained attention and bound the class together under the spell of his genial presence. He was a born *magister*, and he added to acquirements and native talents, a gift rarer than learning or strong intellectual powers, the faculty of imparting information. Not only for members of his own class, but for all the students who chose to share the privilege, his room held out a welcome always, and he was never seen to better advantage as a man of mind and heart, than when seated in his easy chair, surrounded by a group of past or present students, and, bubbling over with humor, wit and kindest feeling, he rehearsed anecdotes, recalled incidents of college life, sent his barbed shafts against the foibles and follies of men and things, and ruled, a "master of the feast," at these *symposia* of letters.

Where weightier interests were in question, Fr. Whiteford displayed zeal worthy of his calling, and it is safe to say that no professor of our time exercised more potent or more salutary influence over the minds and hearts of students. A word of counsel from him was prized; a principle of action, accepted without question; a look or speech of reproof, received in grateful submission, and even the less docile were amenable to the friendly guidance which his sense of duty taught him how to exercise.

It does not become us to dwell upon the marks of esteem and affection which the students spontaneously paid Father Whiteford's worth. The gloom that overspread the com-

munity and, for days after his death, repressed the effervescent spirits of youth, spoke louder than words of the place he held in their lives, and his gentle loving nature would have found rich reward for all his service in our behalf, in the grief his loss entailed, and in the prayers his death claimed from our sorrowing hearts. The class of Rhetoric, which he had resigned only a few weeks before, and the class of Poetry, which he was actually teaching when death set a term to his labors, shared the privilege of watching his remains, and of extending to them the last marks of respect: nor was it difficult to see that genuine affection rather than forms of custom dictated the ministrations to their deceased professor.

Not those only from whom death immediately withdrew him have found cause for sorrowing in his loss. Old students scattered over the land were shocked and grieved to hear the grievous news, and our columns might easily be filled with the warm tributes from "old boys" who knew and loved him.

*"Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,"*

this good man, zealous priest, loyal friend and ideal professor. He has left a place in our midst not soon to be filled, a memory too dear ever to be forgotten, and the pious wish of the humble Christian, that by all who loved him here his soul's needs should be faithfully remembered in prayer. Let thus our affection follow him, whom death has placed beyond the reach of other love.

#### BROTHER JAMES O'NEILL.

Brother James O'Neill, who was called to his reward, June 13th, 1883, was born in the County Longford, Ireland, May 25th, 1815. He left his home for Canada at the age of twenty-two, and, after a voyage of as many months as it now takes days to cross the ocean, he arrived in the Provinces, in May, 1837. Here he spent but a very short time. Crossing over to the States and applying for admission into the Society, he was sent to White Marsh and thence to Frederick, where he began his noviceship, September 1st,

1843. His noviceship over, he was dispatched to the newly founded College of the Holy Cross, where he spent the remainder of his life, the single year 1853 excepted.

No one that lived at Holy Cross during all these years, whether as a student or member of the community, could fail to be impressed with the evidence of strong, natural character and the example of really solid and deep-rooted virtue manifested in the life of good Brother Jimmy, as he was familiarly called. Charity, patience, a love of labor and devotion to the Society and to his special calling in it were the virtues he cultivated.

He was a man of large heart, of ready sprightly wit, that could force a smile to the face of the most downcast. Charity was his pet virtue and, the better to satisfy its promptings within the very limited sphere of his influence, he brought into play with a simplicity truly childlike, all the gifts with which God had blessed him. His very retentive memory kept stored up recollections of his early life, full of incident and always savoring of the mirthful, with which, when asked, he would entertain his brethren in recreation; and with such marvellous interest would he tell his story and with such wonderful exactness of detail and vividness of description as to fill you with admiration of the great natural gifts of the man.

He was always ready to supply, in as far as he could, the needs of his brethren; and with such a warmth of good will would he lend himself to meet your little necessities, that you carried away a very wholesome lesson of the magic power of self-sacrifice and brotherly love.

One that knew nothing of his bodily sufferings would be led to believe from his massive frame, that he was a stranger to the name of sickness, and yet chronic asthma that forced him periodically to take to his bed and, finally, caused his death, and other maladies kept him constantly on the rack of suffering; but his indomitable energy would never succumb till resistance was physically impossible, and then you might apprehend the worst. In one of these attacks he passed away in the peace of God.

## FATHER JOHN SCHOENMAKERS.

On Saturday, July 30th, Father John Schoenmakers died at the St. Francis' Institution, Osage Mission, Kansas, after having received the rites of the Church.

He was born in the town of Waspick, Langstaat, a province of North Brabant, in Holland, in 1807. He was ordained priest in 1833. Shortly after his ordination, he sailed for America with the intention of becoming a missionary. He landed in New York, on the 25th of December; thence he proceeded to Georgetown, D. C., where he was admitted as a novice in the Society of Jesus, on the 16th of January, 1824. In July of that same year, he with several other missionaries left for St. Louis, Mo. He worked zealously in and about that city until the spring of 1847, when divine providence called him to another field of apostolic labor, the desolate region of south-eastern Kansas. About this time, Father Verreydt's zealous little band was traversing various portions of Kansas and had also met with the Osage Indians; but as it had fixed its principal missionary station among the Pottawatomies, at St. Mary's, it could not, on account of the great distance between these two tribes, attend to the welfare of the Osages. Father Van de Velde, then Vice-Provincial of the Missouri Province, thought it best to erect a new station in the south-eastern part of Kansas. After Father Verreydt, who was well acquainted with the Osage reservation, had selected the spot, which is now known as Osage Mission, the Provincial appointed Father John Schoenmakers, as its first Superior.

Father Schoenmakers accepted his new appointment, and at once prepared himself for its demands. Having collected sufficient supplies for a long and tedious journey, he, with Father John Bax and three Brothers, left St. Louis for Kansas in the spring of 1847. He ascended the Missouri river as far as Kansas City where he found some three or four huts built along the riverside. From Kansas City, he directed his course towards the south-west in wagons, drawn

by oxen. The inconveniences encountered on this journey can be better imagined than described; but as these zealous laborers knew that they were doing a work of love, they overcame their natural repugnances in an heroic manner. After several days of travelling, they reached their mission on the 28th of April, 1847, and occupied at once their new residence, consisting of two log houses, prepared for them. Father Schoenmakers, knowing the importance not only of religion and literature, but also of manual labor, inaugurated what was then called: "A manual labor school for Indian boys." Having provided for the Indian boys, his next task was for the good of the girls, which entailed not a little difficulty; but ever ready to promote God's greater glory, he was equal to the emergency. He proceeded at once to Kentucky and there, with the permission of the Rev. Bishop of Louisville, obtained sisters of the Congregation of Loretto. With this new corps a school for Indian girls was opened on the 10th of October, 1847. As Father Schoenmakers had his schools in fair progress, his next solicitude was to procure farmers and mechanics. With regard to farming, he soon taught the art to the Indians, but to obtain artisans, he was obliged to invite strangers, who, after some hesitation, finally gave their aid to the promotion of the mission. When these few volunteers saw that it was possible to live amongst the Osages, whose very name was a terror to all the whites living along the borders of Missouri and Arkansas, they, in turn, invited their friends to settle among them, and thus began the settlement of the whites in south-eastern Kansas.

