

A. M. D. G.

# WOODSTOCK LETTERS

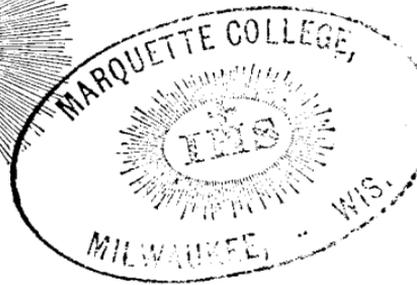
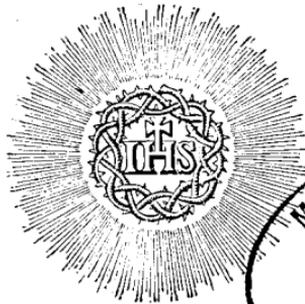
A RECORD

*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. XVI.

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WOODSTOCK COLLEGE

1887.

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.



# WOODSTOCK LETTERS

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VOL. XVI, No. 1.

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FATHER BERNARD A. MAGUIRE.

A SKETCH.

From the cheering feast day of St. Francis Borgia, in 1806, when our Society began a new life in the new world by opening her novitiate at Georgetown, few men have arisen among us of whom we can be more proud than Fr. Bernard A. Maguire. Though not born in America, he grew up here, and was an American in education and sympathy. Whatever he had of power as a ruler, piety as a religious, and magnetism as a preacher of God's word was discovered, nurtured and developed by the training of the Society in this country. Others have been remarkable in some particular sphere, few were so versatile as he.

Father Maguire was born February 11th, 1818, in Edgeworthstown, County Longford, Ireland. He was proud of his native land, making no secret of it, even when addressing people whose prejudices were strong. His parents came to the United States when he was six years old, and settled on the line of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, near Frederick, Maryland. Fr. John McElroy used in those days to minister to the spiritual wants of the Catholics engaged on the public works. On his visits to the Maguires he was always attracted by one bright lad, Bernard, in whom his quick insight into character detected the makings of a priest of God. There were other boys in the family, but God had

not chosen them to do His work before men. Fr. McElroy resolved to give every means of education in his power to the young aspirant to the priesthood, and took him to the residence of the Fathers in Frederick. Here Fr. Maguire was entered as a student in St. John's College, then quite renowned as a seat of learning. Fr. McElroy, as president of the College, must have been highly pleased when he heard the favorable reports about his *protégé*; how even then in his teens he began to show forth the power that one day would be remarkable. St. John's was well equipped in those years. Frs. Aloysius Young and Virgil Barber were the chief professors; though Father Maguire's rudimentary training was directed for a time by a Mr. Kelly, who afterwards became a secular priest and was the founder of St. Peter's Church in Jersey City.

In looking over some old programmes of the College, we notice two names: Bernard A. Maguire and Enoch Louis Lowe. These two youths stood high in their classes, and always took prominent parts in the school exhibitions as declaimers. Both in after life were noted for their eloquence, but in far different roles. One after finishing his education in Stonyhurst returned to his native state and gave his energies to the law and to public life, and was a leader of men for years; the other called by the grace of God to a sublime place of work, gave himself to God, entered the Society, and became a leader of men too. The one was admired and served, but is now scarcely remembered; the other was admired and loved, and his memory will last; though dead, he still liveth. Those who do God's work will be rewarded, and in this world their memory will be in benediction.

Fr. Maguire entered the Society September 20th, 1837, and had as his spiritual guide Fr. Dzierozynski for the time of his noviceship. How well our novice profited by the lessons and example of his master, who even when a young man in White Russia was looked upon by the older Fathers as a model, may be easily surmised from the tenor of his career. In 1839 and 1840, Fr. Maguire was studying rhetoric at Georgetown under Fr. George Fenwick, and we must believe, that this able teacher did a great deal to form the future orator of the Province.

From the old Catalogues we can follow Fr. Maguire step by step in his course through philosophy, teaching and perfecting, not that these duties came singly, for in those days Ours were expected to be many-handed and many-sided. In 1840-41, he studied philosophy, and was at the same

time prefect in Georgetown; in 1841-42, he continued his study and was not called upon to act as prefect; in 1842-43, he was in Frederick as teacher of mathematics and prefect at St. John's College; at the same time, he had charge of the library and museum. During the year 1843-44, he is again at Georgetown as teacher of the first class of grammar, and the third class of mathematics; these duties he continued with the variety at one time of a French class, except during 1845-46, when he was relieved from the grammar class in order to be prefect. Finally, after all these employments that in our days would be work enough for two men, he began his last preparation for the priesthood in 1846. His theological course, however, was interrupted now and then, as he had to supply for others; in 1849-50, he was catechist for the students. In the performance of this latter duty, he gave himself no respite. The students who heard him remember the effects of his words to this day. All saw that the promises of a brilliant career were to be realized.

Fr. Maguire was ordained September 27th, 1851, by Bishop McGill of Richmond. The reason of the delay in the ordination is easily accounted for. During the third year of his theology a rebellion took place among the students, seventy of whom withdrew from the college. By the tact of a venerable Father now in Philadelphia peace was restored by an unconditional surrender of the rebels, and Mr. Maguire was appointed first prefect, and under his prudent and firm management the affairs of the College were again in a flourishing state. After his third year of probation under Fr. Felix Cicaterri, in 1851-52, Fr. Maguire, then in his thirty-fourth year, was made Rector of Georgetown College by the Provincial, and his action was confirmed by Very Rev. Father General, January 25th, 1853.

As Rector of the chief College of the Province the subject of this sketch soon brought his charge to a flourishing condition. Never before was Georgetown so well patronized; never was her fair name in better keeping. The students idolized their president; they were proud of him before the world; their ~~new~~ worship was lavished without stint. Nevertheless they feared and respected him, and on one notable occasion he showed them that he was their master. Some unruly students attempted another rebellion and for a few hours gave no little annoyance to the authorities. The president appeared in the pulpit at breakfast the next morning, and made so telling and terrifying an address that the uprising, was brought to an end. The writer of

hero.

this sketch remembers hearing the students, some time afterwards, speaking of the event and how they had terror struck to their souls by what was said to them. Fr. Maguire was firm, severe at times; he always overawed us by his dignity, and yet elicited admiration for his personal magnetism. During his administration several improvements were made. A more commodious building was erected for the Junior department; the teaching of the College was put on a better footing, and the literary and dramatic societies were encouraged. To the outside world one of the great attractions was the College cadets on their grand parade through Washington, when invited to a reception by the President of the United States, or by a member of his Cabinet. All things tended to make Georgetown popular and ran up the roll of students to over three hundred. The students themselves were well pleased with their president and their Alma Mater. Everything was done to foster this spirit. There were dramatic entertainments, celebrations of the national holidays, festivities of the literary societies. Those who were in Georgetown under Fr. Maguire can recall the monthly reading of the "marks," as we termed the exercise. What sarcasm for delinquents, what praise bestowed on the meritorious! The refrain was, "you are students of Georgetown College; you must so act that you may be an honor to this institution, and to your parents who think it no ordinary matter for their sons to be graduated here." But the day of all days was the commencement; the congratulations and farewell of the president which he gave in his usual style from the stage are remembered to this day.

On October 5th, 1858, Fr. John Early succeeded Fr. Maguire who was then transferred to St. Joseph's, Baltimore. Here he was for the first time engaged in parish work, and very soon won the applause of all for his oratorical gifts—not that he had not already acquired a reputation as a preacher and lecturer. But it was in St. Aloysius, Washington, that he became most widely known. From 1859 to the end of 1864, he had in his audiences many of the representative men of the country, and his reputation as a pulpit orator became national. Not a few of his Protestant hearers in all walks of life were brought to the faith, and the Catholics themselves greatly strengthened in their belief by listening to his discourses, especially the doctrinal ones, which were delivered for the most part during Lent. There is no denying the power he exercised for good during those years. As Very Rev. Father Provincial said at the funeral of Fr. Maguire, "critics might complain, but the people were moved,

and if the end of all oratory be to move the hearts of the people, and of all sacred oratory to urge them heavenward, where was the one who could surpass Father Bernard Maguire?"

Towards the end of 1864, Fr. Maguire was sent to Frederick as a missionary. During this and the following year he gave most successful missions in Maryland and Virginia. The number of converts to the faith was surprising, and they were from the richest and the poorest. I have met many of them who since their conversion have always been fervent Catholics. Their admiration and affection for the one who under God brought them to the Church was unbounded. But obedience called him again to the College where he had spent so many years as teacher, prefect, and Rector. This was a trying epoch in the history of Georgetown. The war had almost ruined it. The class-rooms were empty, and some said they would never be filled again. In January, 1866, the new president was installed, and before the end of his term in July, 1870, the College was again quite flourishing under his magnetic touch. The roll of students ran up to two hundred, and there was the same spirit as in former years.

From 1870 to May 1875, Fr. Maguire was pastor of St. Aloysius' Church. Fr. John Early who had formerly succeeded him in the rectorship of Georgetown, was again appointed to the same office. In Washington the pastor of St. Aloysius' was among his old friends and admirers, and very soon there was a great change in the attendance of the congregation. He preached generally twice a month at the High Mass, and often at other times. All saw that his speech was none the less gifted for his retirement from parish duty.

Fr. Maguire was now in his fifty-seventh year and had done, some might say, his life-work, but other and greater and more fruitful triumphs were in the future. The May of 1875 saw him beginning his career as a missionary which was to last until disease in 1884 should bid him halt. The *Catholic Standard* of Philadelphia pays this tribute to him :

"Though pre-eminently successful in the performance of the duties of these positions, he was now about to enter regularly upon the most useful period of his glorious career, that of the ten years of his continuous missionary labors. He had already given many detached Missions during the leisure time of his previous duties, and had made for himself a reputation as a great preacher. Even before his ordination he was a brilliant orator,—so long previously, in fact, that in August, 1844, six years before he became a priest,

he preached his first sermon in St. Joseph's, Philadelphia. We are uncertain as to whether that was his first sermon anywhere; but it is at least worthy of remark that his last public discourse was delivered there, where his voice was often heard in the meantime and whence he went forth to die, leaving his work apparently unfinished, but certainly having long since earned the reward of a crown of glory.

"He was, perhaps, the most successful missionary on this continent, and as a pulpit orator his equal may not soon be seen among us. For carrying on the work of the Missions, both among the learned and the unlearned, he had no rival. In all parts of the United States and even in Canada he gave Missions as a perfect stranger to those to whom he came to preach, and the multitudes flocked to him, often blocking up the space even outside large churches, as was notably the case in a San Francisco church which is one of the most spacious in the country. Many of his admirers are known to have studied him in order to find out the secret of his success, which might be said to consist of simplicity combined with choice selection of language, apostolic freedom of speech and remarkable earnestness of delivery."

Admirers studied Fr. Maguire's style of oratory, and I think this writer has hit the mark. The old darkey in Maryland who said, "Priest Maguire is a grand preacher; he is a rapid (*eloquent*) speaker, and I can understand every word he says," gave a better criticism than he was aware of. As Very Rev. Father Provincial said in his funeral address, "his eloquence was conspicuous even then among the college (Georgetown) lads. But when he came forth from that scientific seclusion, and began his public life, *quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?* I might almost say what city on the Atlantic border has not heard of him, profited by his labors, and reaped a part of the graces which he had bestowed." It is not my intention to pursue this criticism any further. I could tell even of his early success as a scholastic; how in lower Maryland a prominent Protestant was converted by a sermon by Mr. Maguire; how the whole country about Newtown and Leonardtown was carried away by the eloquence of the young student. I could tell of years of observation of his success as a missionary, but enough has been said by others; and better said. The *Providence Journal*, a leading paper of the country, gives me a fitting conclusion to this part of my sketch:—

"Father Maguire was a recognized orator. His strikingly ascetic appearance commanded at once the reverent attention of his audience, and his argumentative powers, logical

reasoning and the truthful imagery with which he clothed his theme, seconded by his fervid eloquence, carried conviction to the heart of the unbeliever, and strengthened the faith of the wavering. Wherever he preached his memory lives, and thousands to-day will read with unfeigned regret of the demise of this great and good man, who has gone down to an honored grave. He has left an enviable record; forgetful of himself, he studied the welfare of his fellow-man. His mission was to bring peace where discord reigned, solace to the sorrowing, joy to those in sadness and light to those who sat in the shadows of unbelief. His life mission is over, and the harvest of his good works garnered. Long will the tears of the widow and the orphan fall on his hallowed grave, long will the prayers of those who loved him be breathed over the sacred spot where the black-robed warrior sleeps in the peace of God."

Fr. Maguire began a retreat in St. Joseph's on Passion Sunday of this year. He had finished a triduum for men in the Cathedral, Baltimore, and was considerably fatigued. Though suffering, he spoke with his wonted vigor; on the third day he was engaged in the confessional, as he preferred in his zeal to hear those who chose to confess to him. In the afternoon his physicians came and put an end to his work by ordering him to retire to his room. Their skill could not cope with his malady. At his own request and with the advice of his medical attendants, he was taken to St. Joseph's Hospital where for a few days he seemed to improve. But death was near, a crisis came, and all hope was lost. The last rites were administered by one who had known him for years, and on the 26th day of April he passed away to his reward.

As a ruler, Fr. Maguire was firm and strict. He wanted men to be at their post. The writer of these lines was as a student, a scholastic, and a priest under him as Superior, and found him always a sincere, earnest, and a kind man. As a religious he was a model in many things; he was eminently a man of prayer and believed in the efficacy of it in his apostolic labors. Many a time have I heard him say when there was question of shortening some of the religious exercises during a mission, "don't do it; rather shorten the sermon; prayer will do more good." During his last retreat in Philadelphia it was suggested that the Mass should begin a few minutes earlier in order that the business and professional men might have time to reach their offices after hearing the instruction. He objected to this arrangement, saying that he was afraid they might not hear all of

the Mass, as that would do them more good than his instruction. In all of his missionary labors he trusted more in prayer than in anything else. It was prayer always: the children, the orphans, the Sisters, all had to pray for the success of the work. As an end to my sketch I may say that our Province met with a great loss in Father Maguire's death.

J. A. M.

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## MANITOBA.

### *Letter from St. Boniface College.*

DEAR REVEREND FATHER,

P. C.

In answer to your request for information about our College of St. Boniface, the first thing that naturally suggests itself is the whereabouts. Where in the world are we? We are in the small town of St. Boniface, on the right bank of the Red River, opposite Winnipeg, which is built at the confluence of the Assiniboine with the Red River. As the crow flies, or as runs the fiftieth parallel, we are just half way between the Pacific Ocean and the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Though St. Boniface is now a mere village compared to Winnipeg, it was for many years the more populous settlement. The first permanent mission was established here in 1818 by a zealous Canadian priest, Fr. Provencher, who was consecrated Bishop *in partibus* of Juliopolis in 1822, and created titular Bishop of St. Boniface in 1847. On his arrival here sixty-eight years ago, he immediately began to train a few boys with a view to classical studies, and ever since that date this first germ of St. Boniface College has been kept alive, and, of late years, has been steadily growing. This early origin enables us to rank first among the three colleges that constitute the working body of the University of Manitoba, the Church of England College, which comes next in order of seniority, having been begun only in 1821, while the Presbyterians, who manage the third of the associated colleges, made their first appearance at the Red River Settlement in 1851.

Before the Riel Provisional Government in 1870, Winnipeg was nothing but a straggling hamlet grouped around

Fort Garry. Soon after that date, however, the tide of emigration from Ontario and Quebec went on swelling every year till the end of 1882. While those that spoke French settled at St. Boniface and in the neighboring parishes long since established, the Ontario people built up Winnipeg and started new towns and villages in places that were, generally speaking, further away than the French parishes from this, the central depression of the Lake Winnipeg water-system.

Who has not heard of the great Winnipeg "boom" in 1882? Wages were fabulously high, property ran up to fancy prices, almost every man in St. Boniface and Winnipeg thought he was going to become a millionaire. There was one man who didn't, who held aloof as long as he could from all sales, and who, in the end, when the financial tornado had whirled away almost everybody else's means, was left with two hundred thousand dollars to the good. This was our venerable Archbishop. Only when buyers harassed him did he consent to yield up a small portion of those church lands which he had wisely secured before they were supposed to have any special value. With the proceeds he paid his debts and then built the College we now occupy and the Convent boarding-school. These two are substantial, whitish brick, four-story buildings. Ours is 120 x 60 feet. Its high French roof makes it the most conspicuous object in St. Boniface. We are surrounded on all sides by a grove of trees, chiefly poplar and small oak, averaging about twenty-five feet in height. Giant shrubs you will say. Yes; but as trees go in this prairie land, they are not bad specimens. They don't give any shade to speak of; but they break the monotony of the plain.

Before these twenty-two acres which we now enjoy had been made into college grounds, when classic Bonifacians read "the deathless bards of Greece and Rome" in a wooden, two-story structure still known as "le vieux collège," Winnipeg had grown ambitious. The Presbyterians from Ontario wanted something like the Toronto University. The Anglicans of St. John's College, many of whom were trained in English Universities, could not be ignored. And, if they were taken into the compact, the Catholic ecclesiastical authorities, whose influence on the early development of Manitoba was far greater than that of the Anglicans, must not be overlooked. Archbishop Taché especially was too closely identified with the Red River country and its educational plans to be left out in the cold. Thanks to dauntless energy combined with tact and forbearance he had succeeded in

convincing the Protestants themselves that they must, if they valued their own religious tenets as against infidelity, maintain the denominational system which many of them were trying to discard in favor of unsectarian or common schools. Without doubt it was his clear-sightedness and unselfishness that finally brought Anglicans and Presbyterians to consent to a scheme of higher education, which Catholics could conscientiously use for want of a better.

This scheme is embodied in what is called the University Act of Manitoba, the preamble of which begins thus: "Whereas it is desirable to establish one University for the whole of Manitoba (on the model of the University of London), for the purpose of raising the standard of higher education in the Province, and of enabling all denominations and classes to obtain academical degrees; therefore, her Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislative Assembly of Manitoba, enacts as follows," etc.

Thus the University of Manitoba is essentially an examining body. Each of the incorporated colleges manages its own internal affairs quite independently. The perfection of the theory would be reached if all examiners were not at the same time professors. But in practice, owing to the scarcity of men, almost all the examiners are professors. In this respect we are better off than either of the other colleges, because we have the invaluable assistance of two very able secular priests who were formerly at the head of this College and yet who have now no professorial functions at all. One of them the Rev. G. Cloutier, is the mainspring of our rather complicated machinery; he is a walking reference-book on all University matters, as our Protestant colleagues frankly acknowledge. The other, the Rev. A. A. Cherrier is a man of varied gifts and scholarly attainments, who has been, year after year, elected Chairman of the Board of Studies of the University.

This Board, which, practically is the life of the University, deals with all the details of Examinations, though its decisions are often subject to the approval of the Council. Its members for this year, 1886-7, are Father Cherrier and myself, elected by St. Boniface College Corporation. Father Cloutier and Archdeacon Pinkham who represent respectively, the Catholic and Protestant sections of the Board of Education for this province, Canons O'Meara and Matheson, who are elected by St. John's College, the Rev. Dr. Bryce and the Rev. Professor Hart, elected by Manitoba College, and Dr. Kerr, representative of the Medical College. This last college is a comparatively recent addition to the Univer-

sity. Other colleges may be affiliated in the same way, provided they be "in operation and possessed of the requisite buildings, and a sufficient staff of professors" (University Act of Manitoba, XXVIII). The Methodists, who count the present Lieutenant-Governor as one of their most active members, have long been trying to start a college of their own; but their funds are short.

The Chancellor of the University is Dr. Machray, the Anglican Bishop of Rupert's Land, whose cathedral is at Winnipeg. The present Vice-Chancellor is the Hon. Joseph Royal, one of our Montreal (St. Mary's College) students, and always a faithful friend to Ours. The Registrar is also a French Canadian Catholic. Prominent among the members of the University Council is His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface. Our Rector, Rev. Fr. Lory, is also a member besides the three priests I have named as belonging to the Board of Studies, and three Catholic laymen, one of whom is a Minister in the Manitoba Cabinet and another a Judge in the Superior Court. All these Catholic members have but one mind, and that the Archbishop's. Hence it is that we are enabled to exercise upon University affairs an influence more than proportionate to our numerical strength. When an important question is up for discussion in the Council, His Grace tells us what line we should take, and himself, if need be, urges his point with an earnestness which the dissentient members seldom resist. As he has seen this country grow from a wilderness into a garden, and is gifted with a marvellous memory, he knows the past history of every one of the Protestant members of the Council, and so he can detect "danger ahead" where an unwary new-comer would see nothing but a plausible, harmless change. He has not forgotten those early prejudices which it needed all his patience to overcome in past years; and, though the crafty heretic may have doffed his frown to don a smile, the prudent Archbishop is never off his guard. I confess to having thought him at first too distrustful of those Anglican dignitaries and Presbyterian ministers, who seemed to me so straight-forward, so affable, sometimes even so cordial. That some of them may be all that, I still hold; but I have found by experience that others are not to be trusted in the dark. Gentlemen they all are and very considerate; but after many long hours spent in conference with them with all the freedom that arises from the certainty that neither faith nor morals would ever be impugned by them in the course of our conversation, I generally come away with a feeling of deep sadness at the sight of the essential worldli-

ness of Protestantism. No wonder we have had to invent, from the French, the phrase "human respect;" Protestants are so steeped in it that they forget its existence, as an eupenic man forgets the existence of the stomach that makes him sprightly. "What people will say" is their great criterion of right and wrong. It serves them in stead of justice and truth.

However, considering the discordant elements, the harmony in the Council, and Board of Studies has always been, on the whole, surprising. Ten years ago, when the University sprang into being a new and unique creation, Lord Dufferin said it would be a fiasco. He thought the divergencies between the three religious bodies would make the scheme unworkable. Quite lately, Sir John Macdonald, while on a visit to the Archbishop, expressed his surprise at the continuance of so unusual a "happy family." No doubt, the secret of this success is the wide range of subjects on which we agree to differ. Thus our Statute 13 reads as follows:—"If the majority of the Representatives of any affiliated College object to the prescribing of any book or part of a book for examination in any subject, such book or part of a book shall not be made obligatory on any student of that College, but another book may be substituted on the proposition of that College, provided it be considered by the Council as equivalent to the other." This, of course, enables us to exclude all Protestant histories, and to get our boys examined in such thoroughly Catholic histories as Chantrel's. But the University Act, which is the ground-work of our Constitution, gives us still wider elbow-room: for it provides that the examination may be answered in either the English or the French language, and "that it shall not be lawful for any member of the Council to impose on any person any compulsory religious examination or test, nor to do, or cause, or suffer to be done, anything that would render it necessary or advisable, with a view to academical success or distinction, that any person should pursue the study of any materialistic or sceptical system of logic, or mental or moral philosophy."

The option of answering in French is of vital importance to St. Boniface College: for, though the majority of our bigger boys can speak and understand the English of daily wants and of baseball, hardly any of them could answer examination questions in decent English. The provision for freedom in religious teaching and in philosophy gives us full scope to work up to the true standards of the Society's teaching.

In order to make this clear, I must first explain the nature of the different examinations. The Preliminary Examination enables any student, who is not a member of any college, to matriculate as a member of the University. Those who are members of a college need not go up for the Preliminary; but, in point of fact, many do, both because of the stimulus afforded by competition with other colleges, and especially because they hope to win one of the four scholarships—two of \$100 each, and two of \$60 each—awarded to the most successful competitors. A good student of the class called "Classics" at Fordham and St. Francis Xavier's, New York—I give these two instances because these are the only American Colleges in which I have had some experience—could easily pass this examination, provided he knew the first two books of Euclid.

The Previous Examination is open to any student who has passed the Preliminary, or who lodges with the Registrar of the University, a certificate from the Head of one of the Colleges that he has completed in that College the required course of study. "The required course of study" is a very elastic term, and of its limits we are the sole judges. Thus, last year, when we undertook the management of this College, we retained for the nonce the division our predecessors had established, which allowed four years only to the study of the classics; whereas at the beginning of the present term we wedged in another year, so as to have *Infima Media* and *Suprema Grammatica*, besides *Humanitates* and *Rhetorica*, according to the *Ratio Studiorum*. Our students go up for their Previous at the end of Rhetoric. Hitherto they had not been advised to meddle with the Preliminary, which, as I have said, is not necessary for college students but only for outsiders. This year, however, as we have no students in Rhetoric, we are preparing candidates for the Preliminary. Were it not for the Mathematics which are particularly stiff, our boys would find the Previous easy work. The Latin and Greek subjects—Æneid, book II, Salust's *Catiline*, Cicero's *Pro Lege Manilia*, the first book of the *Iliad*, the second book of the *Anabasis*, and the first *Philippic* of Demosthenes—find them equal and often superior to any of their rivals from other places. Nor does the Botany, which is the only Natural Science subject, give them much trouble. And as for Precepts of Literature, their proficiency not unfrequently startles the examiners from the other colleges. The year before last one of our students, who is now in his second year of Philosophy, gained two scholarships, though, according to the regulations of the

University, he could keep but one. I need hardly say that he chose the more valuable of the two. For the Previous eight scholarships are awarded, two of \$80 each, three of \$100 each, and three of \$60 each.

This Previous Examination is absolutely indispensable for all who want to take their B. A. or LL. B. For the M. D. a special entrance examination is required, in which there is far less Latin and Mathematics, and the matriculant may choose some easy Greek, or some German, or Balfour Stewart's Physics.

The Final Examination, which cannot be taken sooner than two years after the Previous, may bear on a general course, and then the successful candidate receives the "Ordinary B. A." degree, or on an Honor Course in such special branch or study as the University may from time to time establish. Five of these Honor Courses are already established: Mathematical Honors, Classical Honors, Natural Science Honors, Mental and Moral Science Honors, Modern Languages Honors. Last May the first candidates appeared for this Literary Course: two from Manitoba College and one from St. John's. Having been one of the three examiners, I can testify to the surprising excellence of two out of the three sets of papers. To expedite matters, the Anglican Dean Grisdale and I met at the Presbyterian minister, Dr. Bryce's house, and spent, on two or three different occasions, several hours at a stretch in comparing notes on these papers. As the subjects ranged from Chaucer to Spenser, Shakespeare, Bacon, Addison and Steele, it was like taking a fresh dip in the Pierian Spring.

In the course of last year a discussion arose in the Council of the University as to the advisability of making the "Ordinary B. A." examination more difficult. The Chancellor, who is a graduate of Aberdeen and of Cambridge, and who, being unmarried, still holds a Fellowship in some college at Cambridge, opposed any change. The reason he gave was that this examination is quite as severe as the Cambridge examination for pass B. A.

However, it carries with it less prestige than the Honor Courses: it spreads itself over too many and too various studies, and does not favor those special talents which it is the business of true educators to foster; it gives to Philosophy hardly a fourth of the total value of the marks; and, therefore, it would interfere too seriously with the Society's course of training. For these or for cognate reasons the students of St. Boniface have always gone in for the Mental and Moral Science Honors, the other Honor Courses

being open to the grave objection that they omit philosophy altogether, and that all, except the Classical, drop the use of Latin. Moreover, the choice of this philosophical course ensures our having two years of philosophy, because one part only of the subjects can be taken each year.

Though the other Honor Courses do not include philosophy, still, just as all graduates must have that knowledge of Greek and Latin which the Previous is meant to test them in, so some philosophy, some natural science, and some higher mathematics are required of all graduates. This is secured by what are called the Compulsory Pass Subjects. Every candidate for honors — whatever may be the course he elects to study — must write a paper on each of the following subjects: Plane Trigonometry, Elementary Statics, Elementary Hydrostatics, Inorganic Chemistry, Logic and Ethics. The two last named papers need not be distinct from the Honor papers in Philosophy, since the latter contain the former *eminenter*.

The Mental and Moral Science Honors Course is twofold. The Protestants use their own authors and answer in English. We use our Catholic text-books, and our boys write their papers in Latin or French. For Logic, Metaphysics and Natural Theology, we follow Signoriello's Compendium of Sanseverino; for Ethics, Signoriello; for Political Economy, Hervé-Barzin. We also give our students the substance of the Sulpician Vallet's admirable *Histoire de la Philosophie*. In theory the papers of the students in Philosophy from the three colleges are examined by all the three Philosophy examiners; but in practice the examiners from Manitoba College and St. John's only make a pretence, if even they go that far, of looking at the answers of our students. The fact is that, barring Logic and some portions of Ethics, their course is mainly a history of the opinions of Locke, Reid, Hamilton, Paley, Kant and Mill, and therefore puts them quite out of court in scholastic questions. Besides they are not accustomed to read the Latin of the schools; and the French language, in which our students write their Political Economy and History of Philosophy papers, would be very hard reading to most of these learned divines, especially when, as happened last spring, a St. Boniface candidate's paper runs on into twenty-six foolscap pages of well-digested technicalities. So our colleagues simply trust to our fairness in awarding marks.

The University having as yet no buildings of its own, the examinations take place in some public hall, and extend

over a fortnight, morning and evening. The time allowed for each paper is three hours. During that time the examiners take turns to preside and see that there is no cheating. Fancy a Jesuit acting as prefect over some ninety young men, of whom only seven were Catholics. It was a novel experience to us last May; but we soon got used to it; and the examinees are all so busy that there is really no trouble. Only, one day I was somewhat staggered when I found I was the only available examiner who could preside over the examinations at the Protestant Central School, and that my wards for a brief space were four boys and seven girls competing for the Isbister prizes. They too worked hard and silently and didn't seem to be in any way disturbed by my cassock. For you must know that we go about everywhere in full regimentals just as in Montreal, despite the fact that out of Winnipeg's 20,000 inhabitants not more than 2000 are Catholics, and that the Protestants come from that bitterness of all heretical strongholds, Ontario. We, i. e., the Catholics, were in possession when they came, and we have no intention of showing the white feather now. Nor should we gain anything thereby. Notwithstanding sundry jokes about "things in a dress with a man's hat on," jokes that none but young scamps indulge in, priests are highly respected here. When I say "here," I don't mean St. Boniface only, which is just like any of the thoroughly Catholic towns of Lower Canada, like St. Hyacinthe, for instance; but I include Winnipeg and, in general, the North West Territories of Canada.

As the Catholics, who are the only feeders of our College, are but one fifth of the population of Manitoba, twenty thousand out of not quite a hundred thousand, and as most of our people have very little ready cash, the number of our undergraduates and graduates is necessarily small. St. John's College has considerably more, and the Presbyterian Church has the largest number in its Manitoba College. But on the score of quality we are at the top of the list. At the last Annual Meeting for the conferring of degrees, which took place with no little "pomp and circumstance" in the Hall of the Manitoba Legislative Assembly, five out of our six candidates took scholarships, and the sixth came out "first class" in Classics and Botany, and "second class" in Mathematics and French. It seldom happens that any of our boys are found in the "third class." On the contrary, Manitoba College generally crowds its big battalions into the "third class." "Numbers and noise" is a motto that would suit it well. Note that in the Pass Courses, 25 per cent. of the marks is

enough for a "third class," while in the Honor subjects 40 per cent. is required. "Second class" means from 40 to 67 per cent. exclusively. "First class" implies 67 per cent. or any percentage above, up to full marks. Our four philosophers last spring had the highest marks in the whole University. Not only were they all "first class"; but in one branch, Inorganic Chemistry, they were the only "first class," one St. John's College man being "second class", and the fourteen others from the two Protestant Colleges herding together in the "third class". It is worth noting too that our graduates are mere boys of eighteen or nineteen at most, while the Protestants often send up experienced schoolmasters or professional men on the shady side of thirty.

Some of these are members of other universities, for whose benefit the 27th Section of the University Act provides that "members of any other University within Her Majesty's dominions shall be exempt from the preliminary examination . . . and may be admitted by the Council of the University *ad eundem statum* and *ad eundem gradum*". By the way, these last words remind me that the degrees are, of course, conferred in Latin, and that the candidate is presented to the Chancellor, who wears over his Anglican Episcopal apron and gaiters a scarlet cloak (said bishop being over six feet three), with a Latin formula pronounced by one of the dons of the College from which the candidate hails. The Protestant performers in this imposing ceremony use that time honored English pronunciation which would have made a Roman shiver; and so, for example, the word *Academia* is rung out to the tune of *Jeremiah*.

Some three years ago the late Mr. Isbister, a Manitoban half-breed, who was for many years editor of the London (Eng.) *Journal of Education*, left eighty thousand dollars to the Province of Manitoba, declaring in his will that the interest of this handsome bequest should be employed for the encouragement of education without distinction of creed or nationality. His executors have since arranged that two parts of this revenue be apportioned to pupils of any school in the Province or North-West Territories, and that the third shall be given in scholarships or prizes to pupils either entering or at the University. This explains the existence of those scholarships I spoke of in connection with the University examinations. The other resources of the University are very slender. Still it is enabled to give its examiners some compensation for the very serious labor many of them have to get through in the month of May. Our three examiners received in the course of the summer about \$170

in all, and Fr. Cloutier, who did the lion's share, must have received a good deal more than any of Ours. It is not much; but in our poverty we are thankful for the smallest dues.

And now I must bring this rambling screed, written as it was by snatches, to a close. If you want any more information, or if what I have given is not clear, pump me and I will try again. But all your holy students at Woodstock should pray for the success of our work here. The place is small in numbers, but great in potencies. We have touched the bottom of the commercial depression that followed after the "boom," and are slowly floating upwards to prosperity. Pray that souls, too, may rise with the rising flood.

Your humble servant in Christ,

LEWIS DRUMMOND, S. J.

## LETTERS FROM A CHAPLAIN IN THE WAR OF 1861.

*(First Letter.)*

STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK BAY, N. Y.

June 13th, 1861.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER TELLIER,

P. C.

Though the Regiment has been in a pretty fair state of organization for the last six weeks, prepared and anxious to start for the seat of war, it was only this morning we were officially notified to hold ourselves in readiness to proceed "at a quarter of an hour's warning whither the government intends sending us". As I have not had the pleasure of seeing you since my appointment to the post of chaplain, and as I have no means of knowing when or even whether I shall ever see you again, I deem it proper to address you these lines, that you, as Superior General of the Mission, may know the circumstances of my new position, and the peculiarities attending the organization of a Regiment of raw recruits for actual service in the field. In obedience to your telegram informing me of my appointment as chaplain, and ordering me to report immediately to Headquarters, New York City, I took the first train for New York, where I arrived sometime during the ensuing night. Father Ber-

thelet informed me that I had been assigned to the 6th Regt., N. Y. Volunteers, known by the name of "Wilson's Zouaves". I had been but a few days attached to the Regiment, when I learned from the New York Journals, political, comic and religious, that the Sixth enjoyed a most unenviable reputation. Now, however, judging them according to the knowledge I have acquired of them by intimate relations with them from the day of my appointment to date, I must say that, like many statements made about the character of more illustrious organizations, what has been said of these poor fellows is partially exaggeration, and partially gross calumny. With the exception of a few English the members of the Sixth are the sons of Catholics. Through either the fault or the misfortune of their parents, their domestic christian education has been woefully neglected; their hearts, however, have remained in the right place. They are nearly all of that class styled "New York boys"—or "New York Rowdies," who, though they seldom if ever darken the church door, are always ready to pour out the warmest blood of their hearts in defence of church or priest. As you may readily conceive, my introduction to men of this character was somewhat unique.

Accompanied by Father Berthelet on the morning after reaching New York, I went down to the camp on Staten Island to make arrangements for immediately entering on my duties as chaplain. At the entrance of the camp we were informed by the guard that he had received strict orders to refuse admittance to all civilian sight-seers—if there was, however, any intention of enlisting there would be no objection to our entering it. On our assuring him that we had very urgent business with the Colonel, he called for the "officer of the guard"—Lieutenant Latham, a young Catholic from Harlem, New York—who very politely allowed us to enter, and obligingly conducted us himself through the camp to Regimental Headquarters—a few planks roughly put together. As we were drawing near, Lieut. Latham pointed out to us, under this temporary covering, a man, under middle size perhaps, but strongly and compactly built; his blue, quick eye, his high and clear forehead, in fact, his whole countenance and general appearance bespoke candor and an extraordinary determination of will. "That," said the Lieutenant, "is Col. William Wilson, familiarly known by the public and his men, as Billy Wilson."<sup>(1)</sup> He seemed very much occupied. There was about him, a

(1) Col. Wilson is a Catholic.

number of men with various requests, complaints and excuses, to all of whom he seemed to give a patient attention, and then a short and decisive answer. I perceived he was at the same time giving directions to two clerks, who were committing to paper plans probably of his future campaigns. Informed that I was the priest assigned him, in accordance with his application to Archbishop Hughes, for a chaplain, he rather coldly, but certainly very justly remarked: "All right enough, sir—but the greatest scoundrel in New York could present himself to me as a priest. Have you a letter from the Archbishop, or from Fr. Quinn."<sup>(1)</sup> I had supposed everything had been arranged, and that I had nothing else to do than enter upon my duties. This very sensible demand of the Colonel to see my credentials, whilst giving me a very high opinion of my future military commander, was a cause of deep mortification to myself. This should have been foreseen. I therefore simply replied that Fr. Berthelet and myself wished merely to see the encampment to-day, and to-morrow I should be able to lay before him the required documents. On the 3rd of June, armed with the requisite papers, I again presented myself, this time alone, before the Colonel, who received me with unbounded cordiality. After glancing at the signatures of the letters, he said: "Now it is all in order. I can imagine all that can be said in your favor. I must introduce you immediately to the boys." Taking me by the hand the Colonel said to his hurriedly assembled boys: "Come, I want you to take a good look at this man, and tell me what you think of him. He is to be our chaplain—and is just the man for me—how do you like him?" Not knowing whether I was Protestant or Catholic, before giving their answer, they asked: "What is his color?" Understanding their meaning directly, the Colonel said: "He is a priest—a Roman Catholic priest." I was thereupon welcomed by these poor fellows with shouts of acclamation.

The soldiers were then informed that I was to spend the remainder of this day in visiting the sick of the Regiment (of whom there was a large number), and on the next day, I would be ready to receive the others at any hour. The men then retired to their quarters, and the officers gathered around to express to me their satisfaction at having a priest with the Regiment. The Lieut. Colonel, Mr. Creighton, and the Major, William Newby, said they were Protestants, but they were very happy to see that, in select-

<sup>(1)</sup> The present Monsignor Quinn, V. G., a great friend of Col. Wilson.

ing a chaplain, the Colonel consulted the interest of the men, who are nearly all Catholics. "We, you know, chaplain," said Creighton, "are men of sense who are aware of our duties to God, and who need not be told how to perform them. I read my bible every day of my life. These poor soldiers must have some one to guide their faith. Are you not of my opinion, chaplain?" Major Newby immediately interposed, saying: "That question would bring on, most probably, a controversy which, I think, we should rather endeavor to avoid—we don't know each other yet." "One thing is certain," resumed Creighton, "we are all children of the same Father in Heaven. Whatever you can say about our great and good Father"—raising his eyes and hands—"cannot be a subject of dispute among the children. I shall certainly be one of your most devout hearers." "Look here, Creighton and Newby," exclaimed Colonel Wilson with a little warmth, "what do you know about religion? In ward politics, you could show a certain amount of knowledge. Protestants have no religion to study. Let me tell you what I think about religion. When I want to have settled any of these innumerable scrapes into which I am every day getting, I apply to N. . . and do exactly what he tells me. When organizing my Regiment I applied for direction to General Franklin, to General Van Vliet, and to Col. Tompkins, not to dispute with them, but to do what they might tell me; for I considered those men thoroughly acquainted with military science. Now, why should we make an exception in religious matters? Unless we have reason to doubt the man's honesty, we must, when he gives positive doctrine, take the word of the professor of religion, with, at least, the same confidence with which we accept the decision of any other man in a matter he is supposed to understand. So that, let me tell you, I won't allow any one to contradict the Father (this is the name he must go by henceforth and not chaplain), till his conduct authorizes us to doubt his word." Turning to the surgeon, who is a brother of the Rev. Mr. Pease of the *Five Points Mission House*, New York, the Colonel continued: "Pease, wouldn't it be a nice affair, if the men questioned the correctness of your decisions and prescriptions, every time you are called on to attend to their ailments!"

With the exception of Major Newby, who was one of the officers under General Walker in his filibustering expedition to Central America, all the Protestant officers declared that they had never spoken to a Catholic priest; and it was, therefore, they acknowledged, with a certain mistrust, that

they were at first disposed to consider me. They were now, however, reconciled to the idea of having a priest chaplain.

After a somewhat prolonged conversation, I requested the Colonel to excuse me, as I was anxious to visit the sick. There was, of course, no objection, and the doctor led me to the hospital—a miserable shed near the beach. I found what I considered a large number of inmates, but no one seriously sick. Many were suffering from wounds occasioned by careless and awkward handling of firearms; some from blows received in drunken rows, etc., etc.

Having now made the acquaintance of the Regiment, and seen the state of the sick, I thought it proper to pay a visit to Father Mark Murphy, in whose parish the camp is situated, and inform him of my appointment, etc. To my enquiry about the regulations which I should have to observe as regards leaving and returning to camp, the Colonel told me I was to be judge in the case myself. "When you think your presence is required here, you, of course, should be here; when you see no necessity for remaining, you can take a trip to New York. Try to visit the camp, at least, once a day. As an officer, you can go into and out of camp as often as you like during the day. As a member of the staff, you have a right to the countersign, which will enable you to pass the sentinel any hour of the night." This gave me latitude enough. I immediately called on good Father Murphy, whom, to my great surprise, I found confined to his bed by a very serious sickness. He welcomed me as a brother, and expressed his great satisfaction that I did not commence to exercise the ministry in his parish without acquainting him of it, and showing him my authority. He was extremely mortified, he said, a few days ago, by the manner in which he was slighted by a certain priest, who came down here from New York, exercised the ministry in some of the many camps within his parish, and returned without even calling at the parochial residence. The good man invited me most earnestly and most kindly to stay at his house till the Regiment should be ordered to depart. Having heard the various reasons why I thought I should not accept his kind invitation, he said that by taking up my quarters in his house, I should be doing a great service to him and his people; "I am unable to attend to sick-calls, to say Mass, hear confessions, or do anything for my people," said he. He wished me to take charge of his parish. But in that case, what should become of my dear soldiers? He said it would be better even for the soldiers; since in camp there is no convenience whatever for hearing confessions—

which was very true — while they could come any hour of the day to see me in his house. Taking all things into consideration, I found the Father's request reasonable, and returned immediately to camp to expose the case to the Colonel, who saw no reason why I should not oblige Father Murphy; though he regretted to see me thus deprived of the opportunity of forming an acquaintance with *each individual soldier*. "Once started for the seat of war, it will be impossible, you will find, to form this acquaintance. Whoever can call those boys by their names, shall have a magical power over them. These are of a class of men with whom, certainly, you have not yet had to deal. In all cases, oblige Father Murphy. Call down to camp every day; the men can go up at stated hours every day to see you."

In accordance with this arrangement, I returned to Father Murphy, and informed him of the conclusion to which we had come. He repeatedly expressed his joy, and, as he was pleased to say, his gratitude. I am yet in his house, in full charge of his parish. My position, however, has been productive of a deal of inconvenience, if not harm to the Regiment. Yet, I console myself by the good accomplished in the parish. For it would appear that divine Providence had disposed the whole affair, so as to bring back a large number of persons who had fallen away from obedience to the church, and from the love and service of their Creator.

June 5th. This morning I requested the Colonel to have some twenty or thirty of those who wished to go to confession, sent up to Father Murphy's house about 9 o'clock. He immediately ordered the Adjutant, Mr. Heary, a Catholic, to attend to the matter. I waited till 12 o'clock; not a soldier, however, presented himself. I explained the failure of their coming, by saying that some special exercise which the Colonel had not foreseen, or had forgotten, when he spoke to me in the morning, was the cause of it. I relied on certainly having them in the afternoon. But this like the forenoon drew to a close, and no penitents appeared! About five o'clock, the Colonel's Orderly arrived with the request that, unless it was absolutely necessary to detain them longer, I should send all the men back to camp. The mystery was now solved. The soldiers were allowed to leave camp in accordance with the understanding between the Colonel and myself, but neither he nor I had seen any of them since. This proof that my new flock is not to be trusted, was a source of great annoyance to me the rest of the evening. I attended a few sick-calls, heard a few confessions, finished Matins and Lauds, and went to pass the

first part of the night with good Father Murphy, who was much amused at my day's disappointment.

About 10 o'clock P. M. I heard loud quarrelling in the street, and opening the window, I perceived that my "boys" were returning to camp, after having freely indulged in strong drink. As they were approaching the priest's residence, which they had to pass in order to enter camp, there was evidently an effort made to "walk straight and talk sober." One or two who persisted in their boisterous talk, were at length checked by a gruff voice demanding with a tone of authority: "Do you want to wake up the priest?" This question produced among my truant penitents a profound silence, and, giving me a pretty fair idea of the character of my men, made me forgive them this first offence.

June 6th. I called on the Colonel this morning as early as it could conveniently be done. I found him disposed to laugh at the affair of yesterday. He says there was no malice in their conduct, it was mere thoughtlessness,—a school-boy trick. "We must, however," he added, "leave them under the impression that you have been very much offended." He will allow them again to-day, to come to see me, but accompanied by a non-commissioned officer. True to time, a number of them presented themselves at 9 o'clock A. M. and prepared themselves with all possible zeal for confession. Before returning to camp, they asked me for various causes to allow them to visit the village. They had their sergeant, I told them, who had received his orders, and they must apply to him. They did apply to him; and he not only permitted them to go down to the village, but went with them himself. They had their sport, and returned to quarters rather late.

After these two attempts, I thought it would be better not to invite them *out of camp*—and mentioned my reasons to the Colonel, who approved of them, and expressed the hope that Father Murphy's recovery would shortly enable me to take my quarters in camp.

June 7th. I was called this morning after Mass to visit a sick man at the farthest limits of Father Murphy's parish. As the day was oppressively hot, I walked leisurely, and as a consequence, reached home late in the day. On entering the house, I was somewhat startled by the information that there was in the camp a man at the point of death, and that the Colonel had repeatedly sent after me. Hurrying down to our little hospital, I found the Colonel, with his Prayer-Book in his hand, going from his quarters to those of the sick. "O! there you are," said he to me. "We have been

looking for you since morning. I sent scouts out in every direction to hunt you up—but without success. Giving up all hope of having you here in time, I sent scouts out to find some minister, for we could not let the poor fellow die without the Rites of the church. But think of it! they brought me a Protestant minister! I meant, of course, any Catholic minister. I was very near being taken in. As I never suspected that they would call a Protestant, I should have taken it for granted that a priest had been called, and that the poor sick man had been properly attended to. Fortunately I was out amongst the men when the minister entered the camp, and I thought I saw in the man's face, the indications of a bad priest. Did you ever notice, Father, that the same indications of a bad conscience are visible in the countenances of a Protestant minister and of a bad Catholic priest?" "I have never remarked it," I replied. "Well it is so," he continued. "Here we are at the shed, you go in. As I had given up all hopes of procuring a priest, I was just going to read some prayers over him myself." "I hope, Colonel, you did not imagine you could administer the last Sacraments to the patient." "I could do as much as that fellow whom the scouts brought here and whom I ordered out of camp." The sick man, James Fay, was suffering from inflammation of the lungs, foolishly brought on by an attempt to elude the vigilance of the sentinel, by concealing himself all night in the water, but was not in as great danger as had been supposed.

June 8th. The Colonel told me to-day that there was a great rush of Protestant ministers for the chaplaincy of the Regiment. "What can they mean? what can their motive be?" he asked. "Surely they cannot think that they can benefit the souls of these men—not a respectable looking man amongst the applicants." There is on Staten Island a very large number of camps of instruction or organization; the same rush of applicants is noted in every camp. "I have been over to the camp of Col. Allen," said the Colonel to me. "He is organizing the 2d Regiment; his men are all Catholics. He too complains of being besieged by the lowest class of Protestant ministers for the chaplaincy. I am under the impression that decent ministers able to make a living at home, will not sacrifice their present comforts for the privations of camp-life. Why should they? They cannot forgive a sin no more than I can. Allen and the other Colonels forming Regiments, call this extraordinary zeal to enter the army as chaplains, 'the rush of hungry parsons.' Col. McCunn says he will have nothing to do with any of

them. Strange, Col. McLeod Murphy, who is a Catholic, and whose men are all Catholics, takes a parson for chaplain." Col. Wilson says he has made up his mind to enlist all the ministers who shall henceforth present themselves.

In the afternoon, I was down again amongst the "boys," when the Colonel called my attention to a middle-aged man in conversation with the sentinel at the entrance of the camp, remarking: "There is another of them. Hang him, I'll turn his patriotism to account." Calling to his Orderly, he directed him "to pass that man to headquarters." . . . "You are the Colonel?" enquiringly remarked the stranger to Col. Wilson. "I expect to be," was the reply. "Ah!" was the dignified rejoinder. After a pause, he enquiringly continued, "and these are your men?" "Or boys," added the Colonel. "I presume," the parson again remarked, "they are thoroughly impressed with the sacredness of the cause for which they have enlisted, and the absolute necessity they are under, in order to ensure the success of the glorious cause, of being counted amongst the elect of the Lord. For my part, I should deem it a high honor, to be allowed to devote my life for the glorious cause, as chaplain of the Regiment." "Your name?" asked the Colonel. "I am called the Rev. Mr. Fury," he answered with a very obsequious bow. "Well, Rev. Mr. Fury," resumed the Colonel, "my boys are pretty tough fellows. You might be disappointed in them, and they in you. Would you object to use a sword or musket in battle?" "Not at all," was the reply. "Well, allow me to tell you what I would propose," continued Col. Wilson. "You enlist; and if in the course of time I find that you are the very man to suit the Regiment, I will do all in my power to have you appointed to the post you desire. If, on the other hand, we should discover that the men would prefer some one else to be chaplain, I promise, if I deem you suitable for the office, to recommend you to headquarters to fill the first vacancy in the Regiment." Rev. Mr. Fury readily agreed to everything and was, without delay, regularly enlisted as a private, and was assigned to Company G. I thought this proceeding somewhat unjust; the Colonel, however, said his conscience was formed, his mind made up; that I must not give him scruples.

June 9th. I have been hearing confessions and attending to other parochial duties for Fr. Murphy since early morning. I have also set apart a corner of the hospital, where I receive soldiers willing to profit by my ministry. Very many of these young fellows are not at all disposed to go to

confession. They say they must have "their fun" before starting for the war. The Colonel tells me not to be discouraged; for as soon as these men are removed from their old associates around New York, they will be but too anxious to attend to their religious duties.

Another applicant for the chaplaincy—a German, Rev. Mr. Berger—presented himself at headquarters to-day, and was regularly enlisted under precisely the same conditions as those under which Mr. Fury donned the United States uniform. He says he is an ordained minister of the Lutheran Church. He is now a private in Company K. A youth of about sixteen years, and, as he says, a student of the "Protestant Episcopal Theological Seminary of New York," applied this afternoon for the chaplainship. The Colonel received him very kindly, and advised him not think of going to the war, and strengthened his advice with sound moral reasons. The youth seemed to relish the counsel, and returned to the seminary. Col. Wilson, looking after the retreating stranger, said as it were to himself: "You are too innocent to remain a Protestant."

June 10th. I went up to New York to-day, to attend to my own poor soul. I met at St. Francis Xavier's Rev. Fr. Sopranis who said to me: "You are just in time. Father McElroy is here. Go to his room immediately, and ask him for directions in your new office." I called on the venerable ex-Chaplain, and asked his advice for a general guidance in my new sphere of action. The venerable old gentleman told me he could give me no directions. "Your life is something new; you are to live as a soldier, and learn as you go. I was never in the field. I was stationed in hospitals, more or less near the army. I had my bed and generally the comforts of home. You will have none of those conveniences. Do what you can; learn as you proceed."

June 11th. The number of aspirants to the office of chaplain seems to be increasing. To-day there occurred with one of them a scene which deserves to be written. This individual, who seemed to be devoured by zeal for the Lord's House, came up to a crowd of officers, and with sanctimonious look, and in tremulous tones, declared that, for his country's cause and her defenders' good, he was willing to expose his life on the field of battle's bloody strife. "Do you want to enlist, old man?" asked Captain Duffy. "Yes," he replied, "for the spiritual good of the Regiment." "So you enlist then?" the Captain further inquired. "Not in the usual sense of the term. I should like to enlist as chaplain." "What is your religion?" asked

Lieut. Haggerty. "The Sacred Book." "What part of it?" again asked the Lieutenant. "The whole of it." "Can you preach well?" He in modest terms assured the officers that he had a great talent for public speaking, and expressed the wish of being allowed the opportunity of giving a specimen of his oratorical powers. Having been applied to for permission, the Colonel gave the necessary license for the exhibition. "Let the man preach from the end of a salt-beef barrel" said the Colonel. "Gather the men around him, and I will introduce him myself to the boys. . . ." Stepping over to the barrel on which the smiling orator was perched, Col. Wilson said: "Boys, I want you to pay great attention to what this man has to say. Attend to every word; I shall call on you for your opinion, as soon as he will have finished." Without any preface, apology or explanation, the zealous apostle began a violent tirade against "Popery" and "Papists" and "Romanists," and lauded to the skies the "great and glorious reformation," "the good queen Elizabeth," etc. He then expatiated on the necessity of "hating Popery," of "keeping down the foreign Romanists," and concluded with the assertion that the "real enemies of the country are the foreign Papists."

The signs of impatience manifested by the "boys" in spite of their efforts to obey repeated orders not to interrupt the speaker, were evidently looked upon by the Preacher as great applause. The Colonel said that the men had heard about enough. Then turning to the audience, he asked whether they had attended to what had been said? Having received a deafening answer in the affirmative, he continued: "This is about what he means: you must choose between going to hell and hating the Pope. Now he wants your answer right away. Will you hate the Pope?" The answer came like a roar of artillery: "We'll go to hell first." The orator looked bewildered—"Did they say they are going to hell?" he asked. "They mean Dixie," said one of the officers. The crowd then closed in around the minister and his queer pulpit, with the most unearthly yells. I began to fear for the man's safety, and interfered. One of the sergeants told me not to be uneasy; they would not harm him, but would only teach him a lesson. The crowd pressed on him till he reached the last sentry. I hope the lesson was not given in vain. "Abuse of Catholics is a subject always at hand for a Protestant minister" was the Colonel's remark after this affair. "They have neither doctrine nor morality. Politics or abuse of Catholics is their only theme. It is well that I have not been invested with absolute power. I hope

some of these days to have a long talk with you about my views on many points. I think we shall agree pretty well." Indeed from what I thus far know of Col. Wilson, I judge him to be a man of noble sentiments, and of a clear practical mind. He is deficient in his knowledge of Catholic Faith.

His lady is in camp every day, full of zeal for the spiritual good of her husband and of those in any manner attached to or forming the Regiment. She repeatedly urged me to let her know from time to time, what we would wish her to do for the soldiers. She and her venerable mother have been impressing on the Colonel, the special obligation he is under of making me the first object of his solicitude, of having my wants attended to before those of everybody else.

To-day (13th) a steamer has arrived to take us up to New York, through whose streets we are to march, and then embark on board the Steamer Vanderbilt (Transport), lying out in the stream, which will take us to some point to us unknown. From what I have written, Rev. Father, you will be able to judge of the character of my future companions, and from the knowledge you have of myself, you will be able to say whether or not my time with the soldiers is to be spent agreeably, whilst devoted to the glory of God.

Earnestly asking your and the community's prayers for myself and my flock,

I remain R<sup>no</sup> V<sup>no</sup> Inf. in Xto servus,

MICHAEL NASH, S. J.

## ECUADOR.

### *Letter from Fr. Salazar.*

LA CONCEPCION DE PIFO, Sept. 10th, 1886.

DEAR FATHER KRIEG,

P. C.

I have a bit of news that will interest you: in a week's time I shall set out for the mission of Napo, among the wild tribes that dwell near the river of that name. My orders came in July, and, were it not for some unlooked-for delays, I should already be at my post. Fr. Francisco Lopez, of Nicaragua, will be my companion. He has just finished his third probation. My appointment makes me very happy; for it has long been a cherished wish of mine to bear the light to them that sit in darkness. I had given in my name

as a volunteer to Fr. Superior, but scarcely dared hope to be chosen. So the bidding to go forth has all the sweetness of an unexpected gift. There will be much to suffer; but, truly, our happiness here is found in bearing the cross for His dear sake who died thereon for us.

Now a few words as to our prospects elsewhere. In Spain, Ours are toiling bravely and not without fruit. But it is up-hill work; for the sower of tares is ever busy, ever doing his utmost to hinder and to mar. The irreligious teaching in the public schools is a crying evil, and up to this time there has been no Catholic institution to counteract its bad influence. Now, however, thanks to the generosity of the Catholics, a University has been established at Bilbao and placed in the hands of our Fathers.

In Lima, too, our enemy is hard at work. We are not quite driven out, but very near it; for we have been ordered to leave our house, which is to be sold at auction. Good people, especially in Lima and Arequipa, are very indignant at the doings of the government. The Society has struck deep root, though wicked men wish it not. The fruit will come in God's good time. We shall see.

Here, in Ecuador, the residence at Cuenca has been vacated; and the Fathers at Riobamba were also making ready to go when, through the kind influence of Don Pedro Lizarzaburu, Señor Caamaño granted a respite, and there is now every hope of our keeping the residence.

At Napo we shall be six priests and three brothers. As Rev. Fr. Anderledy seems to be favorably disposed in the matter, it is possible that our number may be increased.

In this College of La Concepcion there has been little change. The novitiate has received but three or four subjects during the past year.

Pray for me to the Sacred Heart. I, in turn, will be mindful of you.

Your servant in Christ,

A. SALAZAR, S. J.

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## CHAPLAINS FOR THE MEXICAN WAR—1846.

(Continued from July, 1886.)

### JOURNEY TO MATAMORAS AND LABORS IN MEXICO.

By Fr. John McElroy.

4. After these preparations Fr. Rey and I left Georgetown on Tuesday, June 2nd, 1846, and took the Rail Car in Washington for Cumberland, where we arrived the same evening. Having necessarily to pass Frederick city, my residence for twenty years, I was a little surprised to find at the station a number of my former devoted flock waiting to bid me adieu. I know not how they were apprised of my coming. So unexpected an incident disconcerted me not a little, and for a moment I was unable to say anything. The Conductor very kindly detained the cars a few minutes, allowing me time to exchange salutations with them. After taking an affectionate leave of the good people we were soon borne out of sight with the velocity given by steam. Fr. Lilly, my successor at Frederick, and Mr. Michael Byrne accompanied us to Harper's Ferry. . . . [Fr. McElroy continues through many pages to give in detail a full account of the kind treatment he received along his route from bishops, priests, army officers and others, which, as it is of little historical interest, has been omitted. Some extracts, however, from his diary are here inserted:—

June 10th. At 3 P. M. we left Cincinnati for Louisville on board the boat, *Thomas Jefferson*; we delayed until 5 P. M. in the suburbs taking in flour.

June 11th. Corpus Christi. At 9 o'clock this morning we reached Louisville and went to the Cathedral to celebrate the divine Mysteries. As Bishops Flaget and Chabrat were on a visit to Bardstown we could not see them. We left Louisville at 4 P. M., and spent two hours in passing through the canal, which is two miles long and has three locks. Our boat paid \$140 for the privilege of passing through. Every morning the boat bell rings at 5 A. M. as a signal for rising. I spend the time until breakfast in making my meditation, etc.

June 13th. After breakfast we passed Smithland at the mouth of the Cumberland river, which is navigable to Nash-

ville for steamboats. The river here is very beautiful; studded with islands and picturesque groves on both sides. Here we stopped to take in wood. It was a novel sight to see so large a boat so near the shore with the spreading branches of a large sycamore extending over the deck. At 3 o'clock this evening we reached the mouth of the Ohio, where it is swallowed up in the muddy waters of the Mississippi.

June 14th. Sunday. The morning is clear and pleasant though a little cool on deck. To-day, for the first time since my ordination, I was deprived of the happiness of saying Mass on Sunday,—*fiat voluntas tua!* We have the state of Arkansas on our right; on our left, the state of Tennessee. The banks on either side are low and flat, but very rich and fertile in appearance. Numerous herds of cattle are to be seen from time to time in very good condition; the houses though, or log cabins, are very poor and small. Later in the day we stopped to take in wood. On the farm, we were told, there are more than two hundred slaves well treated and comfortably lodged. Their cabins are very neat. A part of their labor is to cut wood for boats, which sells for \$1.50 per cord. Their task is seven and a half cords a week; for all they cut over this their master pays them 62½ cents a cord. When they cut ash their task is nine cords a week. One negro told us that he could cut fourteen or fifteen cords a week, thus earning between \$3 and \$4 a week; besides, they have permission to raise vegetables, poultry, etc., which they can dispose of for their own benefit. I met one old negro woman, perhaps one hundred years of age, and asked her if she knew anything of religion. She replied: "To be sure; I know my Jesus made me; me to him and him to me." This seemed to be all her creed, and she repeated it over and over again with great animation. She told me that she had had five masters; that the present one was very kind and good to her, and let her do as she pleased. I gave her a small alms, at which she seemed delighted, and we parted.

June 14th. We reached Memphis, and Fr. Rey and I landed for a short while. We paid a visit to the Catholic church, which is in charge of two Dominican Fathers. The church is small and built in imitation of Gothic, with a neat spire. After making a visit to the Blessed Sacrament we returned just in time to catch the boat.

June 15th. The weather is very pleasant and the scenery along the river pretty. At 10 A. M., while the boat was "wooding," we went ashore in the state of Mississippi. Al-

ready the corn is in tassel and the althea in full bloom ; in Maryland this is the case only towards the middle of August. Everywhere the negroes seem to be treated very humanely and their houses are neatly whitewashed and appear very comfortable.

July 17th. About 10 o'clock this morning we had some very fine sugar plantations in view, with large dwellings two stories high, surrounded with high piazzas. In the evening, shortly after leaving Donaldsonville, one of Captain William's horses jumped overboard and endeavored to swim ashore ; the deserter was caught however, and put safely on board again.]

In the afternoon of June 18th we went on board the steamer *Alabama* bound for Brazos Santiago, and set sail from New Orleans about five o'clock. The next morning about nine o'clock, when we entered the Gulf of Mexico, the sea was rather rough, and the wind easterly, accompanied by a slight rain fall. In a short time, Fr. Rey and I got seasick, and were obliged to keep to our berths all day. We spent St. Aloysius' day, consequently, in a rather gloomy manner ; with great difficulty I succeeded in saying my breviary. We reached Galveston about 11 A. M. on June 22nd, and went to the residence of the Bishop, where we were received with great hospitality by Rev. Mr. Orlando. After some delays at Galveston, we found ourselves early on the morning of the 25th anchored off Brazos Island in a very high and rough sea. On this account no vessel of light draught could come alongside to take off the passengers. In the evening the mail was lowered into an open boat and carried to a small steamer which could cross the bar. During the night the storm increased, and Captain Windell fearful that the ship might be blown on shore, as she had already parted her cable, raised the steam and put out to sea. It was a fearful night, and all were alarmed for the safety of the ship. In the morning the storm had not much abated, and as water and provisions were giving out, the Captain, with the advice of Col. Whiting, Deputy Commissary General, thought it prudent to return to Galveston.

About nine o'clock on Sunday morning, the 28th, to our great joy we reached Galveston, and repaired immediately to the small church to offer up the adorable Sacrifice in thanksgiving for our preservation. Both of us were very weak and faint from sea sickness and want of water ; however, with some difficulty I celebrated Mass and Fr. Rey communicated. The good pastor, Fr. Orlando (Lazarist),

treated us again with his wonted kind and polite attention. Early on the morning of July 1st we were again under way with pleasant weather and fair winds, and on the morning of the 2nd of July, the Feast of the Visitation of our Lady, we anchored again off the Brazos. Here we found a fleet of ships, brigs, schooners, etc., employed by the government as transports and store ships. About eleven o'clock A. M. we left the *Alabama* for the steamer, *Sea*, and in a short time reached the Island five miles distant. Thence we went to Point Isabel, where there is a temporary fort, called after the President, Fort Polk. This is the depot for all stores and its defence had been a matter of great anxiety to General Taylor; but the battle of the 8th and 9th of May put him in quiet possession of it, and of more than one hundred miles along the Rio Grande: so that now free access for stores of every kind, troops and munitions of war has been secured. On landing, Fr. Rey and I went directly to the hospital where we found fifteen Catholics who had been wounded, all, except two Mexicans, being Irishmen. We confessed a few of these, and did what we could to console the sick and alleviate their sufferings. After dinner the steward of the hospital, an Irish Catholic, took us at my request to see the grave of Major Ringgold, formerly of Maryland. It is on an eminence without the Fort, and is designated by a small wooden cross, in the centre of which is a black rosette of ribbon, and flying from the arms and top narrow pieces of ribbon. I could not learn who placed the cross or why it was placed at his grave. Major Ringgold was not a Catholic. This is quite a barren and inhospitable point; not a tree to be seen and no vegetation other than some scanty grass. We slept in the hospital, and next morning, after visiting the sick and hearing some more confessions, we returned to the Brazos and remained there until the morning of the fourth when we embarked on board the steamer, *Troy*, crossed the bar again and entered the Gulf bound to the mouth of the Rio Grande, nine miles distant. A skilful pilot conducted us safely across the bar which is said to be very dangerous and to have proved fatal to many small vessels. The Rio discharges its waters with considerable velocity into the Gulf and like the Mississippi discolors it for a considerable distance. The river at the time of our entering was, owing to heavy rains, higher than it had been for many years. Our progress was thus impeded and our boat being small it took us two days to reach Matamoras, which is distant from the mouth of the river about ninety miles by water, and only twenty-eight by land. This morning, July

5th, we saw for the first time small patches of corn on the Mexican side of the river, and some fine steers and cows. The dwellings are few, merely huts thatched with reeds. The inhabitants stood along the shore gazing at us and the steamboat with open-eyed curiosity. About ten o'clock A. M. we stopped to get some fresh meat, when I went ashore for the first time in Mexico. We found a number of men, women and children, of various shades of color assembled to see us. Many of the men wore no shirts, merely pantaloons, but all seemed quite cheerful and happy in their rural simplicity. I distributed among them medals of the Blessed Virgin which they received with much gratitude. They never see a priest unless they go to Matamoras, about eight miles by land and fifteen by water. On the morning of July 6th, on rising, we found ourselves in Matamoras.

5. Of the city of Matamoras little can be said that is favorable. It was commenced about twenty years ago and was the port of entry for all goods landed at the Brazos and brought up by land or in boats by the river. They had no steamers until the war commenced, and those now on the river, perhaps twenty, are the property of the government and of a few private individuals. The buildings are very mean with few exceptions; indeed, in the whole town there is not a house of any importance, and what I regretted more than all, no good churches—I might say none at all. Fourteen years ago one was begun, of good size and proportion, and the walls carried up to the square and left in that condition to this day. The sacristy which is roofed, a room of twenty-five feet by twenty or thereabouts, serves as a church for about eight or ten thousand Catholics—so much for the effects of the revolution. Since the Spanish yoke was cast off not one church as yet has been erected throughout all Mexico, whereas in all towns existing when the revolt commenced are to be found good substantial churches, well adorned and provided with all things necessary for a decent celebration of the divine mysteries:—in Mien, Ceralvo, Marine, Monterey and Saltillo. In the two last, Fr. Rey has written to me that the churches are beautiful, large and commodious. Poor Matamoras has no church: this I regretted the more as it was the head-quarters of our army for a length of time, and at all times a number of Americans are to be found here.

On the morning of our arrival, we waited on the Padre Cura, Rodriguez, and were very agreeably disappointed in the kind manner in which we were received. He tendered us hospitality and requested us to remain with him,

at least for a time. We declined his hospitality but asked his aid in procuring lodgings or rooms to hire. Through his endeavor we succeeded in getting boarding and lodging in a house kept by an American who gave Fr. Rey and myself one small room with two old cots, no mattresses, no chairs, no table, or similar room furniture—much inferior to what the widow had prepared of old for the prophet,— and for this with our board he charged each of us ten dollars a week! Having arranged our lodgings our next duty was to wait on General Taylor, pay our respects and deliver our letters. Fr. Rey and I went to the camp in company with Colonel Whiting, who in his way is quite a religious man of the low church party (Episcopal) in the United States, very moral, very polite and obliging and a gentleman of fine literary attainments. The General received us in the most friendly manner, welcomed us to the army and begged us to give him the opportunity of rendering us all the service in his power. I was surprised at the simplicity of his manners, his frankness in conversation, the plainness of his dress and surroundings. Such a man seems to have been intended for a General; not only has he the confidence of the whole army as their chief, but he acquires it more effectually by his example. No sentinel guards his quarters, no flag or ensign points it out; his modesty, only equalled by his bravery, entitles him to perfect security, while his affability renders him accessible to all.

At the time of my arrival in Matamoras, the chief part of General Taylor's army was encamped near the city on the bank of the Rio Grande. In the camp were two large tents for hospitals, used for those not dangerously ill; in town a general hospital had been commenced, and some hundred and fifty or more patients provided for: to visit these was my principal duty.

6. Early in August General Taylor with all his troops, except three companies of artillery left to garrison Matamoras, took up the line of march for Comargo, one hundred and fifty miles higher up the river, and the extreme point of navigation on the way to Monterey. As a large proportion of his command were Catholics, I thought proper that Fr. Rey should accompany him. Accordingly the Father left me on the fourth of August, but as his stay there was short great numbers, probably upwards of six hundred, died during the fall months without receiving the last Sacraments. In Matamoras the number of the sick increased to nine hundred, chiefly volunteers, few of whom were Catholics. Still I instructed and baptized eighty-four adults

who, with the exception of two or three, shortly after paid the debt of nature. There were in the city five different buildings occupied as hospitals, in which I spent usually the forenoon and afternoon of each day, visiting each ward and each bed. I was always welcomed by those of every denomination and if I omitted even one day to visit them, they took care to remind me of it on the following. I found but little difficulty with those who professed no religion and those especially who had never received baptism yielded to instruction with much docility. Among them in their last moments I witnessed many edifying traits, so calmly, peacefully and resignedly did they submit to their fate. In a small chapel unoccupied by the parish priest, which I had fitted up, I said Mass daily. On Sundays, however, during the summer, I celebrated and preached within the walls of the new church to a congregation numerous at times, and at times scanty. I succeeded with some difficulty in getting a few soldiers to confession and Holy Communion. Men of this class are very much exposed to temptations, and unhappily, before they enlist are often addicted to intemperance. This habit they indulge whenever they can. Many either took the pledge or renewed it, who, I hope, will persevere in their engagements.

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## BRAZIL.

ITU, November 10th, 1886.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,

P. C.

We are getting on in the midst of consolations and tribulations. It pleases our Blessed Lord to mix for us *utile dulci*. We have many boys, and the College is still enjoying throughout the Empire a very favorable reputation. On the other hand, several Fathers have of late fallen sick, and we are at a loss how to get on in our schools. Moreover, our august Emperor is pleased to look rather cross at us. At present he is making a circuit of this province, and did not deign to come to our College, though he was in this town and visited every other place, no matter how insignificant. Every one, of course, puts his own interpretation on this fact. The Monarchists generally condemn it, while the Republicans applaud it; because, say they, the Emperor has by this conduct condemned the religious principle represented by the Jesuits. Such an interpretation only shows what the Republicans are in this country. I shall give you an extract from what a reporter has written on the Emperor's visit: "It is a sort of custom for those who come to Itu to visit the College of the Jesuits: yet the Emperor did not go there. The incident has received the honors due to a remarkable event, has caused a great sensation, and is interpreted in many different ways. It is said that the Emperor begins to be aware that the Jesuits do not admit above themselves any other, not even the royal power, when once they feel strong enough, and well supported. The Fathers of the College were visited by the representatives of the press; and I was one of them. We were received by the Rector and his Faculty. The establishment is, no doubt, very interesting; there are about four hundred students; and as far as organization and direction go, it is one of the best in the Empire. Everything there, is grand and magnificent. [Such praise is bounty out of measure from the artful reporter]. But the instruction given to the youth is very bad. The end is not to form citizens but submissive slaves. To suppress the will and the self-dependence of the pupils—such is the ideal of education as represented by the Jesuits. The Fathers of the College seem to be very good and learned

men: but it is for this very reason that I fear them. For the Jesuits are like wine: the better they are, the worse they are." This same reporter a little further on, speaking of the Sisters, says:—"People admire them for imparting gratuitous instruction to externs. It is a mistake! They give nothing gratuitous; they only sow, because they wish to gather in. For the disciples of Loyola say: 'Let us have the schools and in a few years we shall be masters of the world.'" We are now about to send some one hundred and eighty boys to stand their examinations before the University; but, owing to several reasons, we are under some apprehension as to the result.

I happened to read in another newspaper a fact connected with our old mission of Paraguay. "The Vicar of Itu showed to the Emperor a silver crucifix set on a cedar cross. Its history is not uninteresting. It was brought, they say, by some people of this province from a Jesuit mission of Paraguay founded on the river San Guatemy(?). The Paulists,<sup>(1)</sup> it is said, having invaded the mission, ordered the Jesuits either to retire or to acknowledge that the ground belonged to the Portuguese crown. Both the Fathers and Indians retired as speedily as possible, taking everything with them. The Paulists, as a consequence, scarcely got hold of a crucifix and a few bells, which had remained in the church. Both the crucifix and bells are at present kept in the parish church of Itu. When, how, by whom, under what circumstances were these objects given to this church, would be interesting to know; but for want of documents cannot be told.

I was about to forget to tell you that last August one of the gentlemen who represent the nation in the parliament at Rio Janeiro delivered a discourse, in which he praised our Society very much and proposed to commit to our care the civilization of the Indians. The whole discourse was listened to with the most profound silence. The proposition or bill, of course, will not pass; nor could our Society, I think, accept the mission. Still a friend is always something. This gentleman had previously asked us for some information, and the news collected from your LETTERS enabled me to tell what Ours are actually doing in America, Australia, Syria, etc. The gentleman exposed everything very well. The discourse of Senator Vest<sup>(2)</sup> played, of course, the first part.

Yours in Christ,

R. M. GALANTI, S. J.

<sup>(1)</sup> Known in the history of Paraguay by the name of Mamelukes also.

<sup>(2)</sup> Letters, Vol. 13, p. 201.

## LOUISIANA.

### A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE SOCIETY IN NEW ORLEANS. (Continued.)

We have now to speak of one of the great sacrifices, which the Society was called on to make, before it pleased God to try its obedience unto death. Unfortunately, the missionaries have left us no personal narratives of their expulsion from the Colony, unless perchance, as some surmise, their intercepted letters and stolen papers may lie among the dusty, cobwebbed archives of the Marine Department at Paris, whither Choiseul had all such documents conveyed. However, it is most probable that these good men held their peace, and committed their cause to God. For, says an anonymous chronicler <sup>(1)</sup> of good authority, the Jesuits, when asked about the wrong done to them, and questioned as to how it came to pass that men of such blameless and devoted lives were so hardly dealt with at the hands of the most Christian nation, answered never a word, thus following to the letter the example of their Great Captain who, when insulted and badgered by the minions of the Prince of Darkness held His peace. Surely, though it was an act of heroic virtue on the part of these men to sink into their graves with a cloud, as the world thinks, on their fair name, it is a cause of regret to us; for we are thereby deprived of many interesting and edifying facts. Enough, however, can be gleaned here and there, to help us to form some idea of the sacrifice made by the Old Society in Louisiana. The most abundant source of the information which we possess on the subject of our banishment from the Colony, and the one from which this paper is largely drawn is an anonymous pamphlet entitled: "Bannissement des Jésuites de la Louisiane," which was published in Paris on the 3rd of September, 1764. "This brochure" says Fr. Carayon, S. J., who republished it in 1865, "if not written by the banished Fathers themselves was at least written with the aid of their notes."

The Marquis de Vaudreuil, commonly called "Le grand marquis," governed the Colony in place of Bienville, and Father Vitry, who had succeeded le Petit as Superior in 1740, was in office when the first rumblings of the coming storm were heard. Monseigneur de Pombriand, Archbishop

(1) Bannisse des Jésuites de la Louisiane, Paris 1764.

of Quebec, finding says Gilmary Shea "that the Capuchins (of New Orleans) seemed to give little heed to a distant Bishop whom they had never seen," named Father Vitry, S. J., Vicar-General of the Province of Louisiana. The Supreme Council acquiesced in the appointment, and the Capuchins, although they felt slighted, nevertheless overcame their chagrin, and duly submitted to the Jesuit Vicar. When Fr. Vitry died on the 5th of April, 1749, Fr. Baudoin, who it will be remembered passed some eighteen or twenty years among the Choctaws, was named Superior of the Mission, and at the same time received from the Archbishop of Quebec the appointment of Vicar-General. This was the last straw. The office seemed to have departed from the Capuchins forever. They refused to recognize Fr. Baudoin, who, if we are to credit Goyarré, tricked them by diplomacy into a recognition of his dignity. But alas! for the insinuation, to call it by no harder name, of the historian of Louisiana, we are told, on the best authority, that Fr. Baudoin, and Fr. Vitry before him tried their utmost to rid themselves of an honor, which they saw was about to become a fruitful cause of scandal. The Archbishop, however, insisted on their retaining it, and they as true sons of Ignatius obeyed, notwithstanding the odium and obloquy which, they saw well, their obedience would draw down on them. Soon the din of the wordy strife was heard outside the cloister. The townspeople could not stand neutral, and so it came to pass that they took part some with one side, and some with the other and grew as eager for a fray as was ever Montague or Capulet.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and so this luckless dispute between the Capuchins and Jesuits was of some use; it was a spur to literature, for under its excitement the hitherto silent colonial muse found her voice, and the lumbering colonial pegasus set about caracoling in his clumsy way through any amount of smutty satires, and vicious pasquinades and epigrams. These "abstracts and brief chronicles of the times" have long since gone hence with their authors, and naught but their unhallowed memory remains. The trouble reached such a height that in 1755, we were cited before the highest tribunal in the Colony on the charge of usurping an office which in all right belonged to the Capuchins. "The Capuchins believed that their rights were encroached upon by the nomination of a Jesuit to the Vicar-generalship; they persuaded themselves that, the title and office of Vicar-General having been bestowed on their Superior by His Grace, the Archbishop of Quebec,

at the same time that the West India company made him pastor of New Orleans, these two qualities ought to be henceforth inseparable, and by consequence belong to them." This seems incredible, but it is vouched for by the authority quoted, which moreover, adds that "Monseigneur de Pombriland was well aware of their pretensions."

We will say nothing of the validity of an opinion handed down by a secular court on such a matter, but such as it was, the decision was in our favor. The effect of the trial was to put an end to open hostilities, but that temper implied by the adage concerning the conviction of a man against his will remained, and produced a deal of carping and petty bickering, and thus the "War of the Jesuits and Capuchins," as it is termed in our colonial history, was carried on for some years. Meanwhile, affairs in the mother country were going from bad to worse. The enemies of the Church and our Society had, with some notable exceptions, won over all the parliaments of France to their side, and cajoled them into framing decrees aimed at our destruction. Finally, the parliament of Paris closed, by its decree of the 1st of April, 1762, all the colleges of the Society in its jurisdiction. As Paris went so went France, and its sole remaining North American colony—for Wolfe had scaled the Heights of Abraham prior to this date—did not propose to be left behind in this race for glory to be obtained by turning out of doors and despoiling their benefactors. We must say that the colonists were exceptionally fit for this kind of work, when we are told that they were, for the most part, the cream of the offscourings of the mother country. This was a propitious moment for them. The trial relations between the Capuchins and Ours were strained indeed; but there was no open rupture, no desire to renew the old dispute, until Fr. Bruno, Superior of the Capuchins, was removed from office, and Fr. Hilaire de Gêneveaux appointed in his stead. This man, whom history credits with no ordinary abilities and no small attainments in learning, seems to have shown himself not averse to testing again in the courts our claim to the Vicar-generalship of the Province. Here was an excellent opportunity for the colonists to bid for the favor of the home government. They might ruin us and yet guard themselves from all censure, for circumstances offered them, in the Capuchins, a scape-goat. The dominant party at home could not accuse them of backwardness in furthering the cause; while to the friends of religion and order they hoped to be able to say, the Capuchins are the cause, they are the plaintiffs; inveigh

against them but leave us in peace. And how did Ours behave when they saw the clouds gather around them? They were filled with fear and trembling for awhile, but the kind encouragement of friends and their own rooted trust in the power of God strengthened them anew, and they went rejoicing on their way, attending to their stations and missions, improving their plantation, and taking no care for the morrow. Such were the dispositions of all parties to the coming contest, when a vessel arrived on the 29th of June bringing Abbadie, the new Governor, and Frenière, the new Procurator-General of the Colony. The new Governor did not hesitate to tell Father Baudoin of all that had been done against the Society, and to add, "I believe that the Procurator-General is charged with some order that regards you." This was a broad hint, but the good Fathers were so sure of their position, so sure of the backing of the Colony, notwithstanding the example of France, that they took no steps to defend themselves. It was their wisest course. All they could do could not save them, and resistance, though ever so justifiable, would furnish malice with materials out of which its hell-born invention might construct a charge of resistance to authority. War to the death was proclaimed against us at once. The Superior Council, which some eight years before had sustained us in our rights, now seemed anxious to reverse its former judgment, and as a preliminary step ordered the Constitutions of the Society to be examined. Thus it fell out in Louisiana, as elsewhere, that our Constitutions were to be passed upon not by theologians or men versed in canon law but by "shop-keepers, doctors, and military officers." Those with whom the decision rested did not understand the language of the Constitutions, and none of them excepting the gray-haired Chatillon, Lieutenant Colonel of the Angoumois regiment, either dared, or showed themselves willing to espouse our cause. The charges trumped up against us were the old well-worn ones, which had stood our enemies in different parts of Europe in good stead. The document in which they were drawn up recited that we attacked the royal authority, encroached on the rights of Bishops, and endangered the public safety. It was not to be expected however that in a sparsely settled country, where Ours and their works were seen of all, such wholesale charges would find general credence. Something had to be added for the sake, if the expression be admissible, of local coloring. To this end the three following counts were inserted: "that we took no care of our missions; that we thought of nothing but how to improve our planta-

tion ; and finally, that we usurped the office of Vicar-General." Such were the charges preferred against men honored and esteemed by Bienville, the "Father of Louisiana;" by his successor, the stern Perrier, who found them a tower of strength in the hour of his direst need ; by the generous Vaudreuil ; by Kerlerrec, the honest naval captain doomed hereafter to rot in an oubliette of the Bastile, who in this supreme crisis thus wrote to the Fathers: "Blessed are ye when they shall revile you and persecute you, and speak all that is evil against you untruly, for my sake ; be glad, and rejoice ;" by Abbadie, the recently appointed Governor, who showed, as far as he dared, that his sympathies leaned towards us, but who Pilate-like had not the courage of his convictions. We need not delay to refute these charges ; able and holy men have long since destroyed them to the smallest fibre. Moreover, what has in these papers been narrated of the zeal, self-sacrifice, fortitude and forbearance of Ours is sufficient refutation for the ingenuous.

On the 9th of July 1763, just ten years, wanting twelve days, before the Suppression of the Society throughout the world by Clement XIV, the Superior Council of Louisiana condemned us without an examination, without a hearing. It declared our vows null and void, forbade us in future to style ourselves Jesuits, and ordered us to lay aside our ordinary habit, and don that worn by the secular clergy. It decreed moreover, that all our goods and chattels, with the exception of some books and clothes which each one was allowed to keep, should be sold at auction, that the money accruing from our property in the city should be forwarded to Choiseul to be divided, as he saw fit, among the Fathers of the mission, and that all other moneys coming from our property in other parts of the province should go into the king's coffers. It was, moreover, ordered that our church ornaments and sacred vessels should be handed over to the Capuchins, which, says my authority, was "the least bad use they could make of them ;" that the chapel should be razed ; that the Fathers should be sent back to France as opportunity offered ; and that in the interim they should not live in community.

The execution of the decree was a repetition of the old, old story of the visit of the civil officers, and of the indignities heaped on the Fathers. Sheriffs, appraisers, and their underlings took immediate possession of our house, feasted themselves on the best the plantation produced, and by way of crowning their brutality, obliged Fr. Baudoin, the Superior, to attend their banquets, and be their lord of misrule.

But the sale was over at last, and the little chapel, among whose blackened rafters lingered the echoes of the hymns and prayers which the Illinois had offered up for the king and their beloved Black Robes, was level with the ground. This indeed was a wanton piece of destruction in a country so poor in such edifices, but the desecration of the adjoining grave-yard, which accompanied the demolition of the chapel, was an act of vindictiveness for which it is hard to find a name. All is not over yet. Another clause of the decree had to be fulfilled before Ours might say that their sacrifice was consummated; they were not yet banished from the Colony. Seeing how ruthlessly, not to say cruelly, the other commands of the Superior Council had been enforced, the Fathers who chanced to be in the town or its vicinity went off before they could be proceeded against. Fr. Carette embarked for St. Domingo, and Fr. Roy hurried off to Pensacola, where he arrived just in time to embark for Mexico with the Spanish officials, retiring in virtue of the cession of West Florida to England. Fr. Baudoin, the benefactor of the Colony, and a man to whom the present state of Louisiana owes so much of its prosperity, alone remained. He had spent thirty-five years in the Colony, and was at this time seventy-two years old, and broken down by his labors. The authorities allowed him to stay because, forsooth, "being a Canadian he had no friends or relatives in France." How tender-hearted those worthies suddenly became. When we call to mind that the very men, who at this juncture were despoiling him so savagely of all he possessed, afterwards granted him an annuity, it somehow or other occurs to us that, for aught we know, his stay in the Colony, notwithstanding the decree, may have been owing to the fact that the rulers were, as we are told of some of their fellows of old, fearful of a commotion among the people. Hard indeed would have been the fate of the veteran missionary had an asylum not been offered him by Etienne Boré. This gentleman, afterwards famous as the first successful cultivator of sugar cane in the country, owned what is now Carrollton or the seventh district. His residence stood on the site of the Horticultural Hall of the Exposition and hither, where he could gaze on the rolling, yellow tide of the Mississippi, Fr. Baudoin came to spend what little of life remained to him. And now it is the 21st of December of that eventful 1763. The air is chill, and night has set in, for it is 6 o'clock in the evening, yet what a number of people crowd about the landing; and the Capuchins are there too. What a change has been

wrought in them. The misfortunes of their former foes has roused the dormant chivalry of the sons of St. Francis, and they have now come to alleviate, as best they may, the hardships of the Jesuits, who are to arrive to-night under an armed escort from Kaskaskia, Fort Chartres, Vincennes and other posts. These poor Fathers from Upper Louisiana were in a sad quandary as to how they should live until the time for their embarkation came; they had no means of support, they dare not go to their old home, and they could not, we are told, count on their former friends, and the Capuchins, though they begged of Ours to take their meals with them, could not lodge them, for they had rented part of their house, and had scarcely room for themselves. At this juncture the officer of the guard, M. Volsey, who seems to have been at least a gentleman, came to the aid of the missionaries by acquainting Governor Abbadie of their plight, and securing them lodgings with a certain le Sassier, who, our Fathers tell us, treated them with the utmost deference.

In this manner Ours lived for about six weeks but they soon perceived that they were an embarrassment to the Governor, and with their usual self-sacrifice they resolved to embark at once notwithstanding the unfavorableness of the season. Accordingly, some left by the *Minerva* in January 1764, and were followed on February 6th by four others. Two of these from Upper Louisiana remained behind. One, Fr. de la Morinié, because he was too ill to undertake the voyage, and the other, Fr. Meurin, in some unaccountable way, obtained the permission of the Superior Council to return to his beloved Indian neophytes.

And so we pass away for the the present from this stage of the history of Louisiana. The generous Boré had not to take care of Fr. Baudoin for any length of time. The old man's heart was broken, and he passed to his reward in 1766. Where do the bones of this hero lie? We know not, but there is a tomb in the old St. Louis graveyard that knows no decorations on the feast of All Saints, and its prominent loneliness on that day attracts the eye; it is Etienne Boré's and as we stand before it, the thought arises in our mind that haply he who sheltered the aged Baudoin in life may have given him a resting place in death. Why not?

P. J. K.

## A MISSION IN NOVA SCOTIA.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S, NEW YORK.

January 5th, 1887.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

P. C.

So many things have prevented me from writing you the little account of my summering in Acadia, that I find not only summer gone and autumn, but a blizzard in possession of our metropolis, and ourselves just pausing to take breath at the close of our great Christmas labors and celebrations. The memory, however, of my journey to Nova Scotia has not grown dim, and here are the leading points of my little story. I had been spending the early part of July at home here at St. Francis Xavier's, looking with much interest at the truly ingenious appliances and methods adopted in the demolition of our old buildings:— I was not in the number of those engaged in the provincial congregation, and so had more leisure for my observation of the workmen and my preparation for the work of my new mission. In anticipation of a somewhat long journey, that would be made up of parts of the routes of several different rail-road and steamboat companies, and having a pleasant remembrance of the convenience and economy resulting from a former visit, I betook myself, Saturday morning, July 24th, to the office of Cook and Sons Tourists' Agency, on Broadway, near the City Hall. There, facing you as you enter, is a great case of little drawers and pigeon holes; *Europe, Asia, Africa, Oceanica, America*, in great letters, form the main heading, under which, in their proper little ticket compartments, are the names of almost every important place in the world. So taken was I with the perfection of order and despatch with which the complex tours of a dozen customers present were being arranged for them under my very eyes, and the principal in the office was so agreeable, that I actually gave him several very difficult test cases of imaginary trips. With scarcely a moment's thought, his hand ran from case to case and he offered me a bundle of tickets, that would take me by turns from car to boat and camel and ship and donkey and sledge, till I would be left, after having travelled, Jules Verne like, round the globe, at any depot or ferry chosen, back in Gotham again. I

puzzled him only with a query, such as a difficult man will sometimes put at the end of a *class* or *circle*, when I asked, if they would have *blue-point* oysters for lunch at the grand Hotel in Sitka, on the following Sunday. I got my little book of tickets, with an armful of 'Tourists' Literature,' as they term it, thrown in,—i. e., descriptive books of routes beautifully illustrated, and full of maps and all useful information; and having paid about two-thirds only of what I would have been charged had I purchased separately at every stage of the journey, I felt I had conscientiously availed myself of all the advantages available by the great American traveller. The next morning I had the pleasure of a little missionary trip to whet my appetite; it was a visit to Randall's Island in our harbor, where I said Mass and gave a little sermon to a congregation of some hundreds, largely made up of idiots: at times, it is said, the services take something of the form of the *congregational*, owing to the peculiar penchant of those present to follow the lead of their *primo-primi* inclinings, and make whatever comment or noise may best please them. The same afternoon, I started in the palatial Fall-River Boat, *Pilgrim*, for Boston; duly arrived and met several old friends. Thence speeding by rail *via* Portland, Bangor and Vanceboro, where the English Customs officer generally visits the train, St. John, New Brunswick, was reached, after a jaunt of about twenty hours. Here there was to be a wait of seven hours, so I called upon the Bishop, at the *palace*: His *Lordship*, an old friend of *Ours* generally, was anxious to make me share his hospitality for a while, but I could not tarry beyond my train time. So, having gotten pretty well surprised and thoroughly rain-soaked by a shower that began by a most rapidly rising fog, Providence put in my way at the depot an unlooked for friend in the person of the proprietor of the refreshment room there. By his courtesy I was enabled to set out on my journey with dried clothes and generally more comfortably. By seven o'clock next morning, I found that there were, if not breakers,—something broken ahead: it was one of four huge trains, that formed the rolling stock of Forepaugh's great Circus. An axle of one of the trucks had broken, the car jumped the track and hence the obstruction. While the way was being cleared, I pleasantly passed part of the time in an interesting interview with a couple of novel neighbors—a \$20,000 Giraffe and his worthy keeper. My car was switched off at New Glasgow towards the north shore of Nova Scotia, and, after a few stations, was boarded by the Rev.—, the kindest of men, Rector of the

Cathedral of Antigonish. Here I was met by Bishop Cameron, whom many of your readers will remember at once as an illustrious prelate and a staunch friend of our Society. I had anticipated the date of my labor's opening by a day, as of course, I was anxious to say Mass on our Holy Father's feast. The next day, the mission began in the Cathedral of Antigonish and lasted five days and a half. Although I had run through the country a few years before, without stopping, indeed, any longer than the train at the stations, my visit this time was a revelation to me. The scenery, sky, civilization and all its accompaniments seemed to be different from anything to which I had been accustomed. Part of the newness was pleasing, much of it was both novel and, at first acquaintance, not taking. It is always the occasion of a slight aesthetic shock, you know, to plunge suddenly from a busy metropolis into a remote and easy going rural district. When the train stopped at Antigonish, — *Elysville!* said I to myself, and my hopes and fears of the great Cathedral mission, and diocesan retreat seemed to stand still with the train, and be non-plussed. It is a small town—everything is on a smaller scale as one goes in the direction I followed:— but when I came in front of the Cathedral, I was struck with its magnitude and majestic proportions: and reading, with the help of the Gaelic Rector, my companion, the inscription on the façade, 'Tigh Dhe,' 'Domus Dei,' — the same I had last seen in gilded letters over the stately portal of the marble vestibule of our magnificent church at home,—here too I felt at home and had already an exordium for my opening sermon, which, after a rehearsal or two in pronunciation with the always kind Rector, placed me *en bon rapport* with my hearers during all my stay: for nearly all speak Gaelic. Besides the morning Masses, the services consisted of the sermons at 9 A. M. and at 4 P. M. which latter was followed by Benediction. The Bishop presided on the throne at every service, and the great church, nearly two hundred feet long, was always full or even crowded. The Lord Bishop and the priests heard most of the confessions. As it was harvest time and the country is almost exclusively in agricultural interests, the pastors were a little afraid that worldly would somewhat interfere with eternal interests, and so prayed, conformably to Divine Providence, that there might be a wet week of it; and so there was. Now and then a glint of sunshine, but no settled, pure weather till the mission was well over; then there was a beautiful clearing up. It was striking to beholders from my latitude to see the troops of men and women approaching

the cathedral from every point, tramping through the heavy rain leisurely, never showing any signs of inconvenience from their not having an umbrella or from remaining for an hour or two in their wet garments. This and many other striking things a visitor would remark, force upon him the conclusion, that they are full of faith, piety, simplicity and goodness. Most of them had taken the total abstinence pledge for the entire Jubilee year, and in consequence, many of the saloons in the district were closed for that period. The mission was attended by many, some of whom came on foot from a distance of twenty miles, from all the surrounding districts. The back of the church and aisles were full of Micmac Indians, squatted on the floor; and I often noticed during the sermons, that their dogs were at as full liberty, as the close proximity in which their masters and mistresses were huddled would allow, to squeeze their way among them. Many notables, a Cabinet Minister or two, Chief Justices, Judges and other dignitaries came, some of them from distant cities, to make the mission, and they gave much edification.

There is a colony of negroes in the vicinity of the town; they cling together and form a little settlement apart. In the church, they are, of course, one with the rest. The only afternoon I had free, I was taken by the courteous Rector on a drive. As I had already learned, he was the truly good shepherd and knew indeed his own; I asked, driving by, 'whose homestead is that,' and 'that' — Oh! that is — Fraser, that, Mc Donald, that, Chisolm, or Mac Neil, or Cameron, and then the list would be reversed and varied variously, and a dozen different names, it appeared, would fill their directory, if it be ever printed. Wildly striving to find out a *new* name, I halted the vehicle at the confines of the negro settlement and asked a darkey of eight, what was *his* name. 'Andrew Jackson Gillis,' he added, in pure Maryland black, appending the name of my companion, the Rector, who was his god-father, and that of three or four of F. F. N. S.—s of color, so I gave it up. On Saturday the Rector and I started for Arichat, the episcopal see till within a few months, when this was transferred to Antigonish. The reason for the change was the almost entire falling away of the commerce, of which, fifty years ago, a goodly share made the former quite a flourishing little town. Now going through it, one is reminded of the pen pictures story tellers sometimes draw of decayed, quaint old places that are but the ghosts of their former selves. Its situation, however, is most beautiful, on the hilly shore of the lovely

Strait of Canso, opposite the picturesque island of Cape Breton. The streets are so many terraces rising above each other like the steps of a great stairway that leads from the pebbly shore to the crest of the hill. The Catholic church of the Assumption, an old wooden structure, but beautifully kept, has a splendid site, and, with the Convent of the Congregation of our Lady of Montreal and the old episcopal palace, after the model of an English manor-house, forms by far the most important group in the town. French is the language of the place, but the rising generation is fast adopting English; it was for their benefit chiefly, I had been called to give an English sermon; and I was assured, that were it not for *another show*—the circus—which was coming the following Thursday, *mine* would have caused even greater enthusiasm than it did. A charming sail of twenty miles along the Strait of Canso and about sixty miles of a trip by train from Port Mulgrave brought me back to Antigonish. The diocesan retreat began the next day; for the various stations of the jurisdiction are generally so remote from terminus of boat line or railway depot, the priests cannot muster in less than a day and a half. So, in they came trooping by detachments; and when they were all assembled, a most respectable, ay, venerable body, of fifty hard working missionaries they were. From the Vicar-General, with the snows of eighty-four winters on his head and his sturdy form but very slightly bent with their weight, to the latest ordained doctor of propaganda—and I think, perhaps a third of the whole number enjoy the latter title—they presented the appearance of a serried rank of sterling soldiers of the cross. It was not, therefore, without the thought of the non-practising professors in the chair of Moses, that I undertook the task of evangelizing these evangelical men. But my habit was better introduction and stronger approval for me than great powers or efforts: besides, the names of my venerable predecessors Mc Elroy, Maguire, and three or four others living, endorsed my passport and the retreat went on, under God's blessing, most favorably. To give the clergy their full time despite their beginning so late in the week, the rather strange custom holds here of omitting Mass in all the diocese, except in the church where the retreat is given, on the Sunday following its commencement. This time it happened that the feast of the Assumption fell on Sunday. At the late Mass in the Cathedral, His Lordship, the Bishop, and nearly all the priests were in the sanctuary, when we had the most solemn services possible in the circumstances, and a sermon on the

mystery celebrated. Afterward a synodal meeting was held, to which I was courteously invited, but which I did not feel it my duty to attend. Then I thought my work was over; but then began to pour in the invitations from all sides, to give a little Jubilee mission here and there, in such number as would occupy me till Christmas. I was not, of course, master of my own time; I was thoroughly fatigued and so referred the applicants for aid to the subject's all sufficient refuge—the Superior. The Bishop, however, asking as a special favor that I should at least stop over on my way, for a day or so, at New Glasgow and give there a little fervorino or two, I did so. His Lordship is most interested in this new mission, because the town is at once the most promising, rising place in the country and contains the most bigotry. The church was built from his slender private resources, and an apostolic pastor gave up a well settled parish to try to make something out of this uncultured vineyard: he is slowly but surely succeeding. Notwithstanding short notice, long distances to be travelled, bad weather, the church was full. I had scarcely begun my evening sermon, when an army in battle array—a salvation army that had been pestering the town—literally surrounded the Church and gave a volley: male and female were they beleaguering Rome. With a gesture I restrained some of our own quickly belligerent compatriots, continued my discourse, and I never was more thankful before for strong lungs. I waxed orotund, clamorously intense; the assailants hesitated, quailed, kept quiet; I had the field, the salvation army was routed, and I never saw anything in a Catholic church so nearly like applause as that which followed. After the sermon I with all the priests within reach heard confessions till very late: then huddled as best we could in the little glebe house for rest; were early in the confessionals in the morning, or rather on the chairs, nail kegs and whatever else could serve for such; had the last Mass with sermon at nine, with hundreds of Communions; and so ended the short Jubilee Exercises. My departure from among the priests especially, was as the separation of old friends: and then as well as during all my stay in Nova Scotia, I saw greater esteem and love manifested for everything pertaining to our Society than ever before. A most pleasant meeting, but in most awful weather, with one of Ours, leisurely working at Stellarton; a day in Halifax during which I again met with much kindness from the clergy, especially from Monsignor the Cathedral Rector, and I turned my face homeward. A clean run from

Halifax to Portland, left me pretty tired and so I availed myself of a standing invitation from the hospitable Bishop, and was induced by another desire which was not gratified, to remain here till morning when I took the train again and rolled into the Grand Central about 9 A. M. I was, as usual, warmly received and learned the news of the changes that had all been made in my absence. When I started for my room, I found that it and the entire house were things of the past: a form of empty air had been superinduced where the brown-stone front had stood. But I had not been forgotten and my household gods I found in new and more desirable quarters. I think it will be long before I forget the learned, holy, devoted Bishop and clergy or the faithful people of Antigonish.

Hoping I have not trespassed on your attention and space, yours by request, X.

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### ALASKAN MISSIONARIES.

The following letter of the Most Rev. Archbishop Seghers was brought from Salmon river by a miner returning to Juneau, and thence by steamer to Victoria.

MOUTH OF SALMON (OR TON) RIVER, 61° 55' Lat.,  
Alaska Ter., Aug. 31, 1886.

VERY REV. DEAR FATHER JONCKAU:

Although my voyage from Victoria to the interior of Alaska was not attended by any remarkable incidents, yet I think I ought to send you a compendious description of it, because, if I did not, my silence would appear unkind and ungenerous. It was on Tuesday, July 13th, as you know, that I left Victoria to establish a permanent mission in the heart of this Territory, and to carry out the designs I had conceived during my first exploration of the Youcon country in 1877 for the christianization of the natives. My companions are Fathers Robaut and Tosi with Brother Fuller, of the Society of Jesus. Two routes lay open before us, either the mouth or the head waters of the Youcon. I went to Alaska through the mouth of the Youcon in 1877. This time I chose the other route, and we crossed the Coast Range of mountains to strike the source of the Youcon river for two reasons—first, because, though the mouth of the river is easy of access, yet the navigation of the river

up stream, is long, tedious and difficult; furthermore, the distance from Victoria to the mouth of the Youcon *via* San Francisco, the way I started before, is enormous. It is a circuitous trip of a month's duration, whereas the trip from Victoria to the head waters of the Youcon is almost one straight line of less than nine hundred miles and lasted only thirteen days. It is true, the portage across the Coast Range and some of the rapids is a labor of the most exhaustive kind; but those difficulties once overcome, navigation down the river from one end of Alaska to the other is free from toil, from danger, and comparatively pleasant.

My second reason for coming this way lay in the object I had in view of visiting new regions, of tilling virgin soil, of exploring countries never before visited and of laboring among natives never preached to by missionaries of any denomination. The northern boundary of British Columbia is the 60th parallel. Here, then, north of the Vicariate Apostolic of British Columbia and east of Alaska lies an extensive part of the Dominion of Canada, or Northwest Territory, which is part of the Diocese of Vancouver Island, and was never, for aught I know, visited by either priest or minister. The same may be said of that part of Alaska watered by the Upper Youcon and by the Tenana river. We are therefore, as I said, on virgin soil, never tampered with by preachers, outside of the influence of the Russian Church, and which, as generally the rule is, bids fair to yield a plentiful harvest to the seed of God's word which we will sow upon it.

It is needless to describe my trip from Victoria to Juneau City, the northernmost town in Alaska. Travelling on a large and commodious steamer with a crowd of passengers of the friendliest and most pleasant disposition and with unprecedented weather, we looked more like tourists on a pleasure trip than missionaries at the outstart of a career of toil and privation. But this was not to last very long. The steamer Ancon remained at Juneau long enough to allow us to purchase our supply of provisions. Several men offered themselves to accompany us into the Youcon country. We accepted but one—Antoine Provot, a French Canadian, and left Juneau on Monday, July 19th, at 7 P. M. Next morning we were again on our way steaming up Lynn Channel, which is flanked by ranges of lofty peaks, every gorge of which is filled with a glacier almost to its edge of the salt water. This channel divided itself in its northern extremity into two inlets called respectively Chilcat and Chilcoot. On the former, the Chilcat inlet, I saw

the houses formerly occupied by the Chilcat Indians. This used to be the starting point of the trail across the mountains over which the Chilcats formerly travelled to strike the Tah-Kana river and purchase furs from the Indians of the interior. Now, however, another direction is followed: the starting point is the Chilcoot inlet and the terminus is the Lakes from which the mighty Youcon flows. In consequence of this the Chilcats have all but left their former village on the Chilcat inlet and built up a new one on the Chilcoot inlet, making more than a living by packing for white men. We experienced a good deal of trouble in making a bargain with the Chilcoot Indians, who have been for three or four years under the influence of Presbyterian preachers. They have so far monopolized the packing business, and take advantage of their monopoly to extort as much money as they can from every miner who crosses the country. Not only did they charge us \$13 per 100 pounds; but they made us pay for guiding us, for ferrying us across the river, for looking after our safety and that of our packs, as they termed it, and they exacted what they called a "present" for having faithfully stuck to their bargain. As a consequence we had to pay to them \$303. Had not a charitable person paid for my passage and that of my companion on the steamer Ancon, we should have found ourselves short of money, and would have had to return in quest of cash. As it was we paid out our gold and silver and entered the Youcon country, fulfilling nearly to the letter our Lord's commandment to go forth "without gold, without silver, without money in our purses."

All the arrangements being made, we started from the Chilcoot village in a canoe, and saw on our left the northern end of Chilcoot inlet where the Chilcoot river empties, and reached the mouth of a small river called the Dayay. Here we met a most kindly disposed Hibernian called Healy, who placed us under many and lasting obligations. Finally, after more unnecessary delay, we left Healy's place and salt-water navigation to ascend the rugged and lofty slope of the Coast Range and to force our way through a pass into the basin of the Youcon. We formed a numerous party. Besides the five of us there were five miners and some sixty Indian packers, some with over a hundred pounds on their backs, all in good spirits and great glee to begin our wearisome, arduous tramp. It was Saturday, July 24th, the Feast of St. Francis Solano, an American saint, whose Mass I had celebrated in the morning and in whose intercession I placed much confidence,

A fleet of canoes conveyed most of our luggage to the head of canoe navigation, some eight miles from Healy's place, but we had to do the walking. We first waded through a tributary of the Dayay, where we had the water to our thighs, and were subsequently ferried by canoes five times across the Dayay and moved into our first camp early in the afternoon, the water being judged too high by the Indians to be forded. We slept soundly that night and prepared ourselves the following morning for the two worst crossings of the Dayay, in one of which a traveller lost his life last summer. The first crossing was pretty rough. Advancing cautiously, with heavy gum-boots, over gravel, pebbles and large boulders through the swift current of a seething, foamy, roaring torrent, nerving myself to the utmost to sustain the powerful velocity of the liquid element which seemed at every moment to lift me from my feet, I reached the opposite bank having had the water well nigh to my hip, quite proud of my achievement, but, though the water was icy cold, covered with perspiration, panting for breath, and my heart beating violently. A few minutes were spent in drying ourselves from our drenching, after which we directed our steps to the next crossing which we found worse than the former. Here we stood at the mouth of the canyon from which the Dayay, nearly fifty feet wide, burst forth at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Some of the Indians formed a chain, taking each other by the hand, and marching on a line which extended down with the current. Preceded by an Indian packer and followed by another I resolutely marched into the torrent which seemed as if boiling around me: I was very successful until I found myself but a few yards from the other bank when the velocity of the water forced my feet so wide apart that I felt I could hold the ground no longer. One of my knees bent in spite of me, notwithstanding all the efforts I made to brace myself up against the whirling, dashing torrent. One of my Indians saw the danger I was in and reached me his hand; another took me under the arm; and so I was saved from the wild, furious stream. All my companions behaved most gallantly and appeared to encounter less trouble and difficulty than I experienced. We now entered the narrow gorge through which the Dayay flows, marching due north and most of the time on the right or eastern bank, going up-stream of the river. We crossed it again and again, passed several of its tributaries, sometimes on logs, other times wading through the water, but the stream was evidently growing smaller the farther we advanced. We remained all that

afternoon within the line of vegetation, and found the brush very thick in some places. Altogether it is a rough trail, but not so rough as many other trails over which I travelled in Idaho. At last about 6 P. M., wearied and hungry, we arrived at the foot of an extensive glacier, the principal feeder, I presume, of the Dayay, and there we saw a splendid camping place made by nature, consisting of immense boulders so arranged that they give perfect shelter both from wind and from rain. That place is called Sheep Camp, because, I suppose, it used to be the favorite resort of a band of mountain sheep, and in one part of it the boulders were so ingeniously placed alongside of one another that they form a perfect hiding place, called by the Indians 'Stone-house.'

The next morning, July 26th, we were all up at 3 o'clock and left Sheep Camp a little after 4, full of courage and eagerness to reach and pass the summit. Here the ascent became very steep, until we stood at the foot of an almost perpendicular wall formed by rocks, boulders and stone of every dimension, the top of which appeared lost in the clouds. It was a novel sight to see our Indian packers ascending that natural ladder clambering the best they could, helping themselves with poles, and now and then with their hands, and appearing, from a distance, as if standing one on the head of the other, the highest ones disappearing in the fog. I found it rather a heavy task to step from boulder to boulder, as I had kept my gum boots on; but I had nothing to carry, the Brother having dexterously deprived me of my pack of the previous day in spite of my reiterated protestations. The summit is said to be four thousand one hundred feet high. We reached it at 6 o'clock. The view was decidedly beautiful. To the south we commanded the view of the canyon through which we had painfully travelled, the snow-capped mountains on the side of Lynn channel forming the background; east and west of us were high peaks, which, however, were hidden from our sight by clouds of thick fog; and north of us lay the extensive country of the Youcon and a red looking peak towering away above the rest of the mountains, the foot of which, as we saw afterwards, is watered by the great river of Alaska. At our feet lay a carpet of snow and ice of dazzling whiteness, and below still a beautiful lake, with azure water and the edges covered with ice. If, as appears reasonable, we consider that lake — called Crater lake — as the source of the Youcon, then it is a remarkable coincidence that I saw the Youcon the first time this year on the same feast as I did in

1877; the feast of St. Ann. Great care was needed to pass the snow and ice which formed a steep incline from the edge of the mountains to the edge of the lake. A single misstep would have sent us sliding down, and once started there was no possibility of stopping before reaching the edge of the lake, three thousand feet below. Fortunately, by extreme cautiousness we avoided all accident and got safely over the dangerous spot. We had scarcely passed the summit when we met two white men returning for their sled which we had noticed a few minutes before. These two miners had been abandoned before reaching the summit by their Indian packers, and were now themselves attending to their own packing, and, as I afterwards saw, they got along remarkably well. After marching down hill, either on the bank of the river that flows out of Crater lake or at a short distance from it, we reached the shores of a small lake, Lindeman lake, some eight miles long by one mile wide, and camped at the mouth of the river, we had been following all day long. It was about 3 P. M. when we reached the lake, having made in a little less than three days a trip of only thirty-three miles from Healy's place at the mouth of the Dayay.

Next day a serious disappointment happened to us. Antoine Provot, who had followed us from Juneau, and on whom we relied to help us in building a raft, left us and disappeared without saying a word. Fortunately, three of the miners with whom we had travelled most generously offered their services to help us in building a boat, and took on their own raft that part of our luggage which the Indians had left behind after taking the rest to the foot of Lindeman lake. Here that you may the better understand our movements, I ought to describe the run of the river. Crater lake, as I have already mentioned, lies this side, that is, northeast of the divide, and is the first reservoir containing water that empties into the Behring sea, a distance of more than two thousand miles the way the river flows. From this lake an impetuous torrent rushes foaming through a narrow canyon and empties into Lindeman lake, which is fed also by another river farther west. There is a northwest current in this lake plainly visible, and it finds its outlet through a narrow pass, in which the water furiously breaks over rocks and flows into another lake called Bennet lake. The river forming the link between Bennet lake and Lindeman lake is less than a mile long. It is not safely navigable and is consequently avoided by means of a portage called Perrier portage. Lake Bennet, some twenty miles long, discharges

itself through a short river into Tahko lake and this one into Marsh lake, after which the river runs swiftly through narrow canyons until it reaches Lake Labarge. Past Lake Labarge the river follows a uniform course, receiving several very large tributaries, until after uniting itself with Stewart river it definitely receives the name "Youcon," and flows placidly towards Behring sea. Before receiving Stewart river it is called by several names among the miners, the favorite one being Lewis river.

I left our camp and our party at the head of Lindeman lake, and in a small canoe with two Indians, I went to the foot of the same lake, some six miles distant, to keep an eye over the baggage which those Indians had already conveyed there in their canoes. The next day Father Robaut joined me, arriving also in a canoe and bringing my altar, so that on the following morning for the first time I had the happiness to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass on the head waters of the Youcon, where, I believe, no Mass had ever been celebrated. But where was I? Was I still in Alaska, inside of the line that runs parallel with the coast? Was I in the Vicariate Apostolic of British Columbia, or in my own diocese in the far end of the Northwest Territory of the Dominion? This is difficult to determine. I hope, however, that some accurate map will soon determine all the boundary lines and clearly show where the foot of Lindeman lake is situated. At all events, before leaving that place I nailed to a tree the following inscription: "Archbishop Seghers, of Victoria, V. I., accompanied by Fathers Tosi and Robaut, camped here and offered the Holy Sacrifice, July 30th, 1886."

The miners who had travelled with us divided themselves into two parties, each party building a raft for itself, at the head of Lindeman lake because the timber was not long enough to be sawed into planks to make a boat. The craft of Capt. Moore and partner was first finished, and they sailed down to the foot of Lindeman lake with a fair wind and current, in a few hours. Then unloading their stuff they sent the raft adrift over the rapids; she plunged, heaved and plunged again into the boiling current, and then darted ahead as fast as a locomotive, and thumped with tremendous force against a rock, knocking off a log on the off side. Remaining still with a slight tremulous motion for a few seconds, she shot ahead a second time with all the velocity of the current, and dashed again against a rock, on the opposite side, knocking off her inside log. Then she whirled and swung around and made straightways for the

rock that divided the water into two channels; I saw her dart clean over the rocks and reach smooth water, and strand on the sand where Capt. Moore was expecting to recover possession of her. She was soon loaded again, and off he went on the waters of Bennet lake with his partner, in quest of timber sufficiently long to build a boat.

The next day Father Tosi and Brother Fuller arrived with the other party of miners on a raft much larger than Capt. Moore's. The latter was cut in two: one part went safely through the rapids, but the other part stranded on a rock before it reached the most impetuous part of the current, and bids fair to remain there till the water rises again. That day we had a sumptuous repast on a duck, killed by Brother Fuller. Four days previous it was that Father Robaut had shot our dinner for us in the shape of a partridge. After some deliberation it was decided that the three miners, with Father Robaut and Brother Fuller, would proceed on the raft to a place where the size of the timber would justify them in stopping for the construction of a boat. They went twelve miles distant, camping on the west shore of Bennet lake and began at once to saw planks with a whipsaw. An exciting scene occurred in that camp. One evening one of the party noticed a black looking object in the water of the lake, and called the others attention to it, saying: "What is that?" Some one remarked unconcernedly that it was a snag. "It is strange," was the reply, "that a snag should float against the current." But the object came nearer, and presently a head was noticed with two well-defined ears. Then all shouted: "It is a bear!" And, indeed, a cinnamon bear of large size, apparently a yearling, was swimming across from the other side of the lake and making straight for the camp. No time was spent in asking the intruder what his object was in his intended visit, but all prepared themselves to give him a warm reception. One of the miners fired twice and missed. The Brother took aim deliberately and shot the bear behind the right ear; he made a plunge, returned to the surface, whirled and swam around in a circle. A second shot from the Brother's rifle finished him, and what with the breeze, and what with the current, his bear-ship drifted into the camp, to the great joy of all concerned. This is not a bear story, but a bare fact: and a proof of it is that, after giving a good deal of the meat to others, our last meal on the flesh of that bear took place the tenth day after he had been killed. In fact, tracks of bears can be seen everywhere, and appear more numerous than the tracks of other animals. In the meantime Father Tosi and I did

not remain idle; we carried both our stuff and that of our companions, the three miners, across the portage, three-quarters of a mile, from the foot of Lindeman lake to the head of Bennet lake. Father Tosi showed his practical turn of mind by constructing a wheelbarrow, on which he wheeled the stuff from the hill, the centre of the trail to the second landing: the heavier packs we carried together on two poles from the first landing to the hill; the lighter packs I managed by myself, and although in my previous missions I had more than once packed my altar, yet it was reserved to the Youcon country to witness me packing a bag of rice along with my altar. We thus carried to our new camp something in the neighborhood of one thousand pounds.

Until that time the weather had been clear and beautiful, with constant southwest winds. We had a change during a few days; the northeast wind brought us dense volumes of smoke, the bush being on fire in several places, and a hot sultry atmosphere. One night we had a severe thunderstorm, with a copious shower of rain, after which the heat moderated and the sky remained clear and free from smoke. While waiting for our new boat, I copied the following inscription, which I found written on a tree on the northern end of the rapids or river connecting Lake Lindeman with Lake Bennet: "No. 5 camped and built a boat; raft went to pieces going through the rapids. Altitude, 1620 feet. Barometer, 29.78. Temperature, 60 degrees. Wind, south; velocity, 3 miles. Weather, rainy. From last camp, 1 mile. From salt water, 36 miles. Time, 4.20 p. m. Date, June 15, 1884. General Remarks—Mosquitos very bad. (Signed) Willis E. Everett, M. D." Such was the interesting description I read and copied at the head of Bennet Lake.

Two of the miners, with Father Robaut and Brother Fuller, arrived on Friday evening, August 6th, in our new boat, but she leaked badly, one of the party being kept constantly busy in bailing her out. The timber that had been found was not suitable, and our three miners making us a present of the boat, determined to proceed further down until they would strike timber of good quality and of sufficient size to build a boat for themselves. The next morning we loaded our boat with the baggage of the three miners, her leaking condition making us judge it inexpedient to put all the load on her. Father Tosi was left in charge of the provisions, and I with Father Robaut, Brother Fuller and two of our miners, left for the camp where the boat had been constructed, with the intention of travelling further down,

to a spot where good timber was available. At this camp about a dozen miles from the head of Bennet lake, we took on board the third miner and the rest of the stuff of which he had been left in charge and proceeded on our trip down the lake. But we soon noticed that this was impossible; the boat (or rather the scow, for she was flat-bottomed and had no bow) was taking in water so fast that we hurried to the shore and discharged all that part of the cargo we thought it necessary to get rid of. I, with Brother Fuller, was left in charge of the cargo ashore, and Father Robaut remained with our three companions. They reached the foot of Bennet lake, entered Takoo lake through a short link river, sailed down to the foot of Takoo lake and camped about midway on the link river between Lake Takoo and Lake Marsh. On Sunday, August 8th, the good-hearted Brother was growing uneasy about what he would give me for dinner all these days we had to remain waiting for the return of our boat. He consequently started on a hunting trip, reached a well-defined trail of a band of mountain sheep and followed it on the very ridge of the mountain until hunger and fatigue compelled him to beat back and return to the camp. But before he had time to express his disappointment and describe his wearisome trip, lo and behold! his feeling of down-heartedness was changed into joy and he gave three lusty cheers. While he was away I had taken hold of the fishing rod and commenced fishing; five fine fishes, pronounced by connoisseurs to be Arctic trout—the largest of which measured fourteen inches—were the reward of my light and easy labor: the first fish caught by one of my party in the head waters of the Youcon. They furnished us with supper that Sunday and breakfast the following morning, and many days will elapse before I eat a meal with as much relish as I did the Arctic trout of Lake Bennet. On Monday the Brother shot a partridge, and on Tuesday I shot one myself, so that divine Providence, while feeding the birds of the air, evidently does not neglect the missionary.

Finally, on Wednesday, August 11th, our boat returned. Father Robaut arrived in good health and spirits and the two miners that brought him back informed me that they had struck good timber; they would now take the balance of their stuff in our boat to their new camping grounds, build a boat for themselves, and part with us after seeing us safely fitted out. I obtained from them a promise that they would first allow us to fetch Father Tosi and all our provisions down to the present camp, where I had remained with

Brother Fuller. This being agreed to, we left at 4 P. M., that same day; Father Robaut, the Brother and myself rowed all the evening and we reached Father Tosi's place at 10 P. M.; he was overjoyed at seeing us back again. Without delay we loaded our boat with all our stuff, returned at once, and reached the camp, where we had left the two miners, at 4 o'clock on Thursday morning. We discharged all our cargo; the two miners placed on board of our boat all that part of their baggage which they had been compelled previously to put ashore and leave in my charge, and as Father Tosi had been left alone so many days I volunteered to be a hermit in my turn; so that the two miners left with Father Tosi, Father Robaut and the Brother, leaving me alone to watch over our baggage. The arrangement was that, as soon as the miners should have reached their new camping place, the boat would undergo a thorough overhauling, and after being made water-tight and safe, should be brought back to my camp to load our baggage and to make a definite start down the lakes and the Youcon. During my lonely stay at that camp on the shores of Lake Bennet nothing remarkable occurred, except a visit I received from four miners, who had travelled overland thirteen days from Salmon river, being nearly starved to death. I gave them supper, and as many provisions as they needed to reach Juneau. To complete my account of my lonely stay at Camp No. 3, on the lakes, I must say that I availed myself of the absence of the others to subject my clothing to a strict inspection. So Saturday, August 14th, was a general washing day; not only the altar linen, but towels, handkerchiefs and underwear underwent a thorough cleansing. If you had seen my clothespins you would have been very much amused; some of them burst. But, of course, my discomfiture was all to myself. Monday, August 16th, was a general mending day. I had to remain under my blankets to subject some of my clothing to the necessary repairs, perfectly safe from any intruder's visit. I hope you will pardon me the minuteness of these private details. They serve, at any rate, to give a complete description of a missionary's life in a new country. The aspect of the country is grand beyond description. The mountains on either side of the lakes are lofty, shaggy, rugged and steep; they range, I presume, from three to four thousand feet above the level of the sea. Balsam-fir, hemlock, alder, cottonwood and willow are in abundance. Many pretty wildflowers adorn the slopes of the mountains. I saw wild gooseberries, wild raspberries, strawberries, huckleber-

ries, salmonberries, etc., etc. I noticed also some rose bushes, but the flowers were not yet open. Eagles, gulls, geese, ducks, partridges, woodpeckers, robins, kingfishers, swallows, some other small birds and some singing birds give a lively appearance to the country, even around the upper lakes. Bears are numerous; so also are ground squirrels, rabbits and mountain sheep. Father Tosi saw an animal like a very large cat, standing on the other side of the river connecting Lindeman and Bennet lakes, but the shouting of some Indian women frightened it away. It is supposed to have been a lynx. Finally, the abundance of fish is literally incredible.

To my great joy my lonely stay on the west shore of Bennet lake was put an end to on Thursday, August 19th, by the return of Fathers Tosi and Robaut and Brother Fuller in our own boat, which was now strong and water-tight, and was now capable of carrying us down the Youcon river.

We made a definite start the following day, Friday, August 20th, followed by two miners in their own boat. On Saturday evening we camped at the foot of Bennet lake. We reached the foot of Takoo lake the following evening, passed Lake Marsh on Monday and entered the river that connects Lake Takoo with Lake Labarge about noon of the same day.

It was on the river between Marsh or Mud lake and Lake Labarge that we met the most serious obstacles to navigation, in the shape of a succession of rapids about four miles long.

These rapids are between two canyons — Miles Canyon and White Horse Canyon. Each canyon is about one mile long, and they necessitated consequently two portages—the packing of which was done by ourselves. Miles Canyon lies between two steep, almost perpendicular banks of basalt in the shape of columns, through which the whole river, compressed into a space of fifty feet, rushes with tremendous velocity. The water boils up in large waves, having a depression in the centre, so that no floating object can possibly strike against the rocks of the bank. For about a quarter of a mile the banks are nearly parallel, then they widen out, the current being more slack between two eddies; the water, after leaving this wide spot, rushes over a large rock into another channel, and leaves the canyon roaring and foaming, as if to testify to its fury. One boat was unloaded, and the cargo, as I said, packed across the trail along the canyon. Brother Fuller took the helm, Father Robaut took one oar, the miner we had picked up at the foot of

Lake Marsh took the other, and as I did not want to see my people jeopardize their lives without sharing their danger, I took my place in the front of the boat, my watch in hand, to measure the velocity of our locomotion. My presence seemed to remove from my followers all dread of the gloomy canyon. We started off at 1 P. M., and in a moment the swift current caught our boat and whirled it between the breakers on each side of the canyon. It was a terrible scene. We were visibly on an incline, and rushing down hill with the velocity of a locomotive. The roaring of the water, the spray that filled the air all around us, the waves that struck our scow, which rolled and pitched as on the billows of the sea, made an impression on our minds that will not easily be forgotten. But we had no time for reflection. In a few minutes we found ourselves in a slack current and between two eddies which we had to avoid most carefully. Then another plunge into the rest of the canyon. Passing over a rock over which the water poured and formed a real liquid hill behind us, that screened from our view the head of the canyon, we were hauled right and left, tossed and shaken, skipping the water at intervals, and emerged from the dark place, having made a mile in three minutes and twenty-five seconds. A quick motion of the rudder gave a sharp turn to our scow and brought her into slack water; whilst we landed, three of the miners waved their hats at us to congratulate us on the success of our achievement.

We found ice in our dishpan on Wednesday morning, August 25th. We left the foot of Miles Canyon about 7 o'clock through rapids of a most dangerous nature, and reached safely the head of White Horse Canyon, a distance of about two miles. Here we had to unload our boat again and pack the cargo once more, a distance of about a mile. Next day we let our boat down the canyon, holding her stern from the shore with a line and pushing her off the rocks with poles. This canyon has not the same dreadful appearance as Miles Canyon, but the water is shallow and very boisterous; it rushes over boulders, and dashing against them, it recoils and boils backward, covering itself with a white crest which some extravagant imagination has compared to the mane of a white horse. At one moment our boat was in immediate danger of perishing. She filled with water, sank, and carried away by the current, snatched the lines from the hands that were holding them, when, in the nick of time, the Brother caught the lines with a pole; all joining in a supreme effort, we got control of the boat and brought her to an eddy. She was promptly bailed out

and landed safely at the foot of White Horse Canyon. We left that camp in the afternoon of the same day, killed four ducks and went into camp two miles below the mouth of Takeena river. Next day, August 27th, we had our first snow-storm and camped at the head of Lake Labarge, which is forty miles long, and was crossed by us on Saturday, August 28th. Finally, starting again on Monday, which was yesterday, we made sixty-five miles in eight hours, travelling not unfrequently at the rate of twelve miles an hour. A loon brought down by the gun of the Brother gave us last night a sumptuous supper. We shot at three flocks of geese, but in vain. We are now about to push on northward, and are within five days' navigation from the mouth of Stuart river, where we shall decide on selecting our winter quarters; and we are about two hundred and sixty-one miles from the salt water, that is from Chilcoot. I am reluctantly compelled to put an end to this letter, and as I do not expect to find any time for writing before reaching Stuart river, whence the returning Indians have already started, I cannot find another chance to write to you until next year. Adieu! May God bless you and our good priests and Sisters. Continue to pray for me and believe me,

Yours truly in Jesus Christ,

✠ CHARLES J. SEGHERS,  
Archbishop of Vancouver Island.

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## MEXICO.

SALTILLO, Dec. 23rd, 1886.

REV. DEAR FATHER IN CHRIST,

P. C.

I have just perused your two long letters and feel myself bound, I confess, to answer you at as great length. "This is just what I wish," I hear you say. Very well, but I doubt very much whether I shall be able to interest you. On the eve of setting out on a journey, and after just returning from others, there is not much leisure left to enjoy letter-writing. I say *enjoy*, for it is certainly a great pleasure to write to my old fellow novice, junior and philosopher—and God knows what more—Father La Cerda. But you ask, "whither this journey and whence do you come?" It is rumored that I am going to Puebla next Monday. And

where do I come from? This is not a short story and needs time and space for the telling of it.

Having finished towards the end of October our year's task of teaching, we went to the villa of a friend of Ours, about a mile's distance from this College. There is near by a little church which we looked on as our own, or as a domestic chapel; wherefore, during our stay at the villa, it contained the Blessed Sacrament. While there Fr. Alzola carried away by his zeal determined to give an evening retreat to the farmers and merchants, but to the men only; for the women, in general, are good and frequently approach the Sacraments. They formed a league with the Father, the object of which was to bring their husbands and relatives to church. Their success was such that from sixty to eighty were present every night. Perhaps desirous not to see me idle Fr. Alzola asked me to help him. By way of distraction one of us preached each night and, thanks be to God, we reaped a rich harvest. We were already acquainted with the docility of these people and knew that, although they live so near a city in which there is much evil, they are a people of very correct morals. I think that this is owing to a priest stationed in another church about an hour's distance from the one we occupied. Would there were more priests and all as good as the one I speak of! I said that we were already acquainted with these people. This was because of a mission which Fr. Alzola and myself gave quite lately in the church in which the above mentioned priest dwells. But as I do not recollect whether or not I have given you all the details of that little mission, I shall be silent about it and tell you rather of another mission given a few days ago in the land wherein your Reverence at present resides.