In September, 1869, the Indians ceded by treaty their lands, nine million acres, to the United States, and migrated to their new reservation in the Indian Territory. The departure of these souls grown so dear to Father Schoenmakers was a sad blow for him, but ever vigilant for doing good, the zealous missionary directed his attention to the welfare of the whites, who were now scattered around his station. The manual labor schools of the Indian boys were converted into "St. Francis' Institution for Boys," and St.



Ann's Academy succeeded to the school for Indian girls; under these names these houses of education are known, at the present day, throughout the West. The flourishing condition of both institutions and the good they have done are due to the pains of our departed Father.

The career of Father Schoenmakers was, perhaps, a hidden one, but those who were acquainted with him and were eye-witnesses of his zeal, testify that his reward must be exceedingly great in heaven. Only on the last day, shall be known what privations and hardships he had to endure, in promoting God's greater glory and the salvation of souls. May his soul rest in peace.

#### MR. JAMES ALOYSIUS MUGAN.

On the 11th of October, at the College of Las Vegas, New Mexico, died Mr. James Aloysius Mugan in the twenty-third year of his age. The immediate cause of his death was paralysis of the brain which in his already weakened state easily proved fatal.

He had come to New Mexico in March last, hoping that the climate, so beneficial to consumptives, would rid him of the disease—pulmonary consumption—from which he was suffering. He had contracted an affection of the lungs during his Juniorate at Frederick, but he paid no attention to it until it had developed into consumption. The disease rapidly grew worse, and by the time he came to Las Vegas, it was in a stage so advanced, that the physicians deemed his case hopeless. But when we saw the wonderful improvement that New Mexican air effected in him, we began to have well-grounded hopes of his recovery, and it is hard to say what the result would have been, if this new disease had not attacked him.

Mr. Mugan was born in Providence, R. I., on the 11th of February, 1860. He made his studies at St. Mary's College, Montreal, where his course throughout was an exceptionally brilliant one, distinguished, not less by his rare talent,

than by his piety and the winning natural qualities that most endeared him to every one that knew him. After graduating with all the honors of his class, he entered the Novitiate of Manresa, West Park, for the old mission of New York.

This time, he used to say, was the happiest of his life: and one of the most amiable traits in his entirely amiable character was the grateful affection he was so fond of expressing, for Fr. Daubresse and Fr. Gleason, his two Masters of Novices. It is not surprising that his recollections of Manresa remained always so fresh and so dear to him, because the air of the Novitiate seemed never to have left him. Up to the last, he retained the cheerfulness and modesty, the forgetfulness of self, and a certain charming enthusiasm, which are supposed to characterize the novice.

And for the other and solidier virtues, every one that has lived with him knows that his words and actions were ruled always by an exquisite charity, and a humility that were always unobtrusive, because always sincere.

Certainly, if sickness is a good test for the quality of a man's virtue, his gold was well proven pure. During the whole time of his illness, no one ever heard him utter a word of impatience. He seemed afraid only of giving trouble; he complained only that too much care was taken of him; and those who know Fr. Pantanella, will not need to be told that he did everything that could be done, to make his last days happy.

Mr. Muga's death was a fitting close to so beautiful a life. It was attended by no suffering, no appearance of agony; life left him so gently, that his dying seemed rather a sinking into sleep. And as became a Jesuit, the last act of his life was to kiss the feet of the crucifix, in obedience to Fr. Rector's suggestion, and it was on the crucifix that his eyes were fixed dying, and in death.—R. I. P.

## BROTHER RICHARD O'CONNELL.

The old proverb, common but true—naught so uncertain as life—receives now and then striking confirmation. Just one month ago (October 14), St. Ignatius, Baltimore, resounded with alleluias at the "Golden Jubilee" of one of us, and to-day, (Nov. 14th), robed in sable, it echoes the "de profundis" and "requiescat in pace" for another who wanted only two years of the half century of religious life.

Brother Richard O'Connell, while glazing on the fourth floor, fell from a window to a porch some forty-five feet below, and died two or three minutes afterwards. Fr. Clarke was summoned by a Brother who saw the accident, and he arrived in time to give conditional absolution.

While yet a young man, following his trade at Savannah, Ga., Brother O'Connell repeatedly felt the insistence of divine grace, urgently calling him to the religious state; yielding at last, he came to Georgetown, and entered the Society in 1835, being then twenty-seven years old.

During his religious life, he was remarkable, chiefly, for humility, industry, kindness, and cheerfulness, always ready to assist with lightsome word or helping hand, a weary brother. Death met him engaged in the work obedience had allotted him, and not unprepared for the encounter by a life of labor and humility. He received Holy Communion on the very day the sad accident occurred. His whole career suggested a pleasing pattern to those in the same station. There is a grandeur of life as well as of knowledge, and the perfect model of conduct which the life of B. Alphonsus exhibits, is no less precious to the world than the genius of a Laynez. Those who knew Brother O'Connell are aware how manfully he strove to reproduce a living copy of the chivalrous knighthood and loyal fealty "to our fair Father Christ" of his illustrious patron.—R. I. P.

## INDULGENCE FOR THE PRAYER *SUSCIPE*.

BEATISSIME PATER!

Petrus Beckx, Præpositus Generalis Societatis Jesu, ad pedes S. V. provolutus quam humillime petit, ut infra scriptæ Orationi *SUSCIPE* ex S. Ignatii libello Exercitiorum desumptæ aliquam indulgentiam ab omnibus utriusque sexus Christifidelibus lucrandam adnectere dignetur.

Pro qua gratia etc.

*“Suscipe, Domine, universam meam libertatem. Accipe memoriam, intellectum atque voluntatem omnem. Quidquid habeo vel possideo, mihi largitus es: id tibi totum restituo ac tuæ prorsus voluntati trado gubernandum. Amorem tui solum cum gratia tua mihi dones et dives sum satis nec aliud quidquam ultra posco.”*

Sanctissimus Dominus Noster Leo Papa XIII, in Audientia habita die 26 Maii, 1883, ab infrascripto Substituto Secretariæ Sacræ Congregationis Indulgentiis Sacrisque Reliquiis præpositæ, omnibus utriusque sexus Christifidelibus, qui corde saltem contrito ac devote præfatam orationem recitaverint, indulgentiam tercentum dierum, semel in die lucrandam, benigne concessit. Præsenti in perpetuum valituro absque ulla Brevis expeditione. Contrariis quibuscumque non obstantibus. Datum Romæ ex Secretaria ejusdem Sacræ Congregationis, die 26 Maii, 1883.

Al. Card. Oreglia a S. Stephano, *Præfectus*.

L. S.

Josephus M. Can. Coselli, *Substitutus*.

Concordat cum Originali asservato in nostro Archivio.

PETRUS BECKX.

(TRANSLATION).

MOST HOLY FATHER!

Peter Beckx, Superior General of the Society of Jesus, prostrate at the feet of your Holiness humbly begs that you will grant an indulgence, to be gained by all the faithful of both sexes, to the following prayer. "Take, O Lord," from the book of the Exercises of St. Ignatius.

For which favor, etc.

*"Take O Lord, all my liberty. Receive my memory, my understanding, and my whole will. Whatever I have or possess Thou hast given it to me. To Thee I restore it all and hand it over wholly to be disposed of according to Thy will. Give me only Thy love and Thy grace, and I am rich enough and ask nothing else."*

Our Most Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII, in an Audience granted, May 26th, 1883, to the undersigned, substitute from the Secretary's office of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences and Sacred Relics, graciously granted to all the faithful of both sexes, who with a contrite heart shall devoutly recite the aforesaid prayer, an indulgence of three hundred days to be gained once a day. The concession hereby granted to hold good forever, without the formality of a Brief. Given at Rome from the Secretary's office of the aforesaid Sacred Congregation, May 26th, 1883.

Al. Card. Oreglia a S. Stephano, *Prefect.*

L. S.

Joseph M. Can. Coselli, *Substitute.*

The above is a true copy of the original preserved in our Archives.

PETER BECKX.

# GONGREGATIO GENERALIS XXIII

A RESTITUTA SOCIETATE IV.

A. R. P. N. BECKX

Præpositus Generalis.

NOMEN ET COGNOMEN	ORTUS	INGRESSUS	GRADUS
ASSISTENTES ET PROVINCIALES			
P. Firminus Costa, <i>Assis-</i> <i>tens Hispaniæ</i> .....	11 Oct. 1806	14 Feb. 1826	15 Aug. 1841
P. Ambrosius Rubillon, <i>Assistens Galliæ</i> .....	7 Dec. 1804	10 Sept. 1825	15 Aug. 1842
P. Josephus Boero, <i>Assis-</i> <i>tens Italiæ</i> .....	15 Aug. 1814	6 Jan. 1830	2 Feb. 1848
P. Antonius Anderledy, <i>Assistens Germaniæ</i> ...	3 Jun. 1819	5 Oct. 1838	26 Mar. 1855
P. Valentinus Steccanella, <i>Provincialis Venetiæ</i> ...	15 Feb. 1819	10 Oct. 1838	2 Feb. 1856
P. Vincentius Ficarelli, <i>Provincialis Lusitanæ</i> .	6 Jul. 1820	23 Oct. 1839	2 Feb. 1857
P. Franciscus Vannutelli, <i>Provincialis Romanæ</i> ..	3 Jan. 1824	4 Nov. 1840	2 Feb. 1858
P. Alfredus Weld, <i>Assis-</i> <i>tens Angliæ</i> .....	5 Aug. 1823	12 Oct. 1842	2 Feb. 1860
P. Ferdinandus Ferrante, <i>Provincialis Siculiæ</i> ....	25 Sep. 1827	2 Nov. 1841	19 Mar. 1861
P. Franciscus Grandidier, <i>Provincialis Campaniæ</i> .	18 Jul. 1823	22 Aug. 1845	2 Feb. 1862
P. Robertus Fulton, <i>Pro-</i> <i>vin. Maryland. N-Ebor.</i>	28 Jun. 1826	31 Aug. 1843	15 Aug. 1862
P. Stephanus Clairret, <i>Pro-</i> <i>vincialis Lugdunensis</i> ..	21 Jun. 1829	12 Oct. 1849	2 Feb. 1867
P. Mauritius Meschler, <i>Provincialis Germaniæ</i> .	16 Sep. 1830	8 Nov. 1850	2 Feb. 1867
P. Augustinus Delgado, <i>Provincialis Toletanæ</i> .	15 Oct. 1826	19 Nov. 1853	2 Feb. 1868
P. Eduardus Purbrick, <i>Provincialis Angliæ</i> ...	22 Jun. 1830	15 Oct. 1851	2 Feb. 1869
P. Adrianus Carrère, <i>Pro-</i> <i>vincialis Tolosanæ</i> .....	28 Oct. 1833	5 Nov. 1852	2 Feb. 1871
P. Henricus Chambellan, <i>Provincialis Franciæ</i> ..	18 Jan. 1834	29 Sep. 1853	31 Jul. 1871
P. Josephus Milz, <i>Provin-</i> <i>cialis Austriæ</i> .....	25 Dec. 1841	17 Sep. 1857	2 Feb. 1875
P. Henricus Jackowski, <i>Provincialis Galicianæ</i> .	8 Aug. 1834	31 Dec. 1861	2 Feb. 1875
P. Gosuinus Van Heyst, <i>Provincialis Neerlandiæ</i>	28 Mar. 1840	9 Jul. 1859	15 Aug. 1876
P. Joachimus Vioni, <i>Pro-</i> <i>vincialis Neapolitanæ</i> ..	9 Jan. 1835	29 Sep. 1855	1 Oct. 1876
P. Josephus Van Reeth, <i>Provincialis Belgicæ</i> ...	6 Aug. 1843	25 Sep. 1860	2 Feb. 1878