We two then, that is, Fr. Alzola and I, betook ourselves to Laredo in Texas, and at once began our task. But with what coldness we met there! Almost the entire town is composed of Mexicans and yet how different from those who live here! They showed very little enthusiasm indeed. Would you believe that out of 6000 Catholics, almost all of whom are Mexicans, only 1300 approached the Holy Table? The church was never full although it is for the greater part, not to say entirely supplied with pews. There reigned, it is true, wonderful order and a death-like silence, and this was to us a source of encouragement. But we were much pained to see that so many kept away from the exercises. Do not think that this happened because there was question of a mere devotion. No; even on Sunday the church is never full during the two Masses; though according to my

calculations it ought to be filled during four or six Masses. And yet, I speak of the population of the city only; for were I to include the ranchos where should I stop?—as the parish extends over one hundred and twenty by sixty miles. They are little by little imbibing the spirit of Protestantism; thus, for instance, in Laredo, people had adopted the maxim that confession is not necessary. For God, they say, in His infinite mercy could not allow them to be lost forever. And in fact, a great many people never went to confession, who yet were very much in need of it. Still they have not as yet, thanks be to God, denied their religion and this gives us hope.

The Episcopalians have here an Academy for girls, to which Catholics send their children: some alleging, as pretext, that they wish their children to learn English, and some without any pretext whatsoever. The pretext of learning English is invalid, for they have in the city itself, without being obliged to go out where the Seminary is situated—they have, I say an academy under the direction of the Ursuline Nuns in which English is so taught that the use of any other language is forbidden. The terms are most reasonable, viz., \$10 a month for boarders. At the Episcopalian Academy the children of the poor are received on this iniquitous condition: that they be left entirely in the hands of the Directresses—or Directors, for I know not what they are—until they have reached the age of eighteen when they are transformed into Episcopalian missionaries. What bright jewels after their education! Though the parish priest refuses Holy Communion to some of the mothers who send their daughters to that Academy, it is, notwithstanding, crowded with pupils. In a Baptist school of Saltillo a scandalous affair has come to light, and yet the school is still open. I must have told you already that the Sisters of the Incarnation have opened a school to counteract the bad effect of the Baptist one and that it is flourishing. And now let us talk about more pleasant topics, otherwise you might justly call me a croaker. And yet I am not sorry to have told you all this if it induces your Reverence and other charitable Fathers and Brothers to renew your and their prayers for the conversion of sinners; if it encourages those engaged in the hard task of studying to render themselves daily better fitted to cope manfully with the enemies of our Holy Religion—but to other topics.

What was that good news which was to cause you such joy? I shall tell you; it is nothing less than the foundation of our future *Collegium Maximum* here in Saltillo. I think

I have already told you that work was going on in this College, and that the buildings were enlarged together with the garden, which is very extensive. Well, a new building is going up entirely independent of the college building and destined to become our *Collegium Maximum*. For the present year it will receive only theologians; the philosophers will come later on. The studies will open with four or five students. Fr. Zaton, just arrived from Cienfuegos, will teach moral, and I think that Fr. Mas will teach dogma and some other things.

As I am to deal with boys next year in Puebla, I won't have any more missionary news to communicate, unless I should receive some from Fr. Labrador, for the distance which will separate us is short. In this case I should have much to tell you; in the meantime I recommend myself most earnestly to your Holy Sacrifices and prayers.

Your servant in Christ,

FRANCISCO RIVERO, S. J.

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## DENMARK.

ORDRUPSHOJ, Dec. 12th, 1886.

REVEREND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

The northern countries once so dear to the heart of our holy Father, St. Ignatius, are no less dear to his sons of the present day. Every month each one of us contributes his mite of prayers for the conversion of these countries, while to a few of us it is granted to be actually engaged in realizing the wishes of our holy Father. When, however, we cast a glance over the immense desert of irreligion in the northern part of Europe, the few Catholic missionary stations scattered here and there appear like so many oases in the vast Sahara. In Denmark there are nine or ten such oases, and in three of these we come across our Fathers; viz.; in Copenhagen, the capital, situated on the Sound; in Aarhus, the second city in size of the realm; and in Ordrupshoj. In this last named place, however, we have no parish; but it is so much the more important as the seat of a College.

Let us first pay a visit to Copenhagen, the capital. Beautifully situated on the blue Sound, venerable for its old Catholic history, and noted for its fine harbor, it is at the

present day the most important city of the North. Immediately after the Reformation our Fathers of the old Society endeavored to reclaim the souls who had wandered from the right path during that time of tumult and convulsion. To gain back souls to Christ Fr. Schach did not hesitate to put on the disguise of vender of mouse-traps; another Father, not known to be a Jesuit, was on the point of receiving a professorship of history, when at the very moment that all things seemed to be arranged, he was discovered and was obliged to seek safety in flight. Thereupon the government, to keep out this dangerous element—the Jesuits—decreed that any Jesuit found in the realm should be visited with capital punishment. But their precautions were useless. As chaplains of Catholic ambassadors our Fathers found entrance into the capital. After the restoration of the Society, the zeal of our Fathers was only exerted on a mission conducted by Fr. Roh, in 1862. This mission attracted such attention that it was said: 'Were there three Jesuits in the country, in the space of ten years Denmark would again be Catholic.' The expulsion of our Fathers from Germany brought new laborers to the mission of Denmark; the work of conversion however went on but slowly. The first of these Fathers who settled in Copenhagen lived with the secular priests; not long after they succeeded in obtaining their own dwelling and in it they opened a chapel for the public. Their labor was now divided between their own little chapel and the principal church of the city, where they assisted the secular priest in preaching and hearing confessions. By organizing a sodality of the Blessed Virgin the field of labor was widened. This sodality, considering all the difficulties the missionaries had to encounter, made gigantic progress. It was soon found expedient to divide it off into two parts, one for young men and another for elderly men; the first under the direction of Fr. de Geyr numbers forty members; the other under the direction of Fr. Brinkmann, about eighty members. In the year 1883 a new and very desirable field of labor was thrown open to our Fathers at Copenhagen. Besides the Catholic church of St. Ansgar there is in that city also a small church of the Holy Child, with which a small high school is connected. Both chapel and school were, up to the time of which I speak, under the management of secular priests. Our Fathers willingly accepted them, but soon found that the situation was not favorable. In 1885, therefore, Fr. Straeter purchased a large lot in the business part of the city, whereon, at present, a proud edifice rears its head, of which the chaste, yet impres-

sive architecture throws the neighboring hovels altogether into the shade. Just now it answers the triple purpose of school, residence and chapel. In the course of time we intend to build a fine church; the plan is already finished. There are about forty pupils in our school and the number is on the increase. That our schools do not increase with greater rapidity is owing to the fact that education is very well attended to in Denmark. The capital, for example, has an excess of schools, and among these are many free schools. Perhaps when we move to our new school-house we shall have a larger number of pupils. As you see, the work of our Fathers, though not a very grand one, is still, with the blessing of God, not entirely devoid of good fruit. You must also remember, that besides our Fathers, there are six secular priests in Copenhagen, while the number of Catholics practical and non-practical, all told, does not reach 2000.

Not far from the capital occupying one of the prettiest sights in all Denmark is our College of Ordrupshoj. To the northeast, beautifully laid out and filled with hundreds of deer, is a park-like forest. Standing on the elevation on which the College is built and looking towards the southeast, you get a clear view of the blue waters of the Sound, and the Baltic and the dark shores of Sweden. To the south is obtained a full view of the capital. Not far from the College is a castle of the king and one of the crown-prince. A more beautiful situation for a college could not be imagined — close to the capital, it yet possesses surroundings that are ever inviting to a pleasant walk amid the shades of its tall trees or to the luxury of a bath in the refreshing sea. But it is evident that to run a college successfully a good number of students is essential. This want of pupils is precisely the greatest cross for our College at Ordrupshoj. You must not conclude from this, however, that the College is without its good influence; with our forty pupils we manage to effect more than might appear at first sight. About one third of the scholars are Protestants. You can hardly imagine what prejudices exist against us here among the Protestants. The greatest good which the College is effecting is to do away with these prejudices; for among the Protestants who attend our College are always some of influential parents, and these at least put aside their old prejudices. Occasionally also one or another is brought over to the true faith. A second good which the College is effecting is the respect it inspires for the Catholic religion. Our Fathers, namely, and our pupils are held in high esteem; for our pupils have generally passed good examinations. If then, the number

of our scholars is small this is not of such great consequence as might at first appear. We have eight classes; two preparatory classes, and six Latin classes. At the end of the fourth Latin an examination is passed in Latin, German, Mathematics, Natural History, and Geography. Two years later they pass the last examination, *Examen artium*, which opens the way for higher studies and to public offices. Our Catholic pupils are generally of the poorer classes, nay, the poorest of the poor. As all public offices and positions are already more than filled, Catholics cannot easily obtain important positions; our Protestant pupils are more successful in this respect. Many of our Catholic pupils are children of mixed marriages and their education at the College is a great benefit to them. On Sundays and Holydays the Protestant pupils assist at our services, but on week days they are free to attend. When the Christian doctrine is explained they are questioned in Bible History only. Formerly they had also to attend the Catechism classes. As I said above, most of the Catholic pupils are poor; a great many of these are supported by the alms of a rich lady, a convert to the Catholic faith; it is to her charity also that we owe the lot on which the College is built — not to mention many other of her great benefits. You may probably say, then, that the Fathers of Ordrupshoj are very well off and have not such a hard time of it after all; and yet, I think that most of us would rather be occupied in a large college; for, if you leave out the correction of exercises, as regards work, it matters little whether you have six or eight, thirty or forty pupils in your class. There is no doubt that it is more encouraging for a professor to have a large class; for then he is certain that with some, at least, his labors will be successful. Our consolation, however, must be drawn from a spirit of faith.

It now only remains for us to make a little visit to Aarhus, the largest city on the peninsula of Jutland. In the beginning of the present century, this city had only 4000 inhabitants, now it has 30,000. When Fr. Straeter came here, he found but two Catholics, now it has 400 and a beautiful Gothic church which has attracted the attention of the whole community. The school is under the direction of the nuns, and is making rapid progress. There are conversions here continually; last year they numbered seventeen; unhappily there are also some defections from the true faith. You see from this that the work of our Fathers is not altogether without fruit and that your beads at the beginning of the month, for the conversion of northern nations, are not said in vain.

Though, as I have said, the greater part of the Catholics belong to the lower ranks of Society, still the Catholic church of Denmark can boast of several prominent members. Thus the daughter of the duke of Chartres, who about a year and a half ago married Prince Waldemar, the youngest son of the king, is a great honor to catholicity. This Prince is the same to whom a short time ago was offered the crown of Bulgaria, His wife, the princess Maria, used to drive to our church every Sunday, when she was spending the summer at a neighboring castle of the king. This, in a Protestant locality, deserves no little commendation. Another prominent Catholic is Count Holstein Ledreborg, a convert. He is considered one of the most brilliant men of the realm and were he not on the side of the opposition he would have been in the Cabinet long before this. One of his sons attends at the College, and the whole family are zealous Catholics. I will mention only one more of our influential Catholics—the assistant of the National Observatory, H. Pechuele. In the capital the Vicar-Apostolic is doing all in his power to promote Catholicity by means of Catholic societies; and splendid and consoling has been the result of his endeavors. A society of Catholic citizens, the "Unio," lately rendered great services to the Catholic cause; seeing that the citizens of Copenhagen were about to pass over unnoticed the two hundredth anniversary of their Catholic fellow-citizen and Bishop, the renowned anatomist and geologist, Niels Stenson, this society proceeded to make arrangements for the occasion. They succeeded so admirably that from all sides the loudest encomiums were lavished upon them by friend and foe alike. They were especially happy in their choice of speaker—the above-named Count Holstein.

And now, if you ask what hopes are there for the mission in the future, I must say, that humanly speaking they are not very great. The obstacles to our success arise partly from the national faults of the people, partly from the opposition of the National Church. The old proverb is applicable here "Wess Brod ich ess, dess Lied ich singe." Our entire public life is bound up with Protestantism. Thousands derive their support from the National Church, and this means a great deal in a poor country like Denmark. Everybody, ourselves included, must pay tithes to the Protestant ministers. I shall give but one example to show how firmly the National Church has taken root in Denmark. A short time ago there appeared in the papers a royal order of the Cabinet by which his gracious majesty, the king, vouchsafed to allow the Protestant ministers to receive communion at

their own hands, in case of necessity. You see, therefore, that the downfall of the National Church would form our only hope. But as such an event can hardly be expected; we can only continue for the present, to pray hard and often, and relying on the Providence of God, console ourselves with the thought that later on, the field now sown with so much labor, will yield an abundant harvest.

Yours in Christ,

Z.

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## ITALY.

ROME, Jan. 18th, 1887.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,

P. C.

One who has visited the various towns of continental Europe is pretty well prepared for the sight of the multitude of soldiers that throng the streets of Rome in martial splendor. If this were formerly a priest-ridden country, as our amiable Protestant brethren used to call it in holy horror, it is now much more truly soldier-ridden—there being in a comparatively small city like Rome, twelve thousand troops; and although the improvement made in the fighting qualities of the people remains yet to be tested, it may be assumed *a priori* that neither faith nor morals have been benefited by the exchange of the spiritual for the worldly militia. Whithersoever you turn you are sure to find those gorgeous representatives of imperial strength and Italian unity hurrying to and fro, sometimes singly, sometimes in squads, sometimes in regiments, sometimes with music in front, and then always with a troop of very young and very old admirers in the rear, charmed into pursuit like the rats and children of Hamelin Town in the days of the Pied Piper. Almost in every street and in every out of the way corner the soldier can be seen either pacing up and down or resting on his musket before some large imposing building.

But it is not my intention to write you a letter on the military affairs of Italy, about which neither I nor anybody else knows anything, and concerning which I believe and hope your readers care nothing but to see it disgorge its ill-gotten booty: it is, strange to say, an association of ideas that has given me this introduction. For these barracks in which the soldiers are housed, and these government buildings before

which the silent sentinel (as poets call him) paces all day and all night are the plundered convents and monasteries seized by the Piedmontese invaders in 1870, when their immense army so gallantly overcame the handful of Papal troops that defended Porta Pia. The first act of the usurping government was to disestablish the religious orders, and as they thus died, intestate all their property went to the state. And thus Franciscan convents and Dominican monasteries and religious houses of every description were seized upon by these despoilers; some became barracks, some government offices, some stables, some museums, some public libraries, etc.; and some again were rented out for revenue. Even the Pope's property was not respected; and the whole world knows how the notorious and shameless figure-head of the usurpation stabled himself in the Sacred Palace of the Quirinal, from whence his legitimate offspring still rules—as a tool can rule—the destinies of new United Italy. The Society suffered in the universal confiscation; even if all the others had been spared she would have suffered anyhow. The hatred for the Jesuit here amounts simply to fanaticism. The bad meaning of the word is not confined to the English language. Jesuit has still more vile and more cruel significations in the languages of the continent. All the revolutionists realize fully that it means the enemy, even as Gambetta said of ecclesiasticism, in general. The Roman College, in which nearly the entire youth of Rome was educated for generations became a public school, retaining still the name of Collegio Romano. Its fine library was given over to the public (how generous!) under the title of Biblioteca Vittorio Emmanuele, in honor of the Pater Patriæ, and there the Roman bricklayer after the fatigues of the day's work and the drover from the Campagna on his visit to the city, and the hod-carrier during his hour of leisure may drop in to recreate their wearied intellects over the exhilarating pages of Alexander Halensis, or to quench their thirst for science by deep draughts of Duns Scotus' subtilities. The Kircherian museum gives its unjust possessor half a franc from every visitor. All this is unintelligible to us—unintelligible to any one with the faintest ideas of right and wrong, and the blood of a Catholic fairly boils with wrath when he beholds on every side of him universal desecration. The Professed House, adjoining the Gesù, belongs to the war department; and the novitiate of San Andrea, with all its hallowed memories, sanctified as it had been by the living virtues of St. Stanislaus, and of so many others who have since been raised to

the honors of the altar, was rented out until such time as the ruling power would be able to demolish it, a piece of vandalism now almost completed. This was the reason of the dispersion of 1870. No new legislation was enacted then, as far as I know, but the evicted religious, deprived of their homes, had to seek the shelter of foreign hospitality in Spain, England and France; the last named country had not yet become possessed with the mad desire of out-heroding Herod. Some of the older Fathers managed to obtain shelter in Rome and remained there; amongst these were the professors of the German and South American Colleges, both of which seminaries are under the direction of Ours. The teaching staff of the Roman College took up its quarters in the German College, where the philosophical and theological classes were continued under the title of the Gregorian University; and to the lectures given here came all the colleges that had hitherto attended the classes of the Collegio Romano. One exception was made in the work of confiscation: the Observatory remained under the charge of Fr. Secchi, who exacted from the government a solemn promise that after his death it would remain under the control of his religious brethren, for on this condition only would he assume the direction of it. But as the keeping of this promise implied a certain amount of honesty, of course it was not kept; and so immediately after Fr. Secchi's death the strong hand took possession of the Observatory that he had made famous, and his legitimate successor was driven from it by violence. The old novitiate of San Andrea was, as I have said, rented out, and was fortunately obtained by the South American College. Very Rev. Fr. General lived there since his withdrawal from the government of the Society until last summer, and in it the saintly Cardinal Franzelin closed his splendid career last month, a grace no doubt obtained by the prayers he offered up that he might die in that holy house. The greater part of it is torn down, so that the seminarians are confined to one small section; and before the year is over the novitiate of San Andrea will be a thing of history only, and the South American College will have moved into their splendid new building recently completed in another part of the city.

Some few years ago the scholastics of the Roman Province were brought back to the city for philosophy and theology. A beginning was effected by boarding them in one of the national seminaries — the Belgian, I believe — from which they went daily to the lectures in the *Universita Gregoriana*. Several changes were made before they succeeded in procur-

ing a house for themselves, which they did finally in the Via Guiglia. Here at least with all its inconveniences and discomforts—for the house was small and in no way suited to the purpose—they had the advantage of being together in their own house and of community life—indeed too much community, as they were doubled, tripled and quadrupled in small rooms and dark corridors. Here too they had to make morning and afternoon journeys to class in the Via del Seminario—and this state of things continued until the close of the last scholastic year.

Last summer the German College bought the Hotel Costanza, a splendid building in a very high and very eligible part of the city; and the Society purchased their vacated premises, and this is the commencement of scholastic or scholasticate life once again in the Roman Province. The Università Gregoriana, formerly the Collegio Germanico, and still previous to that the Collegio dei Nobili, and yet previous to that, and originally, the Palazzo Borromeo, is the new scholasticate which, as its various titles indicate, has served a variety of purposes in its time. It was erected by the Borromeo family as a palace centuries ago, but after the Council of Trent, owing no doubt to the piety of some member of that famously pious family, became a seminary for ecclesiastics: hence the name of the narrow street on which it stands, Via del Seminario. Then it was used as the College of Nobles—whatever that means—and finally for years was known as the Collegio Germanico. The building exteriorly has nothing to recommend it except its solidity; it is a large, sombre, quadrangular structure with an immense gate and heavily barred windows on the lower floor which recall the days of ready riot and family factions, and give one some idea of the desperate character of a Roman mob in the hands of demagogues or fanatics. The interior is not so gloomy as its exterior would lead one to expect. Everything that belonged to the old original palace is on a scale of great magnificence. The rooms are large, the corridors spacious, and the stairways vaster even than those of our new College in Philadelphia. I have made a limitation by saying this of all that belonged to the old original palace only: for the system of patchwork in building seems to have been carried to the highest perfection here. Indeed in this more skill is shown than in patching shoes or coats. In consequence of the varied history of the building different additions have been made to it at different periods and in accordance with its diversified uses, which may have been also additions to its comfort and usefulness—as these are

understood here—but in no wise added to its artistic merits, nor to its comfortableness, as this is understood elsewhere; so that the whole would be a striking kindergarten illustration of what philosophers call a *compositum* or *unum per accidens*, and very much like the hypothetic picture introducing the *Ars Poetica*. As the narrow streets of Rome would scarcely permit an enlargement by ground extension, this was effected here by altitude, if I may be allowed the expression. The attic scheme at Woodstock will give you some idea, though here the effect is more Doric. When a new room was needed it was simply erected in the spot required on the roof of the building. When necessity demanded another elsewhere, it too went up in its own proper corner; and in course of time other additions might have to be constructed on top of these afterthoughts, and so forth, as indefinitely as security and the foundations would permit. It is easy to imagine the consequences—labyrinths and coveys without number; small narrow bridges over corridors, unexpected stairways, surprises everywhere. Such is, in a general way, the building of the *Universita Gregoriana*. Here it is that the Society still carries out a part of the work done formerly in the Roman College, since only philosophy and theology with their cognate sciences are taught here. In another part of the city are the academic classes about which you may have some information later. From hence Cardinal Franzelin was forced into a more conspicuous station; here it was that Fr. Mazzella perfected the work commenced in Woodstock eighteen years ago, and was in consequence elevated to the Cardinalate; and here too Fr. De Augustinis is already adding to his still fresh Woodstock fame. The total number of students attending the University is about five hundred and eighty, of whom nearly three hundred are theologians. As is well known the different nations have their own College in Rome besides their home diocesan or provincial seminaries; and the students of these Colleges attend the lectures of one or other of the Universities for which the Eternal City is famous. Thus some go to the Propaganda, some to the Dominican Minerva, some to the Appolinaris, etc. I am told that the students of the Gregorian University are more numerous than those of all the other Universities put together—that is, the students of philosophy and theology. The greater number of colleges, together with several religious orders and congregations come hither in quest of science. By referring to the catalogue of the present year I find the following Colleges represented: the German, South American, Belgian, English, Scotch,

Polish, French, together with numerous Italian seminaries from every part of Italy, and religious Congregations from all parts of the world; Benedictines from England and Syria; Oblates of Mary Immaculate from France and Canada and the United States; Trinitarians from Spain; and Resurrectionists from America. It is a very interesting sight to see these students in their different uniforms and habits going to and coming from class. They generally march two deep in bands of fifteen or twenty. The Germans, in their cassock and winged sopranna of scarlet — which has dubbed them the lobsters—are the most conspicuous of all: the Scotch wear penitential violet; the English, sombre black; the South Americans, black and blue (as if they had been beaten), and so on through the list, with the singular dresses of some of the religious Congregations added thereto. It must be very humiliating to the government to find the Society that it fain would crush as active and as efficacious as ever in its teaching, notwithstanding all the efforts that have been made to impair its usefulness. It is no particular love for religion nor for the Society that wins for it this impunity. In the beginning of the year, before the meeting of Parliament, there were threats of direful persecution; speeches were made by scoundrels calling for the extermination of all religious, and first on the list, the hated Jesuits; newspapers were loud in their denunciations of clericalism, calling upon all patriotic citizens to rise to the dignity of the occasion; the Pope was burned in effigy, and other brutal but harmless insults were made against religion with much insane enthusiasm. *Parturiunt montes*, and nothing yet, not even the contemptible mouse has come forth. The Papal Brief in favor of the Society was the cause of all this smoke. When Parliament did meet in November it found the country the laughing stock of the civilized world—even of the mighty Bismarck — for its religious terrors; and it found, too, much more important business on hand than the persecution of monks and nuns. The great war cloud in the North, and the sound of many feet of armed men in central Europe arrested its attention and gave it food for political reflection that it may have some trouble in digesting; and so religion will probably be left alone until the great war that now seems inevitable be over. In the meantime we may pray and hope that the approaching war may free Christ's Vicar from a state of things which he himself has pronounced to be intolerable.

In the classes of the University no repetitions are given,

and no last quarter is devoted to the solution of difficulties. It is a clear hour of pure doctrine, which he who can may take in. After the evening class there is circle for half an hour which our scholastics do not attend, except those who may be *moderatores circuli*. They have their own private circle later in the evening over which the Professor presides. But the Professor has nothing to do with the class circles proper; his duties are confined to the hour's lecture daily, with one exception that he has charge of the *Sabbatina*, which is common to all, Ours and externs, and in which each one has to take his turn. For the daily half hour circles of the extern students, some one of the class is appointed presiding officer, sometimes one of our scholastics, sometimes one of the other students, and his duty it is to keep time and order, and to settle doubts as best he may in the interim. At the *Sabbatina* all the accumulated doubts and difficulties of the week are handed in to the Professor of the class for an ultimate decision. It is not to be imagined, however, that the pupils are left to the stray chances of a week's memory for a resolution of all their doubts. I fear much that many difficulties would be unsolved forever in the minds of the troubled, if they had to carry around a week's load of knotty questions. Each College has resident in it an official expert in all ecclesiastical, philosophical and theological lore, who is termed a *repetitor*, that is, one to assist the students, in their studies. Under the *repetitor* are held private circles at home; he solves the difficulties of the students and helps them along in various ways. As can be imagined this office is no sinecure. Sometimes there is one *repetitor* for all the three different years of philosophy, which means that sometimes he has to defend and expose in one class that which he repudiates as improbable in the other, according to the different views and teaching of different professors. I have remarked that all seem anxious to have a Jesuit as *repetitor*; and a student of one of these foreign Colleges once remarked to me that it was no wonder the German students were so excellent, since they lived entirely under Jesuit influences.

I hope you may have been able to get some idea of our present situation here from this rambling letter. You will see that notwithstanding all the troubles that have afflicted this unfortunate country since 1870, very little difference has been effected in the work of the Society as far as philosophy and theology are concerned. I had hoped to be able to say something about the other colleges of the Society in Rome, but it would swell this letter beyond the

limits of the patience of your readers and of the writer. Perhaps at some future time I may be able to give you more information. I would like only to say something about our church work here—and about this I can say very little on account of the circumstances in which I am placed—since this has made a deeper impression upon me, because entirely unexpected, than even the great college work. Our Church of the Gesù is still, I believe, the most popular church in Rome; and by popular I do not mean stylish or aristocratic—no church in Rome is popular in that sense—but popular in the intensity and extent of its fervor. It is a church of surpassing beauty, and though not of great size if compared with other Roman churches, still is larger, I believe, than any American church with the exception of the New York Cathedral and one or two other great churches of the United States. It is without pews, and therefore, can accommodate many more than even a larger church in America. The sight of this splendid church on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception was one never to be forgotten. The great temple was literally packed with people, even the large and beautiful side altars being crowded—and this multitude was not composed mostly of women, but men from every sphere of life seemed to be in the majority. There was a sermon by a famous preacher, after which Cardinal Melchers gave Benediction during which the great congregation joined with the choir in chanting the Litanies of the Blessed Virgin. The decorations and illuminations were superb. The same scene was repeated on New Year's eve, when the *Te Deum* was sung by the vast congregation in thanksgiving to God for all the blessings of the past year. The Cardinal Vicar officiated in place of the Pope who used to attend this ceremony in happier times. A Protestant American lady who was present at this service told me she had never seen anything so impressive in her life. The true Catholic democracy of the Church can be seen nowhere as in Rome. It is first come, first served, and I have seen, literally speaking, prince and peasant, priest and laborer, bishop and huckster crowding together in the most blissful equality. All distinction is lost within the sacred portal, and here I would like to remark that judging from the Roman letters usually found in our Catholic papers written by some one, probably, who has never gone outside of the capes or beyond Sandy Hook, one would be led to suppose that the Romans are a very irreligious people, and that Catholic faith and piety are dead in the Eternal

City. Nothing can be further from the truth. Leaving out the Irish cities, Rome is still the most deeply Catholic city in the world: you may visit its churches at any hour of the day and you will be surprised at the numbers of men and women quietly praying before some sacred shrine. This is the seat of the government, therefore all its wickedness has its centre here; the legislature, into which no good Catholic can enter, is bad: there is a large military force permanently stationed here, the influence of which is everywhere demoralizing; all the revolutionists and socialists of the country naturally turn to Rome, the capital—but none of these are the Roman people. Add to this the fact that the unprincipled and the lawless are ever making themselves heard, and ever ready for some deed of violence, while on the contrary, the law-abiding citizen seeks retirement, and you will have some idea of the importance to be given to these exaggerating Roman correspondents. They seem to have their eyes turned upon one side all the time, because, I suppose, it is more sensational. There are certain animals in our barn yards that can make under a gate a noise much out of proportion with their worth or numbers, and the same applies to the revolutionary element in Rome. The sight of one of the great churches on a festival day, or of a crowd kneeling around one of the miraculous pictures or statues in the afternoon, or of the motley throng climbing the long and steep Scala Santa on their knees will give a much truer representation, I believe, of the heart and faith of the people of this favored city. Besides the Gesù we have close to us the Church of San Ignazio attached to the Roman College. It is still practically our collegiate church, and in it the University attended in a body the solemn requiem of Cardinal Franzelin last month. As the Gesù, it is a favorite church for confessions, which are heard all day. These two churches are really under the control of Ours as formerly, though a secular ecclesiastic appears before the world as administrator and director in order to avoid disagreeable complications. There are many other good works under the direction of Ours—sodalities of every description—which merit something more than a mere mention, and therefore, it will be better to leave them for a future letter than to bring them in at the tail of this one.

If I might suggest an *erratum corrigé* to your last interesting number of the LETTERS, it would be that our address is not 102, but 120 Via del Seminario. You had all the numbers but the disposition of them was faulty. Probably it does not make much difference as the Via del Seminario

is so short and narrow, that whatever strays into it must bump up against its rightful owner somewhere.

Yours in Christ,

J. A. C., S. J.

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### THE LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH OF CARDINAL FRANZELIN.

At the very beginning of the year, Cardinal Franzelin became so weak, that those about him could see the end was not far off. They also saw how useless it was to attempt forcing a man to take care of his health who never took a walk even in the garden, who only crossed the corridor to go to the chapel, and whom nothing in the world could induce to dispense himself from a single fast or abstinence. He said to Fr. Steinhuber, who begged him to take more care of his health: "I had never expected to live to be seventy, now I am beyond it and I can afford to be careless." When he had to go up the stairs of the Vatican, he pressed both hands to his sides, and stopped at every second step to recover his breath: one day he fainted, and it was a miracle that he got back to the house alive. The Holy Father hearing of it, sent Cardinal Jacobini, Secretary of State, to convey to him a formal prohibition against attending the meetings of the Congregations, and to tell him, he should be satisfied with sending his advice in writing.

This enforced rest lasted only a few weeks, for the Cardinal requested an audience and begged His Holiness to allow him to resume his labors. — "Most Holy Father," he said, "if you take the Congregations from me, you take my life from me." The Pope consented the more willingly as Cardinal Franzelin was the very soul of the Congregations. Every one yielded to his opinion, and more than one Cardinal has admitted that Cardinal Franzelin, by speaking last, oftentimes caused them to change their most firm and fixed resolutions. He applied himself again to his work and the Holy Father gave orders to have an elevator erected at the Propaganda to save Cardinals Franzelin and Bartolini the fatigue of walking up stairs. At the last meeting of the Propaganda before his death, he was scarcely able to speak, so much so, that he told his companion that thenceforward he would leave the speaking to Cardinal Mazzella.

Thursday, the 9th of December, he went to the Congregation of the Holy Office: one of the Cardinals proposed

a very complicated case of conscience to him; he solved it at once with that clearness and solidity which always distinguished him. His interlocutor, perceiving he spoke with great difficulty, entreated him to take more care of his health and to spare himself. Cardinal Franzelin answered him: "The last time the doctor visited me, he said there was no hope for me. I believe him, and therefore, I am no longer obliged to spare myself, as they have sometimes told me to do. I shall continue then to fulfil all the duties of my office, so long as God will be pleased to permit me." He had said on setting out from San Andrea: "This time I will take the elevator at the Vatican, which will carry me up to the hall of the Congregations; but on my return I do not know how I shall be able to reach the second story." — "I will take care of that, your Eminence," the Brother Infirmarian answered him. In fact, on his return, he found two men with an arm-chair awaiting him at the foot of the stairs; he sank into it exhausted. He spent that evening in studying official documents. On Friday morning at 4 o'clock he tried to get up, but was obliged to lie down again. "If I had not lain down" immediately," he said to his confessor, Father Costa, "I felt I should have fainted," and he added with a naivete one can scarcely imagine: "I cannot understand how my strength should leave me all at once."

At first it was hoped a little rest and sleep would restore him to the state he was in a few days before. The infirmarian offered him some broth, but as it was Friday, the Cardinal refused it absolutely, and took only a little rice and some boiled fish. A little later the doctor ordered broth for him: before submitting to take it, the invalid wished to know if the doctor knew well the importance of the laws of the Church, and if he were not too easy in his permissions. "He is not," he continued, "so sincere as another physician, who a few days ago declared my sickness incurable; he on the contrary gives me hope." — Fr. Costa replied: "Your Eminence, the doctor has been sincere with you, and he has told us to give you the holy Viaticum without delay." The Cardinal was satisfied and agreed to eat meat on the authority of the doctor who spoke so clearly of his death. The last phase of the sickness, which had for a long time threatened him, was bronchial paralysis. He wished to say the Breviary still, and from the movement of his lips as well as from some few words now and then, those about him perceived he was reciting the Little Hours from memory. His confessor had much difficulty in persuading him he was not obliged to the office.

Meanwhile the Holy Father having learned by telephone

the state of the Cardinal, sent one of his domestic prelates, Mgr. Marini, to encourage him and to convey his blessing to him. The invalid said to him: "I thank the Holy Father for his goodness towards me, and cast myself at his feet. You will remind him that I am Prefect of the Congregation of Indulgences, and that consequently he should give some one else the faculties necessary to carry on the affairs to which I am no longer able to attend. Tell him also I have many secret papers belonging to the different Congregations, which I am not able to put in order. If I might give my opinion to the Holy Father, I should suggest to him, to authorize some one to examine these papers and put them in their proper places. In passing the house of the Cardinal Secretary of State, beg him to dispense me from the session to-morrow. I again cast myself at the feet of His Holiness." The better to assure Cardinal Franzelin that his commissions would be faithfully executed, Mgr. Marini repeated them to him word for word.

Then, freed from the responsibility of his different offices, the Cardinal gave himself up altogether to prayer and ejaculations till the moment when the Viaticum was brought to him. When he saw the priest bearing the Blessed Sacrament, enter his room, he raised himself in bed, and said, "*O bone Jesu, O bone Jesu.*" Then he recited, not without effort, the Credo and the Confiteor in a loud voice. After the priest withdrew he began the Psalm Miserere. He did not sleep during the night, and spent the time making ejaculations, the chief of which were: "*Credo, do assensum plenum et perfectum—spero in te—Jesu, amo te, Jesu, amo te super omnia, Jesu, Maria—Deus propitius esto mihi peccatori—* and the following, in which the Professor of Theology showed itself: "*Sine me nihil potestis facere—gratia tua omnia possum—tu me elegisti;*" the whole interwoven with acts of love. The fervor of these aspirations, the ardor of look and gesture which accompanied them, were simply indescribable. He was out of breath owing to his efforts, so much the more as he suffered from palpitation of the heart and bronchial paralysis. In spite of that he did not allow himself a moment to breathe, and I have seen him with a bowl of soup in his hands, and after each spoonful he repeated: "*Jesu, amo te super omnia.*"

Fr. Costa spoke to him of Extreme Unction, but he showed a desire of waiting till next morning for it. During the course of the night he asked for his rosary to recite it. Early on Saturday the 11th, the Cardinal asked to receive Communion again, although he could not receive it as Viaticum. As soon as they told him that twenty-four

hours had not passed since his last Communion, he said: "Very well, let them ask permission for it from the Holy Father." They then reminded him of the doctrine of Benedict XIV, on the Communion of the sick, and that satisfied his devotion.

In spite of the state of the patient, no one thought the end was so near, and they still refrained from telling Fr. General, whose affection and veneration for the Cardinal was unbounded. About 6 o'clock in the morning I received a note for Fr. General, telling him about the Cardinal's sickness. Although our Father was not very well, he wished to go at once to the sick man. With great difficulty he reached the second story. When he reached the bedside he took his hand to kiss it, but the Cardinal withdrew it and said to him: "Father General, I am very low, I can scarcely speak; dear Father, I ask pardon for all my faults; forgive me all the scandals of my religious life;" and immediately without waiting for an answer, he said: "*Deus propitius esto mihi peccatori,*" repeating the words three times with increasing energy. Fr. General was so much moved, he could only say: "*Deus tibi propitius erit et benignus.*" These words turned the thoughts of the sick man in another direction and he began repeating: "*Jesu, amo te, Jesu, amo te super omnia.*" It was most touching to see the holy Cardinal stretch out his arms and lift them towards heaven, and to hear the sighs of inflamed love he uttered. It would be no exaggeration to say he never closed his lips; acts of faith, love and contrition followed each other rapidly. Sometimes we failed to catch the sound of his voice, but we could perceive by the movement of his lips that he still strove to articulate.

While Fr. General was with him, Cardinal Mazzella arrived, and Cardinal Franzelin noticing he was present, said to him: "How do you do? Commend me to the Sacred Heart of Jesus," and at once resumed his scarcely interrupted ejaculations. Cardinal Mazzella determined to stay with him to the last, and sent away his carriage. Fr. General feeling very much fatigued, withdrew with the hope of finding the Cardinal alive on his return in the evening. He was not, however, to have that consolation.

The Holy Father sent another of his domestic prelates Mgr. Bisleti, with a second blessing; and shortly after Cardinal Monaco Lavallette, Grand Penitentiary, arrived, and sitting down near the bed, began to weep. Father Costa asked him to give the dying Cardinal the Apostolic Benediction the Pope had just sent him. At first he refused, then he consented, but he wept so much he could only make the sign of the cross over him in silence. He then left.

Afterwards he said to Fr. Steinhuber, Theologian of the Penitentiary: "I don't know how it was, that day and the day after I could do nothing but weep. I have known the holy Cardinal Franzelin for forty years, and I have never perceived a single defect in him."

His sickness grew worse so rapidly that the news of his sickness and death became publicly known at the same time; hence he had so few visits from his brother Cardinals. At 11 o'clock he received Extreme Unction, and the Indulgence in *articulo mortis*: it seemed to those around him he had then only about an hour to live. Cardinal Mazzella placed the crucifix in his hands and suggested to him thoughts of confidence and love. He kissed the crucifix, ceased to speak, and after ten minutes of quiet agony, he gave up his soul to God. It was twenty-two minutes past 1 o'clock when he died.

After death his countenance gradually assumed an air of serenity and joy, which continued to increase till Monday, when the body was placed in the coffin. On Sunday the body clothed in a black sottano, with rochet, cape and scarlet biretta was exposed in the ante-chamber with four lighted candles. Cardinal Franzelin had left it in his will that his funeral should be simple and unostentatious as became a religious. The Pope, however, ordered that they should pay him the honor due to his rank; and the Master of Ceremonies of the Palace came immediately to San Andrea to regulate all the details of the funeral. The expenses of a Cardinal's funeral amount to six or seven thousand francs.

At 6 o'clock on Monday morning the office for the dead was recited in the chapel of the American College, in the presence of the body, by the students and by deputations from the scholasticate and the German College, and some Fathers, according to the custom of the Society. Father Provincial gave the absolution. About noon the body was carried to the parish church of St. Bernard, where the solemn office was to be celebrated next day. The parish priest received the body on its arrival, and gave a second absolution. The coffin being then replaced in the hearse was carried to the public cemetery. I do not know what misunderstanding deprived our scholastics of the consolation of accompanying the Cardinal to his last resting-place in the vault of the Society. The solemn Requiem Mass was not celebrated in St. Bernard's church till Wednesday. The arms of the Cardinal were placed on the corners of the catafalque and a hundred wax lights burned around it. The seats prepared for the students of the different Colleges were found insufficient. A special place was reserved for Father

General. Matins and Lauds were sung by the American students. Mgr. Meurin, S. J., Ex-Vicar Apostolic of Bombay, was chosen to sing the Mass. Cardinal Sacconi, Dean of the Sacred College gave the absolution. The musical portions of the service were rendered by the singers of the Sistine Chapel.

Sixteen Cardinals assisted behind the altar, for they are not allowed to appear in church in the midst of the people. This was the largest number seen at the obsequies of a Cardinal since 1870. Many others wrote to Fr. General excusing their absence. Cardinal Mazzella said to Father General on leaving the church: "Last Sunday I said Mass for Cardinal Franzelin, but I am sure it was useless to him, for he was already in heaven." There was another service a few days later in the church of the Roman College, at the instance of the Gregorian University. Mgr. Robert Pozo, S. J., Bishop of Guayaquil, sang the Mass and Cardinal Mazzella, assisted by representatives of all the seminaries in Rome that attend our College, gave the absolution.

The Holy Father desired to hear all the details of Cardinal Franzelin's death from Cardinal Mazzella, and when he had heard them, said: "I knew nothing of Cardinal Franzelin till I became Pope; since that time I have learned to appreciate his talents, his devotion to the Church and his great virtues. He opened his soul to me with the simplicity of a child; quite lately he proposed his difficulties of conscience to me. I told him not to be troubled, and he answered me: 'Holy Father, I place my soul in your hands, it is for you to save it.'" The Holy Father added, that he had an important secret concerning Cardinal Franzelin, which he kept in his heart for the time being. It may be well to know that for many years God exposed Cardinal Franzelin to the painful and humiliating trial of scruples. He was seen often during the day at his confessor's door, weeping and groaning. And this was strange in him, eminent theologian as he was, and so mild in the solutions he gave to others. His confessor has declared that during the time he heard his confessions, and that was since he became Cardinal, he had never found matter for absolution.

Fr. Bonavenia is gathering materials to write his life; the Society and the Sacred College are eagerly expecting it.

C. LAVIGNE, S. J.

## OBITUARY.

### BROTHER JOHN KING.

Br. King was born in the Co. Louth, Ireland, on June 1st, 1822. He came to this country when already advanced in years and supported himself by his labor at Cincinnati, until he entered the Society at St. Louis, April 6th, 1846. Very little is known about the first years of his religious life. One thing, however, must be remarked, that, although in consequence of his particularly sensitive nature he must have suffered much, yet he never spoke otherwise than with affection and gratitude of all the Fathers and Brothers with whom he had lived.

In 1869, his health being somewhat affected, he was sent to the South, and has ever since lived at Grand Coteau where he had charge of the wardrobe. It is incredible what an amount of work the good Brother could do in spite of his advanced age, by wisely husbanding his time. He never seemed to be in a hurry, and yet everything was done at the proper moment. Moreover, he had so systematized his work in all its details, that the routine itself of the week reminded him of what was to be done. As he grew older Superiors would willingly have relieved him, had not the presence of an assistant proved rather a hinderance than a help, and so the old man, with his good natured face and silvery locks, continued his work unaided, almost to the end.

When he fell sick in the beginning of July last he showed a great repugnance to doctors and medicines, thus causing no small uneasiness to those who had care of him. Afterwards, however, in obedience to Superiors, he yielded himself for treatment with the simplicity of a child. His illness was neither long nor painful, and on Saturday, July 10th, having received the Holy Sacraments, he quietly breathed his last.

His funeral was attended by the students of the College and a great number of the people of Grand Coteau, who had learned to appreciate the quiet and assuming Brother who had for many years moved among them a silent image of Blessed Alphonsus.—R.I.P.

## FATHER JOHN A. BAUHAUS.

Father Bauhaus was born in the town of Barlo, Westphalia, on April the 20th, 1840, and entered the Society in Missouri, at the age of twenty. As his health had always been delicate, he was promoted to the priesthood as early as the year 1868. After his tertianship, which he made the year following his ordination, he was appointed to missionary work in central Missouri where he labored with untiring zeal until he was transferred to Florissant to take charge of the German congregation. At this latter post he remained until the time of his death. He was stationed for several years at Washington, Mo., during which time he built the beautiful Church of St. Joseph. The last years of his life were spent at Florissant where he finished the Church of the Sacred Heart with its graceful steeple, and fine interior decorations.

His life was certainly very precious in the sight of God, but his humility taught him how to hide himself from the eyes of men. He had the art of doing a great deal in a quiet way, and seldom spoke about himself or his work, — giving as much praise as possible to others for success which, in reality, was the result of his own zeal and prudence. "Father Bauhaus," writes one who knew him well, "was a very holy religious; he was a model member of the Society in every situation in which he was placed. But when we have said that, we have said all." It is a short but significant panegyric. "What impressed me most in his conduct during the five or six years which I spent in his company," says the Father quoted, "were his scrupulous fidelity in the performance of his duties, spiritual or otherwise; his unwavering firmness under the assaults of human respect; and his admirable patience during a long protracted continuance of petty annoyances. His conversation, when left to take its own course, invariably led to some religious or spiritual topic. But he was altogether too gentle and charitable to press such subjects on unwilling ears, and could make himself all to all, without any apparent effort. I remember, too, that he used to edify us by his habit of referring everything, fortunate or unfortunate, in some way to Almighty God. To him divine Providence was a very vivid and ever present reality." The prominent feature in the character of Father Bauhaus, was his almost child-like simplicity and truthfulness. By it he won completely the good-will and affection of his parishioners, young and old, who always found themselves at home in his presence. If any improvement was to be made in the parish, the good Father had such an engaging way of calling upon the generosity of his flock, that he ever found ready hands to assist him in carrying out his plans.

Father Bauhaus carried almost to excess his total forgetfulness of self. Perhaps the fatal issue of his last illness, might,

to some extent, be traced to this great unconcern for his own personal convenience. He saw nothing alarming in the attack of fever by which he was prostrated, till it was too late.

He died on July the 15th, aged forty-six years, after a week of intense suffering, borne with his usual patience and cheerful resignation to the will of God.

Father Bauhaus was the author of a well known work in German on the devotion to the Sacred Heart.—R.I.P.

#### FATHER MENGARINI.

On the 23rd of last September, Fr. Mengarini, a Roman by birth, the sole survivor of the three founders of the Rocky Mountain missions, went to claim at the hands of his Master the reward due the toils and sufferings of long and eventful years. He was born on the feast of St. Ignatius, in 1811, and on Oct. 22nd, 1828, he enrolled himself among the Saint's followers in the Society of Jesus. By 1839, he had already finished his preparatory studies and teaching, and was in his second year of Theology when a letter from Bishop Rosati, of St. Louis, was read in the refectory of the Roman College. The letter was directed to Rev. Fr. General Roothaan and contained a fervent appeal for missionaries, and what appeal could be other than fervent when it was but the echo of that which had been made to himself from the bed of death? An embassy from the Flatheads of far-off Idaho, the third which had gone forth from the wigwams of the tribe but the only one to reach its destination, had come to St. Louis asking for Blackgowns; and then worn out by the hardships of the way, all except the brave Ignace sickened and died; their dying prayer a prayer for Blackrobes for their tribe. The appeal of Bishop Rosati found a ready response in the heart of Father Mengarini. He offered himself to Fr. General and was accepted. Then applying himself with redoubled zeal to his books he hastened his last examination in theology, and after having been subjected to various trials in order to test the sincerity of his vocation, he was allowed, in company with Fr. Cotting, to leave Rome and take ship at Leghorn for Philadelphia. Six weary weeks dragged by before they again set foot on land. A storm drove the ship from its course. Provisions grew scant; and but for the timely assistance afforded by passing vessels, our missionaries and their fellow passengers must have perished. In fact, in spite of the aid received, the daily allowance of food, long before they reached Philadelphia, consisted of a few inches of dried sausage. From Philadelphia, Fr. Mengarini and his companion started by rail for Georgetown, but arriving in Baltimore late at night they had to go to a hotel. Next morning they wished to resume their journey, and in very polite French asked the necessary

directions of their host. To their dismay they found a human being who did not know French. In vain they addressed him in six languages ; in vain he besought them to speak intelligibly. All they could do under the circumstances was to raise their hearts in a confiding trust to Him whose Providence watches over all. After a good deal of search on the part of the servants, a policeman who could speak French was found ; and without further mishap our Fathers reached Georgetown. The warm-hearted reception which they met with was never forgotten by Fr. Mengarini ; and when a few months before his death he dictated a brief memoir of his Flathead mission, he dwelt with grateful remembrance on the charity of Georgetown. Our missionaries rested and refreshed soon pushed on towards St. Louis but they had now nothing to fear on the score of English, for Fr. Larkin and a scholastic accompanied them and acted as guides and interpreters on the way. They arrived safely in St. Louis but new dangers arose where none were expected. One of the two must remain in St. Louis, Fr. De Smet might take which he pleased, but only one. Fr. Mengarini was younger ; Fr. Cotting, stronger. Fr. De Smet hesitated. The beautiful voice of Fr. Mengarini turned the scale in his favor, and he was chosen for the missions of the North-West. About the beginning of April 1840, Frs. De Smet, Point and Mengarini, accompanied by three lay-Brothers, set out on their long and perilous journey. They had with them a certain Capt. Fitzpatrick as guide ; an Indian hunter to provide them with game, and half a dozen Canadians to take charge of their little caravan. Thus they travelled on, day after day and week after week ; often in want of food and oftener in want of water ; across plains that seemed as measureless and trackless as the sky above them ; and when at night, overpowered by the heat and fatigues of the day, they sank to rest, it was with the consciousness that the weary leagues behind were few in comparison with those that still stretched before. Unmolested they traversed the country of the Sioux and other tribes, for though weak in material forces they were strong in His protecting arm in whose name and for whose sake they had exposed themselves to peril ; so that when September was setting in they safely reached Fort Union. Travel-worn and exhausted as they were, it was a consolation for them to find at the Fort a deputation from the Flatheads. They rested for some days, and then entering on the last stage of their journey they passed through the country of the hostile Banax, passed Hell Gate and still pushing on, they founded their first mission on St. Mary's River, twenty miles from Hell Gate.

Fr. De Smet was soon off on his missionary expeditions and Fr. Mengarini was left in charge of the Flathead mission with Fr. Point to assist him. A large wigwam served them as chapel, and here by means of an interpreter they instructed

the Indians and prepared them for Baptism. Early in 1841, the foundations of the first house and church were laid, and in a short time the buildings were, by the industry of the Indians, completed. Fr. Mengarini, meanwhile, was applying himself to Flathead and in time succeeded so perfectly in mastering the language that when some of the Indians were asked how he spoke it, they could only answer: "Just like ourselves." The Flathead grammar which has appeared under his name should not be taken as a criterion of his knowledge. To the day of his death he would never acknowledge the grammar as his. "It is full of blunders," he would say, "and is printed from an incorrect copy. It is not mine." The Flathead grammar was the fruit of long and patient labor; but apart from the intrinsic difficulty of the work, other difficulties attended it. The first correct copy was lost by the Indians who were taking it to the Superior of the missions. Another copy was made and this also by some mishap perished. It was only when the missionary had made a new copy that his labor was ended. The language employed in its composition was Latin, for as this was a common tongue understood by all missionaries and the grammar was intended solely for them, Fr. Mengarini rightly judged that it would be most useful in Latin. In 1842, he was alone at St. Mary's. The mission flourished. The Indians were happy. They were well instructed in the faith, sang in common the hymns composed for them by their beloved Father, and listened in wonder and admiration to the Indian band which he had trained and which with accordeons and drum, etc., dispensed sweet music upon great feast days. In 1844, the foundations of a new house and church were laid somewhat farther removed from the river, but the superstructure of these was never fully completed. In 1845, a flour mill and a saw mill were erected. The enemy of all good was, however, already hard at work striving to destroy the mission. There was among the Flatheads a man named Little Fard. He was smart, ambitious and bent on becoming a chief. Failing in his endeavors to use the missionary as a stepping-stone towards furthering him in his ambition, he began to spread dissatisfaction among the tribe. Certain interested whites began secretly to do the same. They were desirous of obtaining the Indians' land, and knew that success would never attend their efforts so long as the mission existed. Thus matters proceeded until 1849. Indications of the approaching crisis were not wanting, but the crisis was nearer than expected. The Indians went on their usual hunt while Victor, the grand chief, remained at home. Perhaps even had he accompanied them, things would have been no better; for he was a man of weak character and nicknamed *Tas misten* (*What can I do*) from the constant repetition of these words whenever he was called upon to exercise his authority. Far away from the sacred

influence of the mission, the Flatheads forgot in an evil hour their baptismal promises and abandoned themselves to the unrestrained indulgence of their passions. Their eyes were soon opened to the shame of their condition. When the hunt was over they returned to the mission but were afraid to meet their Father. They knew that he had been informed of their misdeeds, and though he showed himself all kindness and charity, the goadings of a defiled conscience urged them to quit a place where everything reminded them of their obligations to lead a pure life. The morning after their return found them again in the saddle and after a ride of ten miles they camped. Fr. Mengarini tried to get Victor to do his duty and bring the erring back. "Tas misten?" was the only answer. The Father himself then went to the camp of the runaways but none of them came out to meet him. Knowing the Indian character thoroughly and that the only remedy for the evil was to wait until conscience would do its work, he turned his face towards St. Mary's. It was about time for the yearly consultation at the Cœur d'Alenes, and in order to fulfil his duty and seek advice in his difficulties, Fr. Mengarini was soon on his way to the Cœur d'Alenes. His plan for the solution of the problem was that which had already proved so successful in the case of the Cœur d'Alenes themselves; namely, the abandoning of the mission for a time until the Indians had repented of their faults and begged the return of the missionaries. How well he had judged the case, was proved by the event. Another course, however, was adopted. St. Mary's was destroyed. When Father Mengarini understood what was about to be done, the shock was too great for his system weakened by toil and sorrow, and he fainted. When he came to himself he begged the acting Superior of the missions to send him to some place where he might not be a witness of the affliction of his Flatheads, and he received a letter for Fr. Accolti, in Oregon. Fr. Accolti, the real Superior of the mission received him with every mark of kindness and was greatly displeased at what had been done. Rev. Fr. General on hearing of the destruction of St. Mary's wrote: "Now that the Flathead mission is destroyed, I greatly fear for the others." The work, however, had been done, the place sold, all the effects of the mission removed and lost in the crossing of a river; what was so easily done could not as easily be undone. Fr. Mengarini remained in Oregon about a year and was then sent by his Superiors to help in founding the Californian mission. Archbishop Alemany of San Francisco had invited our Fathers to his diocese, and Fr. Mengarini was destined for Santa Clara. The grand College of the present was then a thing of the undreamt future; and the primitive life of the wigwam and log-house was twin-sister to that which he was called upon to lead in the adobe walls of his new dwelling. Patiently he toiled, but his heart

was with his Flatheads. They had, as he had foreseen, repented of their faults and had sent Victor to Oregon to bring him back. He was already far away. Victor wished to go even to California, but was told that his journey would be useless; Fr. Mengarini could not be spared by the Californian Mission. For about thirty years our Father was treasurer of Santa Clara College, until a stroke of apoplexy and failing eye-sight necessitated his removal from office. A few years of patient suffering yet remained before the reward would come. His eyes became so bad that he could not read his office, and about a year before his death he had to cease saying Mass. Inability to offer the Divine Victim was his sorest trial, but he bore it patiently. As if to recompense his resignation his eyes improved a little, so that a few months before his death he offered the Sacrifice for the last time. On the 23rd of last September he was around as usual and was visited by the Brother during the noon examen. Half an hour later he was found dying. A third stroke of apoplexy had done its fatal work and while receiving Extreme Unction, Fr. Mengarini expired.—R.I.P.

#### FATHER J. B. SERRA.

The village of Castel del Sol, near the ancient city of Vich, in Catalonia, points with honest pride, as to one of its dearest ornaments, to a beautiful chapel of seven altars. It was erected and endowed from the common patrimony of three pious brothers of the neighboring gentry who were bidding adieu to the world, two of them to enter the Order of Capuchins and the third to be enrolled under the standard of St. Ignatius of Loyola. The chaplain, whose support is provided from the same estate, has the obligation of there offering perpetual Masses for the repose of the souls of the generous founders. On October the 23rd, at Spring Hill College, the third and last of the noble band, Rev. J. B. Serra, S. J., fortified by all the consolations of his deeply cherished faith, and surrounded by his affectionate brethren in religion, was, we have reason to believe, transferred from the militant to the triumphant Society of Jesus, after a short sickness, contracted by exposure in the service of the souls of the poor on the eastern shore of Mobile Bay. The advanced age of seventy-seven years found this apostle priest fearlessly moving amid hardships, which robust youth cannot long endure, but which constituted his happiness for thirty years. And his death was similar to that of the Christian soldiers of his warlike race.

Father Serra's ecclesiastical studies were made at the diocesan seminary of his own native city, which institution was

likewise the Alma Mater of his illustrious contemporary and fellow-townsmen, Rev. James Balmez, one of the most talented and distinguished Spanish priests of our century. His theological course completed, ordination to the priesthood was prohibited by the government of the hour, and he was even forced to a precipitate exile on foot over the Pyrenees, together with three other candidates for sacred orders. But Rome was found more propitious. The Cardinal Vicar himself gladly ordains the fervent sons of the Catholic Kingdom. Pope Gregory XVI, confers on them extraordinary spiritual privileges, destined to be diffused for the consolation of the faithful in the distant wilderness of Alabama, nearly forty years after his own death. Father Serra enjoyed the long remembered happiness of offering his first Mass in the crypt of St. Peter's, on the sacred tomb of the Holy Apostles. After his ordination, Fr. Serra served for a time as chaplain in the army of Don Carlos. He was emphatically a Catalan, and he would have cheerfully surrendered his life, whilst giving spiritual assistance to those who fought for their king and the *fueros* or traditional rights of Catalonia. We need not say that after the collapse of the insurrection, the patriotic Padre, in company with Gen. Cabrera and other distinguished men, had to beat a hasty retreat across the Pyrenees. Having labored as an exemplary secular priest in the diocese of Avignon, Father Serra there, in the year 1852, entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus. Two years later, if we mistake not, found him professor of Spanish and prefect of discipline at Spring Hill College. For the thirty following years with the exception of a short absence on the prairies of Louisiana, near Grand Coteau, whence he was recalled at the urgent request of the late Bishop Quinlan, he was devoted mainly to the services of the rural stations in the vicinity of Mobile. His familiarity with the Spanish, French and Italian languages has been of eminent utility. His knowledge of English was imperfect, yet his great earnestness of soul frequently affected those, who were unable to understand his words.

Zeal for the faith and morality of his people was the ruling principle of his laborious life. Never was the potency of holiness and prayer better illustrated. He preached long sermons, which very few claimed to understand, and yet they moved and changed their hearts. Among his converts he counted United States officers, who certainly were not convinced by mere human eloquence. People thought he had the gift of miracles. A friend of his crossing the Bay of Mobile from Montlouis island to Shell banks, a distance of about sixteen miles, felt somewhat alarmed by the aspect of the sky. Sudden squalls are by no means uncommon in that apparently land-locked bay. Three boys manned the little open skiff. They declared that they feared nothing as long

as they carried a priest. A short time before, they had conveyed Fr. Serra to the very same spot, and although they had experienced a severe storm, and it had rained in torrents, they had found on reaching the shore that the clothing of the good Father had remained perfectly dry. At his advanced age he still entertained vast practical schemes of erecting on the islands of the Bay and in the depths of the forests edifices, like the beautiful school-house at Chastang's Bluff, and the neat churches at the same place and at the mouth of Fish River and at Bayou la Batre, which are all monuments of Father Serra's energy and poverty, inspired by priestly zeal.

Coarse and scanty fare, defective shelter or none at all, long, rough roads, uncomfortable and unsafe conveyance by land and water, the tropical sun, winter's wind and rain, weaknesses of old age, indispositions of health, love of religious home, disregard from some for whom he spent himself — nothing was considered by this ever light-hearted old man, when called to console and aid the sick or dying, or to instruct and baptize the children or the ignorant. And the thorough understanding of the rudiments of Christian doctrine displayed by the backwoods pupils, whom he prepared for first communion, has frequently astonished the highly educated. All creeds recognized in that venerable, stooping Spanish form, the good shepherd, who gave his life to his sheep, and whose angelic joy was to wander through our desert wilderness in search of one to reclaim.

Father Serra's end was all that his many friends could have expected or desired. His placid, smiling death was the merited repose of the faithful, weather-beaten, veteran soldier of St. Ignatius.—R.I.P.

#### FATHER ANTHONY JOURDAN.

Father Anthony Jourdan died at the College of the Immaculate Conception, New Orleans, during the night of November the 4th, a few minutes after eleven. His death was the immediate result of a fall. Owing to his almost complete blindness and great weakness, as he was descending the stairs he slipped and fell, breaking his thigh in his fall. He was in his 77th year. In him passed away a distinguished member of the mission of New Orleans. His absence is felt by those who spent so many years with him in the hard labors of the mission. We miss, too, the bright smile and kind word he ever had for us all, but especially for the younger members of the community. Of his early life we know but little. Born of a pious Lyonese family, he was early taught that the end of every man on earth must be the sanctification of his own soul and the greater glory of the God who made him. When he came to the age of manhood, Father Jourdan

embraced the profession of arms. Like a true Frenchman, he had caught the chivalric spirit of his nation, and determined to seek distinction and honor on the battle-fields of his country. When France, in 1832, sent troops to Belgium to help her win her independence from Holland, we find him in the ranks of the French army. He was present at the siege of Anvers. It was about this time he felt himself called to serve God in a more perfect state of life. Returning to Lyons, he again applied himself to his classical studies, for which, when a boy, he had shown wonderful aptitude. For some years he was President of a Lyceum at Lyons. Resigning this post of honor, he entered the Society. Having completed his philosophical and theological studies at the celebrated scholasticates of Vals and Aix, he asked for the foreign missions. Towards the close of 1847, he landed at Mobile, on his way to Spring Hill. On the 6th of February, 1848, some six months after his arrival, he was clothed with the holy character of the priesthood. Five weeks after his ordination, the young priest was called to Grand Coteau to help in the work of the ministry. Displaying great abilities for government he was made Rector of St. Charles' College, Grand Coteau, in the fall of 1848. This was but the stepping-stone to a higher and less enviable position. Four years later he was named Superior of the mission of New Orleans. The people of New Orleans will never forget the year 1853. In that year the hand of God was heavy upon them. He breathed upon them the breath of pestilence, and hundreds fell victims to the plague. Imitating his Master, Father Jourdan despised the warnings of his friends, went forth to the homes of the plague-stricken and prepared them for their journey into eternity. Overtaxing his powers, he was himself stricken in turn by the disease. Recalled to France by his Superiors, he presided over the College of Mongré from 1854 to 1857. This duty accomplished, at his own request he was again sent to America, and resided for some years at Spring Hill College, Ala., as its Rector. In 1862, he was made Superior of the Southern Mission for a second time.

The last twenty-seven years of his life were spent in New Orleans. This was his chosen spot in the vineyard of his Lord. With him there was no acceptance of persons; in the poor as well as in the rich he saw the image of God, and all his acts tended to make that image more perfect and true. This made him very popular with the inhabitants of New Orleans, and hundreds flocked to his confessional to pour into his ear their tales of crimes and sufferings, and receive from him the words of reconciliation which made them once more the children of God and heirs of His Kingdom. Great, also, was his love for the poor. It was suggestive of holy thoughts to see the bent form of the aged and almost blind priest on his mission of love to the poor of Jesus Christ. With the as-

sistance of some pious ladies he founded the Society of "Dames servantes des pauvres," which is, at present, in a flourishing condition.

But let us lift the veil and look into the hidden recesses of this chosen soul. Wonderful and unthought of graces received, and a correspondence to them such as only the saints give to the surpassing gifts and inspirations of the Holy Ghost! The source of these astounding liberalities of the Holy Spirit was his love and devotion towards the Sacred Heart. These were the springs of his actions. Such is the testimony of one of his earliest companions in the Mission. Those who witnessed his extraordinary fervor and recollection when preparing for his ordination fully understood and acknowledged the greatness of the sacrifice required from him in the last few months of his life. This was to abstain from the celebration of the Holy Mysteries of the Mass. On the 10th of October, he celebrated his last Mass, and so great was his weakness on this occasion that he was an hour in completing the Holy Sacrifice. It was evident to the Fathers who assisted him that a second attempt was altogether beyond his strength. To give him greater merit in this trial sent him by God, his Superior commanded him in virtue of holy obedience to abstain from celebrating. His strong faith recognized in the will of his Superior the will of God, and he strove to satisfy his longing for the Sacrament of the altar by daily Communion. Truly had he laid by a store of virtue against the day of trial! Such was this true servant of the Lord, who, we have every reason to believe, now enjoys in the possession of the Beatific Vision, the reward of his works in the service of the God he loved and served.—R. I. P.