NOMEN ET COGNOMEN	ORTUS	INGRESSUS	GRADUS
P. Franciscus Muruzabal, <i>Provincialis Castellanae.</i>	29 Jan. 1842	26 Jun. 1862	15 Aug. 1878
P. Joannes Capell, <i>Provincialis Aragoniae.</i>	28 Sep. 1844	2 Jul. 1866	15 Aug. 1880
P. Jacobus Razzini, <i>Provincialis Taurinensis.</i>	9 Dec. 1816	8 Mai. 1834	28 Aug. 1881
P. Thomas Browne, <i>Provincialis Hiberniae.</i>	9 Oct. 1845	1 Aug. 1866	15 Apr. 1883
ELECTORES			
P. Eugenius Labarta.	6 Sep. 1807	9 Oct. 1826	2 Feb. 1841
P. Adolphus Pillon.	25 Apr. 1804	21 Aug. 1823	15 Aug. 1842
P. Franciscus X. Gautrelet	15 Feb. 1807	19 Sep. 1829	2 Feb. 1846
P. Michael Fessard.	10 Feb. 1812	25 Oct. 1833	8 Dec. 1848
P. Ludovicus Van Gulick	21 Nov. 1813	6 Jan. 1835	2 Feb. 1850
P. Secundus Franco.	22 Jan. 1817	5 Feb. 1832	25 Mar. 1850
P. Petrus Fontana.	15 Sep. 1816	19 Sep. 1829	1 Apr. 1850
P. Alexander Weninger.	13 Feb. 1813	12 Aug. 1832	15 Aug. 1850
P. Amabilis Du Bourg.	15 Nov. 1813	13 Dec. 1834	15 Aug. 1850
P. Augustinus Henriet.	4 Mar. 1817	10 Oct. 1835	19 Mar. 1853
P. Josephus Félix.	28 Jun. 1810	29 Sep. 1837	2 Feb. 1854
P. Petrus Gallwey.	13 Nov. 1820	7 Sep. 1836	15 Aug. 1853
P. Petrus Portes.	1 Aug. 1819	11 Mai. 1839	15 Aug. 1854
P. Valerianus Cardella.	10 Apr. 1820	25 Dec. 1834	2 Feb. 1855
P. Caietanus Tedeschi.	13 Sep. 1820	16 Sep. 1838	2 Feb. 1856
P. Franciscus Lovis.	19 Jul. 1817	1 Oct. 1838	2 Feb. 1856
P. Franciscus Ferrante.	2 Mar. 1818	3 Nov. 1838	2 Feb. 1856
P. Maximilianus Anselmi	13 Oct. 1819	10 Nov. 1838	2 Feb. 1856
P. Hugo Molza.	8 Mar. 1821	17 Oct. 1840	2 Feb. 1856
P. Caietanus Mascalchi.	17 Nov. 1823	4 Jul. 1837	2 Feb. 1857
P. Gaspar Szczepkowski.	1 Jan. 1823	12 Sep. 1840	2 Feb. 1858
P. Georgius Porter.	27 Aug. 1825	7 Sep. 1841	2 Feb. 1860
P. Eduardus Kelly.	3 Dec. 1824	23 Oct. 1842	2 Feb. 1860
P. Matthæus Ciravegna.	19 Mar. 1825	18 Nov. 1842	25 Mar. 1860
P. Georgius Cannata.	17 Mai. 1827	2 Dec. 1842	15 Aug. 1861
P. Josephus E. Keller.	25 Jul. 1827	7 Dec. 1844	2 Feb. 1863
P. Josephus Jannsens.	4 Sep. 1826	24 Sep. 1845	2 Feb. 1863
P. Ambrosius Monnot.	4 Apr. 1831	11 Nov. 1846	15 Aug. 1864
P. Joan. Jos. De la Torre.	19 Mar. 1830	9 Oct. 1852	15 Aug. 1865
P. Gulielmus Blanchard.	6 Feb. 1829	7 Jan. 1851	2 Feb. 1867
P. Nicolaus Walsh.	22 Jun. 1826	21 Feb. 1858	2 Feb. 1870
P. Antonius Langer.	8 Sep. 1833	29 Sep. 1852	15 Aug. 1870
P. Romanus Vigordan.	28 Feb. 1822	19 Oct. 1861	2 Feb. 1872
P. Emmanuel Mourier.	7 Jan. 1835	29 Nov. 1855	15 Aug. 1872
P. Eduardus Higgins, <i>Proc. Missouri.</i>	23 Dec. 1838	15 Jul. 1854	2 Feb. 1873
P. Joannes Mayr.	13 Feb. 1832	13 Jan. 1857	2 Feb. 1873
P. Gaspar Hoevel.	15 Sep. 1831	14 Oct. 1856	2 Feb. 1874
P. Joach. Campo Sancto.	11 Mai. 1841	16 Jan. 1859	15 Aug. 1876
P. Franciscus Llopert.	11 Feb. 1840	21 Aug. 1859	15 Aug. 1876
P. Robertus W. Brady.	6 Oct. 1825	31 Aug. 1843	8 Mai. 1877
P. Joannes Urraburu.	23 Mai. 1844	3 Mai. 1860	15 Aug. 1877
P. Alfredus D'Abérée.	25 Apr. 1836	20 Mar. 1861	15 Aug. 1877
P. Benedictus Rodrigues.	14 Mai. 1842	7 Dec. 1860	19 Mar. 1878

P. Torquatus Armellini, *Secr. Soc.*

P. Josephus Betti, *Proc. Gener. (excusatus a sessionibus)*

P. Emmanuel Botalla, *Substitutus Siculae.*

## V A R I A .

BELGIUM.—Ours are doing great work, but may be driven out, at any moment, by the infidel government.—In Holland, our Fathers are unmolested. In fact, about the only safe places for good Catholics, are the Protestant countries. Ours remain as well as they can in the Catholic countries, and must try to save something from the wreck.

CHINA.—By the *Letters* from Shanghai, edited by Fr. Pfister, and by those of the Scholasticate of the Province of France, *Lettres de Jersey*, we learn that Ours have two centres of work, Nan-King and Tche-ly. In Nan-King there are 553 stations, with 101,300 Christians, governed by a Bishop and 82 Jesuit Fathers. In addition to these, there are 12 secular (native) priests, and 87 students in their seminary at Zi-ka-wei, which is also a "house of studies for Ours, as well as the place for the third probation. A number of natives has entered the Society. They are engaged in teaching and studying. We give some of their names, omitting the Chinese equivalent, Li, Wang, Gni, Tsiang, Tong, Yang, Chen, etc. The mission of Nan-King has a college for Europeans at Shanghai. Fr. Dechrevrens has charge of the Chinese meteorological observatory; Fr. Heude takes care of the government museum. In Tche-ly, there are fifty members of the Society, and 31,000 Christians.—A scholastic (Emile Berton), who is studying theology at Zi-ka-wei, writes to Mr. De Villiers of Woodstock: "The mission of Nan-King is nearly two-thirds the size of France in territory. The population is about 50 millions, and amongst these there are 101,000 Christians. For the needs of these Christians, and for the evangelization of the pagans, we have 94 priests, including 12 secular priests, natives of China, and 18 Brothers, several of whom are natives. This year we had 1239 adult baptisms, 21,371 baptisms of children



dying, and abandoned by their parents, children (of Christians) baptized 3200. In our schools, there are 10,628 pupils, Christians and pagans. There were this year, in our mission, 321,145 Communion of devotion. We have, as you can easily see, too few workers for this vast field. In our college at Shanghai, some English speaking Jesuits would be of great service, on account of the Europeans who come there.—Pray God that war between France and China may be averted, for, humanly speaking, such an event would be the ruin of the mission. The Chinese are very hostile now towards all Europeans; a war with France would exasperate them beyond measure.”