#### FATHER FLORIAN SAUTOIS.

Father Florian Sautois was born in Belgium, on October the 30th, 1807. He completed his collegiate course in France, and studied his theology at the Seminary of Mechlin, Belgium, where he was ordained priest in 1834. He was made curate at Braine l'Allerix, near the scene where was fought the famous battle of Waterloo, June 18th, 1815. He entered the Society as a novice in Belgium, on Sept. 29th, 1838, and in 1839 he came to the United States accompanied by Frs. Francis Hortsman, J. B. De Blicck, Adrian Van Hulst, John Roes, Adrian Hoecken, and Louis Du Mortier; and they were all received at St. Stanislaus Novitiate, Missouri, on Dec. 2nd, 1839, Father De Vos then being Novice-Master. Fr. Sautois was employed in visiting surrounding stations among the Creoles, and in St. Louis till the year 1841, when he was sent to St. Charles' College, Grand Coteau, Louisiana. Here he was employed as procurator for some years, and was subsequent-

ly engaged as assistant pastor of St. Charles' Church. In 1848, the vice-province of Missouri gave up the college at Grand Coteau to the province of Lyons and recalled its members. Fr. Sautois went to St. Louis where he had charge of the St. Xavier parish school for boys till the autumn of 1849, when he was sent to St. Xavier College, Cincinnati. Here he filled the office of procurator and also performed other duties till the summer of 1853, at which time he was appointed pastor of St. Ferdinand's Church, Florissant, Missouri. He remained at Florissant till 1857; he was then made assistant pastor of St. Xavier Church, St. Louis, and also had charge of the young ladies' sodality. He retained this position till the summer of 1873, when he was appointed assistant pastor of the Holy Family Church, Chicago, becoming director at the same time, of the married ladies' sodality. In 1874, he was assigned the same offices at the Sacred Heart Church, Chicago; here he remained till his death on Nov. the 11th, at 11.25 P. M. 1886, having just completed the 77th year of his age.

The foregoing is a bare outline of some principal events in the long life of Fr. Sautois. His zeal for souls was truly apostolic in its character, as shown by his love for the poor and his untiring labors amongst them: "The poor you have always with you;" also by his charity for erring sinners, converting the most hardened ones from practical infidelity to a correct Christian life; as an instance, his charity on one occasion subdued an obdurate murderer in so remarkable a manner, as to gain the commendation even of the public press. Father Sautois was peculiarly successful in the difficult work of directing and governing sodalities; his management of them was seldom surpassed as to the numbers he could enlist, and as to the perfect regularity and harmony he could maintain among the members. He was strict in correcting any negligence, or infraction of rule, and uniformly manifested much interest in each sodalist.

Father Sautois was neither a great scholar nor an eloquent preacher; but he was a laborious, patient, humble, and charitable religious whose undertakings for the good of souls always prospered. He saw all things only as they related to faith or to the supernatural order. He was devoted to his confessional, and his overwork in the confessional was the proximate cause of the final illness that carried him off. He was buried, on the Feast of St. Stanislaus, at Calvary Cemetery, where repose the mortal remains of his brethren who preceded him to the grave from Chicago. Father Sautois had a special and tender devotion to the Sacred Heart and to the Blessed Virgin Mary, imbuing his penitents and the members of his sodality with his own pious spirit and fervent love for our Lord and His Blessed Mother. Those who grieved most at his death were the suffering and the poor; and they

were numerous in the retinue to Calvary Cemetery, on the day of his burial.—R.I.P.

#### FATHER FREDERICK W. GOCKELN.

Father Frederick W. Gockeln died peacefully in our Lord on Nov. the 27th, 1886, at St. Joseph's Residence, Hope Street, Providence, R. I. He had just finished the sixty-sixth year of his life, and had spent nearly forty-six years in the Society. It was only in the summer of 1884 that he was appointed to the position of pastor of St. Joseph's Church, left vacant by the death of Fr. W. B. Cleary, and though during his rather brief term of office, he had been far from enjoying robust health, nevertheless the news of his death came so unexpectedly as to occasion his friends a most painful surprise. He had gone on a visit to Worcester, Mass., Wednesday, Nov. the 24th, and while returning in the evening had to walk some distance in the rain before finding a car to take him to his home. This exposure brought on an attack of typhoid-pneumonia, which finally resulted in death on the Thursday of the following week, at two o'clock in the afternoon.

Father Gockeln was born at Grossenader, in the diocese of Münster, Westphalia, on the 8th of November, 1820, and at the age of thirteen years came with his elder brother to America. He engaged for a time in business in New York, but not finding in it the attraction that a life of study possessed for him, he left that city and entered the Sulpician College, Montreal. "He was again at home," as he was fond of saying, and the piety of the good people of Canada reminded him forcibly of the religious simplicity and lively faith of his own Catholic Münster. His studious, gentlemanly, and edifying deportment won for him the esteem and affection of the college faculty. One of the learned Sulpicians, Rev. John Larkin, in particular, took a deep interest in his advancement. An intimacy thus sprang up between the two, which was to last till death came to sever them. Five years had elapsed since Frederick's entrance into the College, when his venerable director informed him of his determination to apply for admission to the Society of Jesus. The news was a severe shock to young Gockeln, but the feeling of disappointment was only momentary, and with the approval of his spiritual guide he resolved upon following his example. He had just finished the class of philosophy, was very popular with his fellow-students, and was the leader of the college musical band. Without delay he and Father Larkin set out for the distant Jesuit mission of Kentucky. They might have joined the Society nearer home, but Father Larkin had his reasons for doing otherwise and his young friend

would not consent to a separation, that would have been exceedingly painful to both. And so by stages and canal-boats, and the other means of conveyance in vogue in those early days, they journeyed slowly along, until after weeks of weary travel, they at length reached St. Mary's College, Marion Co., Ky. The journey, tedious and painful though it undoubtedly was, was rendered far less irksome by the kind attentions they received from their friends along the route. In New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other places, they were treated with marked courtesy by Bishops and priests, and it required no little constancy on their part to reject the tempting offers that were made them to stay and enlist their services in the fields of labor, cultivated by their generous hosts.

After the usual probation, Mr. Gockeln was admitted to the noviceship on the 16th of February, 1841, some four months later than his companion, Fr. Larkin. He was received by Fr. William Murphy, Superior of St. Mary's College, and had for his Novice-master a certain Fr. Gilles. St. Stanislaus' Novitiate was situated near the College, and there Mr. Gockeln remained until the month of May of the year following. Fr. Larkin having been commissioned at that time to open a new college at Louisville, took his friend along with him, and for some time the two constituted the whole personnel of the newly established Loyola College. In 1844, however, three others were added to the staff, Father Du Merle, and two scholastic novices, John Ryan and Michael Nash. In 1844, Fr. Larkin wrote for the benefit of the orphans of Louisville a story entitled "Mantelli," which was published in the *Orphan's Casket*. Being anonymous it was attributed to Mr. Gockeln, who was severely criticised by Dr. Spalding, late Archbishop of Baltimore, and Dr. McGill, late Bishop of Richmond. The criticisms evoked some unpleasant feelings, and there were not wanting friends on either side, who took up and continued the controversy.

Loyola College was short-lived, and the community returned to St. Mary's, where Mr. Gockeln was assigned to teach one of the higher classes. Then, during the scholastic year 1845-1846, came the removal of the members of the Kentucky mission to Fordham, and Mr. Gockeln after studying Philosophy there for a year and a half or thereabouts, was sent in 1847 to finish his course at Brugelette, Belgium. The following year he began his Theology at Laval. Here he received Tonsure and Minor Orders during the ember-days of September, and Sub-deaconship, Deaconship and Holy Priesthood, at the close of his fourth year of Theology, in the early part of the year 1852. The next year was spent in the exercises of the third probation in the house of our Lady of Liesse, at Laon. On his return to America, he was employed for the eight ensuing years, now at St. Mary's College, Montreal, now at Fordham, now at St. Francis Xavier's, New

York City, at one time as professor, at another as prefect of studies, but for the most part as chief disciplinarian. Then followed a seven years' experience of the missionary life, Guelph being his residence for the first year, Chatham for the remaining six. He was then prefect again at Fordham for one year, Minister at Woodstock for another, operarius at Yorkville for a third, and for three more Superior at the last mentioned residence. This brings us to the year 1874, when he was appointed Rector of St. John's College, Fordham. It was in this position that he accomplished the crowning work of his life.

During the eight years immediately preceding the separation of New York and Canada, Father Gockeln had been consultant of the Mission, and he held the same post in the Province of New York Maryland until the expiration of his term of office as Rector of St. John's. At the time he became its Rector, the number of students was very large, but yielding to the strongly expressed desire of many well-meaning men an experiment was in process, the administration departing momentarily from the strict disciplinary regulations, and introducing the latitudinarian regime of secular establishments of learning. The experiment proved unsatisfactory. At this juncture, Fr. Gockeln was put in charge. His task was a very difficult one. He had to deprive the students of many privileges they had hitherto enjoyed. Necessarily there was a jar, and the feelings engendered were not harmonious. In six months time the old machinery was in perfect motion and the students departing for their summer vacation brought to their homes the pleasantest memory of the new Rector. The reputation of the College rose rapidly; his own conscience and the approval of others gave testimony that he had done well his work. From Fordham Father Gockeln was sent as prefect of schools to Worcester. He was then for a short while operarius in Jersey City, and finally, on the death of Father Cleary, was made Superior of St. Joseph's Residence, Providence, whence it pleased our good Lord to call him to Himself.—R.I.P.

#### FATHER PETER PAUL FITZPATRICK.

From the *Catholic Mirror*.

Father Peter Paul Fitzpatrick, pastor of St. Ignatius' Church, corner of Calvert and Madison streets, died at Loyola College at 8.15 o'clock on the morning of the 10th of December from paralysis of the heart, in the forty-eighth year of his age. Father Fitzpatrick had contracted malarial fever during a Mission at St. Joseph's Church, and had been confined to his room for the previous three weeks. His death was

very unexpected, and caused much sorrow among his associates and the attendants of his church. The preceding night he appeared very cheerful and talkative; when he awoke in the morning he was the same. Shortly before eight o'clock he was suddenly attacked and expired. The Rev. Fathers Daly and Clarke, of Loyola College, were with him at the time of his death.

Father Fitzpatrick was born in Washington, June the 29th, 1839, and was educated at Gonzaga College, in his native city, and also at Mount St. Mary's, Emmitsburg. On December the 25th, 1856, he entered the Society of Jesus at Frederick, and completed his novitiate. Thence he proceeded to Washington, and was a professor at Gonzaga College, and afterwards at Boston College, Boston. He taught the university classes at these institutions. In 1867 he began Philosophy in Georgetown under Fr. Gubitosi, and entered on his course of Theology at the opening of Woodstock College in 1869. In 1872 he was ordained a priest by Archbishop Bayley, and taught mental and moral philosophy in this city and Boston. Since 1872 he alternated between the two cities, and leaves a large number of friends in Boston as well as here. His sister is a Carmelite nun in the institution corner of Caroline and Biddle streets, and has been a superioress in Canada. Father Fitzpatrick was the pastor of St. Ignatius' Church, although he was under the Rev. Francis Smith, rector of Loyola College. He was a director of the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart, and was also connected with the Bona Mors Society. The news of his unexpected death was immediately carried to Cardinal Gibbons' residence, and in the morning, in company with the Very Rev. A. Magnien, president of St. Mary's Seminary, the Cardinal visited Loyola College to view the remains. He expressed deep regret at the sudden death of Father Fitzpatrick, who was always his close friend. A large number of the other clergy visited the house during the day. The classes at Loyola College were dismissed soon after the death was announced.

At half past ten on Monday morning the body was carried from the college into the church through the Calvert street entrance. The church was crowded by a large congregation, and the Loyola College boys were present in a body. The office for the dead was recited as soon as the coffin was placed before the sanctuary rail, and the lessons of the three nocturns were read by nine of the Fathers present. After Matins the Rev. F. A. Smith, S. J., Rector of Loyola College, began a low Mass of Requiem in keeping with the usual custom among the Jesuits. After Mass the venerable Mgr. McColgan, Vicar-General, preached a sermon from the text, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." He spoke of the office and dignity of the priesthood, and told how well Father Fitzpatrick had fulfilled his office of minister of God. His mem-

ory was held in benediction by all who knew him, and the light of his example will not be extinguished by the grave. The good he had done will live after him. He was a true Jesuit, which in itself is a sufficient eulogy, for the sons of Ignatius are distinguished for zeal for God's glory and the good of souls. As the Monsignor was about to begin his sermon, Cardinal Gibbons, who had just arrived from Washington, where he had been giving Confirmation, entered the sanctuary, attended by the Very Rev. A. Magnien, S.S., D.D., Rector of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, and the Rev. John S. Foley, D.D. After the sermon the Cardinal gave the absolution. The body at 1.30 p. m. was taken from Camden Station to Woodstock College. The faculty of Loyola College, and the Rev. Fathers Lee, Mc Coy and Mackall, together with the pall-bearers, a guard of honor from the Young Catholic Friends' Society, and a number of gentlemen from the city, went with the remains to Woodstock. The faculty and scholastics of Woodstock College, nearly two hundred in number, met the funeral at the top of the college hill, and accompanied the body to the beautiful little cemetery near by, where a number of Jesuits are buried. Every one in the funeral procession carried lighted candles, and the chanting of the *Benedictus* sounded very impressive through the dense fog that was about the hill at the time. The Rev. Father Smith, S. J., gave the final blessing at the grave.

Father Fitzpatrick was noted for gentleness of disposition and suavity of manners; zealous and untiring in attending the confessional, visiting the sick and giving missions, he endeared himself to a large circle of devoted friends, who will miss much his paternal care and sincerely mourn his loss.—R.I.P.

FATHER JOHN T. KUHLMANN.

From the *Missouri Republican*.

Rev. John T. Kuhlmann, S. J., a prominent member of the Society of Jesus died on Thursday night Jan. 15th, at the St. Louis University, after a long and painful illness. Father Kuhlmann was born in Germany, March the 25th, 1821, and entered the Society of Jesus at Florissant, March the 12th, 1849. Subsequently he was engaged as professor in various colleges of the Order, as treasurer of the Novitiate, Florissant, and for the last seven years as Superior of St. Francis institution at the Osage Mission, Kas. About four weeks ago he was called to St. Louis, partly on business and partly to rest from his arduous labors and to recruit, if possible, his shattered health. His life had been despaired of for the last ten years, but his indomitable courage and strength of will carried him through several dangerous attacks of disease,

and up to the last he was a hard worker. He was on the point of starting again for his recent field of labor on Tuesday the 13th, and was induced, only as a matter of obedience to his Superiors, to remain a few days longer among his religious brethren at the university. During the course of that day he was seized with a fever and visited by the attending physician who immediately pronounced the case hopeless. On Wednesday morning he rose much refreshed, walked about the house during the day and had some interviews with one of the professors about mathematical questions, in which he was always deeply interested. Towards evening he relapsed again into a state of great weakness and before long was unable to breathe without the greatest difficulty. Death was evidently hurrying on apace. Told of his danger he answered, "Don't be alarmed." But when advised, as a precaution, to receive the last rites of the Church and make ready for his passage into eternity, he replied in the most business-like manner, "All right." The preparation was not difficult nor long. In the presence of several of his brethren the last Sacraments were administered to him, and before many hours he had passed to his reward.

He was a man of great singleness of purpose, looking to nothing but the good of religion and the glory of his Maker. He was a complete stranger to selfishness, devoted entirely to his duties, and accepted his prolonged sufferings not only with resignation, but with positive cheerfulness. The Society of Jesus will hold his name in benediction and long remember his sterling virtue and manly character. Death had no horrors for him, who had accustomed himself to look upon it only as the beginning of a better life, and it came so stealthily that its approach was scarcely perceived.

The funeral services took place in St. Xavier Church on Ninth street and Christy avenue, whence his remains were removed to the quiet little cemetery of the Jesuit Novitiate, near Florissant. There they were laid by the side of his friends and fellow-religious, amid the scenes of his former labors, to await the summons of the angel at the day of general resurrection. "May he rest in peace," is the prayer that will often be said over his grave by the young levites who are preparing in the novice home to continue the works that he began, but was unable to complete. "So dieth the just man, and no one taketh it to heart."—R.I.P.

## FATHER PATRICK H. TONER.

Twenty-eight years of unblemished life spent in the Society make up an enviable record. No human effort, however magnanimous in conception or perfect in execution, can rise to the plane of unselfish heroism, unless it draw its inspiration from God, its development from His sanction, and its fulfilment from His divine assistance. Throughout his entire life Father Toner made this truth his guiding principle. To the closing hour of his just career his strength and his success lay in the almost perfect abandonment of self to the pleasure and service of the divine Will.

He was born in Philadelphia on the 17th of March, 1841. Whilst yet a child his good mother was called to her reward and his earlier years were spent beneath the fostering care of a kind father and maternal aunt. Our first recollections of him date back to the year 1855, when St. John's Church, 13th and Chestnut streets, was still in possession of the Fathers of the Society. Young Toner, a slender, thoughtful youth of fourteen, was at that period, one of the sanctuary boys. Living in the immediate neighborhood of the church, he generously gave his gentle and assiduous service to the Fathers then serving that congregation. Four years passed on in this pious training for a higher and a holier sphere. Meanwhile, in 1857, he had completed a partial course in the central high school. Feeling himself called to a more perfect life, in the year above, he entered St. Joseph's College, then a flourishing institution of his native city. The two years that followed shaped out more distinctly the unwavering trend of his long cherished desire. The sole aim of his youthful ambition was to follow, by faithful imitation, the virtuous example of the good men who guided the destinies of the parish wherein he was born and nurtured. The hour came when a choice of life seemed urgent. To the casual observer he had not long reflected upon it, but they who knew him best were not surprised when on one July morning, nearly twenty-eight years ago, they heard that he had bidden adieu to home and turned his back on the glittering worldly prospect that loomed up before him, to seek a safer though a sterner pathway to the goal he sighed for. He was received as a novice early in July, 1859, and a month later, we find him in the novitiate, his future home for four happy years. Safe within the monastery walls his native virtues found congenial soil. Scrupulously exact in complying with the varied duties of a novice, he was at the same time unostentatious and retiring in the manner of his piety. His gentle offices of charity, his esteem of the minutest details of religious observance, his sincere expressions of well ordered affection,

and above all his utter disregard of the promptings of vanity and human respect, were valued helps that commanded the esteem and stimulated the emulation of his novice brethren. At the close of his probation he pronounced the simple vows of the Society on St. Ignatius' day, 1861. He came forth from the two years of trial with the desire of his youth intensified by what he had seen and learned in the novitiate. A holy ardor to perfect himself in literary and scientific attainments went hand in hand with the nobler aspirations of his soul to become a more observant religious. From his boyhood he had heard of the harvest of souls and the husbandmen who go out to gather it in. He had read of the hapless fate of unfortunate myriads made eternally miserable by the seductive snares and specious sophisms of a wicked world. With his soul aflame with holy ambition to avert similar evils from those who were soon to sit down at his feet to learn, he stored his mind with treasures that heaven alone could give, never forgetting however, that human science directed by heavenly wisdom must necessarily engage in the struggle against ignorance, vice and prejudice. With sentiments such as these filling and animating his soul he went out of his four years retirement to the field of his first active service. Loyola College, Baltimore, became the arena of his successful labors as professor. For six successive years he worked manfully, and all the more so, in that he loved his work. From rudiments to rhetoric his pupils followed him and recognized in him a conscientious tutor and a valued friend. Not alone his head, but his heart too engaged in the every day toil of the class room. To the scholars of slow intellect he showed an unruffled patience that added comfort and encouragement to unsuccessful endeavor. To the more brilliant he pointed out higher achievements, and ceased not his efforts until they were successfully crowned. Wherever he taught, his memory lives, and hundreds of his old pupils will hear of his death, with unfeigned regret.

Father Toner was among the first students who entered Woodstock College. He was present at the inaugural ceremonies in September, 1869, and entered immediately on the first year of philosophy. He finished a three years' course with eminent distinction, and began his theological studies in 1872. He was ordained priest in April, 1875, and continued his studies until June, 1876. His first mission as priest was at Loyola College, where he taught rhetoric and higher mathematics for one year. He was transferred to Boston College in 1877, but he was not robust enough to withstand the rigor of a northern climate. From 1878 to 1882, he filled various posts of trust and honor in Washington, Frederick and Woodstock. In the latter year, he was appointed assistant pastor of St. Lawrence's church, eighty-fourth street, New York. We may judge of Fr. Toner's valuable services

to the parish by this one word of Fr. Merrick's touching discourse on the morning of the funeral: "He was my right arm." The venerable Father Gockeln, late pastor of St. Joseph's, was buried on the 29th of November last. Two days later Father Toner came to take charge of the parish. His departure from New York was hasty and he arrived in Providence at night, thinly clad and thoroughly chilled. A deep-seated cold at once developed itself. He placed himself under the care of a skilful physician whose unremitting services brought but a temporary relief. The days and weeks passed on yet Fr. Toner attended all the community exercises. Early on Friday morning, January 14th, whilst preparing for Mass, he was seized with a violent chill. The physician was summoned immediately and pronounced his illness pneumonia. The collapse was sudden and totally unexpected. The last Sacraments were administered at noon on Saturday by Fr. Hamilton, and at 3 o'clock, the patient became unconscious. He lingered until 6.30 P. M. when he breathed out his pure spirit into the hands of his Maker. No murmur, nor regretful sigh welled up from his trusting heart, when told that human skill and earthly love could not avail to save him. He feared not the ordeal of the passage from present short-lived joy to eternal bliss. The pure snow that fell upon his grave as we left him in Holy Cross cemetery, was voiceful emblem of his unsullied life. To his brethren of the Society the words *Dilectus Deo et hominibus* will be always associated with the remembrance of the good priest, Patrick Henry Toner.—R.I.P.

#### BROTHER SEBASTIAN IMFELDT.

On the 20th of November, 1886, the remains of Brother Sebastian Imfeldt were reverently placed in their last resting-place in the small cemetery at Spring Hill. Born at Ulrich in the German Canton of Wallis in Switzerland, in 1820, he spent the first forty-one years of his life in his native place. In 1861, he came over to Spring Hill with Fr. Imsandt, where, with the exception of two or three years spent at Mobile, he remained from the time of his arrival to his death. Before as well as after his entrance into the Society he was remarkable for his silence and love of solitude and for his methodical and punctual habits. Before his entrance into the Society his love for solitude led him to rent a farm, which he worked all alone and upon which he lived in quiet retirement. True to his former habits he died as quietly as he had lived. He contracted a sore throat which was accompanied by a cough. In a way unknown to all this provoked a shock of some nature to his heart, which already for years had caused him

trouble. He passed away quickly and quietly, on the morning of the 19th of November.—R.I.P.

#### FATHER THOMAS FINEGAN.

Father Finegan was born May the 14th, 1799, and spent his early years at White Marsh, Md. He entered the Novitiate at that place Feb. 5th, 1815. He taught various classes at Georgetown College from 1817 until the latter part of 1820, when, on the opening of the Seminary in Washington, he began the study of theology under the celebrated Fr. Anthony Kohlman. Obligated by ill health to interrupt his studies at the end of the second year, he tried a year of teaching at Georgetown College, but without benefit.

After two years of complete rest at White Marsh, he was able to resume teaching and to prepare himself for ordination at the hands of Archbishop Maréchal, Sept. the 25th, 1827.—A portion of the next year he spent as assistant at Trinity Church, Georgetown. In 1828, he was sent to St. Inigo's to assist Fr. Joseph Carbery, and continued to labor on that mission until 1832, when his health failed completely. He remained at St. Inigo's until the old residence was destroyed by fire in 1872, when he was sent to Conewago, Pa., where he resided until his death, January the 23rd, 1887.—R.I.P.

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## V A R I A .

**Apostleship of Prayer.**—According to the Spanish Messenger of February, 1886, there are in the whole world about 38,770 local centres directed by 36 superior centres; of these last 15 are in Europe, 3 in Asia, 2 in Oceanica, 7 in North America and 9 in South America. There are 18 *Messengers* published: 4 in Spanish (Spain, Central America, Mexico, Venezuela), 3 in English (England, United States and India), 2 in Italian (Rome and Naples), 2 in German (Innsbruck and Cincinnati), 1 in French, 1 in Bohemian, 1 in Flemish, 1 in Dutch, 1 in Portuguese, 1 in Polish and 1 in Hungarian.—On account of the expatriation of the Fathers who edited the Central American Messenger it is published at present in the United States of Columbia.—To the above list may be added the Messenger of Australia, published in English.—The Mexican Messenger begins this year a new series under the direction of Fr. Rivas.

**Brazil.**—Anchieta College at Nova Friburgo, has 37 scholars in actual attendance; 4 or 5 more are expected. For this place this is a real success. Hopes are entertained of having a full house for the next opening of schools. Vacation will begin in February and end in March. This year but a month's rest will be taken. Accommodations can be had for only 70 boys, while the new house is going up. Five new priests went away on the 8th of October to Rio Janeiro, and probably some of them will return in a month or two.

**Comillas.**—The work on the Seminary of Comillas is going along prosperously. Three hundred and twenty workmen are continuously engaged on it. It is calculated that the cost of the College buildings will be more than 8,000,000 reals; however, on account of the proximity of the building material it will not cost us more than 5,000,000 reals. The whole expense is paid by the religious family of Lopez. When the Pope received the photograph of the Seminary in a beautiful album, which is valued at 8,000 dollars, he said, 'Truly this is a great work in which I see no fault. I take it under my immediate protection, and I desire that for the future it be under the direction of the Society of Jesus.' His Holiness then wrote a letter to the Marquis of Comillas thanking him for the good he was doing, and told those who were about him: 'The work is far too great for a mere letter; it merits a Brief, which I myself shall write.' And, in truth, the building is magnificent. It is more than 100 meters in length, by 67 in breadth; it has four towers, two of which are 50 meters high. In the middle of these towers rises a monument on which is placed a statue of the Immaculate Conception, the pedestal of which will be a star that will serve as a beacon-light and will be seen at a distance of more than 30 leagues. The pedestal bears the anagram '*Stella Maris*.'

**England.**—Frs. Edmund Campian, Alexander Briant and Thomas Cottam were beatified by a Decree of the Congregation of Sacred Rites, issued December the 29th, 1886. The honorary degree of D. Sc. has been conferred by the Senate of the Royal University of Ireland upon Fr. Perry, S. J. Fr. George Porter, S. J. has been appointed by His Holiness, the Pope, Archbishop of Bombay. Fr. Porter was very much regretted in London and the people to testify their esteem gave him Archiepiscopal ornaments to the value of about £2,000 and some £500 in money for his journey etc. The new Rector at London is Fr. James Hayes; another important change is that of Fr. Francis Scoles, who is appointed Rector of the novitiate. Fr. Morris is very busy with the lives of our newly Beatified English Martyrs.—*Slough*.

Province of Paris has about 40 novices at Slough. It is surprising that there are so many vocations in the midst of the persecutions they are suffering. Among them are many old students from our Colleges. Eleven are from our College at Mans; this College has given many subjects, whilst St. Ignatius', at Paris, has given only one. The French College at *Canterbury* has 230 pupils.

**Enghien, Belgium.**—Fr. Sengler, Provincial of Champagne, has bought the buildings of an old monastery in Enghien, in which he is about to start a new scholasticate for his Province. The building was, until a few years ago, an ecclesiastical college, having at the time of its suppression by the liberal government about 300 pupils. After the expulsion of the priests who conducted it, it became the property of the municipal government, which found it a very useless acquisition and was delighted to get rid of it. It was bought for 80,000 francs. Before buying it, however, Fr. Van Reeth, Provincial of Belgium, at the instance of Fr. Sengler, visited the Ministers of the government and other influential personages in order to sound the dispositions of the government with regard to the Jesuits. After finding that it would make no difficulties, the purchase was made.

**Exaeten, Holland.**—Up to 1885 the philosophers of the German Province were at Blyenbeck, Limbourg, Holland; but the building being too small they transferred thither the novitiate, and the philosophers replaced the novices at Exaeten. Formerly Exaeten was a castle of modest dimensions and appearance, composed of two main buildings. One of these was demolished and rebuilt and has now become the kitchen, refectory and dwelling-rooms of the philosophers. The other is used for class-rooms. The writers and the library have a special building to themselves which makes a continuation of the philosophers' department. Their prolonged exile does not dishearten the Fathers; their Province is prosperous, vocations are numerous, their writers are successful, and their *operarii* are kept busy even in Prussia. The situation of the novitiate at Blyenbeck, the juniorate at Wijnandsrade, and the scholasticate at Exaeten gives them an opportunity of making missionary incursions into Germany without remaining there any length of time.

**Fiesole.**—Fr. Blanchard, Assistant of France, is convalescent (24th of Oct.) and he will be able to resume his work in the spring. The *Civiltà Cattolica* is still published at Florence. Rev. P. Anderledy, dicebat Rev. P. Mourier, vestem paupertate sicut vetustate nitentem gerit, quam ipse propriis manibus semper reficit, frustra enim speraret si eam aliis traderet quod ipsi eam restituerent—aliunde mirum in homine labori extra modum incumbente.

**Fordham.**—The Parthenian Sodality of St. John's College celebrated its semi-centennial anniversary on Feb. the 2nd, 1887. This sodality was established in St. Mary's College, Kentucky, in 1837, and is therefore, ten years older than St. John's College. The 2nd of February saw the completion of the fiftieth and the beginning of the fifty-first year of its existence. Fr. Chazelle, Rector of St. Mary's College, was the first Director. He was succeeded by Fr. Legouais, under whom it was transferred from Kentucky to New York. Among its list of Directors appear the names of Fr. Bernard O'Reilly, Fr. Smarius, Fr. Larkin, Fr. Gresselin, Fr. Ronayne and Father Meagher. Among the list of Prefects are Fr. Driscoll, S. J., Fr. John Ryan, S. J., Fr. W. Hill, S. J., Fr. Gockeln, S. J.; and among the members a long list of Ecclesiastics, Lawyers, Statesmen, Physicians and distinguished Literary men. That the day might be made memorable, the three divisions of the Sodality, with the aid of other students, erected a statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary of heroic size in the common ground behind the students chapel. The order of exercises for the day was Mass, Communion, Reception of Members at 6.30 A. M. by Rev. T. J. A. Freeman, Director of the Sodality. At 9 o'clock Solemn High Mass by Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J., of the College; Unveiling and Blessing of the statue by Rev. R. W. Brady, S. J., Vice-Provincial; and *Magnificat* by the whole College. At 3 o'clock, P. M., Literary and Musical celebration in the Study Hall, and lastly, Sermon by

the Rev. D. A. Merrick, S. J., and at 6 P. M. Solemn Benediction by the Rev. M. Flynn, S. J., Chaplain.

**Fr. Strassmaier.**—Fr. Strassmaier was present at the seventh Oriental Congress, held at Vienna, and laid before the Congress about 560 inscriptions of Nabonidus, a portion of a collection of 1200 inscriptions which he is preparing for publication. From the magnificent results he has already given in the publication of the inscriptions of Warka, presented at the 5th Congress of Berlin, and of the Contract Tablets of the Museum of Liverpool, given at the 6th Oriental Congress of Leiden, we may judge of the value of his contributions to the Austrian Session. The Liverpool inscriptions contain tablets from the time of Nebuchadnezzar to Darius, including, besides the tablets of the above-mentioned Nabonidus, Neriglissor, Evil Merodach, Cambyses, and Cyrus.

**Louvain.**—In the third volume of Ray's "Historia Plantarum" there is a list of plants collected in the Island of Luzon by Fr. George Joseph Camilli, who died, after a life spent for the most part in the Philippines, at Manila, May the 2nd, 1706. Linnaeus commemorated him in the genus Camillia and the introduction of this well-known plant into Europe is attributed to him. The MS. transmitted by Camilli to Ray was accompanied by a large number of drawings, part only of which Ray seems to have been able to afford the expense of publishing. The *Comptes Rendus* of Société Royale de Botanique de Belgique for October the 9th, 1886, says that the whole of the drawings still exist in a folio volume in good preservation in the library of the Jesuits' College at Louvain. It contains 257 autograph plates, with 556 figures of plants and three plates with nine figures relating to zoology. It was purchased at the sale of the library of Antoine Laurent de Jussieu (Feb. the 6th, 1858), and presented to our College by Count Alfred de Limminghe.

**Madura.**—At Trichinopoli the Hindoos have founded a national college in order to withdraw their young compatriots from the influence of European education. The Protestant school is nearly deserted; that of our Fathers has lost nearly a hundred pupils.

**Malta.**—A member of a Religious Order came to see Brother Polizzi, by whom, to his great surprise, he was received with unequivocal signs of coolness and indifference. Those present thought that perhaps the holy novice wished to chide the visitor for his curiosity. But the monk prudently shortening his visit, retired to another room, where he said to the Novice-Master that after all he could see no extraordinary gifts of any kind in that young man. The Novice-Master privately questioned Br. Polizzi why he behaved so strangely towards that good religious. "How could I," answered he, "behave otherwise with a religious, who carried in his pockets jewels, valuable trinkets and a letter soliciting his dismissal from his Order?" The poor monk on being acquainted with the true reason of his cool reception, confessed with tears that the revelation was but too true. In recreation Br. Polizzi is easy and natural. If by chance any mention is made of the wonders relating to him, he will immediately begin to talk of something else.—*From a letter of Fr. De Bonis, St. Beuno's College.*

**Madagascar.**—Peace having been concluded between France and this country, the missionaries were allowed to return to their former stations. The Prime Minister gave orders that they should be well received by the authorities of the villages through which they were to pass. On the 19th of March, the first body of missionaries set out upon their return. On the 1st of April, Fr. Lacombe wrote from the capital that they had been joyfully welcomed by the Christians, and had not received a single mark of disrespect from any one. Two weeks later, worn out by excitement and fatigue, this good Father was called to his reward. On the 5th of April Mgr. Cazet arrived from France, bringing with him a Scholastic and Brother, and six Brothers of the Christian Schools. He was received by the Governor of the Hovas with salvos of artillery, and was shown every mark of honor and esteem. During the enforced absence of the missionaries the Catholic Union, composed of young men selected from the natives, did much to supply their

place. They were nobly assisted by Victoire, the daughter-in-law of the Prime Minister, about whom so much was written during the war. The moral and material losses are being restored by degress. Two of the houses of the Sisters were pillaged and one was destroyed. Three country churches were burned. At the beginning of July, the school at Tanarive, the capital, numbered a hundred and twenty young men between the ages of seventeen and twenty-eight. On the 29th of July a Latin class was formed from which the Fathers hope to obtain members for the priesthood.

**Mexico.**—"His Grace, Archbishop Arciga, of Michoacan, has made great efforts to have our Fathers take charge of our ancient College of Patzcuaro. He offers to give us full proprietorship of the College, which is fitted up with all that is necessary: library, class furniture, dormitory, refectory, chapel, etc. Moreover, he offers on the same terms the church of the Society, which is adjoining the College. A short time ago his Grace went to Mexico to arrange some matters pertaining to his Archbishopric, and made it his express business to speak to Fr. Provincial and to beg him to accept the foundation offered. Fr. Provincial thanked him for his good will and his desire to favor us, but said that for the present he could not accept of the College, as the Province was in very great want of subjects and had scarcely enough of teachers to fill the three Colleges we are at present conducting. With like urgency Bishop Salinas of Durango presses on Fr. Provincial a foundation in his Episcopal City. He makes similar offers but the same excuses are made as to the Archbishop. You see, dear Father, what need our poor Province has of more members. Would to God there were in the Province where you are some who would be willing to come and labor here! When you come back (an event not far distant now) do not come alone; bring with you at least half a dozen laborers for the Lord's vineyard in Mexico. Vocations here are diminishing."—*Extrañ from a letter of J. M. Lemus, S. J. to Fr. La Cerda.*

**Missionaries.**—In 1885, 109 Missionaries died throughout the world, of these 33 were Jesuits, 33 belonged to the Society of Foreign Missions, 8 were Oblates of Mary Immaculate, 14 belonged to the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, the rest were of various Orders and Congregations.—*Catholic Missions.*

**Navarre.**—Last year the city of Pampeluna was threatened with the cholera. The people made a vow to go as pilgrims to the castle of St. Francis Xavier and were saved from the terrible scourge. The 4th of March was fixed for the pilgrimage, which was conducted with the greatest solemnity. At 10.30 o'clock High Mass was sung in the open air under a sky which, though threatening in the morning, cleared up beautifully for the time of Mass. The Provincial Deputies addressed to the Holy Father the following telegram: "12,000 pilgrims, gathered at Xavier under the direction of the Deputation of Navarre, send to your Holiness a testimony of their love and adhesion to the teaching of the Holy See."—*Letters of Ucles.*

**New Mexico.**—As priests were needed in the Mission, Fr. Superior determined to give up our residence at La Junta (Tiptonville). Everything had been arranged with the Archbishop; but before any official action had been taken, the report that Ours were to leave spread among the people. When Fr. Superior arrived with the French priest who was to take charge of the parish, he was met by the villagers *en masse*, who presented a petition signed also by the people of the neighboring villages requesting us to continue among them. Next day Fr. Superior changed his decision to the great joy of the people of La Junta, who raised a collection in order to have a solemn high Mass sung in thanksgiving. Fr. Superior sang the Mass in honor of the Sacred Heart.—Our College at Las Vegas is full; it has 84 boarders. New buildings will be begun this spring. Morrison College also has all the students it can accommodate; 20 boarders were refused on account of want of room.

**New York.**—Very Rev. Fr. Provincial sailed from New York on the 26th of Nov. and reached Cork on the 4th of December. He was announced in Dublin as Visitor of the Irish Province on the 5th of the same month. He

is expected back in the United States about the beginning of April. During his absence Fr. R. W. Brady is Vice-Provincial.

**Paris.**— *A miraculous cure obtained at the tombs of Fathers Olivaint, de Bengy, Ducoudray, Clerc and Caubert.* "Our son Joseph Beauchesne, sixteen years and a half old, was at St. Joseph's school, Versailles. On the 3rd or 4th of January, 1886, he happened to fall on the ice. We did not then foresee the serious consequences which this fall was to have; we thought that a few days of rest would be sufficient to restore him to health. But we were mistaken. From this day he suffered from severe head-aches, and pains in the region of the heart. Every day about three or four o'clock in the afternoon, a nervous attack came on accompanied with suffocation, during which attack we were obliged to keep the boy in an erect position. Dr. Royer, of Versailles, whom we consulted, pronounced the case a beginning of hypertrophy of the heart, the development of which was abnormal. This diagnosis was confirmed a month after, by Dr. Labrie, one of the physicians of the hospital for sick children at Paris. But neither one nor the other of these gentlemen paid any attention to what we told them about that nervous attack, which according to us must have a cause foreign to the disease of the heart; for outside of the time of the attack Joseph experienced neither suffocation nor choking, either in walking or in mounting the stairs.

The treatment prescribed by the doctors was scrupulously followed with alternatives of better and worse until last August. At that time the state of the sick boy became worse, he passed the nights without sleep, his appetite diminished, he became thin and his character grew morose and peevish. The nervous attack came once every day exactly at 3 o'clock and drew forth cries of agony and pain. The average duration was from ten to fifteen minutes. We then consulted Dr. Liégard, one of the physicians of the College of the Immaculate Conception at Vaugirard, formerly attached to the medical corps of marines. This Doctor, to whom we related the above-mentioned facts and the treatment prescribed by Doctors Royer and Labrie, was especially struck by the periodical return of the nervous attack. After having seen the boy during one of these attacks, he concluded that the disease was not hypertrophy of the heart, but a clearly pronounced case of neurosis. He declared that this neurosis was difficult to cure because it was periodical. However, he prescribed a treatment, which we carefully followed. The treatment was far from bringing any relief. The nervous attack which occurred every day at 3 o'clock increased in duration and violence. His suffering was so great that the boy for half an hour or three quarters lay writhing in an agony of pain. From the 8th or 9th of September, Dr. Liégard ordered a more energetic treatment, but without success. The disease grew worse. The nervous attack lasted an hour and a half. It seemed that he had reached the critical period. Hysteria might come on and the worst was to be feared.

Despairing of human science, we had the happy thought of asking of God the cure of our child through the intercession of the Jesuit Fathers martyred during the commune. We began a novena at their tombs on the 14th of September, 1886. From this day the pains increased in violence. The sufferings were almost without interruption. Up to this time the mornings had been good, but now no more sleep, no more appetite. On the 14th and 15th of September, the attack lasted two hours and a half. On the 16th, the Doctor visited the boy during the attack, and he himself tied the boy to his bed. On that day the attack lasted only three quarters of an hour, but the sufferings were the same. The Doctor seemed discouraged. He prescribed almost reluctantly a calming potion, and counselled us to have recourse to hydropathy. In order that this treatment might be the better carried out he directed us to the establishment of the Brothers, rue Oudinot. Joseph however, did not follow this treatment, because the Brothers had no hydropathic apparatus in their house. On the 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st, we continued our pious pilgrimage to the rue de Sèvres. A visible improvement takes place in the state of the sick boy. The nervous attack, although coming on every day at 3 o'clock, lasts now only twenty or thirty minutes. Our faith in God and our confidence in the merits of the Jesuit martyrs increase every day. On the 22nd of September, the last day of the novena, we received Holy Communion, and went afterwards to the tombs of the

martyred Fathers. There, after our accustomed prayers, Joseph declared to us that he was completely cured; the last trace of the pain he had always felt in the region of the heart had disappeared. On that same day, we went to visit Dr. Liégard. With heartfelt emotion he listened to the recital of the cure of our son, and testified himself to his cure. Since that time we have seen the Doctor again, and especially on the 23rd of October. He will make a scientific statement of the disease he has treated. We leave it to him to draw the conclusion of a cure so radical and so unforeseen by him.

We are now on the 28th of October; the malady has left no trace. Out of gratitude for this cure obtained through the intercession of the Jesuit Fathers Olivaint, de Bengy, Ducoudray, Clerc and Caubert, at their tombs on the 22nd of September, 1886, and to give thanks to God, the author of all good, we make the present statement signed by our son Joseph, and by us his father and mother.

Paris, October the 28th, 1886, E. Beauchesne, 326 Rue de Vaugirard, etc."

*Peru—Lima, Peru, Oct. 28th, 1886.*—"Six months ago, one of the Jesuit Fathers, Cappa, wrote and published a little text-book on Peruvian history for his classes, in which the private lives and characters of the noted men who achieved independence for South America and especially for Peru, were touched upon in a depreciatory spirit, and reflections made which coming from a Spaniard could not fail to irritate Peruvian feelings. An outcry was instantly raised, and then the enemies of the Order saw and grasped their opportunity. The Masons, whose increasing influence had been steadily combatted by the Jesuits; the directors and professors of private schools, whose halls were deserted for those of San Pedro, and a number of the University students imbued with that hostile feeling towards anything religious that seems to prevail amongst a certain class to-day—all these joined hands and brought about a crisis. Congress was appealed to and the execution of the law of 1855 demanded. A counter current, led by the best people of the city, the most distinguished matrons, and the religions of all classes, set in. The doors of the Government palace were besieged by these applicants for clemency, but the force brought to bear by their antagonists was too great. Congress passed an act ordering the President to enforce the law, and the Jesuits were immediately called upon to deliver over the property occupied and to dismiss their pupils. The scene was touching in the extreme. Early this morning the Fathers called their pupils together and bade them a tearful adieu. The courtyards and reception rooms of the College were thronged with the parents of the children; the immense church of San Pedro was filled with the weeping faithful, listening, for the last time, to the trembling voice of their friend and pastor. A blessing alike was given to children and congregation, and the good Fathers for the third time shake the dust off their feet and bid farewell to a country where, whilst religious liberty is proclaimed, the best and truest exponents of the Catholic faith are declared interlopers and their holy offices forbidden."—*Extract from a letter to the Georgetown Journal.*

Eleven of the Fathers departed for Ecuador, where at Quito, they have a flourishing College. One of them, Fr. Luis de la Rúa, was greatly shocked by these misfortunes and died on reaching Guayaquil. Seven Fathers and seven Brothers at present (Nov. 15th) remain in the College, but are every moment expecting the worst. Carceres, the President, at one moment tells them to go and at the next to stay. This Carceres, at the time of the civil war between Peru and Chili, took refuge in one of our Colleges where he was cared for until he had completely recovered.

*Philadelphia.*—Services commemorative of the centennial anniversary of the death of Fr. Farmer, S. J. were held at St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia, on Sunday, December 26th. High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. John A. Morgan, S. J. The sermon by the Rev. James J. Bric, S. J., was on the growth of the Church in the United States, to which Father Farmer's 40 years of missionary work contributed in no small degree. The American Catholic Historical Society were the promoters of this commemoration.

*Rocky Mountains.*—A mission, under the patronage of St. Francis Xavier, has been established among the Mountain Crow Indians, living on a Reservation in the southern part of Montana Territory. Fathers Prando

and Peter Bandini, both experienced missionaries, left Helena, M. T., on Jan. 26th, 1887, accompanied by two young men, one a recent convert, who have offered to share in the founding of the mission. The spot selected is in a valley between the Big and Little Horn Rivers. For the present a tent will have to serve as chapel, school and house, as there are no funds for building. This tribe is over 3,000 in number, and hitherto has had no resident missionary, but has been visited from time to time by Fathers Barcelo and Prando.—On December 8th, C. Mackin and B. Feusi were ordained priests in the church of our Lady of Lourdes (S. J.), Spokane Falls, by Bishop Junger, of Nesqually.

**Rome.**—The demolishers have expelled Ours from the novitiate of San Andrea. A new street is to be made, which will necessitate the destruction of that part of the novitiate in which the room of St. Stanislaus is located. Influences of various kinds have been brought to bear on the Government, but to no purpose; even petitions from the first ladies of Poland had no effect. Finally, it has been determined to move the whole room by American methods, as they are called, to the church of the old novitiate.—On the first of November Fr. Liberatore celebrated the Jubilee of his priesthood. Three Cardinals were present at dinner: Cardinal Mazzella, Cardinal Howard, Cardinal Parocchi; moreover, a letter from Cardinal Jacobini was read congratulating Fr. Liberatore in the name of the Holy Father.—February 8th, was the 93rd birthday of our much beloved and very Reverend Father General Beckx. The day was solemnly celebrated in the German College. It was a pleasant contrast to a few years ago, when in this same refectory, where to-day so many Jesuits and all the alumni of the German College chanted songs of congratulation to the General of the Society, Garibaldi feasted his friends and followers with many a curse and execration on this same Society.

**Spain.**—The body of St. Francis Borgia, till now in possession of his family, has been given to us. It will be placed in our large College near Madrid.—The buildings at Loyola will be finished before the next Feast of St. Ignatius. The University of St. Joseph, from which great good is expected, was opened this year; about 90 students presented themselves. The Spanish Messenger is succeeding beyond expectation: within three years the subscriptions have increased 12,000, owing in great measure probably to the charming writings of Fr. Coloma.

**St. Louis, Mo.**—A Catholic club has recently been organized under the guidance of Fr. James Hoeffler. The object of the club is to unite the representative Catholic gentlemen of the city socially and for the furtherance of Catholic interests. It is called the Marquette club in honor of Fr. Marquette. Its first meeting took place in the Debating Hall of St. Louis University and was attended by some of the most prominent laymen among the Catholics of St. Louis.—On Christmas the prisoners of the City jail had the unusual privilege of assisting at the celebration of High Mass, which was celebrated by Fr. Van Krevel. Seventeen of the prisoners received Communion.—Fr. F. J. Boudreaux has published a seventh revised edition of his *Happiness of Heaven*, which has been received on every side with the praises it deserves.

**Syria.**—In the mission of Syria there are under the supervision of Ours 64 schools for primary instruction. During the past year there were 5269 pupils in attendance, of whom 3454 were boys under 80 teachers, and 1815 girls under 44 teachers, mostly native religious. If means were at hand many more schools might be opened and the pernicious efforts of Protestants checked or nullified. At present, almost superhuman efforts have to be made to raise funds enough to support schools in the districts most exposed to heretical influence. Though it takes but the paltry sum of \$50 a year to support a religious, and a proportionate amount to pay a secular teacher, it is simply out of the question to gratify all those who would willingly see a Catholic school in their midst.—*Relations d'Orient.*

**Tchang-ka-tchouang.**—Fr. Firmin Chen, of Tchang-ka-tchouang relates the following. In one of the Christian communities, a young girl, 15 or 16 years of age, had a suicidal bent of mind. She had already tried

several times to take her life, so that she was afterwards closely watched. Fr. Chen gave her some St. Ignatius water, and she was completely cured of her folly.

**Washington, D. C.** — Gonzaga College has begun an annual course of lectures this year. Fr. Richards lectured on *The Eye, a Model of Design*; Fr. J. F. O'Connor, on *Egyptian Picture Writing and Cuneiform Inscriptions* — both of Woodstock. Fr. Connolly, our Professor of Elocution, lectured on *Oratory*. The other lectures were by Mr. Spillane and Father Mc Goldrick of the College.

**Western Bengal.** — About three or four years ago some Fathers of the German Province established a mission in the Sunderbunds, the swampy almost uninhabitable country near the mouth of the Ganges. Amid sufferings chiefly occasioned by the unwholesome climate, nothing but their heroic zeal for the salvation of the natives could have sustained them. But God has blessed their labors with the desired fruit. Scattered through 29 poor villages the Catholics at present number about 1500. During the year preceding the 1st of August, 1886, 57 children and 7 adults were baptized, while 14 Protestants were received into the Church. Small as these results may appear, they are nevertheless highly satisfactory; for if we consider all the difficulties of missionary life in these swamps, we must wonder at the energy and endurance of the two priests, Frs. Maene and Bankaert, who bear the full burden of all the labors in this vast district. The following extract from Fr. Maene's letter will give some idea of their situation. "When I began this letter, I was called from the central station of our mission, Moropai, to the farthest village, Khari. To reach it I shall have to go by boat seven hours. We are in the rainy season, and may receive a drenching any moment. The whole country from Calcutta to the sea is one extensive lake. The rice fields, the sole wealth of our natives, which but lately formed impenetrable thickets, the haunt of the Bengal tiger, are all under water. To such long and perilous voyages must be ascribed the missionary's inability to labor with as much success, as those who are confined to one single place." A school has been opened for boys, and there is every reason to hope, that of the 60 children now receiving instruction, many, on their return home, will give great assistance to the missionaries in catechizing the natives, and if God should grant any of them vocations to the priesthood, the success of this mission will be certain. Fr. Maene thus concludes: "In fifteen of our villages we have nothing but poor chapels with thatch roof and open front and sides. At Moropai we have just erected a small church, but it is likely to be left minus floor and ceiling. Of our own house I have nothing to say; it is a miserable hut of mud and straw. Let us first build the house of God, and think of ourselves last of all." — *Katholische Missionen*.

**Zambesi.** — Fr. Weld has arranged to open a new Novitiate at Graaf Reinet. It is intended to prepare workmen for the Mission. Fr. Daignault, formerly a student at Woodstock, who has been Superior of Lower Zambesi, is the first Master of Novices. He began his work on Feb. 2nd with 4 Scholastic novices and 2 novice Brothers. His place at Quelimane will be filled by Father Victor Courtois. — It has been decided to give up the parishes there, and found two Industrial Schools or Reductions entirely for the blacks, by which greater fruit for souls is expected. Three new priests and some scholastics have been added to the number of missionaries. Good lay-brothers knowing some trade are still much needed.

**Home News.** — The *Autumn Disputations* took place Nov. 26th and 27th; the *Winter Disputations*, Feb. 11th and 12th.

DE VIRTUTIBUS INFUSIS. The *Defenders* were Fr. V. Chiappa and Mr. T. Brosnahan; the *Objectors*, Frs. A. M. Mandalari and H. W. Otting, and Messrs. A. Laure and J. Zwinge.

DE PENITENTIA. — *Defender*, Fr. P. Muset; *Objectors*, Messrs. A. Effinger and J. B. Kokenge.

Messrs. W. B. Brownrigg and C. Gillespie read Dissertations on Holy Scripture.

ETHICS, — *Defender*, Mr. E. Corbett; *Objectors*, Messrs. A. A. Ulrich and A. M. Fontan.

PSYCHOLOGY, — *Defenders*, Messrs. J. S. Hollahan and G. A. Pettit; *Objectors*, Messrs. J. A. Post, D. Hearn, J. P. Gonzalez, and F. B. Cassilly.

COSMOLOGY, — *Defenders*, Messrs. A. E. Mullan and M. A. Higgins; *Objectors*, Messrs. P. Murphy, F. J. Finn, J. W. Kuhlman and M. J. Coghlan.

LOGIC, — *Defender*, Mr. B. Otting; *Objectors*, Messrs. A. Porta and A. J. O'Connell.

Mr. T. A. McLoughlin read an essay on Aerial Navigation; Messrs. J. W. Kuhlman and M. A. Higgins gave the specimen in Mechanics; Mr. H. Casten explained the chemistry of the Alkali Metals, and Messrs. P. Murphy, H. Post and G. Rittmeyer made the experiments.

Our new church at Woodstock was formally opened on Sunday, January 2nd. Rev. Fr. ReCTOR said the first Mass in it.

*History of Christian Art*, by Fr. Garucci. An article by Fr. J. F. X. O'Conor, in the October Number of the *American Catholic Quarterly* on Fr. Garucci's Christian Art has just appeared in pamphlet form. The article was written to carry out a wish of V. R. Father General that this work of one of the great archæologists of the Society, might be brought into more general notice and secure for such a valuable book a deservedly wide circulation. Cunningham and Son, of Philadelphia, have been entrusted with the agency of the work for the United States.

In the meeting of Orientalists, Fr. J. F. X. O'Conor was enrolled as member of the Seventh International Oriental Congress held at Vienna, under the auspices of the University. The explorer Bernard Maimon who brought from Babylon the cylinder of Nebuchadnezzar translated by Fr. O'Conor, and, who recently returned from a successful expedition with one thousand new objects, which now adorn the Royal Museum of Berlin, has offered to send to the same Father data of the discoveries which he expects to make in his present search at Babylon.

Fr. Devitt, our evening Professor of Dogma, gave on February the 14th, at Loyola College, in Baltimore, a lecture on *A Dark Chapter in the Catholic History of Maryland*, which at the request of Dr. John Gilmary Shea will be published in the next number of the *Catholic Historical Magazine*, of New York.

#### THEOLOGICAL ACADEMY—*Papers Read.*

Impeccability and Free Will of Christ reconciled . . . . .	Fr. A. J. Burrowes
Devotion to Mary consistent with the Silence of the Gospels . . . . .	J. H. O'Rourke
Tradition . . . . .	Fr. E. A. Magevney
Value of Words spoken in Holy Scripture by Persons other than the Inspired Authors . . . . .	Fr. T. J. Gannon
The Resurrection of the Body . . . . .	Fr. M. W. Shallo
Scriptural and Early Ecclesiastical Warrant for Catholic Devotion to Mary . . . . .	J. P. Fagan
Merit treated as an Ethical Question and the Ethical Notions applied to the Supernatural Act . . . . .	J. P. De Smedt
Eternal Perdition and its Recent Opponents . . . . .	Fr. H. W. Otting
Formal Object of the Virtue of Penitence . . . . .	Fr. J. H. Richards
The Act of Faith, and the last Reason why we Believe . . . . .	G. J. Lucas
The Epiphany . . . . .	W. B. Brownrigg
Church and Labor Movement . . . . .	M. Eicher
Doctrine and Development . . . . .	T. Brosnahan
The Sanctity of the Church . . . . .	S. Bueno

#### PHILOSOPHICAL ACADEMIES—*Papers Read.*

*In the third year.*

Evolution . . . . .	M. D. Sullivan
Is Life Worth Living . . . . .	J. H. Rockwell
Instinct and Intellect . . . . .	J. J. Sennhauser
Darwinism . . . . .	G. A. Pettit

Philosophy of Botany . . . . .	J. P. Gonzalez
Spiritism . . . . .	A. A. Ulrich
Eternal Punishment . . . . .	J. A. Post
Lying and Mental Reservation . . . . .	J. F. Banks
Property . . . . .	E. Corbett
Existence of God . . . . .	D. Hearn
Agnosticism — Herbert Spencer on the Unknowable . . . . .	J. S. Hollohan

*In the second year.*

Quality . . . . .	G. Rittmeyer
Judgments of Common Sense . . . . .	D. Murphy
Goodness . . . . .	A. Taillant
Thoughts and Speech . . . . .	A. E. Mullan
Final Causes . . . . .	J. M. Coghlan
The Theory of the Fortuitous Concourse of Atoms . . . . .	F. J. Finn
The Beautiful . . . . .	T. S. Herber
Certitude in Religion . . . . .	H. T. Casten
Science . . . . .	J. F. Dawson
The Finality of the World . . . . .	A. J. Brown
Creation and Materialism . . . . .	P. Murphy
Schelling and his System . . . . .	J. W. Kuhlman
Kant and his Subjectivism . . . . .	H. A. Post
Hegel and Transcendentalism . . . . .	J. J. O'Hara
The Perfection and Unity of the World . . . . .	G. C. O'Connell

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QVIETI · ET · MEMORIAE  
PETRI · BECKX  
SOC · IESV · VNIVERSAE · REGVNDAE  
PRAEPOSITI · AB · IGNATIO · PATRE · XXII ·  
A · RESTITVTA · SOC · IV ·  
PARENTALIA  
COLLEGII · WOODSTOCKIANI  
IN · AMERICA  
IPSVM  
SICHEM · IN · BELGIO · NASCENTEM · VIDIT  
VI · IDVS · FEBR · ANNO · M · DCC · XCV ·  
INTER · SODALES · IESV · IAM · SACERDOTEM  
HILDESHEIM · RECEPIT  
VIII · KAL · OCT · ANNO · M · DCCC · XIX ·  
PLVRIBVS · IN · PROVINCIA · TVM · BELGICA · TVM · AVSTRIACA  
LABORIBVS · SPLENDE · FVNCTVM  
AD · VNIVERSAM · SOC · IESV · PROCVRANDVM · VOX · DEI  
CONCORDI · ELECTORVM · ANIMO · ARCESSIVIT  
VI · NON · IVL · ANNO · M · DCCC · LIII ·  
QVEM · HONOREM · ANNOS · XXXIV ·  
IN · MAGNA · RERVM · ADVERSITATE  
MVLTOQ · TEMPORVM · DISCRIMINE  
TANTA · GESSIT · PRVDENTIA · BENIGNITATE · CONSTANTIA  
QVANTAM · NVLLA · SILEBIT · POSTERITAS  
IV · NON · MART · ANNO · M · DCCC · LXXXVII ·  
MERITIS · ET · HONORIBVS · AVCTVM  
ROMA  
COELO · TRANSMISIT  
AVE · PARENS · OPTIME · INDVLGENTISSIME  
AVE · ANIMA · CANDIDISSIMA  
IN · PACE

ERRATA : p. 5, line 39 instead of *new worship* read *hero worship*  
" 9 " 27 " " *were read where*  
" 16 " 31 " " *advisability* read *advisability*

# WOODSTOCK LETTERS

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VOL. XVI, No. 2.

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## A CONTRIBUTION TOWARDS A HISTORY OF THE IRISH PROVINCE OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS

FROM ITS REVIVAL SOON AFTER THE YEAR 1800.

*By the Rev. John Grene, S. J.*

Irish history has been said to be *invertebrate*, wanting the backbone which is furnished to the history of England (for instance) by the regular line of kings, around whom historians have found it convenient to group the successive events into chapters. In the history of the Society of Jesus a similar purpose is served by the succession of generals. Even in this fragment of the history of a small province of the *Minima Societas*, the fittest item to begin with is a list of the Irish Provincials. Strictly speaking, the first of these was Father Joseph Lentaigne who became Provincial on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1860. Ireland was previously a Vice-Province from the year 1830, and before that date a Mission. It never at any time was united with England, as is at present the case with the Redemptorists and Passionists.

### SUPERIORS OF THE MISSION.

Fr. Peter Kenney, September 30, 1812  
Fr. Charles Aylmer, September 29, 1817  
Fr. Bartholomew Esmonde, August, 1820  
Fr. Peter Kenney, September 29, 1821

## VICE-PROVINCIALS.

- Fr. Robert St. Leger, May, 1830  
 Fr. Peter Kenney, April, 1834  
 Fr. Patrick Bracken, May, 1836  
 Fr. Robert St. Leger, February 23, 1841  
 Fr. John Curtis, March 19, 1850  
 Fr. John F. French, June 24, 1856  
 Fr. Joseph Lentaigue, February 2, 1858

## PROVINCIALS.

- Fr. Joseph Lentaigue, December 8, 1860  
 Fr. Edmund O'Reilly, December 8, 1863  
 Fr. Nicholas Walsh, April 20, 1870  
 Fr. Aloysius Sturzo, March 18, 1877  
 Fr. James Tuite, July 31, 1880  
 Fr. Thomas P. Brown, April 21, 1883

The chief link between the Irish Jesuits who flourished before the Suppression of the Society in 1773 and those who resumed their work after the Restoration, was Father Thomas Betagh. He was not the youngest of the ex-Jesuits, for Father John Barron was only 49 years old when he died in 1798, and Father Betagh was over 60 at that date. The following seventeen are given as the survivors of the Irish Mission, as our Province was then called:—

Fr. John Ward	<i>died</i> 1775	<i>aged</i> 70
Fr. Clement Kelly	" 1777	" 69
Fr. Edward Keating	" 1777	" 69
Fr. John St. Leger	" 1783	" 70
Fr. Nicholas Barron	" 1784	" 64
Fr. John Austin	" 1784	" 67
Fr. Peter Berill	" 1784	" 72
Fr. James Morony	" 1785	" 71
Fr. Michael Cawood	" 1787	" 79
Fr. Michael Fitzgerald	" 1791	" 97
Fr. John Fullam	" 1793	" 74
Fr. Paul Power	" 1795	" 63
Fr. John Barron	" 1798	" 49
Fr. Joseph O'Halloran	" 1800	" 74
Fr. James Mulcaile	" 1801	" 73
Fr. Richard O'Callaghan	" 1807	" 79
Fr. Thomas Betagh	" 1811	" 73

These Fathers looked forward with confidence to the restoration of the beloved Society, and they husbanded carefully the resources in their hands, confiding the management of them to one of their number who gave an account of this fund when they met from time to time. Fr. John Ward filled this office very satisfactorily, and at his death in 1775 Father Fullam succeeded. Attempts were made by certain persons to obtain the control of these funds, but they were kept safe with the help of Fr. Marmaduke Stone and still more of Fr. Charles Plowden of the English Province.

These Fathers devoted themselves to missionary work and also to education in Dublin, with great success, Fr. Austin and Fr. Betagh being the most distinguished. Several youths of high promise were trained up with a view to entering the Society, especially after it had been restored in Sicily in the year 1804 by Pope Pius VI. Thither these candidates for the Society were sent from Stonyhurst, where they had been placed for their education. About this time the Father General Brzozowski wrote to Fr. Betagh a letter, which is preserved in the archives of the Irish Province, and which shows the close relations subsisting between the members of the suppressed Society in places so far apart as Dublin and St. Petersburg:—

REVERENDE IN CHRISTO PATER,

P. C.

“Cum summa animi mei voluptate a Patribus nostris qui sunt in Anglia accepi quam egregiam operam quamque utilem Reverentia vestra, quamquam ætate provecta, ponat in illa Domini Nostri vinea. Non dubito benevolentiam qua Episcopi Hiberniæ prosequantur Societatem proficisci a zelo apostolico antiquorum nostrorum Patrum, sed eandem augeri per laborem indefessum quem vident a Reverentia vestra in salute animarum procuranda exantlari. Gratias igitur Reverentiæ vestræ ago quantas possum maximas pro hoc erga Matrem nostram amore. Perge, Pater Reverende, eam tuis ornare officiis et beneficiis. Para tui zeli et spiritus successores ex iis juvenibus qui in Anglia instruuntur. Certissimus est consensus Summi Pontificis quoad vestram nobiscum unionem, quidquid quidam aliter dicant vel scribant. Hoc consensu posito, cum melius profecto sit esse quam non esse, judicarem Societatem in Hibernia etiam resuscitari posse, licet caute, prudenter, et sine strepitu, ne scilicet ob hunc ipsum consensum Sanctissimo Patri novæ causentur molestiæ. Veniet tempus, et brevi quidem, quo Sancta Sedes etiam canonice scripto hanc unionem confir-

mabit. Si itaque mature præparamus socios, gaudebit tum ecclesia Hibernensium, gaudebit Societas, adesse operarios et milites qui ad prælia Domini prælianda sint parati.

R. P. Callaghan virum apostolicum saluto ac veneror. Utrique omnem divinam benedictionem precor, meque Societatemque utriusque sanctis sacrificiis commendo.

Reverentiæ Vestræ

Servus in Christo addictissimus,

THADDÆUS BRZOWSKI,

P. G., S. J.

Petropoli, 14 Junii, 1806.