CANADA.—Our Fathers have accepted a parish in Montreal, and have begun a mission in the valley of the Ottawa. The theologians (of the short course) study at Three Rivers; the philosophers, at Montreal.

ENGLAND.—Brother Foley's book, "Records of the English Province," is finished. There are about 50 novices in the novitiate in England. Fr. Clarke of the *Month* has given lectures in most of our cities.

FRANCE.—The Province of France has now its scholasticate on the isle of Jersey, at St. Helier, thirteen miles from the French coast. The "Imperial Hotel" was bought for the purpose. Ours have not been, always, even under the English flag, free from annoyance whether from individuals or from the local government. A bill was proposed in the "states" or parliament concerning: "A foreign association known under the name of the Congregation of the Society of Jesus;" in the bill an investigating (or *smelling*) committee was asked for. The papers took sides. Fr. Purbrick interested himself very much in behalf of the exiles and wrote letters to the press, invoking the common law of England in favor of our Fathers. The *Tablet* also had some articles on the subject. Finally, the whole thing went to the wall. Since then the governor paid a visit to Ours, and was kind-

ly received. The *Lettres de Jersey* give many items of interest. St. Helier is a college for boys from France, besides being a scholasticate under the patronage of St. Louis.

The *Province of Lyons* has its scholasticate at Mold in Wales. The house was formerly a prison. From the *Lettres de Mold*, we find many of our Fathers are working well and successfully in Egypt and Syria. There are missions at Cairo and Alexandria. At Cairo there is a college, which is well attended by the sons of the elite of the Egyptians, pashas and beys. Two colleges in Syria, and many missions, give employment to Ours, amongst whom are 7 Fathers, 6 scholastics, and a Brother, natives of the country. There are establishments at Beyreut, Aleppo, Damascus, Mount Libanus, etc. One of the letters says the English army in Egypt did not forget God. A third of the army was Catholic, served by five chaplains. A brigadier and four colonels were Catholics.

*Province of Toulouse.*—The exiled scholastics of this Province seem to be very well content in their new house at Uclès. This is an ancient fortified town in the province of Cuenca, in the south-eastern part of Spain. They are established in an old monastery, very generously offered for the purpose, by the Bishop of Cuenca, without charge, or other condition than the teaching of "the doctrine," as the catechism is emphatically called in Spain.

The convent has a most interesting history, having been successively in the possession of three great military orders, the Knights Templars, the Knights of St. John, and the Knights of St. James. The latter made of it one of the principal strongholds of the Christians, in their protracted wars against the Moors.

An excellent photograph of the town forms the frontispiece of the first number of the *Lettres du Scholasticat d'Uclès*, an admirable view of the antique pile of the convent, with its vast proportions and massive architecture, dominating the surrounding country, and flanked by the ruined walls and heavy square towers of the ancient fortress.

The scholastics find time to do some very important work

in catechising the children of Uclès and the neighboring villages, and have instituted what seems to be an extremely efficient system of boy-catechists, who are very zealous in attracting their companions to the school, and in giving instruction during the week in what they themselves have already learned. A confraternity of the *Hermanos de San Luis Gonzaga* has also been established among the children, and missions have been given with great success. The necessities for these may be easily understood when it is said that in one case a population of 1400 souls had not heard a word of religious instruction in the church, in the shape either of sermon or catechism for fourteen years, i. e., since the expulsion of the religious orders. Yet the people are described as full of faith and of very good dispositions.

The first number of the *Lettres* contains an account of the "emigration" from Vals to Uclès, a charming history of the town and monastery that reads like some romantic page from a medieval chronicle, a number of interesting notes on the apostolic labors of the Fathers and Scholastics, letters from the novices of Toulouse, who have found a refuge at the convent of San Geronimo de Murcia, from the college of Malaga (in which a most graphic account is given of the stupid course pursued by the government in regard to examinations), from the college of Murcia, etc.

These notes only locate a portion of the members of the dispersed Provinces. The Fathers not engaged in any of the scholasticates and missions are scattered through their native country in Seminaries, Colleges and parishes. The Province of France held the Congregation in Paris.

IRELAND. — The Cardinal Archbishop with the Bishops have put the Catholic University, Dublin, into the hands of our Fathers. Fr. William Dulaney is Rector Magnificus. Fr. Sturzo has been made Superior in Australia.

ITALY. — The various Provinces, though dispersed, have houses in many parts of Italy. Naples has a college of Ours with 200 boys. This Province has also a novitiate. In

Rome there are many Fathers in the Gregorian University (the old Roman College that was), which is now located in the German College. There is a novitiate at Castel-Gandolfo; in it only those can be received who are not subject to conscription on account of health. Ours have houses in Mantua, Bergamo, Venice, Padua, Milan, Piacenza, etc. and are much sought after by Bishops, priests, and religious communities.—The Province of Venice has a college at Scrutari in Albania, and a novitiate, with 40 novices, at Porto Re, near Fiume, in Croatia. There is a college at Cremona with 140 students. Ours are engaged in mission work in Dalmatia, and, moreover, have some schools. The following extract from the *Lettere Edifiate*, will, no doubt, be interesting. The Fr. Paladini, whose death occurred at Casamicciola, was formerly Provincial of Naples: “A lady,” writes Fr. M. M. Musto to Rev. Fr. J. Vioni, Provincial of Naples, “at Casamicciola who had lodged Fr. Joseph M. Paladini, the scholastic Joseph Jodice, and Brother Politi during the bathing season, gives the following account of their deaths by the earthquake. ‘I was in conversation with the Father on the evening of the 28th, which was to be the last or the last but one of his sojourn. It was his wont to entertain my sister and myself, with the discussion of some pious subject, and on this evening, he had protracted his edifying discourse more than usual. It was about half past nine, and the scholastic Jodice had just retired to his room, when a violent wind broke open the windows and extinguished the lights. A sudden and tremendous roar was heard, and we were thrown to the opposite side of the room and buried beneath a heap of stones. As soon as our bewilderment had subsided a little, my sister and I called out to each other, and then both of us called out to Fr. Paladini. He answered with a dull, hollow groan, which lasted a few instants and was soon followed by difficult breathing, resembling the death rattle. We began to cry aloud for help and were heard by some relatives who had survived the catastrophe. They came to our aid and rescued us from the common calamity. I shall never forget the edifi-

cation given me by the extraordinary virtues of those two saints; saints, I say, in name and deed. In name, because the people looked on Fr. Paladini as a St. Joseph, and the scholastic Jodice they were pleased to call another St. Aloysius. By deed, because the former during his stay at Casamicciola proved himself a true apostle, while the latter made it a point to be seen as seldom as possible on the streets, and used to avoid very carefully any unnecessary talk. Of Brother Politi, I must say he gave such evidence of virtue, both in word and deed, that it was impossible to approach him without being influenced by it."