Fr. Betagh, who then filled the office of Vicar-General to the Archbishop of Dublin, had formed high expectations in particular of Mr. Peter Kenney, then about 25 years of age. A friend said to him one day: 'Oh! Dr. Betagh what will become of us all when you go to Heaven?' 'No matter,' answered he, 'I am old and stupid, but there is a young cock coming from Sicily that will crow ten times as loud as ever I could do.'

In the ninth volume of *The Irish Monthly*, at page 441 and again at page 500 (August and September 1881) may be found an article entitled 'To Palermo and Back, Seventy years Ago,' which describes the voyage to Sicily of the first band of young Irish Jesuits of the nineteenth century. A letter is there given, dated 'Stonyhurst, July 7th, 1809,' in which the Rector, Fr. Nicholas Sewall gives 'the Rev. Mr. Betagh, Cook Street, Dublin,' an account of the departure from Liverpool in the ship *Lascelles* of Bartholomew Esmonde of Kildare, Paul Ferley of Dublin, Charles Aylmer of Kildare, Robert St. Leger of Waterford, Edmund Cogan of Cork, and James Butler of Dublin—'all young men of abilities and likely to do credit to their country.' Next follows a minute account of the voyage by Bartholomew Esmonde, then aged 19 years, and the youngest of the little company. Peter Kenney and Matthew Gahan had preceded them to the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. England then occupied Sicily against France; and Father Kenney was sent on one occasion to Civita Vecchia to act as interpreter between the Pope and the English Admiral who held himself in readiness to give to His Holiness the protection of the British fleet.

Of the little band mentioned above Edmund Cogan died after a year in Sicily. The others after their ordination were fortunate enough to be at Rome on their homeward journey when the Pope restored the Society throughout the world.

They were thus among the first to resume the Jesuit dress. On the 7th of August, 1814, the Bull of Restoration was published at the Gesù where the Pope, in the presence of the Sacred College of Cardinals, celebrated Mass at the altar of St. Ignatius.

Meanwhile Fr. Betagh had died at 92 Cook Street, Dublin, Feb. 16th, 1811. He had kept an excellent school behind the houses in Fishamble Street, and amongst his pupils was Daniel Murray, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, and ever a devoted friend to Fr. Kenney and the Society. Another pupil of his was Michael Blake, the restorer of the Irish College in Rome, and subsequently Bishop of Dromore in Ulster. In a sermon preached on Palm Sunday, 1811, which was printed with another in 1821, and which now lies before us, he pays a very touching tribute to 'the venerable Betagh,' as he calls him. The sermon was for the evening Free Schools which Fr. Betagh had founded and supported, and which to this day are known as Dr. Betagh's Schools. Already in 1811 more than three thousand boys had received their education in these schools, which have been continuing their work ever since. Dr. Blake speaks of 'the man who established that Institution, who cherished the objects of it with the affection of a parent, who superintended their instruction, who rewarded the most promising of them by a classical education, who at the age of seventy three <sup>(1)</sup> would sit down in a cold damp cellar every night to hear the lessons of these children, and contrived to clothe forty of the most destitute of them every year at his own expense.' After describing the patriarch's holy death the young priest—who himself lived for fifty years after—gives a wonderful account of the grief shown by the people, 'the crowds which, at all hours of the day and night and under the most heavy incessant rain, were seen pouring in from every quarter of the city to the house where his body lay.' His funeral testified to the extraordinary veneration in which he was held by all classes. <sup>(2)</sup>

But we have given an undue amount of our space to Father Betagh. We do so because he was the chief connecting link between the old and the new Society in Ireland. Another of the Fathers during the interregnum, Fr. Mulcaile, translated Feller's Philosophical Catechism into English. Fr. Callaghan, whom Fr. Brzozowski in the letter

<sup>(1)</sup> He was born at Kells in Co. Meath, in the year 1738.

<sup>(2)</sup> An eye-witness, still living at a very advanced age, tells of a white dove that was seen peering into the open grave, which, when it was closed, suddenly disappeared.

quoted before, salutes and venerates as a *vir apostolicus*, had suffered for the Faith in the Philippine Islands.

After their return from Sicily in 1812 Fathers Kenney, Dinan, and Gahan resided at No 3 George's Hill, Dublin, which house is now a portion of the schools of the Presentation Nuns. The Jesuits before and during the Suppression had long been connected with that parish of St. Michan, and they officiated in the Parish Church, formerly in Mary's Lane, but removed long since to North Anne Street. Fr. Kenney was Superior of the Irish Mission of the Society. Another pupil of Fr. Betagh's, Dr. Daniel Murray, had been appointed Coadjutor to Dr. Troy, the Archbishop of Dublin; and yet in June, 1812, he was persuaded by the Bishops to become president of Maynooth College. He yielded, it is said, on condition that Fr. Kenney should help him as vice-president. In the College Calendar Fr. Kenney's appointment is assigned to the following November. Their term of office was intended to be brief, but it left its mark on the College, and no doubt had a share in the immense veneration with which Fr. Kenney's name is still remembered among the priests of Ireland. The meditations which the Vice-President proposed during that year to the students were eagerly copied, and are not even yet forgotten or disused.

The money mentioned before as having been carefully husbanded during the Suppression was expended on the purchase of Castle Browne or Clongowes Wood, in County Kildare, 16 Irish miles, or 27 English miles from Dublin. It is now known by its older name of Clongowes or Clongowes Wood,<sup>(1)</sup> but at the time it was called Castle Browne, from the old Catholic family who had owned it, and of whom the head then was General Browne in the service of the King of Saxony. Captain Wogan Browne is at this present moment a Catholic Officer in the British army. The Brownes had been in possession for two hundred years, being preceded by another Catholic race, the Eustaces, whose name still survives in the small town of Ballymore Eustace not far distant. The purchase of Clongowes was completed in 1813, but some time was spent in preparing it for its new destiny. The first pupil entered on the 14th of May, 1814. We should gladly mention the boy's name if tradition had handed it down.

There lies before us a fragment of a diary kept by some

<sup>(1)</sup> I have heard that a Jesuit belonging to a part of the world where frame-houses are used, when he heard of Clongowes Wood College, expressed surprise that a large college like that should be made of such frail materials.

one at Clongowes two years after. Some little bits of internal evidence seem to point to Fr. Charles Aylmer as its author; and, comparing the handwriting with that of Father Aylmer's 'Journal of a Tour in Sicily,' which chances to come under our eyes at this moment, the two manuscripts seem to be written by the same person. The Sicilian Journal is dated three years earlier, September, 1813. We notice in it that Fr. Aylmer was already a priest in his 29th year, having been born in 1784. This fragment of a journal ends with a lovingly minute description of the shrine of St. Lucy, at Syracuse; and this is another proof of identity between Fr. Aylmer and the Clongowes Diarist, for it explains what had previously surprised me—namely, why in the Diary December 13th is called 'St. Lucy's Day,' no other saint of November and December being thus mentioned except of course St. Stanislaus and St. Francis Xavier.

The diary begins on October 1st, 1816, giving the *status domus* at full length. Fr. Peter Kenney, Superior of the whole Society in Ireland, prefect of higher studies, preaches every week to the pupils. Fr. Aylmer is the Minister and Fr. Claudius Jantard is Spiritual Father—a Frenchman who seemed a patriarch in the youthful community, as another old scrap of paper tells us he was born in 1740, and entered the Society in 1756 before Choiseul and Pombal and the Devil had got their will.<sup>(1)</sup> Fr. James Butler is Professor of Moral and Dogmatic Theology. Fr. Paul Ferley is Professor of Logic and Metaphysics; and curiously enough it is announced that he is to preach on the next Good Friday still half a year distant. Fr. Matthew Gahan is described as missionary in the parish of St. Nicholas, Francis Street, Dublin, and confessor to the Nuns at Harold's Cross and Summer Hill—the former still the home of the Poor Clares, the latter the first beginnings of the Irish Sisters of Charity. The four remaining priests in the Clongowes Community seventy years ago were Fathers Robert St. Leger, W. Dinan, Bartholomew Esmonde (Superior of the Scholastics), and John Ryan a missionary in St. Paul's Parish, Arran Quay. Among the Scholastics, the masters and prefects were Brothers Frazer, Levins, Connor, Bracken, Sherlock, Moran, Mullen, and McGlade. Several of these were following the theological classes at the same time, and others were applied exclusively to their studies; of these last two survived to our own time, dying only two or three years ago, nonagenarians—Robert Haly and John Curtis. A third was the first of all to die, the first buried in the rustic graveyard of old

<sup>(1)</sup> He died at Clongowes in 1821, aged 81.

Mainham—Nicholas Fitzharris who had been a Maynooth student during Fr. Kenney's vice-presidency and followed him when he left the College.

The Diary begins with All Saints' Day 1816, mentioning that the number of scholars was then 194. On the feast of St. Francis Xavier it is recorded, 'J. Heaney came to the house and completed the 200 scholars who are in all on the list 201, in the house 199.' Among these were Joseph Lentaigne who was our first Irish Provincial, and his brother who died recently, Sir John Lentaigne; also Frank Mahony ('Father Prout') and James Lynch, now Coadjutor Bishop of Kildare.

The manner in which Fr. Aylmer's opinion is reported in the following passage is one of my reasons for thinking that Fr. Aylmer wrote the Diary. 'The letter from Mr. Kenney on the 3rd was to desire the opinions of Fathers Ferley, Butler, and Aylmer with regard to his preaching a charity sermon in Cork at the request of the Bishop, Dr. Murphy, and, consequent to his accepting that of Cork, another in Limerick. The two former were of opinion that both ought to be accepted; the latter said he did not entirely agree with them, because he thought that Mr. Kenney's frequent absence from the College, where he had so often declared that all were too young and not to be depended upon, was highly injurious. As to the propriety of preaching both sermons, Mr. Kenney himself could alone determine, as he alone knew the circumstances and situation of affairs.'

The diary, which records very minutely everything about the examinations and the health of the boys and sundry other matters, ends with the 13th of December. On the same day it is said: 'We heard that Mr. Kenney had got possession of Hardwick Street Chapel.' A week before, we read: 'Miss McMahan still in Hardwick St. Much opposition made to this establishment by the priests of the parish.'

These entries refer to the first Dublin sanctuary of the Society after its Restoration. It was already a holy spot. The Poor Clares who are now serving God according to their holy state at Harold's Cross, near Dublin, carried out their vocation even amidst the terrors of the Penal Laws. In 1752 some of them who were living in North King Street removed to the house of Major Favier in Drumcondra Lane, now called Dorset Street. 'After a few years', say their annals, from which the Mother Abbess has copied this extract for us, 'they built a neat chapel with eight cells over it at the cost of £ 800. In the year 1804, October 19th, the com-

munity was transferred to Harold's Cross; and their chaplain, the Rev. Bernard McMahon, took a lease of the chapel and celebrated Mass there until his death. He had the eight cells prepared for his accommodation as a residence. The gentlemen of Clongowes College are now in possession of it, the entrance being in 38 Hardwick Street, which has been built on the site of our kitchen garden that stood at the rear of the convent.'

This, the first public Jesuit chapel in Ireland since the Restoration, is still easily recognized in the middle of Hardwick Street (No. 38). When St. Francis Xavier's Church was opened in 1832, our Fathers used the Hardwick Street House as a day school till 1841, when Belvedere College was opened at No. 6 Great Denmark Street. It became subsequently a Methodist chapel, and is now a National school under Protestant auspices. It was here that Fr. Kenney preached some of his first sermons with that massive eloquence which has made his name so profoundly respected by the Irish priests and people. Next to him as a preacher was Fr. Esmonde, who began in the miserable little thatched parish chapel of Mainham.

In 1817 Fr. Fidelis Grivel was sent as Visitor to England and Ireland. He made Fr. Aylmer Rector of Clongowes with Fr. Matthew Gahan as Minister. In some unpublished reminiscences of Fr. Haly we learn that Fr. Aylmer changed the dinner hour from half past 12 to half past 3 o'clock. But after Fr. Aylmer's rectorship it was changed back to the earlier hour.

Amongst the founders of Clongowes a high place belongs to Fr. James Butler. He was a man of extraordinary ability and devotedness, and inspired masters and scholars<sup>(1)</sup> with some of his own energy. His health gave way, and he died on the 22nd of August, 1821, aged 31½ years: for his birthday was the feast of St. Stanislaus 1790.

Just before this, Fr. Aylmer had been chosen to take part in the procuratorial congregation at Rome. The Russian Tsar had turned against the Jesuits whom he had before befriended when all the world was against them. Fr. Aylmer arranged that three of the Fathers banished by Russia should come to Ireland—Fathers Casimir Hlasko, Francis Stackhowsi and a fine-looking young Father whose Christian name was Adam, says Fr. Haly. With this help a

<sup>(1)</sup> One of these translated the whole of Cicero's oration *Pro Milone* into Greek which won the admiration of a Fellow of Trinity College. Another (Jeremiah John Murphy), afterwards Master in Chancery, composed rapidly at a T. C. D. examination, some eighty or a hundred excellent Greek hexameters on a given subject.

school of theology was opened, and six English scholastics were sent over to join it—John Weston, John Scott, Henry Brigham, William Waterton, (brother to the famous traveler and naturalist,) James Carr, and Bernard Addis. These all completed their theological course in Ireland, and retained ever after very pleasing memories of their Irish sojourn.

When Fr. Robert Fulton S. J., Provincial of Maryland and New York, came to Ireland as Visitor in 1886, the opening words of his first exhortation to the Fathers and Brothers in St. Francis Xavier's, Dublin, were these: 'In Georgetown College, our oldest college in the United States, in the most prominent place in the refectory, hangs the portrait of the Irish Fr. Kenney as a memorial of his visitation of the Province of Maryland, then the only one in America, and of the gracious results of that visitation.' He then with discreet humility went on to emphasize the inequality of the return, describing Fr. Kenney's mission as productive of method and organization. In reality, Fr. Kenney was sent twice to America as Visitor, first by Fr. General Thadæus Brzozowski in 1819, when he returned after a few months, and again in 1830 by Fr. Roothaan, when he spent three years in his arduous and delicate office, to the satisfaction of all. At some special season of difficulty during his American exile he seems to have written despondingly to the General; for Fr. Roothaan writes to him from Rome on the 12th of May, 1832, in the following terms:—

'Quamprimum deletam ex animo R<sup>mo</sup> Vestræ cupio suspensionem quasi R<sup>mo</sup> V<sup>ro</sup> parum fiderem. Quomodo potuit R<sup>mo</sup> V<sup>ro</sup> hoc persuaderi? Quodnam majus fiduciæ documentum dare possum quam nominando Visitatorem, et Visitatorem in partibus tam remotis? Ego vero profiteor et fiduciam me habuisse cum Reverentiæ Vestræ munus tam difficile demandarem, et hanc meam fiduciam ex iis quæ huc usque isthic gessit esse confirmatam et auctam. Plane enim prudenter et juxta mentem nostram R<sup>a</sup> V<sup>a</sup> res gerit.'

Again on the 23rd of October, in the same year, he writes:—'Ad consolationem R<sup>mo</sup> V<sup>ro</sup> dicam quod ex variis Missouriianis litteris magna animi lætitia intellexerim optimum exitum habuisse Visitationem, præsertim quod ad cordis dilatationem et animarum conjunctionem firmandam multum conduxerit.'

Finally, in a letter of Father Roothaan, dated from Rome, 21st September, in the following year, 1833, this phrase occurs:—

'Gratulor de laboribus in Americæ Visitatione exantlatis

cum Dei gloria et illorum Nostrorum utilitate plurima. Dominus retribuet.'

Fr. Kenney, who had been Superior of the Irish Mission almost continuously since 1812,—Fr. Aylmer filling the office for three years after September 29th, 1817, and Fr. Esmonde for a year after 1820—upon his return from America, became the second Vice-Provincial in April, 1834, the first Superior, when Ireland became a Vice-Province in 1830, being Fr. Robert St. Leger, who had a second term of nine years before 1850, between Fr. Bracken and Fr. Curtis. He it was who later became Vicar-Apostolic of Calcutta.

It was chiefly between his two trips across the Atlantic—which at that time was considerably broader than it is accounted nowadays — that Fr. Kenney acquired his great and solid reputation as a preacher. In his style of eloquence, and especially in his slow and weighty delivery, he resembled O'Connell far more than Sheil. His retreats to the clergy were eagerly sought for. An aged Bishop recalls in particular the overmastering tenderness and vehemence of his apostrophes to the crucifix, which he delivered with streaming eyes on some occasions; and he declares that his vivid recollection of Fr. Kenney's preaching had made him unable to relish any other preacher however eminent, even Fr. Thomas Burke himself. Fr. Aylmer, himself a most effective preacher, used to say that his greatest humiliation was to be obliged to preach from the same altar-steps from which Fr. Kenney had electrified the congregation the Sunday before. Naturally the crowd on such occasions overflowed into Hardwick St. Grattan is said to have expressed great admiration for Fr. Kenney's eloquence; and an eminent literary man declared that to listen to one of his well-prepared discourses was an exquisite intellectual treat. We may emphasize the phrase 'well-prepared' as an excuse for remarking that the impressions of some who heard him when he was forced to speak without due preparation run counter to these enthusiastic testimonials. Fr. Kenney's personal character had no doubt a large share in the effectiveness of his words. He was the trusted counsellor of very many among the priests and Bishops of Ireland. His own Archbishop, Doctor Murray, placed unlimited confidence in his life-long friend. When he wished to bring the famous J. K. L. round from certain peculiar opinions, Dr. Doyle and Fr. Kenney were invited to dine at the Archbishop's house in North Cumberland

Street,<sup>(1)</sup> where the points in question were discussed with the greatest fulness and candor (as we are assured), with the result desired.

However, we must not forget that this rapid and unmethodical sketch is not a biography of Peter Kenney, S. J. Will the purpose for which it is written allow a few particulars about some other Jesuits of this century?

(To be continued.)

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TEXAS.

GONZALES, Jan. 31st, 1887.

REVEREND DEAR FATHER,  
P. C.

Our little church in Gonzales, favored by its titular patron, St. Joseph, has prospered in many ways since its humble beginning some four years ago. Then there were but about fifteen communicants within a radius of ten miles, of whom at least one half have sought other and more promising localities. In the jubilee mission given last June we numbered thirty-five communions. Then there was but little hope of erecting a house of God, as three priests had attempted it in vain, and but one family, seven miles off encouraged and urged the undertaking. They gave money, time and labor to the cause. Now we have a church roofed, floored, benched, a nice altar with three colored statues, those of the Sacred Heart of Our Lord, Our Lady of Lourdes and St. Joseph. Our sacristy has all the vestments save the green, all the sacred vessels for Mass, communion and benediction, an ample supply of church linen, candelabra, flowers and vases. We have a library of three hundred volumes, an organ with a well-trained choir, stations of the

<sup>(1)</sup> *Quantum mutatus ab illo, Hectore!* Not even a curate would lodge in Cumberland Street now. Dr. Murray soon removed to Mountjoy Square where he died. We may stow away in this footnote a circumstance connected with Fr. Kenney's death, which has just been communicated to us. Fr. Manfredini told our informant that, when Fr. Kenney was at Rome in 1841, he fell ill, and the doctor proposed to bleed him. The patient thought it his duty to inform Fr. Manfredini that his medical adviser had warned him that it would be fatal to him to be bled. Fr. Manfredini referred the matter to the General, Fr. Roothaan, who, when Fr. Kenney repeated the statement, said, 'we shall call in a second physician, and what they both advise shall be done, for they understand best the climate and the present circumstances of the case.' It was decided that the patient should be bled. He submitted cheerfully and within twenty-four hours he was dead, 19th Nov., 1841, aged 62.

cross, a belfry fifty-three feet high to the top of the cross and a bell weighing 760 pounds, presented by a Catholic of San Antonio on condition of our erecting the belfry. We have just built a little parsonage, twenty-four by sixteen feet, of which eight feet are partitioned off for a sleeping apartment; and all this, not counting the vessels, ornaments and similar things, has cost us in money about \$2300. When I went north to attend the Provincial Congregation, I had no hope of returning; and all the way the train seemed to chant a melancholy refrain that sounded like 'farewell to Texas, farewell to Texas.' But, contrary to all my forebodings, the Very Rev. Vicar-General permitted me to come back under certain considerations. One of these was that I should spend a certain time each year at one of our houses. I have just returned from a visit to Galveston, where our kind Fathers received me with all the warm charity of the Society; and it is because the good Rector, Fr. O'Connor urged it on me that I send you this letter. I could scarcely believe that my labors were worthy of mention in a periodical that chronicles the Missions of the North-West with all their rigorous hardships.

I attend three churches and three outlying stations. In the month of November I rode in three northers, being caught in the first in summer clothing. From here I go to Luling, next day to Lockhart, where a poor box-house unfit for a negro school is dedicated to St. Ignatius. Oh, how poor the church, how indifferent the people! I had to spend \$10 in replacing the broken panes, and to provide benches at a cost of \$30. I received there about \$3 for myself. From that place I ride back to Luling and on the ensuing day I go to Seguin where my confessor resides. When business requires it I leave my horse there and go by rail to San Antonio; otherwise I ride back to Luling on Thursday. In November, I was caught half way—the distance is twenty-five miles—by a norther, and found on my arrival a sick call to a Mexican living seven miles in the country. I slept that night at an adjoining farm and rode back next morning in the teeth of the norther. I had to buy an overcoat that cost me \$10, groaning at the thought of so much lost to the church. On Sunday, Mass was preceded all morning by confession and Communion; and then after a cup of coffee, I went to Nixon's ranch to preach to Protestants who did not come, so wet and cold was the weather. Next morning I rode in the rain to Coe valley, fifteen miles, to say Mass on the following day for six or seven Polish families. The following day I said Mass at Blakeslee farm, and asked them to wake

me very early next morning, that I might go to Salt Creek to some four or five Mexican families whom I had promised to visit; the poor people had not heard Mass for five years. That night a fearful norther arose, and it was intensely cold. My hosts awoke me betimes, but entreated me not to venture out. At first I yielded, but my conscience pricked me sorely, and by 8 o'clock I was in the saddle, and seven miles off. Where the road was doubtful I found a Mexican awaiting me as guide. He had been there two hours and his only salutation, *Padrecito, hace mucho frio*, was a reproach to my wavering. How glad I was not to have disappointed him. By noon I had said Mass and after a cup of coffee started to return a twelve miles ride on an empty stomach. The coffee I could drink; but the meat!—I can eat javelina, rattlesnake, anything properly cooked; had it been prepared Mexican fashion, that is, with a fiery pepper sauce, I should have been grateful, but they had tried to do it *al Americano* and it was a dismal failure. Next Sunday, the third Sunday of the month, I said Mass here at Gonzales, and on Monday morning rode down to Cuero, thirty miles away, beginning a Jubilee mission that evening that lasted till Monday evening ensuing. On Tuesday I rode back; on Wednesday to Luling, and on Thursday to Lockhart to resume my monthly circuit. During that month I had ridden on my dear old Careto three hundred and fifty miles.

Our Christmas here was full of consolation. Our choir had rehearsed Millard's Mass, and my people had observed their Advent strictly though parties and theatrical companies tantalized them greatly. Our statues had arrived and only awaited the brackets to be mounted. On the Saturday previous I had taken up a dime collection through the city to defray the expense of a dinner at the poor-house, where there are four Catholic inmates, who are very edifying by their patience and fervor. I take them Communion monthly. On Christmas eve we waited till a late hour for a delayed train to bring the brackets, and finally took down our little scaffolding. By 10 o'clock I had my little altar adorned and ready. At 11.30 standard time—I am sacristan and bell-ringer—I rang out the first bell that ever tolled for midnight Mass in Gonzales. Even the Protestants call it by its name, San Gabriel, and begin and end the daily toil at its bidding. How beautiful, how consoling that Mass! The religious music, the blazing altar — thirty-six lights — the profound adoration of our few Catholics, caused a hushed awe in the many Protestants, who drawn by curiosity, found (may we not hope?) the first stirrings of grace in their

hearts. Confession and Communion, 8 o'clock Mass, high Mass at 10.30, benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the Angelus, and it was over. 'Oh Father,' some of my converts told me, 'not even in First Communion did I have such consolation.' After that I rode out to the poor-house where I had claimed and had been accorded the favor of waiting on the poor brethren of the Lord, and eating with them my Christmas dinner. Happy Christmas!

F. P. GARESCHÉ.

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## MICHIGAN.

SAULT STE. MARIE, MICH.,

February 1st, 1887.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER SABETTI,  
P. C.

Will you please grant a little of your precious time to one of your former pupils, to tell you some of his whereabouts and doings since, in June, 1873, he said farewell to dear Woodstock College, where, amidst kind Fathers and beloved Brothers, he spent three of the happiest years of his life. I left you to go to Fordham to be one of the Prefects of the first Division until July, 1873. My greatest exploit during that year was to preach my first sermon in English, and this before the boys, and on Good Friday evening, on the Passion of our Lord. Thence I went to St. Mary's College, Montreal, to teach a Latin class, where I stayed until September, 1875, and exercised some ministry besides. Then my Superior ordered me to leave my class and go to Guelph, where I remained attending the missions and giving some retreats to children and Nuns, until Aug. 1877. Whilst in Guelph I received three Protestants into the Church. Thence I went to the Novitiate to make alone my third year of probation, having at the same time to be chaplain to the young ladies in the convent of the Sacred Heart at the Sault au Recollet, and giving besides some retreats to children in convents, to people and Nuns. During that year I had the happiness of receiving into the Catholic Church a Protestant young lady boarding and studying at the Convent—a heroine who faced all kinds of persecution to follow the voice of God.

On the 9th of August, 1878, after I, with two of my

brothers, priests, six other brothers and four sisters, many children and grandchildren, etc., had celebrated the golden jubilee of my father and mother, I arrived here in Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., where I have been since. I found here the good old Fr. Martin Ferard, who had been here for five years, after he had spent several years among the Indians. He was living in his new pastoral residence, which he built himself at the cost of more than \$3000. I was left here alone in the beginning of September, 1878, to take charge of the parish and surrounding missions. The parish with the missions extends from the mouth of St. Mary's River in Lake Huron to Grand Marais on Lake Superior one hundred and fifty miles, extending south some thirty miles, into a country not altogether settled. Although fifteen years ago there were not five farmers, one wonders to-day to find so many who possess such beautiful farms, several having more than one hundred acres cleared, with fine houses and barns. The soil around here is most fertile. But there are two great drawbacks for the farmers, a late spring and an early fall which often enough do not allow the abundant crops to reach their maturity, and a want of railroad facilities for transporting their products. Some got discouraged and left. But the building of the railroad will soon give them an outlet. The population has been increasing yearly. We have now in the parish more than three hundred Catholic families of fifteen thousand souls, and one hundred Catholic families spread in ten missions. Our charge is composed of some six hundred Half-breeds, four hundred Irish, three hundred French Canadians, one hundred and fifty Indians, a few Scotch and Germans, and one negro, with plenty of cockle among the good seed. The Protestants outnumber the Catholics; the lion and the lamb, however, live in peace together. My nearest neighbor on the east until last year was the priest of Point St. Ignace about ninety-six miles from here; on the west, is the Bishop of Marquette, one hundred and fifty miles distant; on the south, the nearest priest is unknown yet; on the north, beyond the River, which is about two and a half miles wide, is Fr. Chambon, S. J., who attends the Canadian Sault, having about fifteen Catholic families.

I give some details of the work done here since September, 1878. I found an old frame church falling down, and an old small school house to which Fr. Ferard had made a small addition; few people coming to high Mass, most to the low Mass of 8 o'clock, probably because as there was no sermon at the low Mass it was shorter. I made it a point

to preach at both Masses, so now none escape. I gave them a retreat which ended on the 8th of December, 1878, with an increase of piety. Then I had to prepare to build a new church, the existing one being too old and too small. It was a very hard work to begin with not a cent in the treasury of the church, and the people poor and unaccustomed to give. But where there is a will there is a way; I armed myself with courage. We prayed together. I had two cows, which I raffled in February, 1879, for the benefit of the new church, and succeeded in obtaining \$500. Then we had three bazaars; I took a voluntary subscription; I had all the stone for the foundations hauled for nothing. The first of June, 1881, having in my safe \$6000, I began to build a brick church, gothic in style, 115 x 50 feet, with a vestry 20 x 36 feet, 47 feet from floor to ceiling, and with a steeple 143 feet high. The corner stone was blessed by Bishop Vertin on the 13th of July. On the 24th of December, the church was built, but not plastered, nor was the tower finished outside; and all paid so far. The old pews were brought in; and the school children gave an entertainment for the benefit of the new church, which was very successful; and on Christmas night we had service in it. On Christmas day 1881, Rev. Thomas Ouellette, S. J., of Garden River, began in the new church an eight days' retreat, which was carried out with great success. In 1882, I took up a subscription to finish the tower. In 1883, we had a bazaar, and I took up another voluntary subscription, which brought enough to plaster the church, to put in new pews made of ash and stained birch, and to complete the church inside. It was dedicated—not consecrated, although it could have been, as there was no debt on it—by the Bishop on the 3rd of September, 1883. During the month of October, of this same year, Rev. J. Reynel gave to my people an eight days' retreat with much fruit. Early in the year 1884, I warned my good people that during the following week I should go around and take the names of the families that were willing to put a stained-glass window in the church with their name upon it; in less than three hours I had more names than I wanted. So I ordered the stained-glass windows, which were put in in July. I am told that St. Mary's Church is the finest church in the upper Peninsula of Michigan. It has cost over \$15,000, although some guessers thought it must have cost over \$20,000. During July of that same year 1884, Rev. Fr. Weninger gave to my people an eight days' retreat, resulting in the great fruits that always accompany his retreats.

During that same summer I built a small frame church at Detour, a station at the mouth of St. Mary's River, sixty miles from here; all paid for when built. I obtained gratis from Protestants one acre of land beautifully situated on a hill where the church now stands. I obtained in the same way from a Catholic two acres of ground for a cemetery, a short distance from the church. This station was taken off our hands last June by the Bishop, where Rev. Fr. Jacker, one of his own priests, is residing now. The church was dedicated on the 1st of September 1884 by the Bishop, under the title of the Sacred Heart. In the summer of 1885, I built here at the cost of \$2,842 a new school-house 51 x 40 ft. veneered in red brick, three stories high, with four class rooms, a chapel and a dormitory in the upper story. It was blessed and occupied in the beginning of October. I had to repair the house for the Sisters at the same time at a cost of \$500. The expenses were all paid when the work was done. In the same summer after having obtained gratis from a Protestant a lot of ground ninety feet front by one hundred and fifty feet deep, nicely situated in a village called Pickford Settlement, twenty-four miles south of us, I built upon it a small frame church for our Catholic farmers, and opened it with blessing and service on the 18th of October of the same year. It was dedicated last 12th of July by the Bishop under the title of the Immaculate Conception. I received also one acre of ground for a cemetery, gratis. All the different stations were attended by me until 1881; since that time I had for help Fr. Chambon, S. J., until August, 1885, when he was replaced by Father Santerre, S. J., who in his turn was replaced in August, 1886, by Father Richard, S. J. I have yet nearly all the sick-calls, and I have to provide for churches to be erected where there are none. The greatest blessing of last year, was the nine days' retreat for the Jubilee given in August by Rev. Frs. Damen and Van der Erden; they made a most fruitful havoc among my people. They brought back to their God a great many big sinners. The church was crowded with catholics and Protestants every night. Eight hundred went to communion at the end. As 1886 has been a year of grace there was a good deal of piety. I have reconciled twelve couples who had been married outside of the church, some of whom had been excommunicated.

The following acquisitions have been made for the Society. In 1881, I acquired one acre of land for \$75 on the River shore a short distance below the church, which is

worth now over \$3000. In 1883, *S. Josepho favente*, I obtained gratis from Mr. Thomas Ryan's family, ten acres of land magnificently situated on a beautiful hill back of the town, about a mile from the church, on which at some future day we may build a college. Of course, it was only prospective for the needs of the future that I acquired this property; but would you believe it, the Bishop has chosen the Sault for such institution? Lately he urged my superior to begin the work next spring. But Rev. Fr. Hudon answered that he thought it was better to postpone the work to some other year. These ten acres will soon be worth \$10,000. The same year, I obtained in the same way from Mr. William Shaw and wife some twelve acres of land advantageously situated on the St. Mary's River about three miles from the future college, for the purpose of building upon them a country house, where the students could go to recreate themselves. Last November I bought forty acres of land for \$650 cash, beautifully situated on the edge of the hill back of the town, three miles below the church. The congregation will soon want it for a cemetery, as their present grave-yard is small and filling fast. I have thought of securing these important properties before the land gets too high in price. A great boom is expected here. The railroad will appear this year. Several other roads are expected, when the new bridge is built this summer over the rapids, to connect with the Canadian Pacific. A new canal or lake is to be constructed here next summer. There is here at present a company buying the right of way to build a canal through the town three miles in length, for the purpose of building upon it mills, factories, etc. Our prophets announce that Sault Ste. Marie will become a prosperous town. It is beautifully adapted by nature to become a large and handsome town.

Since September 1878, we have had 46 conversions from Protestantism; 835 baptisms; 119 marriages; 314 deaths; 19,155 confessions, among them several hundred general confessions; 240 first communions and confirmations; 500 sermons; 1 retreat and 8 tridiums to the five Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, of whom four teach about two hundred and fifty children. Several times a year I teach catechism in the school. This narrative is long enough to give you an idea of my work during the eight years past. I should feel very well if I had *no head*. Pardon me for having detained you so long. I thought these details might be of interest. You will please find enclosed \$5 for a little help towards the WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

My best regards to our dear Fathers of Woodstock. A little memento for my dear people and me.

Rae Vae in Xto, infimus servus,  
R. CHARTIER, S. J.

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LETTERS FROM A CHAPLAIN IN THE WAR  
OF 1861.

(*Second Letter.*)

OFF FORT PICKENS, GULF OF MEXICO,  
STEAMER VANDERBILT,

June 24th, 1861.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER TELLIER,

P. C.

Here we are after nine days steaming, anchored about two miles from what appears to be a long sandy beach, but which, Captain Lefevre of the Vanderbilt tells me, is Santa Rosa Island, which shuts off Pensacola Bay from the Gulf of Mexico. This uninviting sandy island is to be our home for the present. On the extreme western end is Fort Pickens, which the government wishes at any sacrifice to prevent the South from occupying. For, holding Fort Pickens, Pensacola's well-stocked navy-yard and Pensacola Bay, the Southerners could build and organize a fleet which would render the success of the Union army very doubtful. To prevent this is the herculean task of the army about to be formed on Santa Rosa Island. But allow me to follow in my narration the order in which the events occurred.

On the 13th instant I sent you, for the purpose therein specified, a detailed account of my life in camp down to that date. I think it is proper, for the information of any Father who before the war is over may find himself similarly situated, that I should enter into the particulars of those unfortunate circumstances which attended our departure from New York. For, I now see that, had I had any idea of how things would be, I could have prevented, if not entirely, at least to a great extent, the evils I fear some will have to deplore for all eternity.

The Regiment (16th N. Y. Volunteers), had been about two months in the *State Service*, before it was mustered into that of the *United States*. For the pay of these two months, the Regiment, as *State* troops, could apply only to the *State*

authorities, who in turn were to be reimbursed by the United States Government. Perfectly aware of all this, but not very clearly understanding how, once out of the State of New York, they could hope to receive the money due them, the soldiers insisted on being paid before leaving Camp Scott on Staten Island; or failing in this, on having twenty-four hours' furlough before starting for the seat of war. The order to strike tents and march aboard the steamer lying at the dock to bring us up to New York City, was given, but not a man heeded it. 'Pay us for two months' service, or give us twenty-four hours' furlough,' was the only answer given to the repeated orders. No government official was there to decide the case; the Colonel of the Regiment had no authority to decide. In justification of Col. Wilson, who probably was blamed by the New York Press and the Government for his conduct in this matter, I would say that for prudential and christian motives he wished neither of these demands acceded to. Not the first: for the men would spend every cent of their pay for drink, if not for worse purposes, whilst their families were known to be sorely in need of whatever was due by the State. He intended arranging matters in such a way, that the *families*, not the *soldiers* should draw the State-pay. Not the second; for he did not at all, for very christian motives which readily present themselves to your mind, relish the idea of seeing his men after having been two months under military discipline, suddenly let loose through New York City for the twenty-four hours preceding their departure for the seat of war. He made propositions and offered arrangements to the soldiers, but they would not listen to any of his reasonable propositions, or accept any of his offered arrangements. One or the other part of the disjunctive condition which they had laid down must be accepted before they leave camp. The situation became very serious; and the Colonel was still without authority to act in the matter. Finally, seeing the Regiment persistent in its determination not to leave camp till their conditions were complied with, and the failure of the authorities to decide the case, Col. Wilson gave the men an answer which they construed into a consent that they should have twenty-four hours' furlough, but which he intended should be evasive.

Relying on their interpretation of the answer, the soldiers instantly struck camp, and in an incredibly short time were on board the boat. In the afternoon of the same day (13th) we were landed at the foot of West 14th Street, up which we marched to Broadway which we followed to the Battery, where we found a large number of tug-boats in readiness

to transport us to the monster steamer Vanderbilt anchored far out in the stream. The day, as you probably remember, was excessively hot. During the march, the imprudent kindness of the soldiers' friends found occasion to slip bottles of whiskey into the ranks. This mistaken kindness was productive of incalculable evil; it caused the loss of five lives, and very probably of as many souls, besides the perpetration of many other enormous crimes. Though the men did not see any reason why they should be conveyed out to the gigantic transport, if they were to have the promised furlough, still they embarked on the fleet of tugs. During this movement they freely partook of the spirits handed to them on the march, and soon became frightfully excited. As they neared the Transport, a shout arose from the little fleet, that no one should go aboard the steamer; and all began to load their muskets, and demanded *their two months' pay and twenty-four hours' furlough*. All entreaty to induce them to go on board the Transport, was employed in vain. An attempt was then made to force them to obey; this only increased the difficulty. For, relying on their numbers and arms, and having amongst them men who are leaders in every branch of mechanics, they took possession of the tugs, and defied all the power that could be brought against them. Whilst the excitement was at its highest pitch, Col. Wilson, a man of fearless energy and indomitable will, thought that by rushing sword in hand from the Vanderbilt on to a tug fastened alongside, he could cow into submission those holding possession of the little steamer, and thus make a break in the tiny fleet of rebels. Seeing him running towards them, and divining his intentions, some one gave the command, 'charge bayonets;' the men immediately threw themselves into a position of defence. Meeting with this unexpected resistance, the Colonel endeavored to stop at the edge of the hurricane deck; but the velocity acquired in going that distance precipitated him to the lower deck, on which he fell headforemost. Happily in his descent, he grabbed a musket in the hands of one of the men, and this broke somewhat the force of the fall. He lay stretched out like a corpse; a dead silence prevailed; not a man moved to lift him from his prostrate position. I jumped over the railings to raise what I feared was the lifeless form of Col. Wilson. I found him breathing, but insensible and bleeding profusely. The soldiers broke the painful silence by saying: 'Father, this is not our work; we shall do nothing more than defend ourselves—but defend ourselves we certainly will.' 'Break ranks immediately, and call the surgeon, the Colonel is badly hurt,' said I to them in a very

sharp tone. The poor fellows instantly gathered around me and the still unconscious Colonel, anxious to give all the assistance they could. The surgeon dropped over the side of the Transport upon the deck of the steam-*barge* or tug. After a hasty examination he declared, that he could not see any sign of serious injury resulting from the fall; that he must wait till consciousness returned before he could say whether the Colonel had received any internal hurt. When, after the lapse of considerable time, and the application of many restoratives, Colonel Wilson recovered the use of his senses, he told us he felt no other pain than that of the bruises and cuts on his head and face.

Though he had, as far as I understand, no authority or direction how to act under the present trying circumstances, the Colonel abandoned, as he said, by his superiors, and compelled by the present juncture of affairs, resolved to arrange matters with the soldiers the best he could. He proposed to the men a furlough of the remainder of that day and forenoon of the following day, on condition that all would report before 12 o'clock *m.* at certain piers which he designated, where they should find tugs ready to convey them to the *Vanderbilt*. 12 o'clock of the 14th of June arrived, and not a man had complied with the condition on which the furlough had been granted. Mr. Kennedy, Inspector of Police, was requested to have our men 'hunted up' and brought out to the steamer. So powerful are the means at this gentleman's disposal, that, before midnight, he had actually placed on board the *Vanderbilt*, five-sixths of our men. But alas, in what a condition were they! They were literally mad with liquor. From the moment the first few were brought on board, the evening of the 14th, till the morning of the 15th, there was one continued fight in which pistols, knives and bayonets were freely used. Many jumped overboard during the night, others were thrown into the water. Judging from the state in which these poor fellows were, the darkness of the night and the distance of the vessel from the shore, I fear they all perished in the Bay. Knowing that the Transport had an immense quantity of powder on board, and seeing these drunken men smash the lamps, Capt. Leferve of the *Vanderbilt*, thought it his duty, as a precautionary measure, to order all lights extinguished in the part of the ship where the men were quartered. You must not expect me to attempt any description of the scenes that occurred amongst such men in such darkness, and in such a place.

Next morning gave us the proof of the desperate nature of the encounters that had taken place between decks, it

gave us an idea of what we might expect to see after a hand to hand conflict on the battlefield. There were not ten sound men on board the Vanderbilt; wounds of every description had been inflicted. The surgeon declared three of the combatants were mortally wounded. These were sent ashore to the hospital. Many, who had either been thrown down or had fallen down the hatchways, had their limbs broken and were otherwise severely hurt. These were taken in charge of the police, who came out to the vessel when the trouble was at an end. What an awful night I passed in New York Bay! The families of Mr. Joseph Farrell and of Mr. Arthur Moynihan of Brooklyn, hearing of the trouble on board, and fearing for my life, sent a boat manned by six stout sailors about midnight for me. I thanked them for their kind attention, but I could not think of abandoning my post. The boatmen insisted, saying that if I did not go ashore with them, they would receive no pay. At day light, these two families accompanied by Mr. Daniel Sullivan and his sister came over to the steamer with various little delicacies, which were a god-send for the many sore and wounded. -

It is, I think, proper for me here to state that, days before we left Staten Island, Col. Wilson told me, that he anticipated these precise difficulties, and had pointed out to the State authorities a preventive, which if employed would, I think, have saved the souls and bodies of several men, and averted most heinous crimes. He recommended the Government to have the men paid gradually, i. e., a few every day, and in the presence of some member of the family. This very excellent measure was not adopted. Coming on towards noon of the 15th the wounds were all dressed, and matters were gradually being settled—it was now the benign reign of peace.

Early in the afternoon we noticed a dispatch boat carrying the ensign of some Headquarters, making directly for us. Many and wild were the conjectures about the nature of the orders of which the graceful little messenger was supposed to be the bearer. In a very short time Uncle Sam's representative was on deck, which he found thronged with wounded soldiers, whom he did not seem to notice. He called for Captain Lefevre to whom he made known his authority, and ordered him to get his steamer ready for sea immediately. Then turning to Col. Wilson who yet bore on his face signs of the terrible encounter, he handed him sealed dispatches, which he was directed to open in the presence of his staff after having been a stated time out of port. As yet we had received no intimation of what our destina-

tion was to be. The general impression, however, amongst officers and men was that we were on our way to Fortress Monroe, Baltimore or Washington. Some men and officers were ashore; but we were not allowed to wait till they returned; they are to be sent after us by the first occasion.

I was sorry to see the Colonel under the necessity of dismissing from the service, just before leaving port, a Catholic officer, Capt. McCormick. I am told the Colonel had no authority to do so; for no commissioned officer can be dismissed without a trial by court-martial. This man's conduct was such, however, during the awful scenes of the 13th and 14th, as to justify an exception, if even exceptions are not forbidden.

15th of June, afternoon.—A violent storm seems to be gathering; the clouds are banked up threateningly, the wind is blowing fiercely. We move down the magnificent bay, making directly for the ocean. The men are too sick and sore to attempt any response to the repeated cheers from the numerous shipping in the bay, to the salvos of artillery from the men-of-war, and to the grand salute of the Forts. Capt. Lefevre said to me: 'Father, the fighting stuff in these men is well known to the Government, who will send and trust these wild fellows, where they would not send or trust others. Army and Navy expect to hear of glorious deeds performed by them.' When we passed the Narrows, and struck the open sea, now lashed into fury, the men became aroused to the dangers which the dark stormy night seemed to forebode. 'Farewell New York! Farewell our friends!' 'If we escape the fury of this storm, it will be only to meet another storm on the field of battle, where our bones will be left to bleach!' were some of the expressions heard on every side. During the first night at sea, several men were seized with *delirium tremens*, and five of these poor fellows whilst in that state jumped overboard, and of course were lost! At the designated time Col. Wilson opened his sealed dispatches. After glancing over the document, he informed us that our destination was Fort Pickens, in the Gulf of Mexico. Not one of us had ever heard of such a place. This entirely unexpected news produced in the minds of all a kind of melancholy, which greatly contributed towards preparing their hearts for the worthy reception of the Sacrament of Penance. These men were perfectly willing to go to Fortress Monroe, to Washington, Baltimore, . . . but to go to Fort Pickens, was like renouncing all hope of ever revisiting New York. I see now how prudent it was for the Government to have kept our destination a secret.

During the first days at sea, I was so completely pros-

trated by sea-sickness, that I was utterly unable to render assistance to any one. But, as soon as I was able to hold my head up, the poor soldiers now completely humbled, or perhaps better, thoroughly tamed, who by the Colonel's orders had free access to my cabin, came in great numbers to confession.

I began during the night of the 15th to experience some of the privations belonging to military life. The cabins had been completely stripped of mattresses, bedclothes and furniture of every kind. There was nothing on which to rest but the deck or bare berths. This reminds me that I started away without a military blanket, which is almost absolutely necessary, and which, since I cannot procure it here, I hope you will send me by the first occasion.

June 16th, Sunday.—The storm passed harmlessly over us, the sea is calm, the sun bright and cheery, the men are themselves once more; but my sea-sickness has not abated. Mr. McHenry, chief steward of the steamer, and a Catholic, was early in my cabin this morning to know what he could do for me. He brought me many delicacies for which he positively refused to receive any remuneration. He says the wines, liquors, etc., on board all belong to himself. 'Moreover,' said he, 'Captain Lefevre insists on paying your bills himself, if anything is to be paid; but there is nothing to be paid.' This generous attention Mr. McHenry continued during the entire trip. As the officers, during the passage down here, had only soldiers' fare—cold salt-meat, hard bread and coffee without milk—the chief steward's attentions were the more prized. If you happen to see him or Capt. Lefevre, be so good as to let them know that I have not been insensible to their unrequited generosity. Whilst the steward was thus attending to my present, and preparing to meet my future wants, Col. Wilson stepped into my cabin, and said: 'Father, are you aware that to-day is Sunday? Are we going to have Mass? The boys are just in humor to profit by such a thing.' 'My stomach is in open rebellion,' I answered, 'my head is in as great commotion as the sea of last night; I cannot stand on my feet, I would not dare say Mass to-day.' 'Well, Father, you will have to come out on deck, and give these reasons to them.' I objected again. 'Never mind' he replied, 'if you can't stand, I shall send two men to hold you upright; and if your stomach rebels, I shall have a third there with a bucket along side you. You must appear before the boys, and preach, if you cannot say Mass. It will do yourself and the men, a world of good. The boys, who know how sick you are, will be edified by the effort you make to appear amongst

them in spite of your sickness.' There was no possibility of farther resistance. Mr. McHenry gave me a dose of what he considered good medicine, helped to put me on my feet, and furnished other little aids to enable me to meet the boys creditably. A little arrangement was speedily made on deck, the 'church call' was beaten by the drum corps; soldiers and sailors, officers and privates were assembled. 'Father,' said the Colonel, 'all are ready to hear your sermon, since you cannot say Mass.' The calm ocean, bright day and steady vessel gave me courage. I felt that I could dispense with the 'supports' and the 'bucket.' I spoke on *obedience*. All seemed satisfied. The sailors were beside themselves to see a priest, as they said, *possessing the right* to preach on board a ship. Many of the venerable tars of the Vanderbilt, who had spent forty years of their lives at sea, came to me after the little sermon, and taking me by the hand, exclaimed with tears in their eyes: 'Thank God, sir, we have lived to see the day! Some of us have been at sea since we were children; and all the chaps say, to-day is the first time they have ever heard one of your cloth preach on board a ship. We can't make a trip without having to listen to Protestant ministers. Thank God! we have at last heard one of our own.'

The return of my unrelenting tormentor, sea-sickness, broke off all further conversations, and drove me ignominiously from deck. Capt. Lefevre followed me to my cabin, and urgently invited me to accompany him to his quarters, where he could relieve me of my terrible distress. 'They tell me,' said he playfully, 'that the Colonel in inviting you to preach, offered you a *right and left bower*, and an *old oaken bucket*.' I was too sick to manifest my appreciation of his kind efforts to arouse me. The good-hearted Captain is a Catholic, the Steward says a practical one. After giving me a dose, he bade me sleep if I could, and he would call for me in the afternoon.

Shortly after the Captain's departure, Col. Wilson entered to enquire about my health. 'You understand the boys perfectly,' said he to me. 'You spoke to them as I would myself speak to them. But, Father, did you remark the *enlisted* chaplains? They were wild, completely bewildered. Their menacing looks darted from you to me, and from me to you. Try to overcome your repugnance to sea-life.' The poor Colonel seems lonely. I wish I could hold my head up, and talk with him.

True to his promise, Capt. Lefevre called to see me in the afternoon. He found me much easier, he said, and declared the sickness at an end. He regretted that I had been un-

able to see the fleet at the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay. The great draught of the vessel prevented us from going very near; still signals were exchanged. 'Father, there is going to be quite a circus on deck this afternoon,' said he to me, 'you must be there by all means. The enlisted ministers are going to insist on being allowed to preach.' The fact was, I did feel much better. I went on deck, and found quite a commotion amongst the soldiers. One of the enlisted ministers, who had been seized by an apparently irresistible desire to preach the gospel, was violently struggling in the crowd to induce them to listen to him. The soldiers ignorant of his ministerial character, thought he was playing a *farce*, and acted accordingly. They crowded on him, hustled him about deck, and thus created a deafening uproar. This very undignified treatment of the preacher in soldier's uniform greatly insulted him. He applied to the Colonel for redress, and for means of having himself respectfully listened to. 'These fellows cannot be expected to stand more than one sermon a day,' said the Colonel to him. 'But I am a minister of the gospel.' 'You are one of Uncle Sam's soldier's; and if you refuse to obey, I would have you shot—this is war-time.' 'But you said if I should suit the men, you would have me appointed chaplain.' 'Very good,' replied the Colonel, 'we can settle that right away.' Then, turning towards the men massed around him by this time, he continued: 'Tell me boys, which will you have for your Chaplain, this soldier who says he is a Protestant minister, or the Catholic Priest?' 'No Protestant minister for us,' shouted the men, 'give us the Catholic Priest.' 'That settles our contract; you don't suit my boys,' said the Colonel.

June 17th. Up bright and early, and ready for work, of which there appears to be no lack. Notwithstanding their wild ways, the poor soldiers are already assembling in the neighborhood of my cabin, to go to confession. They realize the fact that they are going to war, and may at any moment be engaged in battle. We are on the enemy's coast. The dreadful, and unhappy, and we fear, unprovided death of some of our men since we put to sea has produced a salutary effect on the minds of all. The throng continued till evening when the Colonel coming up to the awaiting penitents said: 'boys, that is enough for one day's work. Give the Father an opportunity of breathing the fresh air of the ocean, and of enjoying this wonderful sunset.' The scene was, indeed, worthy of being witnessed. The boys were all life, singing, dancing, playing. New York was forgotten.

June 18th. Charming weather! Soldiers and sailors

ready to resume the work of yesterday. I brought my work to a close a little earlier in the afternoon than the day before. At and after sunset, the evening was truly enchanting, especially in the neighborhood of Charleston, and all along the South Carolina coast. The dark green clouds that ascended from the horizon towards the zenith, as the sun was setting, formed themselves into the most marked and fantastic shapes. In silent wonder we gazed at two immense armies, artillery, cavalry and infantry, engaged in deadly strife. Again we beheld piles of cliffs over which the sea was breaking in impetuous surges. There we saw fleets of proud men-of-war; here we admired fortresses frowning on the puny means employed for their reduction. The very Vanderbilt, it is said, slackened her speed, in admiration of the scenes through which she was passing. Was all this a mirage in which the future was somehow forecast? Sable night gradually dissipated these clouds, and left the heavens clear and smiling, thus furnishing to those disposed to profit by the occasion an excellent opportunity of meditating on the abode which we all hope to enter, some perhaps in the first rude conflict we shall have to sustain. Truly, without being astrologists, many, during these nights, walked in silence the deck of the noble Vanderbilt, reading a profound lesson in the starry heavens; and they assured me that they derived benefit from their study of the immense volume spread out before them.

June 19th. The throng for confession continued without sign of abatement. In the afternoon, Capt. Lefevre invited me to interrupt my work, and take a walk with him through the Vanderbilt. It is really a wonderfully large vessel. I regret I did not ask the dimensions. The two thousand men are a mere speck on the deck. 'You are not aware,' said he to me, 'that here on this ship, you are in a vast world.' Going down a flight of steps, we found, what for other vessels would be, a large cargo of mules. 'Sufficient animals here for an army train. Wagons and harness for these mules are stowed away in other parts of the steamer.' In the next department we found cannons of various calibre, and a surprising number of boxes of rifles. Harness belonging to the cannons and the military accoutrements accompanying the rifles occupy other portions. Here we come upon barrels apparently numberless. 'There are provisions of every description for an entire army,' said the Captain. 'Inside this door,' said he, pointing to the entrance of a compartment of the vessel, 'is stored what might be called a cargo of powder and fixed ammunition.' Fort Pickens is

to become, for the time being, a grand military depot. We thus went from deck to deck, from compartment to compartment, till I thought we were not far from the bottom of the ocean. Returned to the light of the sun, the Captain asked me: 'Would you think that you are in such a world? Yet you have not seen all. We have on board, a naval supply for the fleet we expect to find in the Gulf.'

June 20th. The work of yesterday was renewed, with slow progress however; for many of my poor fellows have not yet made their first communion, and are greatly in need of elementary instruction.

We met no vessels on our way down here. The great coasting trade has disappeared. But yesterday, you might say, this coast was lined with craft of every size, engaged in every branch of commerce, to-day, not one sail visible! To-day we discovered land, the low sandy shore of Eastern Florida, along which we steamed till we doubled Key West. As we neared the Gulf of Mexico, strange sights, scenes entirely new to Northerners presented themselves to our wondering eyes, and relieved the tediousness of a sea-voyage. Two waterspouts, not near enough to endanger our vessel attracted our closest attention, and unbounded admiration. Thrice, shoals of flying fish rose from the water on our larboard, and passed over to our starboard. One shoal struck the bow and sailed majestically on each side of the ship towards the stern.

June 21st. Charming weather! 'What a prize the Vanderbilt would be for the South, and how easily captured!' was a remark of one of the officers of the Transport. 'A common tug with a single cannon could make us haul down our colors. Not one cannon in position on the vessel.' We are in the Gulf of Mexico. In the evening we lost sight of land once more, and moved cautiously northward.

June 24th. This morning we hove in sight of Fort Pickens! War! war! now surely. Here is a numerous fleet of men-of-war at anchor, each of which, judging from the smoke issuing from the smoke-stacks, has a heavy pressure of steam. Their sails have disappeared, their masts are lowered, their decks are cleared! All are ready for action! 'Are they going to fight?' I asked Capt. Lefevre. 'No, not yet, unless those forts opposite attempt to prevent your landing,' was his reply. We are in full view of the forts and batteries in the enemy's possession. In fact, unless the southern cannons are utterly worthless, those mounted on Forts McCrea and Barancas hold us within easy range. These two forts seized by the southerners a short time

ago, are situated on the mainland on the western shore of the entrance into Pensacola Bay. Opposite these defenders of the Confederacy, is Fort Pickens built on the eastern shore of the entrance to the same Bay, on the western extremity of Santa Rosa Island, and the only point at present in the South, over which floats the flag of the United States. Flag Officer McKean is in command of the fleet composed of the finest vessels of the Navy. What the ulterior object of this fleet is, I cannot, of course, say; the immediate care of the commander of these men-of-war, now ready for action, is to cover the landing of the troops whose assistance, it is said, is urgently required for the protection of the lonely fort on the forbidding, barren Island honored by such a sweet name.

Owing to the nature of the beach gradually sloping into the Gulf, and the enormous draught of the Vanderbilt, we are obliged to anchor two miles off from land. A rapid exchange of signals is going on between the vessels of the fleet. Two steam despatch boats have been lowered from the deck of the Niagara, the Commander's ship. These tiny messengers are flying from vessel to vessel, bringing new orders, transferring from one steamer to another, officers or men. All seem to indicate a certain anxiety, an intention to take precautions for some apprehended emergency. In the evening, a boat from the Flag ship, rowed by eighteen active sailors, dashed over the ruffled bosom of the Gulf, towards the Vanderbilt, and brought Col. Wilson an order which was immediately handed to him. This document notified him, that to-morrow morning (the 25th), at 8 o'clock, the men and launches of the fleet would be at his disposal to enable him to disembark his men. The Colonel, thereupon, published his 'order,' directing 'officers and men to be ready to march to-morrow at 8 A. M. with two days' rations.' 'And how can we march across the water?' asked Larry McCarthy. All became bustle and turmoil. 'We are going to face the enemy,' thought some, 'for the first time and under circumstances disadvantageous to us. The enemy is ensconced in his fortifications; we are to be crowded in boats, or wading through the stormy surf.' A mail starts to-morrow for Key West, whence it will be sent to New York; I shall therefore close my letter to have it ready when called for.

I forgot to say in my letter from Staten Island, that I called on Archbishop Hughes, a short time before the Regiment was ordered to strike camp, to have his blessing on myself and my soldiers. At the Archiepiscopal residence,

I found Rev. Father McNeirny, <sup>(1)</sup> who informed me that his Grace was at that moment in council with his suffragans, but that he would immediately acquaint his Grace with the object of my call. Notified of my visit, the good Archbishop instantly ordered me into the council chamber, clasped me in his arms and gave me, no doubt from his heart, the blessing I asked. The other Bishops present, to whom he kindly introduced me, gave me full jurisdiction over any and all of their subjects whom I might meet during the war.

Recommending myself to your prayers,  
I remain Rae Vae Inf. in Xto servus,  
MICHAEL NASH, S. J.

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LETTER FROM VERY REVEREND FATHER  
PROVINCIAL.

FIESOLE, March 15th, 1887.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST.

P. C.

You invited me to write for publication in the WOODSTOCK LETTERS some account of my peregrinations. Time is not superabundant with me, and I do not know but that, before your next issue, all that I have to say will be known to you from other and better sources. Still it would not be consistent to refuse co-operation in a work to which I have strenuously urged others. To obviate the second of my two difficulties, I give you complete power over this paper; so that, if it pass the censors, you may drop out what you think fit, or if you think fit, cull some paragraphs for the *Varia*, and suppress the rest.

But first to impress you the more with the importance of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS, I must tell you the estimation in which they are held, much to my gratification, in Ireland, England and on the Continent. I found in Milltown Park that they were reading them in the refectory. I heard their importance acknowledged everywhere, specially by such men as Fr. Delplace and Fr. Mistretta. And they most value exactly the two departments I have most insisted on, viz., the documents touching our early history and the *Varia*. Courage, therefore, in your labors!

<sup>(1)</sup> Our present beloved Right Rev. Bishop of Albany, N. Y.

I arrived here March the 4th. After saying Mass, I had my first interview with Rev. Father Vicar. Whilst he was talking with me came the telegram announcing Fr. General's unexpected death. I believe I was the first to salute the new General. Fr. Anderledy told me that he would proceed to Rome that night with the Assistants, that as Fr. Whitty was indisposed, I should go too, to represent the English Assistency. With that considerateness which is so charming in one so elevated, his Paternity came afterwards to my room to say that as I had travelled all the preceding night, he wished me to repose and come afterwards to Rome for the Mass of Requiem. Not being well at the time—cold and fever—I the more willingly accepted the second decision.

So on Monday the 7th I made my way to Rome. You will be glad to hear that our dear biennists are in better health than they enjoyed (or suffered) at home, that they are satisfied and satisfy. They met me at the station: I sojourned with them at the Gregorian University, where Fr. De Augustinis also is, and they so devoted themselves to me during all my stay as to make it my duty to preserve a grateful memory of their hospitality. But the last remark may be generalized, and applied to all of Ours I have encountered since I left American shores. Even Cardinal Mazzella's elevation has not sundered the ties of ancient friendship, and he frequently called to take me to drive.

I say nothing of Fr. General's holy death in the Lord, because you will have the details in the *Civiltà* before this reaches you. March the 10th was a rainy day. We assembled in the Gesù at 10 A. M. The church was not crowded. There were present Cardinals Ledochowski, Melchers and Mazzella, very many Bishops and ecclesiastical dignitaries, all the Generals of the religious orders, the Grand Master of Malta, the Ambassadors of France and Austria, the Envoy of Belgium, and chiefs of the Roman nobility.

The office was chanted by our students of the German and the South American Colleges. The lessons were read by Dominican Fathers, the Mass was celebrated by their General, in fact all the service was theirs, including the absolution. During the services a painful incident occurred. The Dominican Provincial had finished his lesson and returned to his seat, when he was seized by a fit of apoplexy, carried out, and is since dead. The catafalque was about twenty feet high, covered with cloth of gold, slightly draped with crape: the body of the church also so draped, the sanctuary more heavily. The music was by the choir of St. Peter's, quar-

tette and chorus, composed by the conductor, Meluzzi. I enjoyed it hugely. It was not of the kind to please those who hold that music (*ut poema*) is born, not *animis juvandis*, but *animis affligendis*: and I made the commentary that it must be a great scandal to those who think such music un-Catholic, that the Pope suffers it in his own basilica. I really think there's no need of being more orthodox than the Pope.

For your consolation I shall mention a few facts touching the state of our Society in Rome. After the dreadful blow received by it in Southern Europe, it would have been natural to suppose that energies would be dulled and minds depressed. On the contrary, *merses profundo pulchrior evenit*. Just as soon as opportunity offers, she wakes into activity and renews her effort. Fr. Massimo is building a school which will cost more than two millions of francs. He has six hundred pupils, and admission is denied on account of lack of room. There are but four of Ours engaged there, and they have twenty-five secular teachers. 'Why do not more of Ours teach?' Because the teachers must have been graduated from the government University. Here is a serious difficulty for us, and the question arises, shall Ours attend the government schools for at least two years? The government programme of studies must be followed, and government officials examine. You could not depend on their impartiality: yet I hear that the examinations of our lads are distinguished. I am told that the Costanzi for the German College cost two millions of francs: it is splendid and commodious. The South American College, now building, will cost the same sum; the house of the *Civiltà*, more than half a million. With the acquisition of all these new houses it may be hoped that Ours will be able to assemble again into communities and enjoy the consolations of religious life. Mondragone has about one hundred students. At the Gregorian University there are five hundred students, and the number grows every year. An observatory is going up near the Vatican. The Gesù and St. Ignatius' are not nominally, but are really under our control.

On the 12th Fr. General, the Curia and I returned to Fiesole. The next morning, although Fr. General had one hundred letters, he began my audiences and has heard me twice a day, each time for about two hours, till now I have finished my 'screed', and am awaiting decisions.

Do you appreciate the advantages we enjoy in the new reign? Our Father General was in America, was ordained there, remembers it well, loves it, speaks our language well. What may we not hope for under his fostering influence?

The house, having been enlarged, is roomy and commodious. It bears to Florence the relation that Holy Cross does to Worcester 'with a difference.' The descent is precipitous, the site is higher, the view more expanded, the valley level, the city more distant. To our taste the hills devoid of trees and vegetation are bleak. Our grounds are very beautiful. Many a terrace offers room for walks, all shaded, ornamented with abundance of flowers, all presenting views of the Val d'Arno. The great charm, however, is the religious and historical association. Monte Senario is just back; overhead almost is a convent of Franciscans, where many a room was tenanted by a saint. Vallombrosa is visible in the distance. Here, according to Milton, Galileo scanned the heavens:—

‘The moon whose orb  
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views  
At evening from the top of Fiesole,  
Or in Valdarno, to desery new lands,  
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.’