"Next day," writes Fr. A. Dionisio to Fr. J. Ferranté, "I returned to Casamicciola, in order to learn about Fr. Paladini, the scholastic Jodice and Brother Politi. When I came to the place where they were supposed to be, I mourned over the loss of these saintly men. On that very spot, I had heard Fr. Paladini's last confession only two hours before the earthquake. The corpses were, finally, taken out of the ruins, but it was forbidden to bury them. Fr. Paladini was found seated, clinging to his desk. His head was split open and his body horribly crushed. The scholastic Jodice was leaning against the bed. His head was frightfully bruised, his eyes were out of their sockets and his face horribly disfigured. Two days afterwards, Fr. Paladini was buried where he was found, and the scholastic, in the garden attached to the house. Brother Politi was disinterred by the soldiers, and buried by them very likely in a public grave-yard."

MADAGASCAR.—By the intrigues of the Protestant ministers with the premier, Ours have been forced to leave the capital of this country, where they were doing so much good. They are now at Tamatave, a town of Madagascar under French protection, or in the island of Mauritius.

MEXICO.—This country was once the garden spot of the Society. The old Provincia Mexicana numbered its hundreds of professed; but all this has been spoken of in these

LETTERS. Now the Province numbers 15 Fathers, 25 Scholastics, and 5 Brothers. Ours are allowed by President Gonzales to remain, but they must not be too prominent.—Ours have a college and seminary at Saltillo in North Central Mexico. There is a novitiate at San Juan near the Capital. The Fathers, not otherwise engaged, go from place to place, giving missions, and helping on Sundays, as priests are very few in some parts of the country districts. There is a mission also at Seguin, in Texas; the college here was closed for want of English speaking teachers, and on account of debts.

The Mexican government has done everything to destroy the Catholic religion, confiscating churches and church property, and handing over some of the churches to the Protestants. These, however, notwithstanding the aid and comfort thus received, are a failure. Bishop Reilley of Mexico was called to give an account, by the last Protestant Episcopal Convention in Philadelphia, of the moneys intrusted to him, and, to the disgust of all, said he was not ready and refused to appear. And this fact, said some of the Bishops, is a serious blow to the cause of Protestantism in the valley of Mexico.—The Methodists are no better off, as may be seen from the following extract:

“TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRIBUNE.

SIR: The Protestant doctrine teaches that ‘the shepherd knows his sheep,’ but of late the cry has arisen here among members of this mission, “who, and where is the shepherd?” And seeing that both the superintendent of the district and the pastor of this (Pachuca) church have been absent from the country for some months, it is not without reason that such a cry should be made. When this mission was started, everyone fondly hoped it would be the means of doing much good; but it is to be deplored that the only apparent good it has effected is to give employment (or rather pay) to a few lazy Mexicans, and ladies (as school teachers) seeking husbands. The pastor rejoices in the salary of \$25 per week and house rent, and a grant of \$100 per year for each child he happens to have; and yet

he has only resided about three months in this town for the last twelve months.

"It was also thought that Protestantism was so entirely opposed to Roman Catholicism, that the mission authorities would discountenance the holding of holidays on Roman Catholic feast-days; but to the surprise of all, these days are made an excuse for holidays in the school wherein one and all carry out the adage, 'When you are with the Romans do as the Romans do.'

"In asking you, sir, to publish this, we do not wish to cast the slightest aspersion on the mission, but we wish the authorities in America to know how their money is being spent. We may also say that the congregations of the Pachuca church have decreased 60 per cent. during the last eighteen months, and at the Real del Monte church no service has been held for over three months. Could not the Conference send out Messrs. Drees and Barker again, with an efficient staff of helpers, and find other employment for those who (while professing to teach the rising generation) make husband-catching their paramount interest here?

"In conclusion, for the enlightenment of Americans in general, we beg to say that the Methodist Episcopal mission in this country is a complete farce. Yours truly,

JOHN JONES REED,  
G. WILLS."

*Pachuca, Mexico, Sept. 30, 1883.*

ROME. — The Congregation met in September. Father General presided at nearly all the sessions. Father Hugh Molza was the secretary. Father Antony Anderledy was elected Vicar-General of the Society, with right of succession. The following sketch from the *Georgetown College Journal*, which was furnished by one of his former pupils, will be acceptable, no doubt.

"The Very Rev. Father Antony Anderledy was born June 3, 1819, in the Canton of Valais, Switzerland. His birth-place at the pass of the Simplon, has set an Alpine trait in his character. At an early age he entered the College of

the Jesuits at Brigg, where his fine parts, especially for languages, ancient and modern, insured him a brilliant success. He left college only to cast his lot with his masters, made his noviceship at Sitten, and after his rhetoric, went to engage in the usual teaching of the Society at Freiburg. Here he devoted himself more particularly to philology and the cultivation of a pure and polished Latin style, learning the letters of Cicero by heart for this purpose. He bestowed less attention upon Greek, but urged others to obtain a mastery over this language. He studied theology at Rome under Passaglia; was banished, and together with forty other members of the Order, arrived in America in the year 1848. Being ordained in this country, he was for several years pastor of the German Catholic Church at Green Bay, Wisconsin. As soon as the Jesuits obtained a tolerable footing in Germany, he was recalled and placed in a missionary band. He was also a fellow-worker in the apostolic field with the eminent Father Hildebrand, of the secular clergy, who gave many missions in the diocese of Paderborn, Prussia. A limit was set to his zeal by a hemorrhage, which overtook him as he was one day preaching. He was then appointed Rector of the Scholastics at Cologne, a position that he continued to hold when the Scholasticate was transferred to Paderborn. He did effective work at Cologne, mainly by the spiritual exercises, which he gave to students and persons of high social position. The utterance of a man of distinguished merit and influence, with regard to Fathers Roh, Roder and Anderledy, is still remembered. When at the request of Cardinal Von Geissel, these three Fathers joined one of the public processions held in that great Catholic city, and all eyes were riveted on them; this gentleman observed: "These men exhibit in their faces a history of the world." In fact, Father Anderledy has very marked features; his eyes, especially, light up with animation to such intensity that they have been described as 'flaming.' He is of medium height and well-proportioned

"When at Paderborn, he was appointed Provincial of the Jesuits in North Germany. He continued in office for two



terms, and was then sent to fill the chair of Moral Theology at the seminary of the order established in the splendid mediæval abbey of Maria-Laach, the purchase of which he effected with singular sagacity. His success in this position may be inferred from the perfect knowledge of canon law which he possessed over and above his theological attainments, as well as from his clear, precise, trenchant method and the exquisite latinity of his style. During this time he prepared a new edition of Father Reuter's *Neo-Confessarius*, of which he also furnished the notes. He was raised to the Rectorate of Maria-Laach in 1868, and in the following year was summoned to Rome to act as Assistant for Germany. Being a thorough scholar himself, he sought to promote learning in every direction, and insisted in particular on increasing the amount and weight of authorship in the Society. In an audience given him by the Emperor of Austria, on business connected with the College of Feldkirch, he explained his ideas on education, science and kindred subjects so satisfactorily, that the sovereign declared himself anxious to have all the youth of his realm formed according to these principles.