Here too Cosmo de Medici lived; while just below is the convent of Fra Angelico; near by the monastery of St. Antoninus. Here Cataline experienced defeat. This villa was Walter Savage Landor's. It will be many a century ere Holy Cross will have such remembrances. I have heard it sometimes questioned whether the Curia had not better reside at Rome. I leave the answer to those who have the grace and experience to answer. But the correspondence and business are enormous and still growing, and the work of the Society can be more easily accomplished where our ruler is not subject to the interruption of city visits. Rome is near enough for access when necessary. This is, in fine, such a place as would be sought for by saint and sage and poet. Does not our friend Horace sigh out, '*Rus, quando te aspiciam?*'

Some unfriendly friends—note, if you please, the oxymoron—when I detailed conversations in various countries, have curiously inquired, 'what language did you speak?' You understand the innuendo: which I gently repressed by the invariable answer 'Hebrew.' Of all surprising things which happen to a traveller on the continent, the most astounding is the composure with which people hear the most enormous solecisms in grammar. The trouble is that an exigency comes where one has no time to conjugate his verb but must speak out immediately. '*Où change-vous?*' quoth I to the conductor. (I beg you to believe that in sober moments I know better). He looked at me *oculis irretortis*; and answered as if I had talked out of Telemachus, as if he

would have been surprised had I said anything else. The adroitness, too, with which they infer your meaning, is amazing. At one of the stations I could not find the ticket-office and the train was starting. I went to one of the officials and ejaculated 'Biglietto!' He uttered words of which I understood, 'Roma!' Verbum sat sapienti. I gracefully bowed my head, and he significantly pointed his finger; and the conversation closed satisfactorily. At one of the stopping places, a gentleman asked me in Spanish (in which I am at home as much as if it were French), if I was a Spaniard. I said, 'no, American.' Turning the discourse into very bad English he said, 'I thought you were Spanish, because I heard you say *aqui* instead of *qui*.' It was a consolation to discover that one's bad Italian made good Spanish. He then went on to say—may no Englishman read these lines!—that he found Americans so much more intelligible than the English.

There is no department of learning in which I regret my deficiency so much as that of modern languages: which I say for the benefit of my dear Woodstockings. It is true that I mutter 'sunt divisiones gratiarum,' implying that there may be compensatory gifts; but the device does not meet the emergency. I give you a serviceable rule:—In France, speak Italian steadily, in Italy hold to French unflinchingly. The reason is obvious. The chances are that the hearer will not be able to criticize the speaker. In both countries abuse beggars roundly in English. It perplexes them, and you may escape in the confusion.

In England there's not much difficulty. You can generally understand the English, and they begin to talk American. At mid-day you take the cars at Calais, and go without change to Bâle. Having dined at Amiens, you breakfast at Bâle, where you make the only change, taking Swiss cars for Milan, and arriving at night. The Swiss cars are almost as comfortable as ours. If they have not other necessaries, they have heat. At Milan I rested for twenty-four hours. There I saw the Cathedral, the Church of St. Ambrose, the gates he shut against Theodosius, and, most wonderful of all, the serpent which Moses raised in the desert. At least so the guide book said. It was a question of testimony into which I had no time to examine; so I transmitted it.

'*Longæ finis chartæ,*' if not '*viæ.*' About the latter and its end, are you curious? After late manifestations of sympathy in a private grief, I should be ungrateful if I doubted. But I depend on the will of another, and I can only say that now more than ever Woodstock and Frederick contain

those who are dearest to me, and only duty would keep me absent from them. It seems to me, now that I am concluding, that my letter is not written to you solely, nor to your readers, but to the Scholastics. I am always thinking of them. At least my very latest words will be for them:—Be ye learned and holy.

ROBERT FULTON, S. J.

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AN ACCOUNT OF THE RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF  
THE SOCIETY IN THE UNITED STATES  
AND OF EVENTS CONNECTED THEREWITH, WRITTEN  
IN 1863-64.<sup>(1)</sup>

*By Fr. John McElroy.*

The Most Reverend Archbishop Carroll, at that time the only Archbishop in the United States, obtained a Rescript from Pius VII granting permission to the Jesuits to open a Novitiate in Maryland. Accordingly, the first Novitiate was opened at Georgetown College, Rev. Charles Neale being then Superior(?) and living at the Carmelite convent in Charles County. The Revd. Fr. Francis Neale was appointed Master of Novices, although he had made no novitiate himself. The names of the first novices are: Enoch Fenwick, Benedict J. Fenwick, James Spinck, Leonard Edele, Charles Boland, James Ord and William Queen, Scholastics; Patrick McLaughlin and John McElroy, Lay-brothers. On the 10th of October, 1806, the above-named assembled in the house opposite Trinity Church and commenced the thirty-days retreat. A set of manuscript meditations for thirty days had reached the College by some Father from Russia; they were in Latin, and were translated into English by Mag. E. Fenwick. Three of these were read daily; and a consideration, spiritual reading, exams,

<sup>(1)</sup> In a foot-note to the title Fr. McElroy writes:

'Revd. Fr. Provincial (Parsee) having expressed a desire that I should note down my recollections of such things, as have happened since I entered the Society in 1806, and might be of interest or contribute in any way to the history of the Society in this country, I shall, in my humble way, though in nowise qualified to do justice to such a memoir, place on record as they occur to my mind and in chronological order as much as I can, though not connected, such *Recollections*.'

The following in Fr. McElroy's handwriting, is written on a piece of paper pasted to the cover of the book in which these *Recollections* are contained:

'Some notes of past events put down after leaving Boston, previous to my loss of sight, which interrupted them.'

etc., filled up the rest of the hours. In one of the rooms there was a chapel where all heard Mass daily. We slept in this house during the retreat.

During the Exercises, Fathers Anthony Kohlmann and Peter Epinette, the former a German, the latter a Frenchman, arrived from Russia, where they had entered the novitiate at Dunaburg. They were sent to Georgetown to teach Theology by Revd. Fr. Genl. Brzozowski, then residing in the College of Polosk, White Russia. Fr. Kohlmann very soon after his arrival was appointed Socius to the Master of Novices. With great fervor and unct̄ion he gave the novices frequent exhortations, which produced the most happy effects; he also introduced the customs, penances, etc., usual in the Society as he had found them in Russia. They differ but little from those now in use in the Novitiate, except that we took breakfast standing.

On the Feast of St. Stanislaus, November 13th, the thirty-days Retreat ended. Archbishop Carroll was invited for the solemnity; Fr. Charles Neale was also present and made his Solemn Profession to the Archbishop. Fr. Malevé, a native of Belgium, who had been a Franciscan and had entered the Society in Russia, addressed the novices in Latin. His enunciation being rapid and rather excited, the Archbishop, who was near me in the sacristy, asked 'What language does he speak?' After High Mass all went to the College where the novices took possession of the second story of the old College. Thus was the first Novitiate in North America commenced, with the approbation of Pius VII, with the sanction of the only Bishop in the United States, and made remarkable also by the first Solemn Profession ever made by a Jesuit in the United States. At this time the principal building of Georgetown College was unfinished; the third story alone was plastered, many of the windows were boarded up and without glass. The number of scholars was very small, about fifteen; and the credit of the house very low. We were not able to purchase anything except for ready money, and frequently the treasury was so low as not to have wherewith to go to market.

Bishop Neale, Coadjutor to the Archbishop, was at this time Rector. He had at the age of fifty-four been consecrated by Archbishop Carroll in 1800, as his Coadjutor, under the title of Bishop of Gortyna *in partibus*. Fr. Charles, Superior, and Fr. Francis, Master of Novices, were his brothers. At this time he lived in the College, and celebrated Mass daily at the Ladies' Academy, so-called, which afterwards became the Mother-house of the Visitation nuns. Bishop Neale, born in 1746, was sent to St. Omer's at the

age of twelve years, and with him were four of his brothers. Three of the Neales became priests and two died before Ordination. The Bishop had ended his novitiate and made his simple vows when the Society was suppressed. He was sent to Demerara, where laboring in the ministry he caught the yellow fever, but recovered and returned to the United States. He was pastor of St. Joseph's, Philadelphia, where his two predecessors died of yellow fever. On this occasion he showed his great zeal, by braving every danger and attending to the infected, regardless of his own life; thus giving the best proof of the love he had for his flock. He was then called by Archbishop Carroll to be President of Georgetown College. He succeeded Archbishop Carroll in the Metropolitan See, on Dec. 3, 1815.

Bishop Neale was always much attached to the Society and observed as much as practicable its rules and customs. As a confessor he was mild and amiable, and of admirable tact in drawing souls from the love of the world and conducting them to an interior and spiritual life. To him under God am I indebted for my vocation to the Society of Jesus; I loved him very much and profited by my frequent visits to him for direction. He told me in 1805 that I was called to serve our Lord at His altar, and after I had spent nine years in the Society as Lay-brother, his prediction was verified in 1817, when I was one of the priests he ordained. He died eighteen days after this. I had the consolation of being present when he departed, and of saying for him the next morning the first Mass I had offered for the dead.

#### GEORGETOWN COLLEGE.

I have said the College buildings were unfinished; I mean especially what was called the 'New College.' Its unseemly appearance was altogether unworthy of a house of education, much more was it unworthy of a Jesuit College. In common with the Scholastics and young men, I was very desirous to use every effort to see it improved. One young man, a postulant, had about \$400, which he offered me for this purpose, but did not wish his name to be known. With this we commenced our improvements, having of course obtained the permission of the Superior, Fr. Robert Molyneux, who had been one of Archbishop Carroll's professors in Europe. We engaged a plasterer, attended him ourselves, made mortar, etc. After this, we had the windows glazed and the house painted inside and outside, without however employing a painter. And so this one donation effected more than could have been expected had we expended it in

the ordinary way. The change had a good effect on the public, and inspired the confidence that the College might yet become a respectable institution.

The land owned by the College at this time did not extend further on the north than the present locust hedge in the garden; on the west its limits were the wash-house and a small garden in the rear used for drying clothes; on the east, a line north and south with the old ball-alley; and on the south, a small garden in the rear of the old College. A few years after, several acres were purchased; the site of the present vineyard and several lots on the east side of the College and the farm were later additions.

For many years before the Novices came to the College, the daily Mass for the parish of Georgetown was said in the present domestic chapel in the old College; there the faithful went to confession, etc. The pastor, Fr. Francis Neale, occupied the room opposite the chapel door, and his brother, the Bishop, lived in the next room in which was contained the *whole College Library*. The Bishop slept in a press-bed which was unfolded every night and enclosed in its case every morning. He arose daily at four o'clock, made his meditation very regularly, then went to the Ladies' Academy to say Mass. He observed indeed a very strict poverty and a very austere manner of living.

As far as I can recollect, there was for a long time but one vestment of *all colors* in the College, and this was old and worn. On Sunday morning this vestment was taken to Trinity Church with the missal, cruets, etc., for the celebration of Mass, and then brought back to the College.

#### MISSION OF NEW YORK.

In 1807, there were but two secular priests in the city of New York, Rev. Matthew Kelly and Rev. John Byrne, both Irishmen; the latter was somewhat advanced in years when he attracted by his piety the attention of Fr. O'Callaghan of the old Society. He was educated by this Father in Dublin. After his ordination, his patron being dead, he came to New York where he gained a reputation as a preacher, and became very popular. He was desirous of entering the Society; but seeing that the harvest was great and the laborers few he applied to our Superior to send two Fathers to that important city, and added that '*he* would not leave until he got the *Jesuits* to take charge of the Mission.' His zeal and attachment to the Society were rewarded. Fathers Kohlmann and B. Fenwick, having taken their vows in October, 1808, were sent to New York. It is to be observed

that Father Kohlmann was still a novice when he came to this country, and was then 35 years old. When they arrived in New York, they commenced their ministry in Old St. Peter's, with great edification to the faithful. Rev. Mr. Byrne left for Georgetown to enter the Society and was received into the Novitiate. He was sent with the other novices to St. Thomas' Manor, Charles County, to spend the vacation, where he was attacked by bilious fever, and died shortly after his return to the College, Sept. 28, 1809. He was, I think, the first novice that died in this country.

The Most Rev. Archbishop Carroll appointed Fr. Kohlmann Rector of St. Peter's, New York, the only church in the city at that time. In one of his letters written after entering upon his duties, he says: 'The parish, that is, the whole city, contains 16,000 souls, so neglected in every respect that it goes beyond conception.' Soon the Fathers saw the happy effects of their labors, for he goes on to state, that the Communion rail is daily filled, though deserted before; that general confessions are heard every day, chiefly of natives of Ireland who had not seen a priest for years; that three sermons are preached every Sunday in English, French and German, and three catechetical instructions every Sunday; that Protestants are instructed and received into the church every day; and that the collections for the poor reached three thousand dollars, with the prospect of the same amount every year.

It was soon found necessary to have another church in the northern part of the city. A lot was purchased and the foundation of St. Patrick's was laid by Fr. Kohlmann. At that time this church was in the northern extremity of the city, there being very few houses built beyond it. The good Fathers met with much opposition from the trustees of St. Peter's, and from other persons in the city. Still Fr. Kohlmann was determined to accomplish what he had commenced. He was told he could never raise money sufficient to build the church, and, even if he did build it, he could never get people enough to fill it. The church was ready for consecration in June, 1809, but the consecration was postponed until Ascension Day, 1815. Bishop Cheverus of Boston was invited by the Vicar General to consecrate it. Good Fr. Kohlmann, however, had not the consolation of being present, having been called to Georgetown to be Master of Novices.

The Fathers saw the necessity of a College in the city of New York, and rented a house opposite the Cathedral to commence it in. Four Scholastics were sent as teachers from Georgetown in 1809, namely, Adam Marshall, James

Redmond, James Wallace and Michael White, and with these a school was opened and encouraged. Soon a large lot was purchased in what was then the country, on the corner of Fifth Ave. and Fiftieth St., for, I think, \$1300; there was on it a small house to which an addition was made. Here several boarders were received. The title of 'New York Literary Institution' was given to the establishment. Protestants as well as Catholics, the Governor of New York and many other respectable parents, sent their sons until the number of students reached seventy-five.

Fr. Grassi, finding it difficult to carry on Georgetown College through want of members of the Society, concluded to call the Fathers and Brothers from New York to Georgetown, and, of course, to close the Institution. Before doing this, he consulted Archbishop Carroll and his own consultants; the school was accordingly closed in September, 1813. Fr. Kohlmann was called to be Master of Novices in 1815, and Fathers Benedict Fenwick and Malou were left in New York at St. Peter's.

The land purchased for the Literary Institution was sold a few years after for, I think, \$3000; a few years ago it sold for \$90,000. The Trustees of St. Peter's and St. Patrick's were the purchasers in the first sale, and in the latter the Trustees of St. Patrick's bought out the half interest of St. Peter's. It is now the ground on which the foundation of the new Cathedral stands.

#### FATHER JOHN GRASSI.

In 1810, Fr. John Grassi arrived in Georgetown, sent thither by Rev. Fr. General Gruber then in Polosk, White Russia. He had been a novice under the venerable Fr. Pignatelli who, it is thought, will be canonized. At the suppression of the Society, he was sent to Russia where alone the Society existed. Being a good mathematician and astronomer, he was destined by Father General for the Chinese Mission, and fitted out with a complete apparatus of instruments, etc. He had for companions Fr. Korsack and a Lay-brother, named Steimer. They tried to procure a passage in any ship sailing for China, but in vain, as ship-captains were afraid of incurring the penalties attending the introduction of foreigners into the Celestial Empire. Being thus disappointed in their hopes of reaching China, they were directed by Father General to remain for a time at Stonyhurst College, England; thence Fr. Grassi was sent to Georgetown as Superior of the Mission, and Rector of Georgetown College. Shortly after his arrival, he made his

last vows to Fr. Charles Neale. He was a man of great energy, extremely edifying as a religious, and vigilant and watchful in all that concerned his office. In a short time he gained the public confidence; new students came almost every day. Members of Congress and other respectable gentlemen throughout the country sent their sons to the College. Fr. Grassi brought with him many philosophical and mathematical instruments, and purchased others in this country. He commenced collections for a cabinet of curiosities, and, in addition to all his duties as Rector, he said the late Mass and preached every Sunday, alternating with Fr. Francis Neale in Alexandria and Georgetown, there being no other priest in the College for some time.

Fr. Grassi had many difficulties to contend with during his administration, particularly with regard to the temporal concerns of the Society. During the suppression of the Society its landed property or real estate was vested in a corporate body entitled, *The Incorporated Clergy of Maryland*. Some ex-Jesuits and certain secular priests were the Trustees of this body; these latter maintained that they could in their corporate capacity act independently of the Superior. He thought differently and thus an unpleasant collision commenced, which was continued during the stay of Fr. Grassi in this country.

Under Fr. Grassi's administration the College increased in numbers and in prosperity; our boarders were nearly one hundred. Fr. Grassi was naturalized a citizen of the United States. He spent seven years in this country. It is to Fr. Grassi I am indebted for the great honor of being raised to the priesthood. As I entered the Society as a Lay-brother, and had spent nine years in that capacity he wrote to Fr. General Brzozowski for permission. The application to Father General was made without any knowledge of it on my part.

#### ARCHBISHOP CARROLL.

The most Rev. Archbishop Carroll had great respect for Fr. Grassi, and desired to receive from his hands the last rites of religion. Fr. Kohlmann too, was present at the Archbishop's death, having gone to Baltimore from Whitemarsh, where he was Master of Novices. In a sermon delivered to the students on the Sunday following the venerable Archbishop's death, Dec. 3rd, 1815, Fr. Grassi told of the edifying death of the saintly prelate, of his resignation, etc. Just before his death, he said to Fr. Grassi: 'There is one thing that more than any other gives me consolation at this moment, and that is that I have placed my Archdiocese under

the protection of the Blessed Virgin Mary.' These words I heard from the lips of Fr. Grassi in the College chapel.

I too, can testify to his devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and at the same time to his great humility. Having to visit Baltimore from time to time on business, I lodged at the Cathedral, of which Fr. Enoch Fenwick of our Society was pastor. The Archbishop would spend about half an hour in recreation every evening after supper with the Reverend gentlemen. The servant would then ring the bell for night prayers, when two women from the kitchen, and one man, all colored, would assemble in the Archbishop's room, where all knelt down while he recited the night prayers. I shall never forget the slow and impressive manner in which he recited, on his knees every night, the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, for his three negro servants. His house adjoined St. Peter's Church. One small room served him for parlor, study, etc., and a small chamber up stairs was his bed-room. His manner of living was very plain and simple. Archbishop Carroll had been a professed Father of the Society of Jesus.

## EARLY CATALOGUES OF THE RE-ESTABLISHED AMERICAN MISSION.

The American Mission of the Society was re-established October 10th, 1806. In accordance with the directions given by Very Rev. Father Gruber to Bishop Carroll <sup>(1)</sup> the annual catalogues were prepared and sent to Russia. Unfortunately, however, copies of these catalogues do not seem to have been preserved, as the earliest complete catalogue in our Archives bears the date of 1820. An effort has been made to supply this defect; with what success, may be judged from the specimen that follows — the first of the series.

Various authentic sources of information have been consulted; these include the Records of the Novitiate, made available through the kindness of Father Tisdall; extracts from Father McElroy's diaries furnished by Father Devitt; and the letters of Archbishops Carroll and Neale and those of Father Kohlmann. The Woodstock collection of early American Catholic books has been of great help. Each name and place given rests on positive documentary evidence; the dates in the present catalogue are those of Brother Foley's *Collectanea*, the catalogues of 1820 and 1821, and the Records of the Novitiate.

There is some reason for thinking that Fathers John Bolton and Ignatius B. Brooke, who were at Newtown in 1807, renewed their vows in the re-established Society, but the fact is as yet not clearly established. P. H. K.

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### Catalogus Sociorum

MISSIONIS AMERICÆ FÆDERATÆ

### SOCIETATIS JESU

INEUNTE ANNO 1807

Primus post Missionem Restitutam

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<sup>(1)</sup> LETTERS, Vol. XV, p. 117.

R. P.

ROBERTUS MOLYNEUX

Superior Missionis, a die 27 Junii, 1805

IN DISTRICTU COLUMBIÆ

COLLEGIUM GEORGIOPOLITANUM

R. P. Robertus Molyneux, *Rector a die 1 Octobris, 1806*P. Franciscus Neale, *Mag. nov., Præf. eccl. SS. Trinit., Novitius*P. Antonius Kohlmann, *Soc. mag. nov., Prof. philos., Novitius*P. Franciscus Malevé, *Oper., Excurr., Stud. ling. angl.*P. Joannes Henry, *Oper., Excurr., Stud. ling. angl.*P. Petrus Epinette, *Prof. theol. et ling. lat., Novitius*

## AUDITORES THEOLOGIÆ

Benedictus J. Fenwick, *Nov. schol.*

Enoch Fenwick “

Jacobus Spinck “

Leonardus Edelen “

## AUDITORES PHILOSOPHIÆ

Carolus Bowling, *Nov. schol.*

Gulielmus Queen “

Jacobus Ord “

Michael White “

## NOVITI Coadjutores

Joannes McElroy

Patritius McLaughlin

*Omnes a die 10 Octobris, 1806*

## IN STATU MARYLANDIÆ

## RESIDENTIA AD S. THOMÆ

P. Carolus Neale, *Oper.*, *Dirig. Moniales Montis Carmeli*

## RESIDENTIA AD S. IGNATII

P. Sylvester Boarman, *Oper.*

## IN STATU PENNSYLVANIÆ

## RESIDENTIA AD SS. TRINITATIS

P. Adamus Britt, *Oper.*

Residentia Conewaginis, Goshenhoppenensis, Lancastriensis et ad S. Josephi, Philadelphicæ, in Statu Pennsylvania, et Bohemiensis, Neopolitana, Fridericopolitana, Alba Paludana, et illa quæ est ad S. Josephi in comitatu, Talbot, in Statu Maryland., propter penuriam Nostrorum, ab aliis sacerdotibus occupantur.

## VITA FUNCTUS

P. Sewall, Carolus, 10 Nov. 1805, Resid. ad S. Thomæ

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ST. FRANCIS MISSION, Feb. 15th, 1887.

REVEREND FATHER IN CHRIST,

P. C.

Since I wrote to you last, many things in our mission have changed for the better. The new agent has thus far satisfied all our just demands, and we have every reason to thank God for the favorable turn things have taken in this respect. We have a pretty good number of boys—forty to forty-five—and their conduct has improved considerably. They make no more attempts to run away, and when now and then we allow them to visit their parents, they come back regularly at the appointed time. However, we were forced to dismiss some unruly and restless spirits who were trying to influence others; but by this action we have secured peace and tranquillity for the rest. We have also succeeded in obtaining very gratifying results in the education of our children. On Christmas day our dear little savages were able to give a little exhibition, at which we had singing and speaking in English and Sioux. In spite of the intense cold, many whites and Indians were present both at High Mass in the morning and at the exhibition in the evening. All were well satisfied with the exhibition and the children were delighted with the little presents which our poverty allowed us to give them.

The children are learning willingly and assiduously. They have already learned by heart the ordinary prayers, the acts of faith, hope and charity, the act of contrition, a part of the catechism and a good amount of Bible history. You can easily understand what this means, when you reflect that all this has been obtained from children who can neither read nor write. They are making pretty good progress in these branches also, and for a few who show more talent, we have started a special class in which we have practice in reading, while the rest are still learning the alphabet. The same must be said with regard to writing and arithmetic.

In order to be of greater help to the adults and to grant their desire to be baptized, we have been preaching every Sunday since last November a short sermon in the Sioux language. As a consequence we have the consolation of numbering several catechumens. A woman sixty years old

has been baptized and her husband will soon follow her example. Another woman will also soon receive baptism. Others will follow when they are sufficiently instructed.

I don't know whether I have already introduced to you my two fellow-laborers in this forsaken part of the Lord's vineyard; I shall therefore do so now. The first, Fr. Jutz, so far has had but little immediate intercourse with the Indians, as building and the care of souls among the whites in three stations in Nebraska, claim his whole attention. Formerly, as you know, he labored in St. Stephen's mission, Wyoming Terr., till the call of his Superiors transferred him to Dakota. What brought about this call is not mine to investigate; what I do know for certain is that Fr. Jutz left his dear mission with deep regret, a regret which gave rise to unkind judgments about him, as if he had unwillingly obeyed the order of his Superiors. All who are acquainted with Fr. Jutz know well in how high a degree he possesses the virtue of obedience and how accustomed he is to sacrifice everything willingly and without remonstrance to holy obedience. At present, Fr. Jutz is at Fort Totten to learn thoroughly the Sioux language, under the guidance of Rev. Father Jerome Hunt, O. S. B. Fr. Florentine Digmann, my second fellow-laborer, came here last August from Prairie du Chien, where for many years he was general prefect in the College of the Sacred Heart. He has charge of the surveillance of the boys, teaches catechism and Bible history in the school and preaches alternately with me every other Sunday. We also alternate in visiting the sick and calling upon the Indians within and outside Coarse Voice Camp.

All the time that is left us after the numerous visits from Indians, or that is not taken up by our other duties, we employ in the study of the language. Because on Sunday we preach in Sioux, it does not follow that we already speak the language fluently. By dint of hard labor and with the help of grammar and dictionary, one may write a short instruction, memorize it and deliver it, although in ordinary life he may be perfectly helpless. I remember that for several years this was precisely the case with me in English. We must have patience, and the older we get the more patience we need in learning a language.

Now, my dear Father, I hope, with what reason you yourself may judge, that you will be satisfied with me. At any rate the trouble of writing this letter deserves at least a small share in your pious prayers and holy Sacrifices, for the writer and his dear mission; this, I assure you, will compensate me fully. Farewell, and now and then please

let some news from the civilized world come to us a toto  
divisio orbe Dakotas.

Ræ Væ servus in Xto.

E. M. PERRIG, S. J.

## A STATUE OF FATHER MARQUETTE IN THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

On the 23rd of March, 1887, the Senate of Wisconsin passed a bill, introduced by Senator George C. Ginty, enacting that the statue of Fr. Marquette be placed in the old hall of Representatives in the national capitol at Washington. This hall is in the south wing of the central building and is the most beautiful apartment of the whole edifice. In 1864, by a decree of Congress, it was set apart for the reception of the historical statues which the States were invited to contribute. Each State may send two statues. The subjoined extract is taken from the report of the Senate of Wisconsin, which has chosen as one of its notables Fr. Marquette.

The bill was read as follows :

A BILL authorizing the governor to have placed in the old hall of the house of representatives at Washington, a statue of Père Marquette. The people of the State of Wisconsin, represented in the Senate and Assembly do enact as follows :

SECTION 1. By section 1817 of the revised statutes of the United States, each of the states is invited to provide and to present to congress for erection in the old hall of the house of representatives at Washington, marble or bronze statues of one or two of its deceased residents who have been illustrious for their historic renown, or their distinguished civic or military services, such as the state shall determine to be worthy of this national commendation ; and it is hereby enacted that Père Marquette be and is hereby designated by the state of Wisconsin as one of such persons.

SECTION 2. The governor is hereby authorized and directed to have placed in the hall of said house of representatives a statue of Père Marquette, the faithful missionary whose work among the Indians, and explorations within the borders of the state in the early days, are recognized all over the civilized world.

SECTION 3. There is hereby appropriated out of the state treasury a sum sufficient to carry out the purposes of this act.

SECTION 4. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage and publication.

Mr. Ginty said :

*Mr. President* : Some time since, my old friend, Gen. Hobart, suggested that as Wisconsin was entitled to two statues in the hall of the House of Representatives at our national capitol, one ought to be placed there in honor of Père Marquette, the explorer, the missionary ; and the more

I thought of the subject the more I became impressed with the justice of it.

The result of that consideration is bill No. 10 S., which I had the honor to introduce, and which has received a unanimous report from the committee on State Affairs, and also from the committee on Claims.

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No man can study our western history without feeling that if ever an unselfish being walked the earth, it was the missionary who planted the cross on the shores of Lake Superior in the latter half of the seventeenth century.

Of Marquette, to whom the bill proposes to erect a statue, it is proper to make a brief biographical sketch. He belonged to one of those glorious old French families of Laon, whose sons divided between the army and the church—one half donning the humble garments of the Jesuit missionary, while the others sought glory in the dazzling wars of France, midst the clash of arms and the din of battle.

James Marquette in 1654, entered the church, and after studying for twelve years, expressed a desire to share the hardships and privations of a missionary to America. Landing at Quebec, he was soon after assigned to duty among the Indians on the shores of the great lake, where he devoted his time to learning the different languages of the tribes, and becoming acquainted with them. We hear of him in 1669, at La Pointe, in this state, and the journals of his life and work there are among the very interesting annals found in our excellent State Historical Society. The roof of the church where he erected his altar was often frescoed with the blue of the sky and the stars of heaven. His cathedral walls were the stately pines in the great forest; the incense came from fragrant fern and flowers wild; the trembling notes of the organ were supplanted by the carol of birds. No bell rang out its chimes to call to sermon and to prayer; and that humble Jesuit priest needed not a costly biretta, or golden vestments, to proclaim him Nature's cardinal.

\* \* \* \* \*

While engaged in his work at La Pointe, he had written several letters to his superior at Quebec, regarding explorations of the country; and in 1673, Count Frontenac, the Governor of Canada, desired him to find the 'Great river'—traditions of which had come through Indian sources—and with the Sieur Joliet, he started on his journey to find the Mississippi, its source, and where it emptied. Proceeding in canoes, he skirted the shores of the lakes and entered Green Bay—then generally known as the Bay of

Pauns — stopping at Mennomonie to hold religious services among the Indians. The spot where Green Bay now stands was the farthest country known. Here he remained a short time, and met Allouez, who had established a mission. But the ardent desire to accomplish his work would not let him remain long, and he went up the Fox river, into Lake Winnebago, camping where the city of Oshkosh now stands, and where there was a large gathering of Indians. They urged him not to proceed farther; told him of the strange tribes he would meet, and that danger would be found at every step. More determined than ever, he proceeded on his way up the Fox and down the Wisconsin, until he reached the spot where the latter river empties into the Mississippi, and where Prairie du Chien now stands. Descending the great stream, he proceeded as far as the Arkansas, until stopped by hostile Spaniards, when he returned back to the Illinois river, and following that, reached Lake Michigan. The trip was replete with dangers. At almost every step there were hostile Indians, whose language he knew not. Three months were consumed in making the journey, and 2,549 miles traversed. Maps of his discoveries, from Green Bay to the Arkansas, and through Illinois, were made by him and sent to France. They were the first ever drawn. The exposures he had been subjected to since entering upon his Lake Superior mission, were beginning to be felt, and he was prostrated at the close of his last trip for a long while. It is unnecessary to go into the details of his subsequent work; hours could be consumed in the recital.

Two years after this, we find him with two Frenchmen, trying to reach Mackinac. They started in canoes from where Chicago now stands, and followed the eastern shores of Lake Michigan. Marquette was completely prostrated and had to be carried ashore at night. When the river about opposite Milwaukee was reached, he felt that the spirit within him was slowly preparing for flight. Calling his attendants around, he bade them hold up the crucifix, that the last object his eyes could see would be the cross — the symbol of a Saviour and a religion he loved. His faith in the future was so strong that in bidding farewell to those faithful companions on that lonely stream, it seemed to say:

———'give little warning,  
Choose thine own time;  
Say not "Good Night," but in some brighter clime  
Bid me "Good Morning."

Wrapped up in cedar bark, the body was buried by the side of the stream—the rippling water singing his requiem, and the river named after him.

I have said that the river upon whose banks the life of the tired explorer ebbed out, and where his devoted companions buried him with the cross above his grave, was called after him, and the village that grew up was named Père Marquette. That is true. But the greed for gold in this fair world of ours brings also a disposition to elbow patient merit and well-won fame aside, to make room for the vulgar swagger of the *parvenu*, grown insolent from the flush of easily acquired wealth. And so, one day, the sponge of influence wiped the name of Père Marquette from the map, and the name of an owner of a plethoric bank-account appeared in its stead. O shame! where was thy blush, when this occurred!

\* \* \* \* \*

The pages of history are replete with the knight-errantry of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when men drenched the fields of Palestine with blood, in the endeavor to replace the crescent with the cross. How different with Marquette three centuries later! Burning with an ardent desire to spread among the untutored children of the forest the teachings of a Saviour, and to make discoveries of rivers and countries in a new world, he used the lessons of love to change the pagan belief of the Indian into that Faith which brings content and peace to Christian hearts; while his explorations were carried on with an energy far beyond his physical power. Civilization and religion, it is said, go hand in hand, and where the cross is established, the land grows rich with golden sheaves, and sunlight drives away the damp and dews of darkness.

In speaking of the work accomplished by Marquette, a historian truly says:

'No voyage so important has since been undertaken; no results so great have ever been produced by so feeble an expedition. The discoveries of Marquette, followed by the enterprises of La Salle and his successors, have influenced the destinies of nations; and passing over all political speculations, this exploration first threw open a valley of greater extent, fertility and commercial advantages, than any other in the world.'

'The people of the West will build his monument,' says the great historian Bancroft, in Vol. 3, of the History of the United States.

—Let us commence the work *now*. Let it go as the tribute of the West, not only to the faithful Marquette, but as a salute to the tri-color of France, and a reminder that at least Wisconsin is not forgetful of the country that sent a La Fayette and an army to help achieve the independence of

the United States—an army that contained three Marquettes, who laid down their lives as a sacrifice to the cause of liberty, as their relative did for Christianity and civilization. It will be some return for the compliment Bartholdi paid in presenting to this government the statue of Liberty which adorns New York harbor. Let it also be a reminder that Wisconsin owes much to its early pioneers—nine-tenths of whom were French. 'They penetrated where even the sword of the conqueror could not cleave his way.' They were the first on the rivers; it was their axe that echoed in the woods, where the preparatory step was made in converting pine into the lumber that encased comfortable homes. That nationality is not strong enough to stand at the door of political state conventions and demand recognition; their habitations are usually away from the large cities; but it affords me great pleasure and satisfaction to stand here and pay them even this humble tribute to their worth and what they have done.

The motto of our noble commonwealth is '*Forward*.' Let us be so in recognizing the merits of Marquette; the first in carrying out Bancroft's prophecy. Let us halt in the hurrying march of life—in the fierce strife for wealth and position—and looking back two centuries at Marquette the man—Marquette the explorer—Marquette the *voyageur* missionary—let us point to his as one of the

—'few, the immortal names,  
That were not born to die.'

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. President, when we draw aside the faded portieres of the past—broidered as they are with the heroes of history, and outlined with the flowers of tradition—and gaze into the vaulted chambers of the departed years, we see his face. We find many there who have been an honor to the west; men who were true to their manhood in times of trial; men whose intellects sparkled, diamond-like, amidst their fellow beings; men of dauntless integrity; men who offered their lives for their country; but away beyond all these, shining through the filmy mists of ages, comes Père Marquette.

'He fought the good fight,' 'They kept the faith.'

Let us place him where he belongs, with the heroes of America, that our children, and our children's children, may give honor to the explorer, the patriot, the apostle.

At the close of Senator Ginty's speech, the bill was ordered to a third reading; after which, Senator N. L. James,

of Richland, moved that all rules be suspended, and the bill put upon its passage, which motion prevailed. The bill was then unanimously passed. Later on in the session, the Assembly concurred in the measure, and Gov. Rusk approved it.

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THE VERY REVEREND FATHER PETER BECKX,  
 TWENTY-THIRD GENERAL OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.  
 1795—1887.

The following sketch of the life of our late Father General, who died piously at Rome on the 4th of March, 1887, after having wisely governed the Society for over thirty years, has been compiled mostly from the *Précis Historiques* of April, 1887.

Peter John Beckx was born on the 8th of February, 1795, in the little Belgian town of Sichem, which is situated about three miles from Diest, the birth-place of Blessed John Berchmans. While he was yet a child his widowed mother took up her residence with her brother M. Pierre Theyskens, who imparted to young Beckx the first rudiments of learning, and watched over his advancement with a father's care. But having lost this devoted relative in 1803, the little scholar was committed to the tutorship of an old Carthusian Father, named Moreels. In the month of October, 1808, he left Fr. Moreels in order to begin his humanities at a Latin school of the neighboring village of Testelt. One can scarcely believe to-day in what a humble college the future General of the Society of Jesus began to acquire his knowledge of belle-lettres. A large room, with a floor of hardened clay, very low ceiling and but one small window through which the light of the sun could enter, was the school wherein about a hundred boys of the country around learned their Latin and catechism, and prepared themselves for the priesthood or for professional careers. The master, John Baptist Peeters, was a finished Latin scholar, who had studied for the church, but had been prevented by the outbreak of the French revolution from following his vocation. The esteem in which he was held in the neighboring country shows that he was an effective teacher; that he was moreover a model teacher, who taught his pupils something more than profane learning, is proved by the fact that he merited under the Empire the honor of persecution. His establishment was closed in 1812, by the

French government, and his pupils forced to abandon their studies for the time being. In 1814, however, on the arrival of the allies Peeters re-opened his school and transferred it to Aerschot, where it soon made notable progress. Hither came young Beckx after two years diligently employed in private study and under this excellent man finished his Rhetoric with a success which presaged a brilliant future. But the young student had been as remarkable for his virtues as for his talents; it was with no surprise then that his friends learned that he felt himself called to the ministry of the altar.

On the 15th of September, 1815, Peter Beckx was received into the Grand Seminary of Mechlin, where he studied theology and philosophy. Among the seminarians he was distinguished for his perfect regularity and his love of the interior life, as well as for his earnestness in study and the rapid progress he made in the sacred sciences. One of his professors, M. l'Abbé Sterckx, afterwards Archbishop of Mechlin, and Cardinal, used to take pleasure in saying that Fr. Beckx had been one of the best students of the Seminary, and a youth who in all his conduct manifested the virtues of St. Aloysius. At that time—perhaps earlier even—the fervent seminarian entertained the design of one day entering the Society. He had read and re-read the life of his saintly compatriot, Blessed John Berchmans, and often expressed the wish that he too might devote himself to God under the standard of St. Ignatius. His superiors in the Seminary to whom he manifested his desires, approved and encouraged his religious vocation, but gave him to understand that by entering the Novitiate directly from the Seminary, he would attract upon them the bad will of the Dutch Government. Shortly before the King of Holland had condemned to exile the young Jesuits who, having been expelled from their residence at Destelbergen, had again resumed community life in the buildings of the Archbishop of Ghent. He was obliged, then, to wait until he had finished his studies and had passed some time in parochial duties before he could accomplish his pious purpose. He was ordained priest in the metropolitan church of Mechlin, by the Prince-Archbishop de Méan, on the second Sunday of Lent, the 7th of March, 1819, and on the 11th of March celebrated his first Mass in his native town of Sichem. After spending eight months as curate of the parish of Uccle, situated near the gates of Brussels, he resigned his charge with permission of his Superior, in order to enter the Society.

The Jesuits had just opened a novitiate at Hildesheim, the Episcopal see of which was at that time occupied by

Prince Egon de Furstemberg, who loved and protected the Society. Formerly there had been at Hildesheim a flourishing College. The Prince-Bishop, on the publication of the Bull of suppression, had retained the secularized Jesuits in charge of the teaching in their ancient College. Little by little, however, death thinned their ranks and in 1816, there remained but Fr. Francis Xavier Lüsken, then president of the Seminary. With the permission of Very Rev. Fr. General Brzozowski this worthy priest had again entered the Society re-established by Pius VII. In order to provide for the future of the College, he had asked from Fr. General new auxiliaries. Fathers Van Everbroeck and Van der Moere were accordingly sent from Ghent in the month of September, 1817, with seven Belgian scholastics, who were to finish their theological studies. In the following year after the dispersion of the Novices of Ghent, it was determined to establish a Novitiate at Hildesheim. Here Fr. Beckx arrived on the 28th of October, and had for his first guide in the spiritual life, Fr. Van Everbroeck, who had entered the Society at Polotsk in Russia, June, 1805.

After the usual two years of probation, Fr. Beckx again took up the study of theology and was appointed to teach the seminarians the elements of canon law. At the same time, as he had already familiarized himself with the German language, he employed himself in the ministry of preaching, hearing confessions, and giving retreats to clergy and laity. In 1825, the Duke and Duchess of Anhalt-Köthen, having been converted to Catholicism while in Paris, by Fr. Ronsin of the Society, asked of Fr. General Fortis a Jesuit chaplain. The choice fell on Father Beckx.<sup>(1)</sup> The position of a Jesuit in a city almost wholly Protestant was one of extreme delicacy and full of difficulties. The sweetness of manner of the young chaplain, the prudence and firmness shown by him and by his protector happily surmounted all obstacles. The Duke officially announced his conversion to Catholicism on the 13th of January, 1826, and on the 25th, Mass was said in the ducal chapel for the first time since the Reformation. In a short time Fr. Beckx had the satisfaction of seeing rooted prejudices disappear before his zeal and prudence. The Catholics, heretofore oppressed, suddenly rose in the esteem of their now tolerant countrymen; a church was built for the Catholics of Köthen, a school for their children, a hospital for the sick and aged and a residence for the pastor of the new parish. In 1830, when

<sup>(1)</sup> During his novitiate Fr. Beckx had read carefully Fr. Aquaviva's 'Instructions for Confessors of Kings.' The book had been put into his hands by his Master of Novices, who, guided by his insight into the character of Fr. Beckx, foresaw the future usefulness of such reading.

on the death of the Duke, Fr. Beckx accompanied the Duchess to Vienna, he left behind him a flourishing little Catholic community where he had found but twenty Catholics and these strangers in the city. He returned for a while to Köthen in 1833, in order to be present at the solemn consecration of its church. It was in this same year that Fr. Beckx was calumniated by the President of the Consistory of Brunswick, who accused him of attempting the life of a Lutheran minister, through the intermediary of a self-styled Jesuit convert. The affair created a great uproar in Germany, but redounded finally to the honor of the Jesuit, who was twice declared wholly guiltless by Protestant tribunals.

Fr. Beckx was stationed at the capital of Austria for more than twenty years, as chaplain of the Duchess-dowager of Anhalt. For a long time he was the only Jesuit residing at Vienna. By his zeal, his charity, his good judgment, his wisdom in guiding others, he contributed greatly to raising the reputation of the Society in the esteem of very many persons of rank and influence, whom the prejudices of Protestantism and the Josephism of the last century had deceived. During his residence at Vienna besides the office of chaplain which he filled to the Duchess of Anhalt, he preached in the various churches and chapels of the capital, with an unction and force that was productive of very important results.<sup>(1)</sup> Very Rev. Fr. Roothaan, then General, put great trust in the wisdom and counsels of Fr. Beckx. He had opportunities of knowing him intimately and of appreciating him during his occasional sojournings in Rome. From 1830 to 1849, Fr. Beckx was entrusted by Fr. General with very delicate and important missions in Lombardy, Bavaria and Hungary. In the latter year he was recalled to his native country to act as secretary to the Belgian Provincial. On the 10th of October he was appointed Rector of the Scholasticate at Louvain. Many eminent qualities, but above all his tender charity during the raging of a contagious disease had endeared him to his community. It was natural, then, that his departure from them, even though called to a field of greater usefulness, should cause feelings of deep regret. In February, 1852, he was charged by Very Rev. Fr. Roothaan with a new and important mission in Vienna. On the 8th of September of the same year, Fr. Beckx was named Provincial of Austria. Shortly after, he had the pleasure of seeing removed by imperial decree the obstacles which opposed the re-entrance of the Jesuit Fa-

<sup>(1)</sup> Several of these sermons preached in German have been published. See De Backer, *Bibliothèque des Ecrivains de la Compagnie de Jésus*. 2<sup>e</sup> édition, tom. 3, col. 1956.

thers into their houses at Innsbruck, Lintz and Lemberg, etc., whence the revolutionary movement of 1848 had expelled them. In the month of June, 1853, he was obliged to go to Rome to attend, as Provincial, the General Congregation convened by order of Fr. Roothaan. The latter died on the 22nd of June and on the 2nd of July, Fr. Beckx was elected on the first ballot, General of the Society.

From this time the life of Very Rev. Fr. Beckx becomes a part of the history of the Society, of which he was head. His Generalship, as that of all his predecessors—more especially, perhaps, in our disturbed times—had its trials and consolations, its sorrows and joys. It is the glory of the Society and its heritage to take a part, humble though it be, in the combats and triumphs of the church militant. We shall mention briefly, only the principal events of both kinds which fell to the share of our late General.

Father Beckx brought to his arduous office exceptional qualifications, gifts of nature which grace had perfected. He brought the experience and merits of a life religiously spent even among those taken up with the vanities of the world; a judgment far seeing and prompt; a profound knowledge of men and the affairs of men; faultless manners and a refined sense of propriety; a firmness and dignity which knew how to command when there was need of command, but which ordinarily was hidden by his fatherly goodness and humble simplicity; a spirit of faith ever active which made him seek only the greater glory of God; a confidence that nothing could shake; a serenity which, in spite of an extreme sensibility of heart, was undisturbed in the severest trials. This harmonious blending of strength and sweetness, the ascendancy of which was felt by all who approached him, merited for him the filial love and respect of his great religious family. Briefly, his government may be characterized by the two words: *suaviter et fortiter*.

His generalship, longer than that of any of his predecessors, one only excepted,<sup>(1)</sup> was at the same time one of the most prosperous and full of trials. The membership of the Society was more than doubled; many of its ancient provinces were re-established in Ireland, France, Portugal, Spain and America; new missions were created and those existing extended; the education of youth, a work so dear to

<sup>(1)</sup> Fr. Claudius Aquaviva governed the Society for three months longer. He was elected on February the 19th, 1581, and died at the age of sixty-two, January the 31st, 1615, having been General for thirty-three years, 11 months and thirteen days. Fr. Beckx was elected July the 2nd, 1853, and died March the 4th, 1887, having been General thirty-three years, eight months and two days. But no General of the Society attained the patriarchal age of ninety-two years.

the Society, was developed with such success as often to cause, the withdrawal of the moiety of civil liberty already conceded to the Jesuits. Numerous letters addressed to the Society remain as monuments of his wisdom and piety, and watchful zeal. Lastly, a legion of new models and protectors was obtained by the canonization or beatification of more than eighty Jesuits, all, with the exception of three, missionaries or martyrs. Such are in larger outline the fruits of his productive government.

But these were gathered through many difficulties and at the cost of many sufferings. At the very beginning of his Generalship, a persecution raised against the members of the Society in Spain, groundless accusations of political intrigue made against them in Naples and the spoliation of those at Fribourg, prepared him for more sorrowful trials. He saw in 1859 and 1860, his religious expelled from nearly the whole of the Italian peninsula; in 1866, banished from the Province of Venice, in 1868; driven out of Spain, in 1871; massacred in Paris, as in 1860, they had been in Syria; in 1873, proscribed in Germany on the inauguration of the Kulturkampf, and finally in 1880, forcibly ejected from their houses and Colleges in France and all her colonies. We say nothing of South America, where the expulsion of the Jesuits seems to recur every four or five years, with the regularity of a periodic fever. And under his very eyes, after the sacrilegious invasion of Rome by the Piedmontese, Fr. Beckx had seen the ancient heirlooms of the Society, the churches where repose the bodies of her saints, the Colleges, libraries, museums and observatories, created and built by her scholars and scientists, suddenly become the possessions of a hostile government. The protest which he addressed on this occasion to Victor Emmanuel, was so replete with religious eloquence and force as to draw admiration even from the despoilers.

In 1873, on the expulsion of the Jesuits from the professed house of the Gesù, Fr. General was kindly received by M. l'Abbé Van den Branden, Rector of the Belgian College. His stay here was of short duration. It was recognized that the residence of the General in Rome was at the time impossible. The unsettled state of affairs prevented any definite resolutions from being taken. Finally, Florence was chosen as a temporary resting-place, whither Fr. Beckx, accompanied by Mgr. Van den Branden and Fr. Anderledy, then Assistant for Germany, set out on the 30th of October, 1873. This provisional arrangement lasted longer than had been anticipated. Fr. General spent more than ten years in the ancient convent of San Girolamo at Fiesole, whence

he continued to govern the Society, until the advanced age of ninety warned him that it was more prudent to lay the burden on younger shoulders. A General Congregation was then convoked at Fiesole, on the 24th of September, 1883, which elected as Vicar-General, with right of succession, Very Rev. Fr. Anderledy, and to him six months later Fr. Beckx committed entirely the government of the Society. The remaining years of his life were spent in Rome. Fr. Anderledy wishing to meet his unexpressed desire, sent him to pass his last days in the quiet and solitude of San Andrea, near the tomb of St. Stanislaus and in the midst of the cherished memories of the old Novitiate of the Society. But even this consolation was to be denied him. The Roman municipality had determined to carry a new street through the Novitiate, and Fr. Beckx was obliged, on the 29th of October, 1886, to leave San Andrea. After a few days passed at Castel Gandolfo, he took up his residence at the Hotel Costanzi, shortly before acquired as a residence for the pupils of the German College. On entering the building the venerable old man yielding to fatigue and emotion said to his companion: 'Is it not a strange thing that the Father General of the Society of Jesus should be obliged in the city of Rome, within a few yards of the Gesù, of the Roman College and San Andrea, to go and seek in a hotel a lodging where he may die in peace. But God's will be done. It is now nearly seventy years since I began to learn in the school of Him who had not whereon to lay his Head.' The winter set in very severe. In spite of every precaution and care the health of Fr. Beckx declined visibly. However, on the 8th of February, surrounded by his children of the Society and the students of the German College, he was able to celebrate quietly his ninety-second birthday. Five days after his condition became very serious.

The following extract from a letter of Fr. Lavigne, will give an account of his last moments.

On Saturday, February the 26th, our venerated Father complained of fatigue and was unable to say Mass. We thought this a passing cloud, but were soon impressed with the gravity of his condition. He himself was not deceived, for he said to the physician, 'These are my last days.'

On the morrow the doctor directed that the Holy Viaticum should be administered, not that there was any immediate danger, but considering the advanced age of the venerable patient, the worst might be apprehended at any moment. During the night he became worse and his mind began to wander. He imagined that he was an exile; that he had been put out of the house and deprived of his habit. In

his more lucid moments he took his delirium to be a trick of the devil to prevent him from resting, for I must tell you that his constant endeavor during life had been to preserve peace of soul. He was naturally of an ardent imagination which he had always held in check; but of late years he was powerless to do so. Sorely grieved at this, he would sometimes tell me, 'My soul can no longer remain quiet before God; my imagination runs wild.' And when in these last years, I made answer, 'Your Paternity should not think of it.' 'It is easy to say that,' was the rejoinder, 'but to do it is quite another thing; I can no longer control my imagination.' It was for this reason that during his sickness, he was very fond of using holy water, and seemed delighted whenever I sprinkled his bed with it. This he also did himself; and when his hands would refuse him that little service and I would trace upon his forehead as upon a child's, the sign of the cross with the holy water, his joy and thanks knew no bounds. Once, however, he succeeded in dipping the ends of his fingers in the holy water stoup, and pronouncing the sacred words made, with the utmost solemnity, a great sign of the cross. Then he stopped awhile reflecting that he could not bless the devil, and added with vehemence: 'May God drive thee off and cast thee back into the nethermost depths of Hell.' What shall I say of his conformity to God's will? When yet at Fiesole, his soul was filled with apprehensions. The execution of the decrees against the Society was hourly expected. A letter came conveying to him the sad intelligence of their publication. Interrupting the reading of that harrowing news, he went to his prie-dieu, and said, '*Ita Pater*, thy will be done, my God,' and resuming his seat he ordered the reader to proceed. He prayed that the spirit of the Society should be kept alive in its members. It was his last recommendation to some scholastics. Showing them his rosary, 'I shall finish it that God may give you that grace,' he said. The wandering of his mind fatigued him much. He could enjoy no rest, yet always accepted with joy my offer to say with him a decade of the rosary; prayer would calm him and gradually lull him to sleep. His last words were addressed to one of our Coadjutor Brothers. Shortly before his death, he took the hand of one of them and said: 'Good bye, Brother, I thank you.' A great lesson, surely, given us by a Father General of the Society of Jesus. He loved the Brothers very tenderly, and recommended Superiors in his letters, to take special care of them.

He was fast growing worse, both his fever and catarrh making headway. The dear Father himself was unaware

that there was any cause for alarm; he even said jestingly to the community: 'See, you have abundance to eat, and you allow me a little broth.' On the eve of his death it was expected that a change would occur, which would give the disease a favorable turn. In fact, towards the hour of the 'Ave Maria,' a sudden perspiration got the better of the fever, but alas! it soon returned more violent than ever. The patient's agitation was extreme; two persons were in constant attendance during that night. I was ordered to bed because I had been at his side all the previous nights. Towards midnight I was sent for. I found the venerable patient in a state of complete prostration. He coughed with great difficulty and the catarrh was choking him. 'Paternity,' I said, 'would you like to receive Holy Communion.' 'Oh! gladly, gladly,' was his reply. Early in the morning I offered the Holy Sacrifice in a little chapel near his room. He was attentive to every part of the Mass, so much so that on hearing the bell at the elevation, he took off his cap, and bowed his head. He received our Blessed Lord with serenity and happiness and spent one half-hour in thanksgiving. He spoke no more, and we scarcely knew if he retained consciousness. As he had expressed the desire to die holding the crucifix he had brought with him from Fiesole, the same which had received the last breath of St. Aloysius, Rev. Father Rector took it from its case and said, 'Paternity, here is the crucifix of St. Aloysius. The venerable patient moved his lips as if he longed to kiss it, and even raised his head a little. It was then we understood he had still his consciousness. Father Rector aided by two students from the German College administered the rites of Extreme Unction, and in the meanwhile, the dying Father's breathing became, as we could not fail to notice, very painful. We had, however, full time to recite those prayers he loved so much, the prayers for the departing soul and a little after 5 o'clock, he went to receive his crown, without, as his confessor declared, passing through the cleansing fires of purgatory. Notwithstanding this assurance we must pray for him, for God's judgments are not ours. One of our Fathers belonging to the German College has taken an admirable likeness of him. He is clad in his Jesuit gown and wears the chasuble.

What shall I say of his virtues? To a casual observer he seemed the most tranquil of men, but he was far from being so in reality. His temper was not what should be called violent, but quick, and his heart, his whole being, sensitive in a wonderful degree. You may judge of this by the following incident which he himself related to me. When a little boy,

if the clouded sky announced a coming storm, unable to control himself he would leave the house, and run with all his speed through the neighboring fields. Grace alone could master that ardent nature, and so successfully did it do so, that in health or in sickness no unevenness of temper was ever noticed in him. The keenness of his sensibilities was the cause of great suffering to him. The slightest want of regard gave him pain and he was quick to perceive the smallest breach of charity. Hence his sedulous care to avoid whatever might hurt others. The Coadjutor Brother appointed to wait upon him, had filled that office for thirty years. In those latter days he would help him even to put on his stockings. Sometimes the Reverend Father would offer some suggestions as to how those little duties should be performed; then fearing that he had spoken harshly to the Brother he would repair to his room and beg his pardon; the Brother scarcely knew why. And this was our Father's practice not once a year but well-nigh every week. The prayers of the Liturgy always had a great attraction for our venerable Father, especially the *Ave Maris Stella*, on the words of which he loved to dwell. He generally prayed according to the second method of St. Ignatius without aiming at rising to the high contemplation of ecstasy. He sought God's good pleasure and often repeated, 'May God be satisfied with me.'

On setting out for a walk, 'Let us do it to please God,' was the unfailing remark; and again: 'I should so like to know if God is pleased with me!' Every day, I read for him during a quarter of an hour or a half hour. When he felt fatigued he would tell me, 'Let us have a chapter of the Imitation.' 'But, Paternity, you are tired.' 'Yes; but one verse; God will see my good will and be content.' He had a word of thanks for everybody, and never failed to return the salute of each one who passed him, were it even the least of the novices. Sometime before his death, I was obliged almost to carry him, so difficult and painful had walking become to him. One day, we met on the way the seminarians of the German College. As they doffed their hats to him, he insisted on returning each one's salutation. I interfered, 'Your Paternity should have a care where you place your foot. It is their duty to salute you, but you expose yourself to a fall in saluting them all.' 'You are right,' he simply replied. We would sometimes devise some little contrivance to afford him relief in his sufferings. If we failed he would humbly remark: 'Can I not suffer something; let it be.'

I must close this by requesting of you the boon of your prayers. In a few days, I shall take my leave of Rome, but we shall meet in Paradise with Very Reverend Fr. General.

The Mass of Requiem was sung on the morning of the death of Fr. Beckx, and at 4 o'clock in the evening the body, accompanied by three carriages containing Fr. General, the Fathers Assistants and some other Fathers, was conveyed without pomp or ceremony, but quietly and modestly as befits a General of the Society, to our burial vault in the Campo Verano. The public and official services took place on the following Thursday.<sup>(1)</sup> Thus ended the earthly career of one who for more than thirty years guided the destinies of the Society and will not cease, we are sure, from the height of heaven, to protect what he loved and governed so well.—R. I. P.

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## UCLÉS.

MONASTERIO DE SANTIAGO,

EASTER MONDAY, April 11th, 1887.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST.

P. C.

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Our monastery is a regular stronghold of Moorish times, forming a perfect square. The small town of Uclés, lying at the foot of the eminence, crowned by the old battlements, forms quite a picturesque landscape. We inhabit the cells of the former knights of Santiago. But they have of cells only the name, for they consist of one large hall, with three small adjoining rooms; thus the quarter we inhabit consists of a beautiful room twenty-eight feet by twenty-two. This is used as a study hall by an old acquaintance of yours and your humble servant; besides, each one has a sleeping apartment of about the size of an attic-room in Woodstock. As we are on the sick-list, we have the privilege of a stove. Should I now descend to Uclés, it would take a far abler pen than mine to do justice to the landscape and the customs of the inhabitants. Indeed, Spanish villages and customs beggar description.

Here is a sample of their odd customs. In the streets of Uclés can be seen at any time of the day or night an immense black hog, styled hog *de la charidad*, which is owned

<sup>(1)</sup> See Letter of Rev. Father Provincial, p. 156.

by the sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. He begs daily from door to door, and each one contributes a little to the satisfying of his huge appetite. On the eve of the Immaculate Conception, he is raffled off, and with a part of the money thus obtained, a young one is bought and the surplus goes to the treasury of the sodality. The young one in his turn leads the life of his predecessor and shares his fate. Their customs during Holy Week are peculiar enough, I think, to interest you. But let us first go back a few days. On the third Sunday of Lent, we had the procession of the 'Santo Christo.' This is a miraculous statue of the *Ecce Homo*, most hideous from an æsthetic point of view, but highly venerated by the people of Uclés. During the year, it has a special chapel in our church, but on the third Sunday of Lent, it is solemnly carried to the parish church, where it stays till the second Sunday after Easter, when it returns to us. During the past week, four carpenters have been hard at work, building the monument for Holy Thursday. We have nothing to do with it. The town defrays all the expenses. It is indeed very quaint, but at the same time very beautiful, and is besides a traditional work of art. It is simply a stage with its wings, back scenes and border. It represents an arched hall-way leading into a tomb. The façade of the structure is forty feet in width; the height is at least as much, but I do not know the exact measure; the depth is fifty feet. There are thirteen wings, all arched, rising gradually below like a regular stage floor and lowering above, so that towards the background, they form a cave which from a distance has a very attractive and natural appearance. The wings, all oil-painted, represent columns elaborately carved. The proscenium is decorated with pictures of various saints and the arms of the monks, our predecessors, to whom this structure certainly gives great credit.

In Spain, if I may judge by what I witnessed here, everyone has a fixed day to make his Easter-duty. Thus the women receive the 'Bread of the Strong' on the Friday preceding Palm Sunday; the municipal council officially on Holy Thursday; the young men, on Easter Monday; and Easter Tuesday is at the disposal of slow coaches of every description.

On Holy Thursday, Mass began at 7 in the morning and was very largely attended. The municipal council dressed in all the insignia of office, and a host of other gentlemen went to Communion. After Mass there was a solemn procession to the tomb, rendered more impressive by the presence of all the officials carrying candles in their hands. From what I have said of this venerable body of officials,

you may perhaps have concluded, that it must be a wonderful specimen of authority, since it figures everywhere. So it is; though the village is small, yet the officials are very numerous—more so proportionately, I dare say, than the doctors around our little village in the land flowing with milk and honey. Moreover their powers are very ample; they may even exempt from the conscription. This exercise of authority I witnessed a few weeks ago in the case of a young man, who became a lay-brother. Hence you see the importance of being on good terms with so influential a body. In the afternoon at 3 o'clock, we had what is called the ceremony 'del Mandato', that is, Rev. Fr. Rector washed in the church the feet of twelve poor men, to each of whom he gave 50 cts, in money—which in Spain is worth five times as much as in America—and a large loaf of bread besides. After the ceremony there was a long sermon by a scholastic. At half-past four a procession was had, during which the brass-band played and in which were borne in pomp all the statues of our Lord and Lady, which could be possibly gathered up. Each statue was carried by six men dressed like penitents, wearing violet dresses. The carrying of these statues is considered a great honor and is an hereditary privilege in a family. The Justice of the peace is always officially present, for quarrels, it seems, sometimes arise between families as to their respective rights. This time they were not satisfied with making the round of the church and house, but all—the women excepted—marched inside and walked around the corridors—or more monastically, 'cloisters.' At half-past seven a grand *Stabat* was sung with organ and brass-band accompaniment, after which the Passion was preached by one of the Scholastics. The whole congregation is always present. During the day, I paid a visit to the parish church and found at the door a list of names; I asked an explanation and was told that this was a list made by the parish priest and that every one thereon was bound to come at the hour assigned him to adore the Blessed Sacrament for one hour. The first name on the list was that of the mayor, who raises claims, however, to being a free-mason. Really to see these various ceremonies, and the way some of them are gone through, though it may sometimes cause a smile, is very edifying and tells that the faith of the people is wondrously fervent. These things have been done from time immemorial, and no circumstance would cause them to be in the slightest degree altered. On Good Friday, the morning office was as usual, but in the afternoon there was much that was novel to me. At two o'clock began the procession, which was the same as on Thursday, but with

one more statue, our Lord in the tomb; as the tomb was of glass, the body was quite visible. When once in our church, they began the devotion of the seven words spoken by our Lord on the cross. An immense Calvary was erected in the church and the pulpit draped in black. First came a song by a choir of girls, in the chorus of which the whole congregation joined, then some orchestral music, then a prayer read by the parish priest, finally a short sermon on one of the words. This was repeated for every one of the words; it lasted a little over two hours—The procession then left the monastery, made the round of the village and returned to the parish church. Truly this ceremony was touching, and here one could see that indifferent Catholics are yet few and far between in this Catholic Spain. One could have ocular demonstration of the renowned faith of the Spaniard. And then what gives a tone of social respectability to all ceremonies, is the fact that whatever is official is bound to assist, and whosoever among the people respects himself, makes it a point to be there; hence the attendance is always large. To my taste, however, the presence of so many matrons becomes a drawback, on account of their noisy charges. Babies indeed are generally very inconvenient on such occasions, and tend as much to distract the audience as to annoy the preacher. Hence babies, I think, should be exempted from attendance. Holy Saturday offered nothing peculiar for narration. On Easter Sunday morning, two processions started from the parish church, taking different directions; one carried the statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary; the other that of our Lord. At an appointed place in the village they met; both statues were made to bow to each other, and there was a stand-still. Then the people sang the *Regina Cæli* with band accompaniment, and together they went back to the starting point. I shall tell you the strange plight in which I found myself during that same Easter procession. The order of the procession was this: the men walked first, more or less in ranks; then came the priest; then the town officials closing the rear, among whom I was as a looker on; the women followed. Everything went on well and orderly, till a short while after the two processions had joined, when the band struck up a waltz, and the whole crowd began a sort of rhythmic motion and to proceed at a most lively gait. I was rather slow of locomotion, and before I fully realized it, the men were far ahead and I found myself in the ranks of the women. To walk among them would not of course have been decorous; to catch up with the men was impossible, so I made my way to the nearest house, planted myself against the wall, and let the

whole current flow by. I went alone to the church by a different street, and joined my former companions, who with all respect due to the 'Padre' could not help laughing. You must know the people of Uclés cannot yet fully believe that I am an ordinary human being. They know I came from America, or as they say: '*Ultra mar*'; and this for them includes the idea of at least a little savagery. While I was stationed against that house, the passers by pointed at me crying out, '*Mira, Mira, el Americano.*' I almost regretted having gone to the procession. From this somewhat incoherent narrative, you may easily form some opinion of a corner in old Catholic Spain. In every flock there are black sheep; here too they exist, though few; but the mass of the people is really good, and possesses a faith the like of which I have rarely seen even in the Flemish and Irish country people. With kindest regards to my friends at Woodstock,

I am yours in Xt.,

F. B., S. J.

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### AMONG THE NEGROES.

DEAR BROTHER IN XT.,

P. C.

You have expressed a desire to know from those who have dealt with the negroes, 'the Brother in Black' as he is styled by some Protestant divines, what hope we may entertain to keep within the true fold those who have been 'christened' Catholics, and to win over those who have been brought up Protestants, or who have strayed away from the Church. I fear I cannot throw much light on the subject. It is true that I have lived over twenty-two years in the South, that I have spent parts of my vacations in teaching little *snore-balls* the catechism, and visiting colored settlements, and that during five years of missionary life, I have sometimes dealt with Catholic negroes; but I have never devoted my care exclusively, or even principally, to the African race. I have often met groups of colored families where Christian virtues flourished in all their beauty, chiefly near the Mobile Bay, in the missions of the saintly Fr. Serra, which are now attended with no less zeal and success by Fr. Jouannet. For instance, in Mont-Louis Island, where an old colored patriarch, named Jacques, had formed a sort of colony, the most pious Catholic practices were observed most faithfully, and it did your heart good to stay a few

days or a few weeks among those good people. When present, good Fr. Serra would set out at 4 A. M. and go round all the cabins, lustily ringing a little bell, and followed by a pack of curs of every degree, that made the welkin ring with their barking, yelping and howling. Of course every body had to get up and go to church. At night, all would attend the prayers, then meet in front of the patriarch's log house, and light a crackling fire, which was supposed to entice out of the house cock-roaches, gnats, and mosquitoes. Whilst the little ones romped about and were scolded by the old crones, their elders kept up a conversation with the *padre* who sat on the veranda attended by Jacques and his wife. Then after an affectionate good-night, they would all go to bed. Whether those customs are kept up now that both the *old man* and the *old woman* are gone, I do not know; but most likely the eldest son has inherited the mild sway of our friend Jacques. In Louisiana, where a large number of negroes, perhaps as many as forty or fifty thousand are Catholic, wherever the Catholic priest is near at hand, they treasure up the faith that they or their fathers have learnt from the *Old Missus* (Anglice, mistress), for very often it was the wife of the planter who taught the children catechism. But throughout the South, wherever Catholic negroes are scattered among Protestants, Catholic faith soon dies out; at least, such is my sad experience. But if you wish my recollections to be of some use to your readers, you must allow me to supplement them by referring to the data contained in the U. S. Census and to the information given us by the apostle and advocate of the colored race, Fr. J. R. Slattery.<sup>(1)</sup>

If we cast our eyes on the curious diagram inserted between p. 664 and p. 665 of the U. S. Census, we shall see at once that the colored population is more numerous than the white, in three States:

	Excess of col. pop.	
South Carolina . . .	154,519	—Ratio to whole Pop. 3-fifths
Mississippi . . . .	135,647	“ about . . . 7-tenths
Louisiana . . . . .	106,309	“ “ 11-twentieths

Birth rate of blacks, 33.94 per thousand; of whites 28.86.  
 Death “ “ 17.22 “ “ 14.04  
 Ratio of births to deaths, among bl'ks 1.9; whites 2.0

Dr. Billings adds the following significant remark: 'In

<sup>(1)</sup> Catholic World, April, 1885 and December, 1886.

this section of the country (where the colored population is very large), the deficiencies in the Enumerator's returns of deaths are above the average, and they are greater for the colored than for the white population. So that the difference between the mortality rate of the two races is far greater than that indicated above.' <sup>(1)</sup>

The future of this race is a problem which must engross the attention of Catholics, if they have not made up their minds to give up a large and growing population to the baneful influence of demagogues, and to the bigoted proselytism of Baptists and Methodists.

In 1880, the population of the United States consisted of 50,155,783 whites, and 6,752,813 blacks. The States which contained the largest colored population might be ranged in the following order :

Georgia . . . .	816,906	N. Carolina . . .	531,277
Mississippi . . .	650,291	Louisiana . . . .	483,655
Virginia . . . .	631,616	Tennessee . . . .	403,151
S. Carolina . . .	604,332	Texas . . . . .	393,384
Alabama . . . .	600,103	Maryland . . . .	210,230

We have omitted in our statement two very important factors. The first is immigration, which brings to our shores the races which have received in an eminent degree the blessing of patriarchs. The second is the progressive and accumulative character of certain causes of mortality, such as vices, looseness of marriage ties, hereditary diseases, which pray upon the black much more than upon the white population. Yet it would seem that from 1870 to 1880 the relative gain of the colored race could be expressed by the ratio .00663, i. e., they had gained 663 per 100,000. But the census compilers make the following observation: 'It is believed by the census office that these apparent gains are due, in a great measure, to the imperfections of the census of 1870. Under the conditions which prevailed at that time it is probable that a much larger proportion of negroes were omitted than of whites. Of the former slave states which have lost, Texas and Florida lead. But these states have received heavy white immigration from other parts of the country, which has more than overbalanced whatever gain in colored population may have been made.' <sup>(2)</sup>

The same statement is true of Alabama and Georgia, and according to probabilities will eventually prove true of the whole South.

<sup>(1)</sup> Census, v. xi, p. xxxiv.

<sup>(2)</sup> Vol. i, p. xxxviii.

But if statistics do not prove that 'a handful of states are going to be swallowed up by the negroes; and that the rest of the country will mind its business,' or that 'the negro must rule,' (*Catholic World*, Dec., 1886); yet it is perfectly true that 6,752,813 are now living within the United States, and that they will continue to increase in number, though perhaps with slowly decreasing rapidity. What will become of so many immortal souls? That's the question.

Among those six millions and a half, we cannot claim more than 100,000. The following list of communicant members, belonging to various denominations, is compiled by Fr. Slattery from official sources:

African Methodist Episcopal Church . . . . .	214,808
Methodist Episcopal Zion Church . . . . .	190,000
Colored Methodist Episcopal Church . . . . .	112,300
Methodist Episcopal Church . . . . .	300,000
Colored Baptists . . . . .	500,000
	<hr/>
	1,317,108

Of course those communicants are people who go from time to time to Protestant churches in order to *partake of the supper*, and to share in the excitement; none the less are they filled with hate and prejudices against the true Church; none the less do they believe in the *Revelations* of Maria Monk.

How did the Protestant denominations secure this comparatively large membership? By an emotional sort of worship, and by a lavish expenditure of money. Negroes are passionately fond of emotional worship; when they have enjoyed a good howling they are perfectly happy, when they *have got religion*, they become uncontrollable. Nervous diseases such as epilepsy and catalepsy are often the consequences of those nightly performances; but they attribute those mysterious ailments to charms or spells which must be taken away by the conjurer. To support the inner man or give the preacher a toothsome dish, they often trespass on the seventh commandment. A village Doctor, himself a Methodist, once told me: 'I am sorry to hear that the niggers (Methodists) shall hold regular meetings.'—'Why are you sorry, Doctor?'—'Because my hogs will run great risks, and it will be impossible to keep chickens.' Where Catholic negroes are scattered, surrounded by Protestants and far from the watchful eye of their pastor, it is next to impossible to prevent them from attending those night meetings: hence many losses. As for conversions, God of course is

all-powerful and all-merciful, but miracles do not gladden the heart of the missionary every day.

But if superstition tears from the bosom of the church many of her children, money is more powerful yet, and Protestants lavish it unsparingly.<sup>(1)</sup> 'From 1865 to 1881, the Methodist Episcopal Society contributed \$200,000, and lent \$50,000 to the *Brother in Black* (sic). The American Missionary Society is carrying on 8 chartered institutions, 12 high and normal schools, and 24 common schools in the South. In all of them there are 7,207 pupils, taught by 163 teachers . . . . The work of the society in the South costs considerably more than \$100,000 a year.' In thirteen years the Freedmen's Aid Society has expended in maintaining or helping 6 collegiate institutions, 3 theological colleges, 10 institutions not chartered, the sum of \$893,918. Already in 1880, the American Baptist Home Mission Society had devoted \$1,000,000 to similar purposes. One man, Mr. Slater, of Connecticut, gave \$1,000,000 in four per cent bonds to form a fund for the education of the colored race. As a result of their liberality combined with state assistance the Protestants can boast of having in the South 16,793 colored schools attended by 800,113 pupils; whilst the Catholics have only 39 schools, with an attendance of 2,609 pupils. Such are the figures given by Fr. Slattery, on the authority of Protestant official reports. We count as Protestant schools those that are maintained by the local or by the federal government, for whether in the hands of a particular sect, or under school-board management, they are decidedly anti-Catholic.

This vast expenditure of money does not seem to have much benefited the colored race. It is a common saying in the South that school education makes the negroes less fit to earn an honest living, and more dangerous to society. The so-called colored ministers set them the example of vice. In a locality where much iron was produced, and where convict labor was employed, the furnace-man told me that a large number of convicts were negro preachers, and that they were . . . *unredeemed* rascals. Since that time, 1884, the company has wisely discarded convict labor. The opinion which those poor people have of their spiritual guides is well shown by the following incident: A colored woman, nearly 80 years old was on the point of death; a Catholic lady who visited her often, had with her the following conversation: 'Auntie, were you ever baptized.' 'No, never! 'Would you like to see a preacher?' 'No, the preachers are worse than I am.' 'But when my priest will

<sup>(1)</sup> Vide Fr. Slattery, *Facts and Suggestions*, Catholic World, April, 1885.

come, would you like to see him.' 'Oh yes, I would like to see him.' A few days later I happened to be in the neighborhood, and I was brought to the shanty where the poor old woman was dwindling away. She was sitting on a chair to avoid suffocation, and she could not speak any more. The good lady who had brought me in told her: 'Auntie, here is my priest.'—Nod of approbation—'Auntie, do you wish to be baptized?'—A waving of the head clearly said, no! 'Do you wish to be *christened*.' This time the answer was affirmative. Evidently the poor old woman had objected to a ducking, but was anxious to become a Christian. When the water was poured, she made great efforts to catch with her tongue the drops that ran down from her head. Then she expressed her pleasure as best she could, and seemed intent on prayer. Two or three days later, she had ceased to live.

In Louisiana, where a great part of the colored population is Catholic, all that is needed is to multiply the chapels and the schools, and to send them more priests. In cities, some separate churches might be useful, but only where the churches already existing cannot accommodate both whites and blacks. No inconvenience results from both races meeting at the foot of the altar. In the country, the blacks would consider themselves slighted if they were told to worship in churches where they could not meet white men. During the second Plenary Council of Baltimore, we heard Archbishop Perché (then only Very Rev. Perché, V. G.) insisting on the necessity of respecting the ties of affection which bound together both races. In his opinion, it was best to let them kneel at the same communion rail. I deem it as advisable in 1887 as it was in 1866. With regard to schools, the question is very different; there the two races will *not abide together* contentedly; but, strange to say, negroes in the South at least want white teachers; for their own color they have but little use; and when angry, call each other *black nigger!*

What has been said of Louisiana may be applied to all the states or sections of the country where tolerably large Catholic negro settlements can be found. Where the priest can visit them often and watch over his flock, he may retain his hold, or even make a little headway; but where no such settlements exist the difficulties increase a hundredfold. Yet by multiplying both schools and chapels, a great amount of good might be accomplished. It were not wise for the missionary so to confine his ministry to the African race as to exclude the whites who live in the surrounding country. In the first place, *the poor white trash*, as negroes sometimes

call them, are just as destitute spiritually as their *brothers in black*. Moreover he would find it much more difficult to obtain some help from his flock.

What about a colored seminary? — Well, candidly, I do not believe that the time has come for it. Priestly vocation is of slow growth, and I doubt whether the present, or even the next generation could supply the right kind of material; besides, the colored race has to learn how to love and reverence colored priests.

But we might begin with agricultural schools—the Benedictine Fathers are making the experiment. We might perhaps risk a college. In 1866, I met in Baltimore several Southern Bishops who were anxious to make the trial. Bishop Martin spoke in a strain of fervid eloquence; he thought such an institution could be made self-supporting; and for his part, he would send from his diocese alone about sixty scholars. Other prelates, who were present, spoke in the same manner. It did not take much persuasion to make their willing listener promise that he would do all in his power; but his power proved *nil*. Other duties were laid upon him, and the colored college was caught up in the clouds. Yet something could and should be done, if we do not wish to give up the rising generation to Protestant monopoly. Such a college would have to be carried on principally by white men. It might put on military airs. Negroes are very fond of brass buttons, and when they have donned a uniform, they can strut bow-legged with becoming solemnity.

Why not avail ourselves of an inclination that is harmless in itself, and which might enable the heads of the establishment to secure both cleanliness and discipline? The instruction should be thoroughly Catholic, eminently practical, and superior to the intellectual pap served up to the young negroes in the so-called collegiate institutions managed by Protestants. The graduates of a Catholic African college ought to be trained to become leaders among their own people, and to propagate both Catholic and conservative principles. The undertaking is a bold and difficult one, but I think that with judicious management it might succeed. One point is clear, it must be attempted if we want to make new conquests, or even to preserve our beggarly quota of 100,000 colored Catholics.

H.

MISSIONARY WORK AT THE MARYLAND  
SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

FREDERICK, June 10th, 1887.

DEAR BROTHER IN X<sup>T</sup>,  
P. C.

I dare say that many among those who read the LETTERS have had no experience with Deaf-Mutes. As no mention, I think, has yet been made in their pages of this class of persons, a brief sketch of a mission among them might be found interesting. Six years have now elapsed since a Catechism class was begun for the Catholic children at the Maryland School for the Deaf and Dumb in Frederick City. Its origin was humble; so has been its progress, and I may seem to be claiming too much when I ask Ours to give their attention for awhile to what I delight to call 'our little mission.' But it has at least the merit of novelty, and I trust that when the reader has come to the end of this letter, he will feel in his heart the sentiments which I would have it inspire. Much might be said about our successes and failures, much of the personal experience of the Catechist might be related, many little incidents and anecdotes might be told, if space would allow, but, as I am limited, I must try so to shape my remarks that a fair idea of what is being done may be had. Let us see in the first place how the work took its rise.

In the month of September, 1881, shortly after Sunday School had been re-opened at St. John's, a deaf and dumb boy was seen frequently to attend the sessions. Nothing however was done for him, and the poor boy was obliged to sit quietly during the time of school without being permitted to share the spiritual advantages which he sought in common with the other children. But his perseverance was at length rewarded. Mr. Francis Barnum, S. J., was appointed as his teacher and like the Abbé de l'Épée of old, he had first, before attempting any Catechetical instruction, himself to learn from his future pupil how he might communicate with him. The boy, in addition to his deafness, was also afflicted with a partial blindness; and from what I myself know of this same boy's mental abilities, I judge that our first missionary to the Deaf must have had before him anything but a pleasant prospect. Be that as it may,

the work has grown and prospered, so that now it is finishing the sixth year of its existence, and is resting on a firmer basis and has brighter hopes for the future than ever. John F — was not selfish. When he returned home after his first instruction we may readily imagine with what eagerness he told his companions of the new teacher whom he had found, and he prevailed upon them to accompany him to St. John's on the next Sunday. Mr. Barnum saw his labors increasing. Five boys were soon under his direction and formed the object of his zeal and solicitude. The work thus begun was not to rest here. Attention was naturally directed to the Institution to which the boys belonged, and not many months had passed away before efforts were made to gain an entrance to it. This was accomplished through the tact and prudence of the Catechists, who succeeded in obtaining from Mr. Ely, the Principal of the School, permission to visit the children there. The visits were made on Thursday, and I find from the records left that the boys were then taught. Since then a change has been made, and for the last three years at least it has been customary to catechise the boys on Sunday only, whilst Thursday morning has been reserved for the instruction of the Catholic girls. It is hardly worth while going through the work of the following years in detail, but it will be sufficient merely to mention the general results which have followed. In the second year (1882-83) the class for girls was started. It consisted of five members. The work among the girls has for a long time been very unsatisfactory, but the cause of this has lately been found out and removed. I am now of opinion, basing my judgment on the results of the last few months, that this portion of our mission will yield in times to come no less satisfactory results than the boys' department. The first labors at the School were necessarily attended with many inconveniences. The authorities, though never showing any real opposition, were just prejudiced enough to render the visits there not altogether pleasant. Happily this state of things has passed away, and now all Ours who visit the School are treated with the greatest respect and consideration. Not only is there no stumbling-block put in the way of the work of the mission, but even at times valuable assistance has been given us by the Principal of the School. I might relate many instances of Mr. Ely's generosity in this respect, but want of space again bids me be silent.

The greatest obstacle to the full success of our work has been the unavoidable one attendant upon a frequent change of teachers. Let me quote here the words of an experienced

teacher of the Deaf, who for twelve years has ministered to the wants of the Catholic Mutes. 'The Deaf-Mute', he says, 'likes his teacher, is devoted to him, and is always diffident when he sees a new man. I have experienced it in the twelve years I have lived with them'. Further on, speaking of the disadvantages arising from a frequent change of teachers, he says, 'As soon as you have some influence on the Deaf, I mean to say after two or three years, you are taken away, and it is just the time you can realize that your work is not fruitless.' I do not see as yet any remedy for the evil, but our Lord will, I am confident, make some provision for his very dear children. Catechists have never been wanting, it is true, and when one has been obliged to 'seek fresh fields and pastures new,' another has ever been willing to take his place, in order to carry on the good work. Yet we recognize the necessity of having a fixed teacher, and the opposite state of things has been, we see, the negative cause of much evil. To it can be ascribed the fact that in a way very little fruit has been reaped by us in this portion of the Lord's vineyard.

Here some explanation is necessary. I would not wish anyone to think that our efforts have been fruitless, or that we are dissatisfied. Our undertaking has on the whole been successful beyond our expectations, but for all that, examination has shown during the past year that many of the children, even those who have been attending our classes for four and five years, are far from being instructed as they should be. Some of them have been found ignorant of even the most important truths. This might be a matter of surprise to many, but it is only what should be expected. The Deaf have their especial needs,—they have too their oddities, if so they might be called; and to be able to teach them properly, experience must be had. In fact for a teacher of the Deaf it is of the utmost importance to be thoroughly acquainted with his pupils, to know their peculiar wants, and above all to have their confidence. It is plain that this requires time and cannot be accomplished in one or even two years. One little anecdote I have to mention. It will elucidate what I have just said. A little girl, thirteen years old, whose Catholicity no one could call into question, asked a short time ago, in all seriousness, whether our Lord was a Catholic or a Methodist. This was no evidence of want of faith in the child, for afterwards I tested her in order to satisfy myself of her orthodoxy. I asked her if she was a Catholic. She answered me, with a slight show of indignation, that she was. I then felt assured. But how can such a question be accounted for? Here is my theory. A

little Deaf-Mute spends his first years at home, deprived of that greatest of boons, an early training in piety. If he gets any idea at all of God, or of another world, it is surely not of the clearest. At the age of eight or nine he is sent to the State School. Henceforth he lives in and breathes a Protestant atmosphere. He attends the religious services at the School. Everything around him is Protestant. To counteract influence so powerful is no easy matter, and it is not at all to be wondered at if sometimes our Catholic children are found to be possessed of some crooked notions.

In teaching them we are at a great disadvantage. As it has been in the past, the Catechist was only beginning to see what course of action he should pursue when he was called away, and then another took his place, groped around in the dark for a while, accomplished a little, and then moved on in his turn to make room for a successor. An idea lately suggested itself which when carried out will, in some degree at least, do away with this inconvenience. As yet it is only in its first flower, but I trust that it will not be nipped in the bud, like many another good thing. Since we must move on, why not try at least to concentrate our efforts, thought one of the Catechists to himself, and thus originated the idea of writing what may be styled a '*Ratio Studiorum*' for the instruction of Deaf-Mutes. This will be, briefly, a book containing all the helps and devices which the Catechists have found useful in the imparting of their lessons. In the matter of education Deaf-Mutes require a treatment differing somewhat from that which hearing children get. Their teachers generally learn these methods by the experience of years, but as Ours, to repeat it once more, are deprived of this benefit, our book proposes to compensate this loss to the individual, by putting at his disposal the united experience of all the Catechists. When this idea becomes a thing of reality a big step will have been made in the progress of our mission. Then one Catechist will no longer be tearing down what another has built up, neither will they all begin at the same place and go over the same ground, accomplishing little, but each one taking up the work where his predecessor has left it, will carry it on in a definite way.

If in the course of this letter I have said comparatively little about the actual work that has been done, it has not been without a purpose. I could have spoken about our First Communion and Confirmation class, or about the 'Mutual Help Society' started by two of our boys, the good influence of which has been felt throughout the whole Institution. A few words on the sign-language, and on the manual-alphabet,—pompously called the science of dactylol-

ogy,—might have proved interesting ; but above all—and I regret that here I have been obliged to be silent—would I have spoken about the Mission for Deaf-Mutes which was begun last January in Baltimore, and which we consider an off-shoot of our own, in as much as it owes its origin to one of our boys, and was partly assisted by our co-operation. But as I could not talk about everything, I have preferred to overlook the past, and to see what are our prospects for the future.

And here it may be allowed me to leave our own 'little mission', and in concluding say a few words about the condition of the unfortunate Deaf in this country. The Deaf-Mute population of the United States is estimated at 40,000. It is not improbable that 10,000 at least are Catholics. The work of their education is for the most part in the hands of Protestants, and the efforts which are being made for the spiritual good of the Catholics are, I may venture the assertion, not very great. I cannot better close than by quoting the words of one, to whose opinion the experience of several years gives some weight : 'The Protestants are educating our Deaf-Mute boys and girls, and are making every effort to attach them to themselves, and they succeed only too well. They have societies, and social gatherings and clubs, and Bible classes, and lectures, entertainments, festivals and what not—and we have,—well, just about nothing. Our Catholic Deaf-Mutes are losing their faith and are growing up a generation of unbelieving children—unbelieving, because they know no better.' It has been my aim in this letter, not so much to show forth our own petty deeds, as to call attention to the rich harvest which is ready for the reaper among our Catholic Deaf-Mutes, and if my remarks excite in the heart of any one a desire to do something for this doubly unfortunate class of persons, be it only to offer a little prayer for their salvation, I shall be fully satisfied.

I am yours in Xt.,

G. A. H., S. J.

## OBITUARY.

MR. THOMAS A. HAGGERTY.

From *The Xavier*.

Mr. Thomas A. Haggerty died at Spring Hill, near Mobile, January 18th, 1887. He was born in Brooklyn and came to St. Francis Xavier's College in 1869. He entered the Introductory Class, from which he was promoted to First Grammar. After successfully passing through all the College classes, he was graduated in 1874. Throughout the course he was remarkable for the interest he took in all the College exercises and entertainments. In 1872, while in Poetry, he composed a play which was successfully presented by the members of his class to a large audience in the College Hall.

After graduation, he spent two years in Troy Seminary, but feeling that he was called to the religious life, in 1877 he entered the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus at Manresa, on the Hudson. Teaching is one of the main features of the life of a Jesuit, and to this work he was sent after his philosophical studies at Woodstock. The first year of Regency was passed at Georgetown College, D. C. The next two were devoted to the interests of his *Alma Mater*. His pupils remember well the many devices their fond teacher had for arousing their interest in study. To them, as well as to many of the students of St. Francis Xavier's, the 'Grindstone' and 'Pælestra', are familiar names. But Mr. Haggerty's usefulness was not confined to the class-room. The Students' Library owes him much, for he was indefatigable in enlarging it; and his good taste and wide knowledge of authors and books made him peculiarly well fitted for this work. Quick to perceive a want, he was not slow supplying the deficiency when he could. Hence, at the expense of many hours of hard labor, he gave the Library a well-arranged Catalogue. While thus engaged in furthering the interests of the College and devoted to the work assigned him by his Superiors, he contracted a cold which slowly undermined his health. When schools closed last June, he was obliged to go to the hospital. But physicians thinking a change of air would improve him, his Superiors sent him to Spring Hill, Alabama, where it soon became evident that he was wasting away with quick consumption. Throughout, he bore his sufferings patiently and prepared himself with great care for the final struggle. Reconciled to the will of God, he calmly expired pronouncing the holy name of Jesus. He will long be remembered for his kind disposition and constant wish to make all about him happy. His charity endeared him to all who knew him.—R. I. P.

## FATHER A. DE BRISACK.

From the *Revista Cattolica* and the *Amigo de la Verdad*.

On the 8th of May Fr. de Brisack died in the College of San Juan de Nepomuceno, in Saltillo, Mexico. On the night of May the 5th he was attacked by a severe bilious cholera, which in spite of all the efforts of the doctors became rapidly more severe and dangerous. Seeing the progress the malady was making it was determined to give him the last Sacraments, which he accordingly received with great fervor at 8 o'clock in the morning. Towards evening he became much worse, and in a short time, after a brief and peaceful agony, death relieved him from his sufferings.

Fr. de Brisack was fifty years of age at the time of his death and had lived thirty years in the Society, sixteen of which had been passed in the Republic of Mexico. By birth he was a Belgian. He entered the society in Belgium on the 13th of March, 1857, and came to Mexico in 1871. The College of the Sacred Heart in Puebla, of which he was Rector for many years, will not forget for a long time what it owes to his wisdom, prudence and energy. About a year before his death he had been appointed vice-Rector of our College at Saltillo.

In his last illness Fr. de Brisack displayed the virtues he had been practising during life; his conformity to the will of God was notable and a source of edification to those who dealt with him. During his stay at Saltillo he endeared himself very much to the pupils of the College. Besides being their Rector, he also taught some of the classes of the College. All of them desired to pay a last visit to his body before its burial and on the day following his death went to communion for the repose of his soul. Fr. Brisack's death was as much felt by externs as it was by those within the college walls. His funeral was attended by many of the schools of the city, and by a large number of prominent citizens.—R. I. P.

## V A R I A .

*Albania.*—(Extract from a letter of Fr. Pasi to Fr. Socius) 'Scutari, April the 4th, 1887. DEAR FATHER, P. C. We have just started two Fathers on a roving mission among the Mountains of Albania. They are accomplishing a great amount of good among the poor neglected inhabitants of that region.

You may find a detailed account of the field opened to these missionaries from the *Éco di Lourdes*. We are busy now in organizing a beneficial Society and hospital in this town, which will supply a long-felt want. If we only possessed more means we could accomplish an immense amount of good for the glory of God here. This year there was a revolt against Ours in the Seminary at Ragusa. There were two factions in the town—the Italian and the Slavs. The latter gained the ascendancy, and carried matters with a high hand. Rev. Fr. Provincial hastened to the spot and desired to remove all of Ours at once. With this object he proposed a number of conditions to the Bishop, which he hoped his Lordship would not accept; however, they were accepted and some fifteen students were expelled, two professors, secular priests, who were the prime movers of the revolt were discharged, the Director of the Seminary was removed and thus the affair was settled. We were on the point of being obliged to close our College in Scutari, as the Sultan showed himself unfavorable to the Society. The order was issued that all the Jesuit Colleges which had been opened without the sanction of the Government, were to be closed. However, last month, thanks to the intercession of the Holy Father, this order was revoked.'

'Many of our readers have been inclined to think that the description lately given of the deplorable ignorance of the Albanian mountaineers in matters of religion has been exaggerated. They are loth to believe it possible that a country so closely situated to Italy and possessing a great number of churches and pastors could be in such a condition as described in the letters of the missionaries. We desire to assure these worthy people that there has been no exaggeration, in fact, far from exceeding the truth, the accounts hitherto given have not shown fully how widespread and profound is the ignorance of this neglected race. All the Fathers engaged in missionary work here will testify to this. The mountaineers are ignorant of the very rudiments of the Christian religion. Only a few can be found among them who are capable of repeating the *pater noster* and *ave maria*. An Albanian about fifty years of age who admitted that he was unable to repeat the *pater noster* came to our church regularly every Sunday until he had learnt the ordinary prayers. Another about thirty-eight years old, who had lived principally among the Turks, came to us daily for religious instruction. We were obliged to begin by teaching him how to make the sign of the cross. Last year the Bishop while making his visitation found to his great distress that in a certain neighborhood the people were ignorant of the very name of the Crucified. Holding up a crucifix he requested them to tell him who was thus represented upon the cross. None of his audience were able to reply; finally a certain one arose and said it was St. Anthony and seemed extremely proud of his knowledge. A few months ago an Albanian presented himself at our church to receive Holy Communion. He seemed to expect it, standing up at the rail. When the priest told him to kneel, he endeavored to take the Sacred Host with his hand. Some one near by then whispered to him how he should receive it. Few can be induced to receive the Sacrament of Extreme Unction on account of a popular superstition among them to the effect that once they have been anointed they will never more be able to walk or go on any freebooting expeditions. Brigandage is one of our greatest obstacles; whole neighborhoods are addicted to it. The Mirdati declare that it is allowed, and assert that in the Gospel of St. Mark theft is permitted thrice in a year. They claim, moreover, that the clergy suppress this passage in the Gospel and keep it secret from the people. The real great cause of this condition is that these mountaineers live in small settlements, and for the most part remote from their churches. Thus the pastors can only gain access to their charges with extreme difficulty. Children frequently reach the age of eight or nine

years without Baptism. Very few ever make their First Communion until they marry. In this region in order to accomplish any good the missionary must be constantly on the march, catechizing and conferring the Sacraments at every available opportunity. Having given you this sketch of our situation let me close by begging your interest and prayers for the Albanian Mission.—*From the Eco di Lourdes.*

**Armenia, Mersivan.**—That our missionaries in this country are not exempt from 'perils of robbers,' as St. Paul says, is evident from the following. In travelling from Mersivan to Chorum Fr. Chauvets fell into the hands of Circassian highwaymen. As they were dressed in bright uniforms and affected a dignified bearing, the good Father believed that they were revenue officers, especially when they stated that they wished to inspect his baggage. But what was his surprise when they took, one by one, not only the blankets and the articles of clothing in the coach, but also the chalice and the ciborium and all the necessaries for the celebration of Mass! Not yet satisfied they ordered him to give up his money. 'Fine officers you are,' he said, 'you have taken all I have and now you want money besides.' The robbers, then, knocked him down and took his purse, but as it contained only five francs, they levelled their rifles at him and threatened to kill him, if he would not surrender all. Fr. Chauvets thought his hour had come and made the sign of the cross, commending his soul to God. But after a momentary suspense, they raised their pieces at the command of the chief; for he had meanwhile become convinced of his mistake in supposing that his victim had come from Constantinople and not from Mersivan. Another moment and Fr. Chauvets was alone, free to grieve over his loss, but also to rejoice over his personal safety.

**Seevas.**—At Seevas, the ancient Sebaste, our Fathers occupy a building which was erected in the thirteenth century by one of the Seljukian princes. It was used for several centuries as a school by the Mohammedans, and the walls of dressed stone together with all the Byzantine ornaments in marble have been kept in good condition. Now it is a school once more, and the eagerness of the pupils to receive instruction from the missionaries gives good hope of their learning very rapidly the sweet lessons of the Gospel. No wonder, therefore, that frequent opposition is raised, owing, no doubt, to the machinations of the evil one. Lately, when a party in the city which is anything but friendly to the Europeans, had come into power, orders were issued that the missionaries should leave their school within ten days or be driven out by force. The French consul promised his protection; but on the very morning when the orders were to be enforced, the new governor of the district arrived, and as he favored the school of the Fathers, all danger was averted and the good work continued.—*Katholische Missionen.*

**Cairo.**—At this place there is a large and well-ordered Seminary with a good corps of teachers. There are 255 students, and a College will soon be built. The little Coptic school has been taken, and there the seminarians attend class. The Thursday congregation of Coptic women, Marionites and Syrians, is under Fr. Rolland's care; the Sunday congregation is made up of Coptic young men and Syrians. The larger Seminary has six seminarians. The course of Theology is made in Arabic. It is followed by seven or eight priests and schismatic deacons, lately converted. Five will come from the Convent of St. Anthony, which was visited by Father Jullien, two years ago. It appears that, since then, a movement was started among the monks, many of whom have presented themselves to the Patriarch in order to be converted. A monk was sent out in order to bring them back, but he, after some reflection, saw the light, and remained with the Patriarch. Bishop Beshai has returned after an absence of eight years, much to the joy and happiness of the Coptic people.—*Chinese Letters.*

**Cardinal Franzelin.**—In his will, he desired to be buried without display like a religious. He left no money for Masses, trusting that the Society would not forget him. He begs others to be mindful of him, and to recommend him to our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, into whose hands he commends his soul and salvation.

**Cincinnati.**—Fr. Higgins, President of St. Xavier College, gave a lecture at the request of the St. Xavier Conference on 'The True Philosophy of the Land Question', in which he exposed and refuted the fallacies of Henry George.

The lecture gave such satisfaction to those who heard it that Fr. Higgins was induced to publish it in pamphlet form. It is sold by the St. Xavier Conference for the benefit of the poor.—The students of St. Xavier College have started a College paper called the *The Collegian*. A sketch of St. Xavier College gives the first issue a more than local interest.

**China.**—In the *Revue des deux Mondes* (December the 15th, 1886), there is an article on the Catholic Missions in China. 'The aim of the missionaries,' says the writer, 'is to render themselves useful, in order to make the Chinese love one another, their country and their religion; this object has not yet been reached. However, at Zi-ka-wei, the Jesuits have succeeded; inspired with the traditions of their predecessors, they have opened a College, built an observatory, where the director, Rev. Fr. Dechevrens, pursues his remarkable studies on the typhoons . . . It is only by means of the sciences that we can act upon the people in power. By the practical and intelligent manner in which they direct their missions the Jesuits have secured the first place in China.' The writer goes on to praise the custom among the missionaries of returning once a year to the headquarters of the mission to remain a few weeks in order to gain new strength.

In the Chinese Missions, there are at present engaged, 35 Bishops, 523 European priests, 328 native priests, and 540,502 converts. Of these, 2 bishops, 103 European priests, and 37 Chinese priests are of the Society, and 135,694 Christians are under our care. In round numbers one fifth of the missionaries of China are Jesuits, and one fifth of the Christians in the Chinese Empire are under their direction.

It has been decided to publish monthly in Chinese a Messenger of the Sacred Heart. Fr. Li is director; his assistants are Fathers Chen-re, Gni and Hiu.—Fr. Ravary writes that at Long-ka-dou the work among the apprentices is progressing. At the last reunion, there were nearly 50, of whom 15 or 16 were new-comers from Pou-tong. Already places have been obtained in our neighborhood for about 30, on the following conditions: 1) that they are not obliged to take part in any superstitious practices in the shops; 2) that they be given three hours of rest on Sundays, in order to attend Mass; and 3) a complete exemption from work on the four great holidays. The pagans are glad to accede to these conditions in order to get our Christians to work for them.—*Chinese Letters*.

**England.**—Father Perry has recently been placed, by the Academia Romana Pontificia de Nuovi Lincei. '*Fra i suoi socii ordinarii*.' This is the oldest scientific society in existence. Only thirty home members are admitted; ten foreign members have just been added at the desire of his Holiness. The honor conferred upon Fr. Perry was communicated to him by special diploma. It had been unanimously decided upon at a special meeting of the society.—Fr. Perry has accepted Dr. Bredichin's invitation to observe the total solar eclipse in August next at his residence near Moscow. The feast of our newly beatified English martyrs will be celebrated on Dec. 1st, under the title in the Ordo, *B. Edmundus cum sociis ejus*.

**Fr. Boscovich.**—The Academy of Vienna intends to have a special meeting for the celebration of the centenary of the death of Father Boscovich. A similar ceremony will take place at Ragusa, his native place.

**Fr. C. Braun and the Red Sunsets.**—In 1885 H. H. Warner, Founder of the Warner Observatory, Rochester, New York, announced a prize of \$200 for the best essay (3000 words) giving an explanation of the red twilights observed towards the close of '83 and during the whole of '84. Thirty-six competitors sent in papers from all parts of the world. Among them was Father C. Braun, S. J., of Mariaschein. Owing to the unexpectedly large number of papers received, Mr. Warner generously added to his first prize several gold medals, each valued at \$60. The face of the medal bears the inscription: '*H. H. Warner medal for Scientific Discovery awarded to . . .*' On the reverse are seen an active volcano on an island and the setting sun, the whole encircled by the twelve signs of the zodiac. Last January one of these medals was sent to Fr. Braun. Not long after he received a communication from one of the judges, in which the writer stated that he had judged Fr. Braun's explanation the best and that most likely the other judges would have done the same, if he (Fr. Braun) had not gone so much beyond the allowed length.

**Frederick.** — On Sunday, April the 24th, St. John's Church, Frederick, Md., celebrated the 50th Anniversary of its solemn dedication. This was the first Church in the United States to become entirely free of debt, and consequently, the first to be consecrated. Its founder was the venerable Fr. John McElroy. At the celebration Very Rev. Fr. Provincial and Fr. R. W. Brady, S. J., were present. Fr. Pardow, Socius, preached.

**Fr. Passaglia.**—Fr. Passaglia died Saturday, March 12th, at 7. A.M. from paralysis of the throat after an illness of seven days. From the beginning of his illness he manifested with great fervor the faith he had never denied, and the Immaculate Virgin, whose image he always kept by his bed, did not fail him in his last days. The Curé of San Carlo, to whose parish he belonged, was called for by the invalid and he came promptly and attended him with great zeal and charity. On the morning of March 8th, Fr. Passaglia made a solemn retractation and reparation of the scandal he had given and begged pardon of God and of the Pope. He then made his confession, and shortly after noon on the same day received the viaticum, which was publicly carried to him from the parish church of San Carlo. Soon after, the Cardinal Archbishop visited him, and in his presence Fr. Passaglia repeated his retractation in a loud voice so that all in the house could hear him, and with so much earnestness and fervor that the Cardinal was obliged to restrain him. During the remaining five days he constantly repeated the same sentiments, and wished that they should be communicated to his Holiness, Leo XIII. His will was most edifying. He left his property to the College of Artizans of St. Joseph at Turin with bequests to the poor of Cottolengo and to the three parishes of Camiana where he used to spend the Autumn. He ordered that all his manuscripts should be placed in the hands of the Cardinal Archbishop as a last token of his veneration towards his Eminence, and that he might end his life with a proof of his submission to Ecclesiastical authority. Fr. Passaglia came to Turin in 1860 and shortly afterwards was appointed professor of Moral Philosophy in the university of that city. In his teaching he was always orthodox. He combated divorce and frequently spoke of the Immaculate Virgin and of Paradise. May God receive him in the great embrace of his infinite mercy.—*Unita Cattolica*.

In a later number of the *Unita Cattolica* the secretary of the Archbishop published the following.

'Before administering the sacraments, the rector of San Carlo, Fr. Faccio of the Servants of Mary, according to the duties incumbent on him in his priestly office, made careful examination into Fr. Passaglia's state of mind, and was fully satisfied that his penitent was well disposed. Among other matters, Passaglia informed him that in October 1882, he had transmitted through a former brother in religion to the august hands of the Pope an explicit apology for the conduct which had led to the scandal and defection of many, and for whatever he had done and written that might be displeasing to the Pope and the Church. He added that the form of said submission had been proposed to him by the Holy See, and that he knew it would be favorably received. But, recognizing that he had not fulfilled the conditions which Rome in accepting his submission had prescribed, he now saw that it was his duty to confirm wholly and entirely the declaration of 1882. In addition to this, he pronounced before Fr. Faccio, and set his hand to the following declaration:

"I, Charles Passaglia, a priest, before receiving the holy Sacraments as a preparation to meet death, attest that I sincerely retract whatever the Church has disapproved of in me. *Turin, March 8th, 1887.*"

**India.** — Last December (1886), there were at St. Mary's College, 457 students, 187 being boarders: at the orphan asylum, at Baudona, 280; at St. Xavier's College, 1329. Judge West, a Protestant, vice-chancellor of the University of Bombay, was present at a play (*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*), given by the students before a large audience. He spoke in high praise of the College, saying that Catholics alone could produce such results. Alluding to Lord Ripon, he said: 'That eminent viceroy, that great man, has done much towards the advancement of Christian education, and the interest of the empire. I regret to be unable myself to do as much, because my position is lower. The government owes much to this College, and I hope that the Rev. Fathers will always make their scholars loyal subjects and good Christians.' Alas! we have not yet made a single convert in all our schools. — *Chinese Letters*.

The Fathers belonging to the mission of Calcutta have, with the permission of the Propaganda, purchased some square miles of territory extending from Kurseong to the base of the Himalaya in the vicariate of the Capuchin Fathers. They will build there a Scholasticate to take the place of that at Asensole which is very unhealthy; it will be finished by October, 1887. The Novitiate, which is badly situated at Hazarebagh in the midst of jungles, will be transferred to Ranchi where the site is magnificent; here also will be placed the house for the Tertian Fathers.—*Jersey Letters*.

*Jersey*.—Fr. Noury has been unanimously elected honorary member of the Scientific Society of Jersey, for his learned work on the geology of the Island.

*Macon, Georgia*.—Pio Nono College with its forty-two acres is now our property and will hence-forward be known by the name of *St. Stanislaus*. Our Novices will come here next August. I am very much pleased with the place. It is just one mile outside of city limits, on an eminence commanding a view of the surrounding country, having a very healthy location and good water—a five story building, exteriorly looking like a factory, interiorly very commodious and spacious. There is plenty of room for Novices, Juniors and Tertian Fathers. The wing is 85 x 50 ft. and the main or centre building 75 x 35. The other wing is not built. The land is very good for vegetables and fruit trees and vineyard.—*Extract from a letter of Fr. Butler*.

*Madura*.—*Diocese of Trichinopoly*.—‘Since the feast of St. Francis Xavier I have baptized 657 catechumens. If I had had more time their number would have been twice as great. Five new parishes have been formed; four others are expecting organization. Not a week passes but delegations arrive from distant villages; their request is always the same; ‘Ten, twenty, thirty or forty families are ready to embrace the faith; come and take care of us.’ The youngest of these parishes yet waiting for their reception into the Church, lies in the heart of the rich rice-fields. The population is so numerous that Cumampatty may be called a small city. My catechumens, about thirty families, are nearly all engaged in farming. The native landlord of a neighboring village had borne a deep hatred for many of my neophytes. As the poor people were unable effectually to escape the vengeance of this wealthy and influential man, they determined to become Christians. ‘The missionary of Pudupatty,’ they said, ‘has taken the part of his neophytes at Seralpatty, he will protect us in like manner against our landlord.’ I hesitated about receiving them on these conditions; for I preferred avoiding, if possible, all quarrel with a man of his standing, especially as my first congregation of 1872, lies within his district, and as I never yet had any occasion of complaint against him. The petitioners, however, gave all desirable evidence of sincerity and I resolved, in spite of my first misgivings, to comply with their request. That same evening, I received a visit from the landlord himself ‘Father,’ he said, ‘I hear that the people of Cumampatty wish to be your disciples; if so, I am satisfied, for I hope through you to come to a friendly understanding with them. I confess I have treated them harshly; but the fault is not all my own, as you will see for yourself. Bring about an agreement with them, and I shall give a garden in their village, in which you may build your church.’ Of course I accepted his offer most joyfully. I entered upon my office as peacemaker at once. Terms were agreed on after a week’s discussion, and peace and harmony reigned. The rich man kept his promise; his garden was publicly decided over to me and my congregation. At present the chapel is building; my neophytes pay half, and I have to pay the rest.’—*Extract from a Letter of Fr. Trincal, S. J., in Katholische Missionen*.

Spiritual ministrations of our Fathers, for 1885–86. Number of Christians, 166,459. Children baptized, belonging to Christian parents, 5,404. Pagan and heretical adults baptized, 1460. Pagans, adults and children baptized in articulo mortis, 7150. Confessions, 310,423. Communion, 295,877. Marriages, 1604. Extreme Unctions, 1255. Scholars at school, boys, 7894—girls, 1488.

*Manitoba, St. Boniface*.—‘I send you to-day the Class and Honor lists of the Manitoba University for 1887. Our success surpasses everything ever seen here hitherto. The other Colleges and the collegiate Department of the Protestant schools presented about 80 candidates, of whom 29 received scholarships, i. e., not quite three-eighths attained eminence. We presented 8

candidates, of whom 7, i. e., seven-eighths attained eminence; and note that we did not pick and choose, we simply sent up *all* our students of Belles-Lettres and Philosophy. In the Preliminary Classics and Mathematics our students won three prizes out of six; while Manitoba College, which presented the bulk of candidates for this Preliminary Examination, gained only one scholarship (though to be honest, Manitoba's young lady distanced all competitors); and St. John's College and the collegiate Department have each only one scholarship. Our boys were 4 against 24—one-sixth, and yet came out 3 against 6—one-half. The only one of our students who has not secured a prize, had the highest number of marks for Latin and Greek combined, and failed, to secure a prize only because he was "third class" in Mathematics.—*Extract from a letter of Fr. Drummond.*

**Naples.**—The Society, which has been four times expelled from Naples, is rapidly regaining the position it occupied before its last expulsion in 1860. Besides five residences, it has a day school with 300 scholars, a boarding school with 80 or 90 boarders, and a Novitiate with a dozen novices and as many Juniors. The old Collegium Maximum of ante-suppression times has been out of our hands since 1773. It is now the University. On the wall as you enter was put up in 1873 a tablet to commemorate our suppression of a century before,—an inducement and invitation to all readers to trample on us, with a promise of a full measure of gratitude, a hundred years after date! In another part of the city is the new Gesù, a magnificent church; it contains the famous altar of St. Francis Hieronymo, beneath which are his sacred remains. In the University above mentioned, is shown the room St. Aloysius occupied for a short time, and in the Church is kept in veneration some of his blood. The Novitiate is a fine building on one of the heights in the northern part of the city. The house is rather small for the number (fifty) which it holds, but under present circumstances anything would be considered bearable. It is under the protection of the Card. Archbishop of Naples, and before the law, passes as a Seminary. Our biennists at Rome visited Naples during the Easter holidays, and were received with the greatest kindness by the Rector of the Novitiate. No pains were spared to make the visit a pleasant one for the 'two American Fathers.' They met there Frs. Valente and Picciorelli, formerly of Woodstock. The former is teaching Physics at our day-school, and the latter lectures to a small class of young priests, who are repeating their Theology.—Fr. Valente was unwell, but he rallied sufficiently to receive his visitors and see to the arrangement of an American dinner for them. The Rev. Fr. Provincial, Fr. Conger, showed himself extremely kind to the visitors. He is a preacher of marked ability, and finds it possible to save time enough from his official duties, to devote himself regularly to his work of predilection. His sermons have been published in several volumes.

**Necrology of the Society, 1886.**—In the whole Society, during the year 1886, 234 died; of these 128 were Fathers, 36 Scholastics, 70 Brothers. The average age was 54.89. The percentage of those over 60 years of age, was 49.56. Out of 234 there were 19 over 80 years of age, and 1 over 90. There were 34 over 50 years in the Society. The percentage of each Province was:—

Aust. Hung...	0.90 perct.	Champagne...	1.75 perct.	N. Y. Maryl...	2.18 per ct.
Castile.....	1.05 "	Toulouse.....	1.86 "	Sicily .....	2.67 "
Aragon.....	1.16 "	Portugal.....	1.86 "	Turin.....	2.76 "
Rome.....	1.46 "	Holland.....	1.91 "	Lyons.....	2.76 "
England.....	1.50 "	Galicia.....	1.91 "	Missouri.....	3.10 "
France.....	1.63 "	Germany.....	2.05 "	Venice.....	5.67 "
Ireland.....	1.69 "	Toledo.....	2.09 "	Mexico.....	—
Belgium.....	1.75 "	New Orleans..	2.15 "	Zambesi.....	—

**Paris.**—Cardinal de Rende, Papal Nuncio, before leaving Paris, paid an official visit to our Fathers at Rue de Sevres. He was given a literary reception, which he himself closed by an address, in which he said, that if he had done any good in life he owed it to our Fathers, and that he did not hesitate to proclaim this to the world.

**Peru.**—Since the expulsion of the Jesuits a new scandal has taken place at Lima. The Papal arms, which adorned the entrance of the palace occupied by the Apostolic Delegate, were removed by force. An immediate protest

was made by the Nuncio; whereupon the government made due reparation and promised security for the future from such violence.—*Jersey Letters.*

**Poland.**—Fr. Joseph Holubowicz, editor of the *Catholic Missions* for Poland, is dead. He made his Theological studies at Louvain, where he arrived in the month of October, 1864, in company with Fr. Buchta, whom a sudden death carried off, May the 13th, 1885. Fr. Holubowicz was attacked by a cancer in the stomach, from which he suffered much for an entire year; he continued nevertheless, his arduous labors, until at length the malady terminated fatally. His death took place on Saturday, March the 5th, at half-past seven in the evening. He was buried on Monday, March the 7th, at 3 o'clock P. M. The attendance at his funeral was larger than that at the obsequies of any of Ours during many years past. Fr. Holubowicz was born Feb. the 20th, 1835, and entered the Society March the 25th, 1854.—*Jersey Letters.*

**Rome.**—The king has finally determined to leave the room of St. Stanislaus intact. He has accordingly given orders that the new street shall deviate so that the room may not be moved. The work of the canonization of Blessed Berchmans, Blessed Claver and Blessed Rodriguez, seems to be coming to an end. For all canonizations three Congregations are held. In the last Congregation the question is decided: '*Num tuto ad canonizationem procedi possit.*' Already the first Congregation has been held. The rest will be held in the following order: 2nd Congregation for Blessed Berchmans, March the 22nd; for Blessed Claver, July the 12th; for Blessed Rodriguez, August the 4th. The cause of Blessed Claver was to have been the first examined, but a difficulty arose, with regard to the two miracles brought forward. One of the physicians conceded both miracles, the other denied one; hence a third physician will be called in to decide the case. As a delay is therefore necessary, the cause of Blessed Berchmans will be decided first. Unless a war should break out it is hoped that the canonizations will take place on the 6th of Jan., 1888.

**Thebaid.**—Fr. Charles de Dianoux has been commissioned by the Propaganda to found a mission in upper Thebaid, in the desert made famous and sanctified by Saints Paul, Anthony and Pacomius.—*Univers.*

**U. S. of Colombia.**—A College has been begun, at Bogata, under the auspices of Archbishop Telesphore Paul, S. J., and another at Medellin. Besides these, our Fathers have charge of the Seminary near Pasto belonging to Bishop Velasco, S. J. Colleges, residences and missions are offered to our Fathers, but they cannot accept for want of subjects. The Republic has given us back our old College of San Bartolomé. At the opening it had many pupils. At present it has 140 boarders and 200 day-scholars. A Novitiate was opened on the 2nd of February.—One of the old missions of our Fathers among the Indians that live on the banks of the Caqueta and Putumayo in Colombia, is about to be reopened. Mgr. Velasco, S. J., who is helping on this blessed undertaking, includes this mission within the limits of his diocese.

**Venezuela.**—In Venezuela under the government of the Freemason Gusman Blanco, we have neither house nor residence; Ours are not allowed to enter the country under the pain of imprisonment or even a worse penalty. Our College and residence at Porto-Rico have been closed, owing to the warfare carried on against us by the Freemason professors of the Civil Institute. Of the expelled Fathers some are in Spain, others in Peru and Bolivia.—*Jersey Letters.*

**Zambesi.**—St. Aidan's numbers more boys this year than for the last three years. The work of converting the Kaffirs is as slow as ever. Some of the missionaries speak hopefully of the work with Lo-Benguela. It is rumored (Feb. the 22nd), that the Boers of the Transvaal, Bechaunaland, and Stellaland intend making an incursion into his territory to put an end to his tyrannical power. His great fault in their eyes is his constancy in refusing to permit them to dig for gold in his dominions; his overthrow would not sadden the missionaries, as he persistently opposes the work of the Fathers. At Dumbrody, there are 19 studying Philosophy: 8 in the third year; 5 in the second and 6 in the first. There are only 2 in Theology. There are 2 schools; the boys' school numbers 16; and the girls,' has 10 pupils. The girls' school

is directed by 2 pious German ladies. All this is at the expense of the mission. The boys have to give some help by working in the garden, kitchen, etc. Many are learning trades. This is the principal hope. There is besides, a small gathering of baptized families, and catechumens. Instructions are given in Dutch, Hottentot and Kaffir. There are 10 Kaffir families of catechumens. The church, which is very small, will be rebuilt.

**Home News.**—The Spring Disputations took place on the 29th and 30th of April.

**DE VIRTUTIBUS INFUSIS.**—The *Defender* was Mr. T. Rinck; the *Objectors* were Messrs. M. Eicher and E. de la Morinière.

**DE MATRIMONIO.**—*Defender*, Mr. L. Kavanagh; *Objectors*, Messrs. J. L. Smith and D. Mahony.

Mr. J. Zwinge read a dissertation on 'The Authenticity of Dan. iii.'

**ETHICS.**—*Defender*, Mr. J. Deck; *Objectors*, Messrs. M. Sullivan and L. Van Ree.

**PSYCHOLOGY.**—*Defender*, Mr. J. Dawson; *Objectors*, Messrs. P. Faget and H. Post.

**ONTOLOGY.**—*Defender*, Mr. W. Fanning; *Objectors*, Messrs. M. Kaue and J. Meyer.

Mr. E. Corbett read an essay on 'Glaciers and the Glacial Period'; Mr. M. J. Hollohan read an essay on 'The Timbre of Sounds,' and the experiments were performed by Messrs. H. Casten and J. Kuhlman.

During the year Messrs. McNamara, Fink and Fagan, who were obliged to interrupt their studies on account of ill health, were ordained; Mr. McNamara, on Dec. 18th in Baltimore by Cardinal Gibbons; Mr. Fagan, on March 12th in Brooklyn by Bishop Loughlin; Mr. Fink, on April 6th in Baltimore by Bishop Curtis. Mr. Van Rensselaer was ordained on May 31st in New York by Archbishop Corrigan.

*Compendium Theologicæ Moralis*—A revised edition of Fr. Sabetti's *Moral Theology*, printed in new type, has just been issued from our press. Many improvements have been made upon the first edition. Running titles of chapters have been put at the head of the page, where before the titles of the treatise only appeared. The latest decrees of the Roman Congregations have been used, and references to recent works on Moral have been added. The Decrees of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore have been used and applied to the solution of questions affecting this country. The book is for sale by F. Pustet & Co., Nos. 50 and 52 Barclay St., New York.

To those familiar with the surroundings of Woodstock College, it may be of interest to know that the barn and its accessories have been removed to a position across the road from the gate-house that is near the mortuary chapel. The ground on which it stood will be beautified as are the other parts of the hill on which the College is built.

The *Carmina Leonis XIII* have been re-issued by Hill and Harvey, 111 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md., with an introductory life of the Holy Father by Fr. Piccirillo.

ERRATA.

page	line	7	instead of	<i>F. French</i>	read	<i>Ffrench</i>
"	127	"	last	"	<i>canonice</i>	" <i>canonico</i>
"	131	"	21	"	<i>Jantard</i>	" <i>Jautard</i>
"	133	"	17	"	<i>first</i>	" <i>finest</i>
"	134	"	31	"	<i>fiducium</i>	" <i>fiduciam</i>
"	144	"	37	"	16th	" 6th

# WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. XVI, No. 3.

## A CONTRIBUTION TOWARDS A HISTORY OF THE IRISH PROVINCE OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS

FROM ITS REVIVAL SOON AFTER THE YEAR 1800.

*By the late Rev. John Grene, S. J.*<sup>(1)</sup>

*(Concluded.)*

The venerable Dean Meagher, in his funeral oration over Archbishop Murray, called Fr. Kenney the Apostle of Dublin. Fr. Matthew Gahan, whom we have mentioned before, had a better or at least more exclusive claim to the title often given to him, of Apostle of the Isle of Man. This interesting island was altogether destitute of spiritual help and full of strange superstitions when he volunteered for this lonely mission in 1826. He labored hard, built a church at Douglas, and established schools, not, we may be sure, from the resource supplied by the handful of indifferent Catholics he found in the island. Fr. Aylmer, by what we call an accident, paid him an unexpected visit in the early part of 1837 and was just in time to give the solitary missionary all the consolations of religion before he died on the 22nd of February.

The second visit of the cholera to Dublin in 1834 (the first visit was two years earlier) carried off after one night's sickness Fr. John Shine, and, four days later, Fr. Robert

<sup>(1)</sup> A notice of Fr. Grene will be found on another page.

O'Ferrall, in his thirtieth year. The latter was brother to the Right Hon. Richard More O'Ferrall, whose best title to remembrance is that he resigned the Governorship of Malta as a protest against Lord John Russell's Papal Aggression Bill. Fr. Shine was perhaps, after Fr. James Butler, the most efficient of the first Clongowes professors, and had for four or five years taken charge of the day school into which the Hardwick Street Chapel had been transformed after the opening of St. Francis Xavier's, Gardiner Street. He caught the dreadful malady from a poor person whom he was attending.

Before mentioning some other names of persons, it seems right to speak, even with unfair brevity, of a place in which many Irish Jesuits have done good and hard work for God. The College of St. Stanislaus, at Tullabeg, in King's County, forty-nine Irish miles from Dublin, was opened not very long after Clongowes. It was indeed at first intended as a novitiate, and for some time was applied to this purpose under its first Rector, Fr. Robert St. Leger; but it soon became a school, at first preparatory to Clongowes and subsequently vying with Clongowes. Large additional buildings were erected by subsequent Rectors, especially Fathers John Ffrench, Matthew Senner, and Alfred Murphy. A great improvement was given to the studies of the boys under the energetic rule of Fr. William Delany from the year 1870, and the College of St. Stanislaus scored well in the matriculation at the University of London, and also in the Irish Intermediate Examinations. But in the year 1886 it was considered wise to combine the teaching power of our two Colleges, which are not very far apart, and to give further development to Clongowes, the Mother-House of the Society in Ireland. Large additions to the buildings had been made by Fr. Robert Carbery and other Rectors. On the 8th of April, 1866, a fire, caused by the negligence of a plumber at work on the roof of the fine study-hall erected by Fr. Aylmer, spread to the refectory underneath, and destroyed these rooms with many valuable pictures, books and papers. A plentiful supply of water and efficient engines kept the fire within its original limit, and no danger to life or limb occurred. The loss was partly covered by insurance, and it was made the occasion of a generous subscription by former pupils of the College, who met at the house of Lord Chancellor Naish in Mountjoy Square, Dublin. The result has been highly beneficial to the elegance and efficiency of the collegiate buildings. May it be the opening of a new era of prosperity for dear old Clongowes under its youthful Rector, Fr. John Conmee.

This sketch deals chiefly with places and persons. The places which remain still to be commemorated must have even scantier justice accorded to them. We have mentioned incidentally that the Hardwick Street day school was transferred to Belvidere House, No. 6 Great Denmark Street, which in some of its internal decorations gives one some idea of the magnificence of the Irish nobility before the Union impoverished Dublin. Very fine school-rooms and a spacious lecture-hall and theatre have recently been built by the present Rector, Fr Thomas Finlay, who, by the way, might be described by the phrase which Suetonius applies to some Roman general—'dux consiliis, manu miles.' Besides presiding over St. Francis Xavier's College—by no means an 'otiose providence'—as Fellow of the Royal University he teaches a class of moral philosophy at the Catholic University College, Stephen's Green. With the name of Belvidere—which is now attended by about three hundred boys, a large number for an Irish school,—we may link the names of some of its former Rectors, such as Fr. Meagher (uncle to the eloquent Thomas Francis Meagher, of '48, and afterwards General in the American army); Fr. Francis Murphy, still teaching boys in St. Patrick's College, Melbourne; and Fr. Michael O'Ferrall, who for some years after 1864 helped our Fathers of the dispersed Sardinian Province in their prosperous exile near the Golden Gate. He died soon after his return from San Francisco.

In this context might be mentioned Fr. Edward Kelly and Fr. Thomas Kelly, but their work in the arduous office of Superior lay chiefly in Limerick. Their names, coupled with that of their eldest brother Fr. William Kelly—one of the founders of the Australian Mission, and still exercising his versatile gifts A.M.D.G. in New South Wales<sup>(1)</sup>—suggest a remark which has sometimes been made. Is there any Province of the Society, even twice or thrice as large as Ireland, which has among its members so many pairs and triplets of brothers? We have just named three brothers. Of another name (Hughes) we have three also, and again two; and we have had two Fathers St. Leger, two Fathers Bellew, two Fathers Lynch, two Fathers Seaver, two Fathers Duffy; and we still have two Fathers Dalton, two Fathers Keating, two Fathers Finlay, four Fathers Daly, two Fathers Colgan, and some other paternal couples, besides cousins *galore*, that is, to *n* factors. But

<sup>(1)</sup> Will it be indiscreet to add that the only other member of the fireside circle has been doing the holy work of a Sister of Mercy these thirty years in Perth, Western Australia, whither she bravely went from her noviceship in the Mother House in Baggot Street, before there was any chance of her having a Jesuit brother on the same continent, but a thousand miles away from her?

these details may perhaps be beneath the dignity of the historic muse.

St. Munchin's College (afterwards College of the Sacred Heart) was opened in Limerick in March, 1859, with the cordial sanction of the good old Bishop, Doctor Ryan. Fr. Edward Kelly was the first Rector. The Church of the Sacred Heart was built by his successor, Fr. Thomas Kelly, and opened in 1868, the dedication sermon being preached by the holy and eloquent Dominican Bishop of Dromore, Doctor John Pius Leahy. The next Superior in Limerick was Fr. William Ronan, who is known in the United States for his exertions in establishing the "Apostolic School at Mungret"<sup>(1)</sup> near Limerick, in which very arduous task he was greatly encouraged by Doctor Ryan's successor in the See of Limerick, Doctor George Butler. Doctor Butler died last year (1886) and has been succeeded by one of our first Limerick pupils, Doctor Edward O'Dwyer.

Our Galway house was opened about the same time as Limerick. Fr. Robert Haly was the first Superior, and his exertions had the chief part in building the Church of St. Ignatius in that interesting but not very prosperous town. With Galway should be linked the name of Fr. Michael Bellew, a man of singular holiness. His eldest brother, Sir Christopher Bellew, resigned his baronetcy and very high position in the world to become a very devout and humble member of the Society, dying on the 18th of March, 1867. Fr. Michael Bellew died on the 29th of October, 1868.

A sturdy man of the world, who may catch the reader's attention better if described as being the first Catholic Attorney General in England since the Reformation, was once greatly struck by hearing the 'English Province of the Society' spoken of. He was delighted with the idea of the world-wide Church looking down on haughty England as a mere province. To call Ireland a Province would not be judicious in a politician; but in the Society Ireland only rose to be a Province in the year 1860. Is it of the essence of a Province to have a novitiate and a foreign mission? The Irish novitiate was opened in that year at Milltown Park near Dublin, under the holy and learned Fr. Jones; but it had begun its great and most successful work as a House of Retreats in 1858 under Fr. Edmund O'Reilly, who deserves pre-eminently the same two epithets we have bestowed on Fr. Jones. Both these Fathers had been lent to the English Province as professors in St. Beuno's Col-

<sup>(1)</sup> Mungret College is also the Diocesan Seminary.

lege, North Wales, along with Fr. William Kelly. Fr. Jones's successors were Fr. Sturzo, Fr. Charles McKenna, Fr. William O'Farrell, and the present Master of Novices, Fr. John Colgan. On May 3rd, 1884, Feast of St. Joseph's Patronage, the novices were removed to Loyola House, Dromore, County Down, leaving Milltown Park to the scholastics who are studying philosophy. Very numerous attended retreats for priests and lay gentlemen are given through the whole course of the year at Milltown.

The foreign mission assigned to the Irish Province is so congenial a field for the zeal of Irish hearts that it requires some other name than foreign mission — which indeed is hardly a Jesuit word. The sons of St. Ignatius are at home everywhere, *in quavis mundi plaga*. A clever man, whose private sins blasted lately a political career of brilliant promise, called the United States of America 'Greater Britain.' They might well be called 'Greater Ireland'; and Australia also is for an Irish priest only Ireland transplanted. In July, 1865, Fr. Joseph Lentaigne and Fr. William Kelly left Dublin on their way to Melbourne. The wonderful progress made in twenty years; the many colleges and churches founded at Melbourne and Sydney and their suburbs, cannot be crushed into a paragraph. They have now thirty-three priests, several scholastics and lay brothers, and a novitiate. There is only one missionary of Ours in New Zealand—Fr. McEnroe at Invercargil. The Superiors of the Mission have been Fr. Joseph Dalton and Fr. Aloysius Sturzo.

St. Patrick's House of Residence of the Catholic University, Stephen's Green, Dublin, was committed by the Bishops to the care of the Society in 1873, the first Superior being the Rev. Thomas Keating, now working at Sydney. Under a new arrangement, the Catholic University College is conducted by our Fathers, Fr. Delany being Vice-Rector since the 21st December, 1881.