"This is, in part, the record of the new Vicar-General, who, loved within and respected without the Society, with an intelligent and experienced eye on the century, promises to plan and achieve much,— and, we trust, for many years—*ad majorem Dei gloriam.*"

SPAIN. — Ours are doing what they can, in colleges and by missions, always uncertain of the morrow. 'Tis strange; our college at Havana is supported by the Spanish government, because we are considered as a conservative element. But in the mother country we are driven out, at short notice, for the same reason.—The Province of Arragon has a flourishing mission in the Philippine Islands; the West Indies belong to the Province of Castile.

UNITED STATES. — The New York Maryland Province held its Congregation in New York city in July. Two

things are worthy of notice, the great harmony that prevailed, and the manner in which all knowledge of the meeting and its proceedings was kept from the public. Father Joseph E. Keller and Father Robert W. Brady were chosen Electors; the alternates were Father Peter O. Racicot, Fr. James Perron, Fr. Bernard A. Maguire. The Electors departed for Rome at the end of August. Fr. Edward Higgins was the Elector for the Province of Missouri, Fr. Rudolph Meyer, alternate.—The October devotions, recommended by the Holy Father, were very well attended; it was like a mission in some places. In Boston, our churches were crowded. "The letter of the Cardinal, proclaiming his Holiness' desire, that the faithful be urged to special devotion during the month of October," says a Boston letter, "has produced a profound impression everywhere in this section; and you would think there was a mission going on in all the churches. In ours, every day, at the boys' Mass, there is a Sunday congregation, and at the evening service the place is full. Last Sunday we had well on to two thousand Communions."

*Ecclesiastical.*—These facts were compiled by one of the Scholastics at Woodstock for Fr. Ramière:—Archbishops in the United States, 12; Bishops, 50; Vicars-Apostolic, 8; Prefects-Apostolic 1; Regu'r Priests, 1500; Secu'r Priests, 4250; Sisters, 31,000; Brothers, 3200; Catholic population, 8,000,000.

*Pueblo, Colorado.* — At a meeting here of a literary society composed of lawyers and other professional men, nearly all Protestants, it was voted that the Jesuits have deserved well of the civilized world, especially in regard to higher education.

The city council, at the urgent request of the state superintendent of education, resolved to found a college for the the Jesuits, rather than for the Presbyterians who were mentioned in that connection.

UPPER GERMANY. — This dispersed Province has four houses in Holland; a juniorate, novitiate, a house for the philosophers, and a residence. The house of the third probation and the scholasticate of the theologians are in England. The *Stimmen* is still edited in Holland, and has been pronounced one of the best reviews in Europe. The Fathers have a residence at Hamburg, and are doing work in other parts of Germany and in Switzerland. They have a college at Feldkirch, in Austria. Maria-Laach, the once famous scholasticate, is still in our hands. This Province has also a college and many missions in Brazil, Fathers scattered through Chili and Peru, three colleges and some residences in India, two colleges and five residences in the United States. The missions of the Germans in Denmark and Sweden are doing well, and there have been some very remarkable conversions. We have a college in Copenhagen, attended by sixty students of the best families. One of Ours took the grand competitive prize offered by the University of Copenhagen.

HOME NEWS.—Fr. Peter O. Racicot was installed Rector of this house of studies on Nov. 25th. Our community numbers 193 members, the largest, perhaps, in the Society. —The class of matin dogma is reading the treatise *De Deo Uno et Trino*; the vesper reading is *De Ecclesia*. The monthly disputations will be held on the 14th and 15th of December. We have two books in press, one, *De Deo Uno et Trino* by Fr. de Augustinis; the other, *Theologia Moralis* by Fr. Sabetti. The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* is also printed and published here. A new series—the fourth—will commence with the January number.

#### NOTICE.

We ask for items, to fill up this department of the LETTERS. Communications, scraps from papers, letters, giving news, will always be acceptable. On account of the Jubilee number and the other demands made upon our press by the

works mentioned above, our issue is later this time than usual.

We hope that Superiors of the different houses will give us pecuniary aid, not only to meet current expenses, but also to undertake some works connected with the history of the Province.

#### CORRECTION.

Mention was made in the account of the mission at Damariscotta, Maine, of a pious lady, Miss Winifred Kavanagh. Her brother was the Governor of Maine and afterwards Minister to Portugal; it was not her father who had this honor, as was stated before. The good lady died recently. During her life-time, she gave \$50,000 to the charities of the diocese of Portland.

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The General Congregation, the members of which were given on pages 346 and 347, ended on the 26th of October. Fr. William Blanchard was elected Assistant for France; Fr. Gaspar Hoevel, for Germany; Fr. John Joseph De la Torre, for Spain; Fr. Joseph E. Keller, for England; Fr. Matthew Ciravegna, for Italy. All these Fathers have been Provincials.

## Our Colleges in the United States, 1882-3

PLACE	NAME	PROVINCE	STUD'S	GRAD. A. B.
Baltimore, Md.....	Loyola College*....	Md. N. Y.	101	
Boston, Mass.....	Boston College*....	Md. N. Y.	228	13
Buffalo, N. Y.....	Canisius College...	Germany	248	6
Chicago, Ill.....	St. Ignatius Coll.*	Missouri	249	
Cincinnati, O.....	St. Xavier College*	"	284	9
Detroit, Mich.....	Detroit College* ..	"	186	7
Fordham, N. Y....	St. John's College..	Md. N. Y.	268	8
Georgetown, D. C..	Georgetown College	"	216	11
Grand Coteau, La..	St. Charles College.	N. O. Miss.	113	
Jersey City, N. J...	St. Peter's College*	Md. N. Y.	83	
Las Vegas, N. M...	Las Vegas College.	Naples	242	
Milwaukee, Wis...	Marquette College*	Missouri	138	
New York, N. Y...	St. Francis X. Coll.*	Md. N. Y.	372	9
New Orleans, La...	Imm. Concep. Coll.*	N. O. Miss.	318	4
Omaha, Nebraska..	Creighton College*	Missouri	269	
Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin.....	Coll. Sacred Heart	Germany	91	
Santa Clara, Cal...	Santa Clara College	Turin	243	1
San Francisco, Cal.	St. Ignatius Coll*..	"	710	1
St. Louis, Mo.....	St. Louis University	Missouri	308	6
St. Mary's, Kansas.	St. Mary's College..	"	284	
Spring Hill, Ala...	St. Joseph's College	N. O. Miss.	156	4
Washington, D. C..	Gonzaga College*..	Md. N. Y.	135	
Worcester, Mass...	Coll.of the H'yCross	"	162	17

\*Day College.

Students, total number, 1881-2, 5082

" " " 1882-3, 5794

Graduates, A. B, 1881-2, 107

" " 1882-3, 96

We hope some day to give the number of children in our parochial schools, where the most good is done for the people.

It would be interesting to know the number of churches and souls under our care—Data on all these points will be very acceptable.

The colleges are all better attended this year.

ED.



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# Ministeria Spirituality Provinciae Marylandiae, N

	Baptism.	Confession.	Communion.	Communion. infirm.	Haeret. conv.	Matrim.	Extr. Unct.
Alexandria, . . . . .	78	9137	9650	119	14	16	63
Baltimore, . . . . .	46	32550	33716	292	20	23	26
Bohemia, . . . . .	29	1312	1200	20	4	6	10
Boston College, . . . . .	...	54746	79340	972	64	...	756
" St. Mary's . . . . .	358	77493	91919	596	55	111	432
" Missionaries, . . . . .	25	95000	128659	...	110	72	...
" H. Trinity, . . . . .	246	22292	20150	202	3	46	101
Conewago, . . . . .	130	24830	32900	144	12	36	73
Fordham, . . . . .	62	23528	31362	103	7	8	48
Frederick, . . . . .	163	13000	18172	71	48	34	55
Georgetown College, . . . . .	...	7685	1500	19	2	...	8
" H. Trinity, . . . . .	174	19645	20000	390	7	29	63
Goshenhoppen, . . . . .	64	5030	5000	60	5	12	23
Jersey City, . . . . .	404	36376	33620	450	14	88	153
Leonardtwn, . . . . .	349	20000	15000	245	23	49	126
New York, St. Francis Xavier's	338	118702	138706	1318	62	259	500
" Islands, . . . . .	993	23664	.....	5960	68	14	2329
" St. Joseph's, . . . . .	302	38500	21200	510	15	46	127
" St. Laurence's, . . . . .	265	52073	70000	541	12	53	175
Philadelphia, Gesu, . . . . .	142	70951	74577	438	52	66	216
" St. Joseph's, . . . . .	175	52151	51000	700	45	108	254
Providence, . . . . .	199	22653	26800	355	9	58	141
St. Inigoes', . . . . .	87	5452	2600	470	24	28	90
St. Thomas', . . . . .	168	4000	3800	250	32	22	95
Troy, . . . . .	393	46779	38381	626	11	55	356
Washington, St. Aloysius', . . . . .	160	30360	38000	468	16	45	374
" St. Joseph's, . . . . .	61	8370	9158	94	6	3	43
West Park, . . . . .	4	850	575	4	2	1	8
Whitemarsh, . . . . .	165	2309	2000	45	38	21	29
Woodstock, . . . . .	24	6572	2100	36	18	9	27
Worcester, . . . . .	...	4427	6500	37	...	...	18
<i>Summa</i> , . . . . .	5604	930437	1007585	15535	798	1318	6719



eo Eboracensis, a 1<sup>a</sup> Julii, 1882, ad 1<sup>am</sup> Julii, 1883.

Concion.	Exhort.	Sodalitat.	Sodales.	Visit. infirm.	Visit. xenod.	Visit. carcer.	Catecheses.	Par. ad 1 Comm.	Par. ad Conf.	Puer. in schol. par.	Puell. in schol. par.	Schol. Dominic.	Alumn. Convict.	Alumn. extern.
90	35	2	150	894	10	...	90	71	...	70	60	250	...	...
167	186	10	750	758	8	250	40	115	5	...	...	300	...	98
108	80	...	...	40	...	...	104	24	38	...	...	60	...	...
129	166	9	1200	744	862	13	348	305	484	...	...	1350	...	230
137	287	10	3500	1173	5	4	2143	349	235	800	700	500	...	...
1273	...	...	...	30	188	1	...	860	2390	...	...	...	...	...
80	132	6	2930	126	15	...	220	79	90	190	230	...	...	...
319	66	11	1395	201	...	...	498	236	...	352	340	590	...	...
192	94	6	160	128	21	...	878	73	2	...	...	200	234	42
228	46	4	196	182	35	2	505	73	211	50	50	384	...	...
155	9	2	70	21	...	...	20	20	...	...	...	...	176	40
92	104	6	1563	1130	...	80	...	79	...	150	160	600	...	...
100	60	6	70	50	...	...	125	21	...	...	...	100	...	...
88	62	13	1728	995	...	...	100	221	...	402	401	1200	...	83
207	70	4	300	295	...	1	...	250	...	70	...	160	...	...
356	203	11	23305	2295	131	18	2570	329	246	585	500	2200	...	370
183	400	...	...	...	1910	1200	150	255	168	...	...	...	...	...
155	126	4	250	390	...	...	124	2	...	200	300	600	...	...
270	200	10	2000	610	...	1	110	315	...	300	300	600	...	...
227	62	4	4000	972	150	30	52	146	...	200	200	800	...	...
122	140	5	1250	3553	57	41	...	204	171	75	250	1000	...	...
48	119	7	2625	770	12	5	40	131	...	...	460	700	...	...
120	...	...	...	145	3	...	60	40	...	...	...	...	...	...
112	200	4	400	500	22	20	...	140	...	...	...	...	...	...
520	116	9	3375	857	64	10	100	267	...	460	550	1100	...	...
138	206	5	2000	430	10	20	70	349	661	120	470	1100	...	...
71	80	4	217	264	53	...	200	6	54	56	66	...	...	...
8	...	...	...	18	...	...	254	37	15	...	...	184	...	...
38	66	2	130	66	...	...	62	37	...	...	...	21	...	...
109	15	3	79	153	...	...	317	21	20	...	...	127	...	...
125	...	2	78	50	...	...	89	...	4	...	...	...	162	17
5967	3330	159	53721	17840	3556	1696	9269	5055	4794	4080	5037	14126	572	880