Though we omitted it at the proper place, we must not omit altogether to mention the visit of Father Roothaan, the first General of the Society that ever set foot on Irish soil—though St. Ignatius did the next best thing in sending us two of his first companions, Paschasius Brouet and Alphonsus Salmeron. 'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good,' and the Italian Revolution wafted to our shores perhaps the greatest of the Generals since Claudius Aquaviva. He arrived in Dublin on the 19th of October, 1849, accompanied by Fr. Villefort of France and Fr. Cobb of the English Province. He delighted and impressed every one who came in contact. Of this we have a striking testimony in

the first volume of the *Irish Annual Miscellany* (afterwards called *Essays chiefly Theological*) by the Rev. Patrick Murray, D.D., first Professor of Theology in Maynooth College. He devotes a long paper to an account of 'Father Roothaan's Visit to Maynooth.' On his part the illustrious visitor carried away the best impressions of our little island. The crowds that thronged St. Francis Xavier's Church in Dublin, even on week days, and the immense number of confessions and communions delighted and edified him; and at Avignon he remarked that our Church at Marseilles was the only rival he knew for Gardiner Street, Dublin.<sup>(1)</sup> He wrote back to Ireland from the Continent: 'Multa ibi vidi et audivi quæ maximam mihi consolationem attulerunt.' It is but fair to give St. Stanislaus' College the direct credit of this testimony. And we take the opportunity of adding here to our brief account of Tullabeg given at an earlier stage of these notes that, besides its educational work, it has been always a focus of religious life through a wide district; a sort of goal of pilgrimage to penitents coming often from very considerable distances.

We have reluctantly put aside our intention of giving some details about certain of our Fathers *qui dormiunt in somno pacis*; for space would fail, and it is often better to leave one's self under the guilty consciousness of a duty undischarged than to make an utterly inadequate attempt at discharging it. The former course gives the duty a chance of being properly done hereafter.

One of the items in this *catalogue raisonné* of the Irish Province would have been Fr. John Ffrench, Lord Ffrench's brother, who was Assistant at Rome from 1858 till his death in 1873, May 31st. He was a man of singular holiness, humility, patience, and charity. Thirteen years later his grave had for some cause to be opened and his remains were found entire. One who had worked under him when he was Rector of St. Stanislaus' College, Tullabeg—Fr. John Cunningham—died in 1858, in his forty-second year, leaving behind him a reputation for sanctity more than ordinary. The country folk used to scrape away the clay of his grave, as is done to this day at St. Patrick's grave in Downpatrick. Fr. Cunningham's remains were afterwards taken up and buried in the College chapel.

And now a few words about the bibliography of the Irish Province. Some years ago a chapter on this subject would

<sup>(1)</sup> Large additions and improvements have just been made in the Residence of St. Francis Xavier by the present Superior, Fr. John Bannon, whose name is not forgotten in the United States by those whose recollections go back to the War.

resemble a chapter on the snakes of Ireland. Ireland has practically not quite recovered from the repressing influence of the Penal Code. A certain amount of leisure and affluence is needed for the cultivation of literature, both on the part of writers and of those for whom they write. It is only within the last thirty years that anything has been done in this department by the secular clergy of Ireland, and the tradition of the Society also resembled the description that we once heard a French Jesuit, Père Boudiet, give of the Church's policy: *Ecclesia semper loquitur, nunquam scribit*. Irish Catholics have trusted too much for their religious literature to London and latterly to New York.

Of late Irish Jesuits have grown less shy of the printing press.<sup>(1)</sup> Cardinal Newman in his celebrated 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk' and Doctor Ward in the *Dublin Review*, quoted with high appreciation Fr. Edmund O'Reilly's essays on 'The Relations of the Church to Society.' Fr. O'Reilly after being educated at Clongowes, and then as an ecclesiastical student of great reputation at Rome, was elected professor of Theology at Maynooth College, where he left behind him a tradition of reverence for Jesuit Theology. When he had attained the position of chief Theological professor in that great College, he resigned his chair to become a novice of the Society. His influence within and without the Society was very great. Practically he was consulting theologian to half the clergy and nearly all the hierarchy of Ireland. His personal sanctity was of a very high degree and of a very amiable kind. When he died in November, 1878, in his sixty-seventh year, he was setting about the preparation of a separate edition of the theological articles we have named. This re-print has been widely and persistently asked for since his death, and must not be much further delayed.

*The Irish Monthly* has the credit of having forced Fr. O'Reilly to use his pen. That periodical began in 1873. Though completely the property of the Society, it has never depended or wished to depend upon Jesuit contributors exclusively. It is a good work to employ and amuse people innocently, either as writers or readers. However,

<sup>(1)</sup> We believe the only contemporary Irish item in the last edition of Père de Backer's *Ecrivains de la Compagnie de Jésus* is Fr. Robert Carbery's beautiful little treatise on the Devotion to the Sacred Heart. In the forthcoming edition the *Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum* is, we understand, to be more fully represented.

'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscabitur istis.'

Periodicals nowadays absorb what in other times would have developed into books. In this sense Fr. Peter Finlay, Fr. William Sutton, and Fr. William Hughes (now of Melbourne) have a right to be mentioned among the Irish writers of the Society of Jesus.

out of the twenty-three separate works in prose and verse which have been wholly or in part re-printed from the first fourteen annual volumes of *The Irish Monthly*, there are six which have a right to be named in this context as being written by Irish Jesuits. 'Cromwell in Ireland,' by Fr. Denis Murphy, is a work of solid merit and patient research, written in a calm historical spirit. This work and antiquarian papers contributed to *The Irish Monthly* and *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record* were no doubt instrumental in fixing recently the choice of the Bishops of Ireland on Fr. Murphy as Postulator in the cause of the beatification of the Irish martyrs.

Of a different sort is the second Jesuit work which, before entering on its substantive existence, ran through the pages of *The Irish Monthly*—namely 'The Chances of War' by Fr. Thomas Finlay. The author of this excellent historical romance of the time of Owen Roe O'Neill was at first disguised under the pseudonym of 'A. Whitelock.'

Fr. Edmund Hogan has sometimes been called the Irish Bollandist. His 'Hibernia Ignatiana' gives in Latin an account of the Society of Jesus from its first introduction. Only one large volume has as yet been published. He has also published a life of Fr. Henry Fitzsimon, S. J. and edited some of his writings. Let us hope that Fr. Hogan may have time to put in order for publication his voluminous stores of historical and antiquarian lore.

'Augustus Law, S. J., Notes in Remembrance,' is by Fr. Matthew Russell, S. J., who has from the first edited *The Irish Monthly*. He has also published three volumes of verse, of which the predominant themes are indicated by their respective titles—'Emmanuel,' 'Madonna,' and 'Erin.' Seven editions of 'Emmanuel' have been sold, and two of 'Madonna.'

Fr. David Gallery has published a very useful 'Handbook of Essentials in History and Literature.' We anticipate good results for religious literature from *The Australian Messenger of the Sacred Heart* which has just sprung into existence at Melbourne, under the editorship of Fr. Michael Watson, S. J.; for such undertakings often produce effects outside their own immediate objects. Finally, not to end with prophecy a paper which is essentially retrospective, the last name shall be that of Fr. Robert Kelly, founder of the Association of the Sacred Thirst, whose *Illustrated Monitor* was a spirited attempt to establish a cheap religious journal for the people. It did not survive his too early death, which took place on the 15th of June, 1876.

Such are the facts which we have thought it well to re-

cord concerning the Society of Jesus in Ireland in this nineteenth century. Our motives in drawing up this very simple sketch resemble those of the Cistercian monk who wrote the history of the monastery of Villars in Brabant, which is given in the third volume of Martène's *Thesaurus Novus Anecdotorum*. He begins thus:—

'Necessarium reor militaturis Deo in cœnobio Villariensi diligenter describere qualiter ordo ibidem viguit, quamque copiosa benedictione personæ domus hujus completæ (?) fuerint, sicut seniorum nostrorum relatione didicimus, quatenus ii quos in sæculis superventuris divina gratia ad monasterium Villariense vocare dignabitur, si hanc parvitatæ nostræ paginam legere dignum duxerint, considerantes quam nobili regum mammilla lactati sint, erubescant filii degeneres inveniri.'

If this account had to be written in Latin, and if in the foregoing paragraph *Provincia Hiberniæ* were substituted for *Monasterium Villariense*, with what more appropriate words could our sketch have begun? Let us end with them therefore.

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## CHAPLAINS FOR THE MEXICAN WAR—1846.

7. On the 22nd of September began the siege of Monterey which was taken by capitulation on the 24th, when the enemy evacuated and left it in our possession. During the siege Father Rey was very active in attending to the wounded soldiers even at the risk of life. Of his courage and charity the soldiers bear testimony in letters to their friends some of which have found their way to the public prints. He instructed and baptized at least three officers and no doubt a number of privates, besides administering to the Catholics the consolations of religion. From the time that the American army took possession of Monterey till January, Father Rey attended occasionally at Saltillo where a number of our troops were stationed, giving the Catholics of both cities an opportunity of approaching the Sacraments. On the 11th of January Father Rey wrote<sup>(1)</sup> to me that he understood by a letter from Fr. Provincial that I was to be recalled to the United States, and stated that he would leave Monterey on Monday the 18th for Matamoras, to see me before my departure. I had a letter from Father

<sup>(1)</sup> The letters of Frs. Rey and McElroy will be given in a following number.

Provincial informing me of my probable recall and asking me to advise him on its expediency. On the receipt of this letter I wrote to Father Rey answering his of December, in which he asks my opinion on the propriety of his visiting Victoria and Tampico where some of Ours are stationed. In my answer I did not allude to the probability of my recall as I knew I must receive from the Provincial another letter in answer to mine. Fr. Rey left Monterey on the day appointed and has not since been heard of. He never received my letter, which the post-master afterwards sent me from Monterey. I had reason to expect Fr. Rey about the 24th or 25th of January. Every succeeding day I looked anxiously for him until the 1st of March, when I wrote to Georgetown College the various reports of his having been murdered near Marine twenty-five miles distant from Monterey. I wrote many letters inquiring for our Father and for particulars of his death. The answers may be summed up in a few words: that he was met near Marine by a small party of Mexicans, who first shot his servant, his only companion, an Irishman named Mc Carthy; that the murderers were desirous of sparing Fr. Rey's life, as he exhibited sufficient evidence of being a priest, not only from his dress, but also from his having with him a breviary, oil stocks, a stole, etc.; that the assassins finally left the decision to a notorious character named Gonzales, the sacristan of the church at Marine, who decided that the priest too must be shot, otherwise he would report the murder of his servant. The people of the village hearing that a priest had been killed, went in search of his body, brought it into the village and had it decently interred. Soon after the town was set on fire by our volunteers and reduced to ashes. This account collected from various sources may be considered authentic, although no positive evidence of the murder can be had. General Taylor, who wrote to me on the subject, and the officers of the army generally, expressed their great sorrow for the melancholy end of the good Father. In the secret designs of Providence his blood watering the earth of this afflicted country, may draw down blessing upon the Mexican Church. His last prayer was no doubt: "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." Expiring thus in the practice of obedience and heroic charity, may we not hope that he is now numbered with our Society triumphant, enjoying the rewards of the religious virtues he practised in life.

8. On the 1st of March I wrote to Rev. Father Verhaegen, Provincial, informing him of the probable, almost certain death of Father Rey. In his answer dated April 12th,

he directed me to return to Georgetown College, so soon as I could make arrangements to that effect. Accordingly on May 1st, the Sunday after receiving the letter, I announced to the soldiers the exercises for obtaining the indulgence of the Jubilee published by Pius IX, and that my residence with them would be of short duration. I exhorted all to avail themselves of the opportunity thus presented of approaching the Holy Sacraments, and showed the great encouragement they had in the Plenary Indulgence to be obtained. Every day during that week I said Mass at 8 o'clock, gave an exhortation for one quarter of an hour and then read the prayers prescribed for the Jubilee; at 5 p. m. I attended in the church for confessions and some devotions. About thirty or forty soldiers assisted throughout the day. On Sunday, the 9th of May, I celebrated at 9 o'clock, preached for the last time and gave Communion to more than forty persons. On Monday, after having baptized two sick soldiers who could not survive many days, I took leave of my friends, and on the next morning at 7 o'clock was taken in a carriage provided by the Quarter-master, Captain Webb, to point Isabel, having spent in Matamoras ten months and five days.

9. Now that the mission is ended, a few reflections upon it may not be inappropriate. As may be seen from the letters copied in the pages of this memoir, the object of the President of the United States in our mission was altogether political. The haste with which it was decided to send us, and the opinion then prevalent that the war would last but a very short time, prevented Superiors from giving to our missionary duties such preparation as would make them more useful for the good of souls and creditable to religion. Both Fr. Rey and I were without experience or knowledge of military life. Time was required to enable us to make our labors profitable. As soon as this was attained we discovered that it was not difficult to find access to the hearts of the sick. Fr. Rey's opportunities were greater than mine for the confessional and instruction. Limited, however, as mine were, much was effected and, had I possessed in the beginning the experience now acquired, much more fruit would have been produced. Could the wants of the soldiers have been foreseen, four or five priests would have been necessary to administer to their spiritual welfare: two should have been with General Taylor's command, and two or three with General Scott's. Constant occupation would have been given to all, in the camp, on the battlefield and in the hospitals. Early in the campaign more than six hundred died at Comargo, many of them Catholics, without spiritual

assistance. At Point Isabel, Brazos Santiago, and along the river Rio Grande not less than one hundred deaths occurred, no priest being present to administer the consolations of religion. At Vera Cruz twelve hundred of our troops were in the hospitals with dysentery, besides the number wounded during the siege and the battle of Cerra Gordo, and none of these had a priest to assist them in their last moments. I am now fully convinced, though I was not at the beginning of our Mission, that our labors in these various departments had a happy effect on sectarian soldiers, and on the country generally. Not only time was necessary on our part, to learn how to treat successfully with the soldiers, both officers and privates, but also it is important for them to have an opportunity of learning somewhat of our religion, from our practice and from our labors. Thus I found that those who were shy in the commencement, became familiar and confident with us, in the end. I think that very few would depart this life either on the battlefield from their wounds, or in the hospital by disease, without accepting or calling for our ministry. It is in such functions, our religion becomes in their eyes, what it always was, a religion based upon charity, having for its divine author the God of charity. Such examples from the priesthood, dispel at once the calumnies so often reiterated against us and cause our Faith to be viewed in a different light; and in what more glorious cause can life be sacrificed than in such as I have described.

10. It is due to the officers of the army to say that they treated us on all occasions in the most courteous and respectful manner; those of the regular army particularly, were extremely assiduous on all occasions to accommodate and oblige us by many acts of kindness. I have never met with a more gentlemanly body of men in my life, than are the officers of our army; the more I cultivated their acquaintance the more I appreciated their characters; polite, affable and free from ostentation, they are an honor to their profession and deserve well of their country. We hope that several of them, as well as the rank and file, have been favorably impressed with our holy religion during our sojourn with them. The state of religion in Mexico as it fell under my notice, is most deplorable; I had intended to draw up a separate memoir on the subject, but refrained, as I have seen but little of the country personally: yet, from what I have learned from respectable sources, and from what I have seen, a tolerably correct idea may be formed of the whole; and my conclusion is that there is no country in the world more destitute of the labors of the sacred ministry than

Mexico ; and I may add, in no country would a more abundant harvest be reaped, especially among the Indian race. All the good simple people want is a zealous, disinterested priesthood, in sufficient numbers. Thousands and thousands of souls would be saved by their ministry. May our Lord send to this harvest, ripe for the sickle, those workmen of apostolic spirit, who may be fit instruments in His hands for His greater glory and the salvation of their immortal souls.

JOHN McELROY, S. J.

*From a City Newspaper.*

A CARD.

The undersigned being about to return to the United States, takes this opportunity of expressing his gratitude to the citizens of Matamoras, with whom he had the pleasure of an acquaintance, for their marked kindness and attention on all occasions, and this without regard to religious opinions. To the officers of the army he acknowledges continuous acts of courtesy during his sojourn with them, the recollection of which will be cherished by him through life, and will enable him to appreciate their noble deeds, accompanied by traits still more glorious — the humane, kind, and truly Christian treatment of their vanquished enemy, whether prisoners of war or wounded on the battlefield.

My fervent wishes and prayers, though absent from the army, shall be elicited for its members, and for a speedy and honorable peace.

JOHN McELROY,  
*Chaplain U. S. Army.*

*Matamoras, May 11th, 1847.*

'We are quite sure we express the sentiments of every citizen of Matamoras when we say it has sustained a loss in the departure from our midst of Father McElroy. He was ever ready to impart instruction or administer consolation to the afflicted. His was not that cold, austere piety that enshrouds itself in the cloak of bigotry and freezes into an iceberg those who have been taught a different mode of worship. He held no one to accountability for a difference of opinion ; his heart pulsated only with devotion to his supreme Lord and master, and peace and good will to the human family. May his days be many and happy, and his descent to the grave easy and natural.'—*City Paper.*

## MISSIONARY LABORS.

At the request of Rev. Fr. Provincial, I submit the following report of the work of the Missionary band during the last year. Giving first a condensed account of the times and places of missions, I shall enclose also the 'Fructus Spirituales,' and I may add a few remarks by way of explanation.

In the month of August, '86, missions were given in Newburg, N. Y., Burlington, Vt. and S. Bethlehem, Pa.; in September at Short Hills, N. J., Keene, N. H. and St. Patrick's, Jersey City; in October at St. Joseph's, Providence, St. Mary's, Dover, N. H., Bangor, Me., Manayunk, Pa. and at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Providence; in November at St. James', Boston; in December at Middletown, N. J., New Lebanon, N. Y., Dodgeville, R. I., Plainfield, N. J. and Seton Hall, N. J.; in January, '87, at Raleigh, N. C., Greensborough, N. C., in Charleston, S. C. at the Cathedral, St. Mary's and St. Patrick's, at Fernandina, Fla., in the Church of All Saints, N. Y. City, at St. Augustine, Fla., Mandarin, Fla., Tampa, Fla. and Arlington, Mass.; in February at Key West, Fla., Charlestown, Mass., Brockton, Mass., St. Mary's, Providence, St. Mary's, N. Y. City and at Barrytown and Tivoli, N. Y.; in March at St. F. Xavier's, Baltimore, Md., St. Joseph's, Philadelphia, St. Lawrence's, N. Y. City, Immaculate Conception, N. Y. City and St. Gabriel's, N. Y. City; in April at Danbury, Conn., Milton, Mass. and Crompton and River Point, N. H.; in May at Portsmouth, N. H., Pittsfield, Mass., New Milford, Conn., Hastings, N. Y., Dobb's Ferry, N. Y., Gallitzin, Pa. and Milford, Mass.; in June at Montclair, N. J., St. Paul's, Wilmington, Del. and Neponset, Mass. In all, 76 missions and 8 triduums, 91,091 particular confessions, 14,050 general confessions, 1001 exhortations, 980 sermons with 58 baptisms of adults.

The staff of the missionary band for 1886-87, under superiorship of Fr. McCarthy, included Frs. Langcake, Kavanagh, Ronald Mac Donald, Matthew McDonald and Himmel. I write out the names for the satisfaction of seeing them printed correctly. I am generally called Hammill or Himble, the two Frs. Mac Donald are invariably taken for brothers because of great likeness in names, the people sel-

dom noticing the difference, Mac and Mc. In Charleston, S. C., when we were giving three missions simultaneously, eloquence was predicated indiscriminately about any name that came handiest of the three who honor a similar sounding patronymic. Fr. Kavanagh is continually shocked by seeing his name written with a C. Fr. Langcake's name is suggestive, but only so in pronunciation. As a body, the people call us 'The Holy Commissioners'—'The Machinery Fathers'—perhaps, because we work so in unison; generally we are simply *the holy Fathers*, and so persistently called 'holy,' that, at least in my case, I am beginning to have some misgivings whether the modest opinion I have of my own sanctity be not extreme.

Our work day order is as follows: rise at 4.30; Mass and instruction from 5 to 6; confessions from 5 to 7; 7, breakfast; 9, instruction; 9 to 12, confessions; 12, dinner; 3 P. M. Way of the Cross; 3 to 6, confessions; 6, supper; 7.30, instruction, beads, sermon, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament; 7 to 10, confessions.

The children have special services, and each evening there is a class of catechism for converts, First communicants and those to be confirmed.

After each mission we have an interval of six days, though it not unfrequently happens that hardly as many hours intervene.

Most of the missions continue during two weeks, the first for the women, who spread the good news, the second for the men, who think it easier to make the mission than bear the brunt of the wife's attack. I do not mean to say the men are less willing, but there are always laggards. Woe to such who have wives conscious of their own rectitude, acquired perhaps at the mission. The missionaries' sermons are mild exhortations to what they have heard during the past week. Where the men have their own week, they attend better even than the women. Men seem to be timid in the church when women are present, and are easily crowded out. Once during the women's week there was found a man in the congregation, and his presence was the more aggravating as he was just in front of the pulpit. The women resented it, but he could not be made to leave. When Fr. McCarthy appeared in the pulpit a piously spiteful vindicatrix of exclusiveness stood up and, pointing with indignation to the culprit, cried out that all could hear: 'Father, here is a man in the church.' There was an ominous silence, all eyes were turned towards the unprotected male, and, but for the sanctity of the place, one might almost imagine the inverted thumbs, when Fr.

McCarthy in a moment of inspiration calmly said: 'Let women be silent in the church,' and immediately proceeded with the sermon. It was afterwards discovered that the man was as deaf as a post, and no amount of verbal persuasion could have induced him to budge.

It seems to be the prevailing impression amongst the clergy that supererogation is the pre-eminent and peculiar virtue of a missionary. Here are some of the few extras that fell to Fr. Kavanagh's lot last year: one lecture, two retreats, nine sermons in various places, on occasions such as Christmas, Good Friday, Easter, etc. Of course we all give the palm to Fr. Kavanagh as our most zealous and untiring worker, and I am glad to get this chance of doing justice to his merit; the more so that whilst I write this he is suffering his severest trial, being obliged to take complete rest because of a very dangerous illness, evidently brought on by overwork. If he be unable to be with us next year, we must mourn the loss of one of our most efficient men.

It is hardly possible to do justice to the zeal and fervor of the tertians who came to assist us during Lent. Coming fresh from the school of affections, polished to the finger tip and redolent with ascetical lore, their presence amongst us who were begrimed with the dust of many battles, was edifying in its contrast. The pleasure of having men enough to hear the confessions comfortably, was unique. Generally the crowds are so great, we look forward with considerable trepidation to the small hours of Saturday night, dreading numbers and knotty cases to try our tired heads. Often after missions, what with rising at 4.30, getting to bed late and sitting in the confessional all day, I am apt to dwell with no little complacency on the words: 'probasti me Domine et cognovisti me, tu cognovisti *sessionem* meam et *resurrectionem* meam.'

On the missions we are expected to heal all infirmity, both spiritual and physical. It is a common occurrence to have an old woman stop us at the most inopportune time and place, kneel, uncover the head and insist on an imposition of hands to cure what is called trouble-mindedness; or a bruise or boil is shown, with, 'put your hand there Father.' Sometimes the faith of the people is rewarded. At St. Gabriel's in N. Y. a woman with a palsied hand was cured almost instantaneously by the application of a medal of St. Benedict. At Pittsfield, a man suffering from sciatica, so that he hobbled about on crutches, haunted the sacristy through which I had to pass several times each day, stopping me and continually protesting I could cure him if I

wished. At last partly out of charity and partly for another reason not very praiseworthy, I blessed some water with a medal of St. Ignatius, a more than sufficient quantity to last till after the mission and told him to use a few drops each day till cured. His grateful satisfaction and evident belief that his hopes were about to be fulfilled caused me no little remorse. But judge of my surprise when, two days afterwards, he returned to thank me, perfectly cured, able to walk without crutches. It was noised about and I had to bless a great quantity of water. I heard uncertain rumors of several others that had gotten relief from it, but of one I am certain. A Protestant lady from N. Y., summering in the Berkshire Hills, called to see me the day after the mission and told me she had been suffering for a long time from a dangerous and disgusting sore on the head, one of her servants had given her some of the water and after a few applications she was so much better that she considered herself practically cured and her doctor, also a Protestant, declared the change miraculous. A few hours after seeing this lady, I boarded the train for Albany and was still dallying with a pleased sense of unusual success and consequent importance, when to my horror a very tipsy man claimed my acquaintance on the score of having been to confession to me, and began a boisterous monologue on the excellency of the mission and the particular good it had done him. I escaped as quickly as possible to the next car. But fate had decreed my humiliation, and flight was useless. I had hardly settled down before my friend appeared again and, seeing the crowd of passengers, was forthwith possessed by a demon of harangue: 'Ladies and gentlemen, here is a holy Father, if any of you are in mortal sin, now is your chance, etc.' The conductor appeared on the scene—I said: 'This drunken fellow is following me about the train tormenting me, I wish you would take him away.' My words seemed to have a sort of chemical effect on his whiskey, precipitating it into bile, and the excoriation that followed was magnificent—'You a missionary? God help the missionaries! I don't believe you are a priest or you wouldn't slander your own kind, etc.' till the door closed between us and I was left to the unwelcome pity of my fellow passengers.

Where there are Catholic schools and sodalities the work of the mission is comparatively easy; because of the lack of these, the great want of the people is instruction; plain, straightforward, unadorned explanation of the Sacraments, commandments and duties of one's state of life. It is a cause of never ceasing wonder to me how willing the peo-

ple are and how anxious to learn about these things. They seem astonished at being able to understand every word said. Once in a very large parish, out of above a thousand people whom I personally interviewed on the subject, hardly a dozen had heard of such a thing as devotion to the Sacred Heart. Monthly Communion is as rare in some places as it is common in our own churches, and the prevailing impression is that it is wrong to go oftener than several times a year; and not on account of Jansenistic notions either.

As our trip south was something out of the ordinary, I shall give some points uppermost in my memory. We were south of the Mason and Dixon line but twice. A mission for the negroes in Baltimore was considered a great success, so much so, that Fr. MacDonald was invited a second time. His remarks about the race as Christians were pertinent but might look harsh in print. The other southern missions were in the Carolinas and Florida. Fr. Kavanagh went to North Carolina. In the whole diocese there are fewer Catholics than in some of the larger parishes of New York, and the people are poor. One of the priests had not money enough on hand to buy Fr. Kavanagh's ticket farther than the next town, whereupon he was obliged to 'crack' the Jubilee alms box to get away.

The others of the band sailed from N.Y. on the 28th of December for Savannah and sighted Tybee light at the mouth of the river, on New Year's eve. Made expectant by the glowing description of Georgia lowland scenery by Paul Hayne, I looked impatiently for the dark green and sombre foliage, the hurry of waters on the white low beach; I could hear, I imagined, the sighing of the wind through the long and dainty moss-beards and in a few hours fondly hoped to be magnetized into mute admiration at the magical effect of sunrise on the placid current of the Savannah—but—Eheu! fog, mud, marsh, a cold wind; dumped into a dirty and insignificant tug uncomfortably crowded and landed ingloriously. For a description of the city, see Mitchel's geography, first edition. Add a few electric lights, subtract about four-fifths of commerce and the remainder, faded beauty, will be correct.

We found Charleston in ruins and still unsafe and those who properly appreciated God's judgments felt it so. Man and the elements seem to have conspired against this proudest city of the South, to humiliate it. Terrible conflagrations, disastrous bombardments, hurricanes, earthquakes have visited the place in quick succession and during the intervals the negro population, which is in majority, rested upon the place—a black incubus—not the least of its numer-

ous evils. We expected to find the people eager for a mission because of the recent calamity. The negroes became intensely religious, the whites were greatly terrified, but it was not that fear which is the beginning of wisdom. Still our missions were very successful. There was little of the enthusiasm we generally find in northern missions. The people are very proper and hate scenes. At the close of the Cathedral mission when they were told to stand, raise the right hand and renew in common the baptismal vows, the local clergy were shocked, fearing the people would not respond, but they did; the bejeweled finger and the chivalrous right hand went bravely up amid the only expression of enthusiasm I noticed during the two weeks.

Hospitality and the delicate manner of tendering it, is the virtue of the South, and in Charleston is very near perfect; it was a revelation to the business-like minds of the northern visitors. After the mission the pillars of the church—pillars now, alas, without golden capitals—took us in a private yacht to visit the incunabula of the secession. A solitary sergeant in blue and brass is the only representative of the U. S. upon Sumter. It is chiefly remarkable now for the difficulty in landing. Fr. McCarthy performed the acrobatic feat of scaling the rickety wharf—about ten feet—by the help of a rope dangerously slender in this particular case, but he had the moral support of spectators and so shamed the others, all but one, to follow. The harbor is magnificent, and the natural port of the South, but the channel is filled in since the war; the wharves are rotting away and Sumter stands at the mouth of the bay, a fitting head-stone of its dead commerce. I was told the banking capital of Charleston before the war was thirteen millions, it is now less than three millions. The slaves represented one hundred and seventy four million dollars—the people have now that much more freedom thrust upon them, and the superfluity is growing rank for want of care. The soaring ambition of a negro is to possess a mule; and to drive a horse the acme of bliss.

Fr. Langcake's mission lasted one week, after which he went to Fernandina, Fla. The town narrowly escaped total destruction by fire during the mission there—it was a mere coincidence. Fr. McDonald left by steamer for N. York to assist Fr. Kavanagh at a mission. Frs. McCarthy, McDonald and myself, at the invitation of Monsignor Quigly—a prince in generosity—and accompanied by Bishop Northrop, visited a part of Florida. At Jacksonville we saw oranges growing, for the first time. From here we sailed up the St. John's to Tocoli, thence by rail to St. Au-

gustine, a veritable *dolce far niente* town. The sun, though hot, seemed to shine languidly; those wintering here sit out of doors, bathed in delicious floods of it and give themselves up completely to the mere pleasure of existence. After the Cathedral, the old Spanish fort, San Marco, now called Fort Marion, is well worth a visit. It is built of huge blocks of coquina, a composition of sea shells, sand and cement. The walls are at least twenty feet high, surrounded by a moat. It required a century to complete it, and its size may be estimated from the fact that one hundred cannon and a thousand men were its garrison and complement. Some years ago, by a break in the wall, an underground cell was discovered which had been walled up. In it were found iron cages, fastened to the wall, containing skeletons of two men. The standard of Spain floated over St. Augustine till 1763, when England became its master. In 1783 it was given back in exchange for the Bahama Islands. In 1821 the United States got it. The English are blamed for the skeletons. The fort is now the home of the remnant of Geronimo's tribe. They have pitched their tents upon the battlements and their camp fires fill the casements with blinding smoke. The braves, picturesquely clad in the essentials of civilization, lounge and gamble and play — but mostly lounge — and look anything but sanguinary; the squaws sit in the smoke and dirt and seem occupied in persistently doing nothing; the children, clad in the latest Indian style, tumble about in the hot sun. The negroes visit here in crowds and seem fascinated by what appears to them an ideal existence—fed, clad and housed free and no work expected in return. The Cathedral has been so often described and poetized, that I refrain beyond mention. There were among other objects of interest to be seen, an immense hotel being built, to cost about two million dollars; the slave market, rattlesnakes in glass cases, which are poked into fury and made to rattle for the amusement or horror of the visitor according to the visitor's state of mind; orange groves; narrow, very narrow streets. From St. Augustine we went by rail to Pulatka, thence to Ocala, an orange centre, where we eat *very* poor oranges; then by team to Silver Springs, which is a wonder. The Indians gave Ponce de Leon enthusiastic accounts of the 'Fountain of Youth'—they probably meant this. The river or spring rises suddenly from the ground and after running about nine miles through foliage-shaded banks, more luxuriantly beautiful than the poet's wildest dream, empties into the Oclawaha. Transparent to the very bottom, in some places from sixty to eighty feet deep, refraction produces beautiful

effects, pebbles become ingots of silver, and the omnipresent tomato-can is glorified into a silver mug.

Here our party broke up; the Bishop and Monsignor returned home, I started for New York on Friday evening, arriving Sunday evening following—distance nine hundred and ninety-nine and two-tenths miles. Frs. McCarthy and MacDonald took the steamboat—it is called so by courtesy—at Silver Springs to go by the Oclawaha and St. John's River to St. Augustine to give a mission there. I got a vivid account of the trip from Fr. MacDonald. The river is crooked beyond comparison—zigzag would be a mild expression—the channel so narrow that the boat had to be *forced* through impassable places. Monstrous alligators disport in their native element. At nightfall a huge pine torch is lit at the bow to make the darkness visible. The negroes tune up the banjo and sing weird songs. As the boat pushes its way through the dense foliage, only a narrow streak of the starry firmament is visible, while on either side is the dark illimitable forest, with here and there the fitful sheen of reflected light far in the interior where the river stagnates among the trees. The weird fantastic drapery of the ever present moss hangs in graceful garlands from the tree tops. In front is a black impenetrable bank, where the river curves sharply. And so on for about one hundred miles. But to do justice to the scene I should fain paint the persuasive tones and parenthetic asseverations of the eye-witnesses. When Herodotus has a chapter particularly incredible, he always concludes with the words: 'Now these things happened thus' (I quote from Bohn's Edition).

During the mission at Key West, Fr. McCarthy was quite ill, and Fr. MacDonald made such extraordinary efforts to keep well that he was more used up than Fr. McCarthy. They crossed over to Havana and there took steamer for New York. At Hatteras they had the full benefit of a severe storm, in which, but for the captain's prudence in refusing some extra freight, the missionary band would have lost at once its Superior and ornament. J. H.

Fructus spirituales ministerii PP. missionariorum Provinciæ Marylandiæ Neo-Eboracensis a 1<sup>a</sup> die Julii 1886 ad 1<sup>am</sup> diem Julii 1887:

Bapt. infant. 19; Bapt. adult. 58; Confess. partic. 91,091; Confess. general. 14,050; Matrim. benedict. 10; Matrim. revalid. 51; Catecheses 401; Exhortationes 1001; Conciones 980; Parati ad 1<sup>am</sup> Commun. 777; Parati ad Confirm. 1489; Exercit. Presbyt. 1; Exercit. Religiosis 7; Missiones 76; Tridua 8; Visit. hosp. 6; Visit. carcer. 9.

LETTERS FROM A CHAPLAIN IN THE WAR  
OF 1861.

(*Third Letter.*)

SANTA ROSA ISLAND, GULF OF MEXICO,  
July 10th, 1861.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER TELLIER,  
P. C.

Since my letter of the 24th of June, we have, without loss of life, been landed from the Vanderbilt, in defiance of the threatening array of forts, of redoubts, of water and sand batteries, manned by southerners with the evident intention of reducing stately but silent Fort Pickens, as they did gallant Fort Sumter, or of preventing the landing of re-enforcements. Under the circumstances, the disembarkation was certainly a daring exploit. For, under the very eyes and guns of the confederates who deemed the capture of Pickens all important to them, and already within their grasp, the United States Government, in open daylight, coolly and deliberately re-enforced the little beleaguered garrison unable any longer to defend itself. Even independently of the great danger reasonably to be apprehended from the enemy's guns commanding the stretch of water over which we had to row, or through which we had to wade in order to reach the island, the landing had to be effected in spite of natural obstacles apparently insurmountable. Perhaps the enemy relying on our inability to cope with these difficulties concluded not to waste their ammunition in performing a work which nature would do for them. During the disembarkation, the enemy could be seen, from time to time, manoeuvring about their cannons, as if they were about to offer a very energetic protest against the re-enforcement of Pickens; but if they really had the intention of preventing the landing, they confined themselves to the assuming of a threatening attitude. Not a shot was fired by either side.

On nearer acquaintance with Santa Rosa, we find that it has many redeeming qualities. The impression the first sight of it produced on us, was truly dreadful. For, viewed from the deck of our transport, it is a most dreary place—a white, sandy, barren island, apparently three-fourths of a mile wide, and about six or seven miles long. Not a sign

of vegetation, civilization or cultivation visible—a scorched and scorching desert island! ‘How are we to live on this burning shore?’ was frequently asked by the soldiers as they gazed from the deck across the water, at their future home. ‘Distance lends enchantment to the view,’ was not in this case verified. Santa Rosa is not so dreary as it appeared to be. It is a sand bar thrown up on the south side by the stormy Gulf of Mexico; and on the north side by the Black Water River and Pensacola Bay. Its basis extends so far into the Gulf, that vessels like the Vanderbilt cannot approach nearer to it than two, and sometimes three, miles.

Owing to this great distance at which our transport is obliged to remain off from shore, the landing of the troops was accompanied by scenes comical beyond conception, and unpleasant to many beyond endurance. During leisure moments which I can call my own, I will try to describe our disembarkation.

Early in the morning of the 25th, every sailor and soldier, rank and file, was up and peering over the water to see the expected aid, which, in the ‘orders’ of the evening of the 24th, we were informed would be at hand at 8 o’clock A. M. We had not long to wait. At a given signal, a number of boats put off from the various men-of-war, some apparently for pleasure, others evidently for severe work, for they had in tow heavy, cumbrous launches. They all converged towards the Vanderbilt, alongside of which they were at the precise time indicated in the ‘orders’.

A launch is a large boat carrying a swivel gun at the bow, and capable of easily holding one hundred armed men. They are used by the fleet to land men or munitions during bombardments or other engagements. Either because they are too clumsy, or because the hundred armed men whom they carry would interfere with the working of the oars, these launches are towed not rowed. In the present case, each launch was towed by two smaller boats each of which was rowed by twenty-two sailors, and commanded by a midshipman. At early dawn, Col. Wilson took the precaution of sending to the island for the purpose of superintending the landing of the men, and the organization of a camp, Mr. Clapp, a civil engineer in whom he placed unbounded confidence. His authority was absolute till the Col. could come ashore; and consequently the soldiers were under strict obligations to obey his every command. The men in complete marching order with drums and fifes, are mustered on deck by companies, ready to make the perilous passage to Santa Rosa. The work of boarding the launches was, however,

necessarily slow. For the enormous swells of the Gulf rose high up the side of the ship, bringing launches and boats to the very bulwarks of the transport; again, before more than three or four could step aboard, the swell gave way to an immense abyss which brought launches and boats apparently to the very keel of the vessel. A number of heavily armed men, carrying muskets and ammunition, haversacks and knapsacks, are waiting on the gangway to profit by the next rise of the launch. They join their comrades, and again all go down to the bottom.

Whilst this slow and dangerous movement was being effected, officers and men of the Vanderbilt were engaged in preparing to convey to shore the mules and their wagons and harness. Mule after mule with halters attached, was swung out into the boisterous waters, where a fleet of small boats with competent crews was waiting to receive them. As each mule reached the water, men stationed at the stern of a boat for the purpose, seized the halter, and kept the animal's head above the briny element. Two or three were then taken in charge by one boat's crew, and towed shorewards. The poor mules seemed to have lost the traditional qualities of their nature. They were as submissive and gentle as lambs. Towards eleven o'clock A. M., the first launch with her heavy load put off from the transport, amidst the deafening cheers of those yet secure on deck. 'Boys,' said one of them to us as they were moving off, 'this is an unusual way to go into battle. Pray for us.' Whilst the next boat is receiving its living freight, many of us while away our time, fishing for sharks, which show themselves in shoals around the ship. We caught many of them, but we were unable to haul even one on deck. They tore themselves loose from the hooks, when half way up the side of the vessel, and fell back into their element to take the next bait. But what is all this about? All rush to the starboard! A new and very alarming danger appears!! The tide is going out, and a strong current, which sweeps directly towards the hostile Fort McCrae, has struck our heavily laden launch, which has to be towed for a distance of two miles against this almost irresistible ocean torrent. The forty-four rowers are pulling at the oars, as only old trained sailors of the U. S. Navy can pull, but no progress is made! 'Will they be able to stem the powerful current' is asked in whispers by men on every side, 'or shall we be helpless witnesses of their being handed over to the enemy by the elements?' Signals again are rapidly exchanged between the men-of-war. A little gunboat, I think it is the 'Water-Witch', the lightest draught of the fleet, slips her anchor, and moves in after the

endangered boats. Now is going to begin a battle of which we are to be silent spectators. Captain Lefevre is signaled to move off out of range of the enemy's guns. Another signal from the flag-ship, and the 'Water-Witch' returns to her position in line. Are we going to sacrifice those brave soldiers and sailors? By no means! There! There they are, pulling for liberty if not for life! They are stemming the current with success; they are out of danger of being swept over to Fort McCrae whose parapet is thronged with anxious spectators. Why does the enemy allow this boat load of brave men to pass safely from under their cannons on towards Fort Pickens? There is nothing that we can see, except fear, to prevent the commandant of McCrae from throwing a shell into this thronged boat, and burying it and its contents beneath the stormy waves of the Gulf. He kindly allows them to struggle successfully against adverse currents which seemed determined to do what the confederates dared not do, and approach Santa Rosa as near as the depth of the water will permit the launches to come.

The poor jaded, hungry, hand-sore sailors at last rest on their oars. They have done their work nobly. 'Boys,' said the midshipman in command, addressing the soldiers, 'we have done our best; we cannot go farther.' Between the swells, the launch grounds. The poor Zouaves, in complete heavy marching order, carrying their muskets, their ammunition, their two days' rations and their knapsacks, look in silence towards the dry land from which a sheet of turbulent, boiling surf, three-fourths of a mile wide separates them. There was, however, no time for deliberation. The command to jump overboard and hold their muskets and powder over water, was given. In a twinkling the Captain and his men were in amongst the billowy swells, which, moving along in successive rolls towards the beach, completely inundated the struggling but cheerful Zouaves, who now abandoned all thoughts of keeping dry their arms and powder. Their progress through the breakers became a 'rough and tumble affair.' They shouted, they pushed and tripped one another; they were a thoughtless mob. On reaching shore, where they had many reasons to expect to meet the enemy, they found their arms and powder utterly useless, their two days' rations thoroughly saturated with salt water and, for the present, no means at hand to procure a new supply. In this condition the soldiers are ordered to fall into line, scout that part of the island in search of any enemies who might be lurking behind the sand hills, and select a spot on which to bivouac for the night. This manner of landing was, with some varying incidents, repeated for every launch. When

night closed in, we found we had disembarked but three hundred men; I do not know how many mules were landed. From deck we can, with the aid of our field glasses, see the poor animals racing over the island without stint or hindrance; a freedom which very probably they have taken after passing through the breakers. 'How are they to be captured, with the means at our disposal?' is a question proposed by many.

The 'boys' are very much subdued; the sights they have witnessed to-day, have had a wonderful effect on the men yet nicely quartered on board. All are anxious to go to confession. I am, of course, at the poor fellows' command. We continue our spiritual work, with amusing interruptions, till far into the night.

June 26th. Early this morning the work of disembarkation was resumed with renewed vigor and with the advantage of yesterday's experience. At dawn, Col. Wilson went ashore in a pinnace, and was horrified at the condition of his men, who, in addition to their privations were all night in constant fear of being attacked without possessing any means of defence. They imagined too that the mules, of whose liberty they were unaware, were southern cavalry scouring the island in quest of booty; for these poor animals, from fright or on account of their long confinement on the steamer, continued their mad course hither and thither in a drove, over the sand hills all night. But this was not the worst. The very man whom he had entrusted with the arrangements for the reception and accommodation of the troops on landing he found completely insane. This unfortunate man, of great experience in camp life and accustomed to the climate and its wants, was sent ashore, as I said above, to provide all possible comforts for the men. Here now the Col. found his men under the orders of a madman who gave his orders whilst flourishing a broadaxe in the faces of the poor soldiers who had been told on leaving the ship to obey him in everything. He has since, thank God, partially recovered. His inability to meet the wants of the men, whom he saw deprived of every thing, is said to have caused this melancholy affair.

The work of landing the troops continued as yesterday, with the exception of the increasing uproar among the breakers. For the men landed from the first boat came all out into the water to meet the arriving launch, at the point where rank and file had to take to the water and, with their baggage, reach the shore the best they could. A constant repetition of their fun in upsetting and immersing the new arrivals took place at the disembarkation of every launch-full.

An English man-of-war created some little excitement to-day by appearing in the offing, and signaling to the fleet. The flag-ship gave rapid signals in return and all was again quiet. The interpretation, I am told, is: The Englishman asked whether there would be any objection to his going up to the city of Pensacola, and looking after any of Her Majesty's subjects who might need his assistance. The answer was, I am informed: 'There is every objection; keep outside the line of the fleet.' The Englishman kept on the outside and neither gave nor received a salute. Col. Wilson remained on shore all day and procured from the fort some provisions for his Zouaves. At night he, like them, slept on the sandy beach, thus sharing in their privations and fatigues.

June 27th. The disembarkation of the troops is earnestly resumed this morning. Both sailors and soldiers are more than anxious to have the work completed to-day. Col. Wilson returned to the vessel about 10 o'clock A. M., ordered off a fresh supply of provisions for those on shore, and told me not to think of leaving the vessel for at least a week. 'Before that time,' he said, 'there could be no accommodations.' 'At present,' he continued, 'we have no other couch than the sand, no other covering than the canopy of heaven.' On my representing to him that my services might be required on the island, as there was danger of sunstroke, accidents, etc., he said: 'Well, that is so,' and told me to go on shore and take my chances. Capt. Lefevre kindly offered me his own gig manned by his own men. This little boat could approach the shore much nearer than a man-of-war's pinnace could.

Immediately after dinner, the boat with six good men was at my disposal. Capt. Lefevre in bidding me good-bye, whispered to me: 'If all is not to your liking on shore, send me word by one of the launches, and my boat will bring you an invitation to come on board, where you can remain three or four months; it will require, at least, that time to unload the Vanderbilt. Make my ship your home whilst I am here.' This was surely kindness on the part of the big-hearted mariner.

As I looked down the side of the monster vessel, and beheld the tiny boat now sink apparently beneath the ship, now brought up by the returning swell almost to the bulwarks, I became somewhat alarmed, and asked whether the gig could withstand those terrific waves. 'No cause for alarm, no danger at all,' replied the Captain, 'these swells are long and regular.' My 'chapel' was safely lowered into the dauntless little craft, and I took a position from which I

could easily step into the boat when next it rose to my level. Up, up it climbs. 'Now, Father!' said the Captain. In I stepped, and down, down, we descended. Up again and we pushed off from the now silent transport. 'Poor fellow,' said Capt. Lefevre, as we bade him good-bye, 'you have no idea of the hardships and privations that await you!' The Steward, Mr. McHenry, cried out: 'Father, the Captain says I may go ashore to-morrow to see how you are situated.' Three hearty cheers by the crew, and three lusty blasts by the Vanderbilt's whistle were given us as we started on our course towards Santa Rosa. We soon discovered that we had around us a throng of boats engaged in floating the mules ashore, many of which are yet on board. At 5 o'clock P. M. we were as near Santa Rosa as the breakers would allow our little boat to approach. The Zouaves, who are now all ashore, lined the beach and filled the water out as far as the point where the launches halted. They were endeavoring to float the provisions and baggage from the launches to the shore. In what a condition the sugar, flour, etc. must be, thus floated through the breakers to dry land! The majority of these poor fellows working all day in the water, had only their drawers on them. Their work was evidently great sport. They were wild.

Noticing my arrival, these good hearted 'boys' made an impetuous rush towards us. They might be compared to a school of whales or porpoises. In their eagerness to have the honor of carrying the 'Father's things', they flocked around me, like so many monsters of the deep after their prey. It required all my stern authority to prevent them in their zeal to oblige me, from upsetting the boat, and dashing me and my *chapel* into the waves. I told them that I had with me the altar and chalice, etc., and that if these were spoiled, we could have no Mass during the war. 'Don't you see,' said one of them, 'you are bothering the Father? Give him a chance to tell us what he wants done.' 'Bad 'cess to your awkward hands,' said another, 'if it wasn't for the Father's care, you would have destroyed the Catholic church he has in his trunk and then what would become of us?' 'Let us lift boat, church, Father and all, out of the water, and land them nicely on the sand,' said a third. During this dispute, the men waist deep in water, contributed rather to engulf than steady the boat in those fearful swells. Finally, I had them to haul the gig a little nearer shore, when I gave my little trunk containing vestments, etc., to the tallest of those around me, and told him I held him responsible for its safe arrival on shore. Two strong men steadied the bearer of the 'Catholic church' and prevented him from

being taken off his feet by the heavy in-coming swells. The crowd is still about me. They want to bear me on their shoulders to the beach.—No use resisting—I was seized by brawny arms, lifted high out of the boat and brought off in triumph to the shore, amidst deafening cheers. From boat to boat the joyous shout passed over the water till it reached the fleet, who supposing a secessionist had been captured, took up the hurrah and made the very Gulf re-echo the cry of exultation. Soldiers who were carrying provisions, etc., from the beach into the interior of the island, among the sand hills, hearing the outcry, imagined the enemy had begun the attack, and rushed to the beach carrying their useless muskets, to give their comrades all the aid they could. On seeing me, another idea arose in their minds: 'They are laughing at the Father.—Who insulted you, Father?' roared several together of these wild but good natured Zouaves. They would not listen to any explanation. 'You want to put us off,' they exclaimed. 'We know the Priests; you won't tell for peace sake.' Finally, the affair was understood, and another cheer went up from the vigorous lungs of the New York soldier boys. 'Father,' said they to me, 'after three days' hardship, fatigue, danger and fun, we are all safely landed from the Vanderbilt; you are the last.' Though neither any life was sacrificed, nor any article of private property was lost, yet, owing to the great strip of rough surf through which all had to wade and baggage had to be hauled, I doubt whether it can truthfully be said, that the landing was safely effected. Owing to the intense heat, no apprehension is entertained of any serious consequences arising from the long continuance of the men in the water, from lack of proper food and of change of clothing.

Now the crowd was ready to accompany me to my quarters. But what a road we have to travel! A succession of elevations and depressions of white, fine sand, as dry as powder, into which we sank ankle deep every step, was the road and the soil of our island. Indeed I looked about me in vain for a blade of grass, a sign of vegetation, or even a stone. Sand, sand, sand, an ocean of sand! 'It is not all as bad as this,' said a Zouave to me. 'Four or five miles down the island, are lakes and trees, but guarded by enormous alligators. The whole island is alive with venomous reptiles.' After a quarter of an hour's walk over this yielding, scorching sand, we reached regimental head-quarters. 'You are welcome, Father, to the best we have,' said the Col., who had returned to the island early in the day. Truly I received all the attention that could be paid me, that is, I

was allowed to share in the present misery of camp life. I shall not horrify anyone by a recital of the life the Col., his staff, his officers and his men were obliged to lead for the first days on Santa Rosa. Camp was immediately put on a war footing, sentries were stationed at their posts, tattoo was beaten, pickets and videttes were thrown forward, taps were sounded, lights extinguished and silence was enforced. Not simply military, but warlike discipline is henceforth to be rigidly exacted. A terrific thunder storm began in the afternoon and continued far into the night.

June 28th. I cannot say we rose early. There is no more rising, for there is no more going to bed. No chairs, or beds, or houses for us any more! Nor was there any sleeping. The mosquitoes, and their manifold kindred species, kept up all night long such a vigorous, well sustained attack on us, that there was no possibility of sleeping—many, however, had their *eyes closed* by the venomous stings of these *maringouins* which seem to have taken sides with the confederates. The mules too, still roving over the island, repeatedly came galloping up to the edge of the camp, and thus kept us in constant fear of being trampled to death by this now apparently savage horde. Nevertheless, *reveille* was beaten, the friendly sun arose, roll was called, and all was stir and commotion as yesterday.

After a little breakfast—a hard brown sea-biscuit and a tin cup of coffee without milk—those of the Zouaves not engaged in camp duty, were ordered to aid in unloading the Vanderbilt. My parish was scattered; I had nothing special to do. After reciting the 'Little Hours,' I concluded to explore the neighborhood, visit the fort, and find out the reason why the little garrison whom we have come to relieve, has thus far shown no signs of joy at our arrival, or offered us no human comforts. Here are two 'company cooks,' bringing between them a large tub of water. 'Boys,' said I eagerly, 'where is the spring?' 'There is no spring here—there is no drinkable water on the island. This is water saved a year ago, during the last rainy season. It is kept in tanks or cisterns in the fort. They measured it out to us so much per man according to the roll. If we come short, we shall have to do without it till this time to-morrow. We shall have to be very sparing. The officer in the fort told us to inform the Col. that there is but very little remaining in the cisterns, and that if the rainy season does not soon come to our relief, we shall be in great straits for a drink of water.' This is startling news. So much depending on a glass of the transparent fluid, and yet so often despised!

Immersed in the Gulf, and yet exposed to die or surrender for the want of a cup of water! God's will be done.

Our present camp—if it can be called a camp—is five-eighths of a mile east of Pickens. From this position we have a splendid view of the Gulf of Mexico; of the fleet with tenders and transports; of Pensacola Bay in possession of the confederates; of the enemy's forts and batteries; of the little towns of Warrington and Woolsey; of Live Oak Point and the encampments stretching along the shores of the bay. Of course the southern forces occupying these various points see and recognize our camp and no doubt have their cannons already pointed at us, to send us hasty messengers when the battle will begin. A couple of small steamers and three schooners armed according to their size and strength, constitute the southern fleet plying about the bay, whose entrance they are supposed to be guarding; or as others suppose, they are waiting for an opportunity to pass through the fleet out to sea, and prey upon our commerce. 'Why don't they prey upon us?' is a question continually asked. Their hope of escaping out to sea, is certainly vain. There is no need of guarding the entrance against the fleet. Flag Officer McKean has not a single vessel with him of sufficiently light draught to be able to enter the bay. With the little fleet he has, Gen. Bragg, said to be in command of the defences of Pensacola, could sweep us into the Gulf. Even an occasional shot would drive us all into Fort Pickens, and perhaps oblige us to take refuge on the vessels. It is mysterious that he does not at least make the attempt. Some attribute his conduct to his love of the old flag, which he does not wish to see hauled down.

Late in the forenoon I entered Fort Pickens which I found vast, cold and lonesome. It seemed to be deserted. At the sally-port was a sentry who saluted my 'shoulder straps.' Informed that I was the Priest accompanying the volunteers, the poor sentry gave me another salute, and said: 'Father, you are just in time. Some of our poor fellows are at the point of death—two died yesterday without the Priest.' Hurrying to the little hospital, I ascertained the reason why the regulars in the fort did not come to offer us the right hand of friendship. The beleaguered garrison of Fort Pickens are the remnants of Lieut. Slemmer's heroic band, whom he brought over here from Barrancas at the breaking out of the rebellion, and the ever-to-be-honored dragoons who, though abandoned by Gen. Twiggs,<sup>(1)</sup> made their way

<sup>(1)</sup> Gen. Twiggs was in command of the U. S. forces in Texas at the out-break of the civil war. He surrendered his entire command and all the military posts and munitions of war to the state authorities, and entered the confederate service.—Ed. W. L.

through forests and swamps to the Union lines, where they arrived sick and foot sore. All these poor fellows faithful to their oaths, are Irish Catholics. They are now, from excessive work, from exposure, from want of proper food and proper medical attendance, beyond the hope of recovery. By the superhuman efforts they had to make, the almost incredible privations they had to endure, in order to hold Fort Pickens for the United States, these poor fellows are now reduced to the last extremity. Those in bed are dying; those up and trying to mount guard, are walking skeletons; of course I attended to the noble soldiers, martyrs to the sanctity of their oaths.

How great God's mercy is! He sends these dying soldiers, deprived of almost every earthly comfort, a Priest when they least expected and most needed one. It was truly a moving sight to see these weather-beaten soldiers, some of whom had spent more than fifteen years of continual service in wild Texas, and wilder Indian country, shed tears of gratitude for the great boon the Lord had conferred upon them in their dire necessity. During these many years of continued service, far removed from civilization and its aids, from religion and its support, these noble fellows never forgot the teachings of their faith. In the midst of their wild, half-Indian kind of life, they practised their devotion to the Mother of God. To her now, they like to return thanks for having sent them a Priest. In their manifold and severe contests with the brave and wily Indians of the plains, they invoked her aid and never failed to receive it. They tell me all the means they took, all the dangers they underwent, the distances they traveled, in order to procure a Priest for a dying comrade. They would engage friendly Indian scouts and runners to hunt up a Missionary amongst the tribes, who might bring the consolations of religion to a dangerously wounded or sick companion. And in this work of charity, they say that they were greatly seconded by the officers of the army, who, when the Priest did come, entertained him royally, according to the means at their disposal. God now, they say, when they least expect it, 'scours the country, and brings in a Priest for them.' They asked me to give them beads, medals, *agnus deis*, etc. and to see that these objects of devotion are buried with them. My supply of such articles is nearly exhausted. Please send more at your earliest convenience. Even Protestant officers and men ask me for 'those little charms which you give to the Catholics.' I explain to them the nature of this devotion, and they wear them devoutly and openly.

Having done all I could for the sick, I called on Col.

Harvey Brown, Commandant of the fort and of the 'Department of Florida,' and explained to him why I visited the hospital before paying my respects to him, and informing him by what authority I was with the troops. He received me kindly, and was pleased that I saw the propriety of presenting myself at head-quarters before undertaking any work. 'The officers of your regiment have not yet been to see me,' he said. He is very tall, about six feet three inches, straight and thin. He is over sixty years old. He is a great stickler for military etiquette. He is a rigid disciplinarian of the old school. He is, he told me, a religious man, a member of the Methodist communion. He has always assembled his command on Sundays and read to them a portion of the Bible. He neither smokes nor drinks. 'I have till now read the burial service over the dead; if hereafter they express a wish that you should perform this office, you are free to attend to it,' said the venerable commandant to me as I was taking my leave. Col. Brown told me the island is forty-seven miles long, and averages three-fourths of a mile in width. Some miles below us, he says, there is a marine camp for the use of the fleet. Quite near us is encamped Captain Barry's light artillery and officers, another remnant of Twiggs' troops. The island, he said, is grossly calumniated. It is a pleasant place for troops. Lakes, trees, aromatic shrubs, flowers, birds and animals are abundant, down towards the eastern extremity; alligators and very venomous snakes are to be found here. The only trouble, he said, is want of drinkable water. The rainy season would be here in a few days, so that the regiment must provide some means of storing up sufficient water for a year. These heavy thunder-storms we have every evening indicate the near approach of the rain.

Returning to camp, I found all at dinner. But such a dinner! Salt pork and 'hard tack'—nothing to drink—not even rain-water! The cooks have spilled or wasted or used up the supply so sparingly dealt out to them this morning. Col. Wilson's indignation and determination are aroused. Calling his men around him, with fire glistening in his eyes, he thus addressed them: 'Boys, we are not going to live on the hope of rain which may never come. I will not send you to mount guard, or to help unload the Vanderbilt, if I cannot give you at least the means of quenching your thirst. Let us be in peace or war, you, instead of keeping guard and unloading the stores, go hunt up drinkable water on this island. If you find it, I promise to mix something lively with it. If you don't find any, it is useless for you to come

back. I have not a drink to give you. I may be shot or hung for daring to disregard army regulations in this bold manner, and for presuming to release you from duty as sentinels in camp, and toilers in the surf, in order to find water. I'll cut the *red tape* here and now, let the consequences be what they may. The first to bring back the news of a successful search shall be entitled to many exemptions, and shall receive a flowing bumper of the purest rye.' In a twinkling the camp was deserted; the men, eager to discover so necessary a beverage, ran hither and thither, rooting, scooping, and poking in the sand in search of the refreshing fluid. 'If the search be a failure,' said the Col., 'I shall surely be shot, if successful I dare them to put me under arrest. Amongst these barrels of pork, the quarter-master tells me, there is a barrel of whiskey for the boys.' Here is one working his way over the sand hills, shaking his canteen over his head. 'Water! water!' said the exhausted messenger, 'where's my whiskey?' 'Let us first try the water,' remarked the Col. There it was! a little reddish; but good, soft water. Presently several others arrived bringing specimens of their finds varying in density of the red tint, but evidently good. The rye barrel was soon rolled out from his now despised fellows, to the utter astonishment of the boys who began to think that many more such treasures were to be found amongst the pork barrels. Fearing ugly consequences from the big cupful the Col. poured out for Thomas McGrath, the first to bring the news, I offered to weaken the fire a little. 'Oh no! Father; don't wet the darling; I take it always dry,' said my brave discoverer. All received their share of the rye according to promise. The fort was told to keep its cisterns locked, and three hearty cheers were given for Col. Wilson. Some of the men were sent to aid in discharging the cargo, and others to mount guard.

'If I had followed the army regulations in this matter, we should have never found the water,' said Col. Wilson to me after the re-establishment of order in camp. 'The usual way would be—I should make application to the Commander of the Department; he would call his council, examine the propriety of doing such a thing, select an officer who would have charge of the search, then assign to him eight or ten men armed with various mining implements. This officer with his ten men would move around, examine; one dig, nine look on—no water; repeat the same manœuvre again and again; return to the fort and write a long report to show that no water is to be found.'

Late in the afternoon there was another repetition of the

signs of the coming rainy season. Since the 25th of June, the weather is bright and clear every forenoon. In the afternoon clouds gather thick and threatening. Towards evening begins a fearful thunder-storm, which lasts far into the night. Not a drop of rain, however, falls.

This evening the boys and officers congregated on the northern side of the island, eyeing wistfully the comforts enjoyed by the enemy on the opposite side of the bay. 'Father,' said one to me, 'there must be excellent water over there; look at the magnificent shady trees.' We have learned to value this beverage, so often not appreciated. They cast their eager gaze at the real or imaginary happiness of the civil or military inhabitants of Pensacola and its neighborhood, and wish it were theirs. 'This is a scorching place,' they say, 'but it leads to the land of milk and honey.' They console themselves in their present privations with the hope of a speedy engagement, which shall deliver to them the joys so much coveted. Marines and sailors of the fleet came ashore in considerable numbers in the evening, to go to confession. There is no tent; we were obliged to settle accounts on a little sand knoll.

June 29th. We have passed through a terrible night of conflict with musquitoes, sand flies, etc., etc. This morning, however, is charming beyond description. Sea air all around our camp; beautiful, clear sky; heat of the sun tempered by the breeze from the mainland across the bay; the Gulf as smooth as a mirror; the proud, defying and threatening men-of-war; the great number of sailing vessels in the distance, probably laden with stores for Pickens, which is to become a grand depot for army and navy operations in these parts, and waiting for wind to come nearer; these are surely views worthy of being appreciated. Camp routine, prayers, etc. are over, and breakfast, not perhaps as dainty as some of us could wish, is ready, with abundance of water such as it is.

After my little devotions, I paid a flying visit to Captain Barry, U. S. A., stationed a short distance east of us. Capt. Barry, with the portion of light battery under his command, is another remnant of Gen. Twiggs' deserted but faithful soldiers. This little band with a portion of company E, 8th. U. S. Infantry, was sent here to aid Lieut. Slemmer. Like Slemmer's men, they are at present unfit for duty. Captain Barry and his two Lieutenants, Tidball and Webb, received me as they would an old and dear friend. They said they are to go north in a few days, and cautioned me against the rainy season at hand. 'You can have no idea of the ferocity of wind and rain during this season,' said he. 'What will your men do without tents or any protection against such

storms?' Pointing out to me vast ruins lying around near his camp, he said: 'This is what is called Spanish Fort, erected by the Spaniards during their occupation of Florida. It will repay you for a slight investigation. Those bricks, all brought from Europe, are as sound to-day, as they were when put into the walls. The cement holds dozens of them together, so firmly, that they cannot be separated. Many curious implements have been discovered. A visit to the venerable remains will not be time lost.' Returning to camp I came across two large snakes. On my arrival at quarters, I found the boys in a state of great excitement. A Zouave had killed an alligator and had been arrested and ordered inside the fort. The innocent soldier was on guard when he saw the alligator. Contrary to all regulations, the Zouave left his post, and gave chase to the alligator which he overtook and plunged his bayonet through the brute. Now came a tussle, the animal trying to reach his antagonist or to break away from his assailant; the Zouave to kill him or hold him till assistance could arrive. The crowd, running to the aid of their endangered comrade, frightened or enraged the amphibious monster to such a degree that, making a desperate effort, he flung the soldier off, and made away with the gun and bayonet. He did not go far—the bayonet must have pierced some vital part—he expired after a little struggle. Now the poor innocent Zouave's turn comes. He had left his post without authority; he employed his honorable weapon, given to him by Uncle Sam to defend his country, in the ignoble use of killing an alligator; and finally he allowed himself to be disarmed—three serious faults for which Col. Harvey Brown, strict disciplinarian, orders him into the fort under arrest. 'Father, they are going to shoot him to-night—go see him—hear his confession . . . ,' were some of the many exclamations addressed to me as soon as I appeared on the scene. Of course he was excused for his ignorance of duty, and released with a reprimand. How he escaped the jaws of the ferocious brute is a wonder to all.

It being Saturday, we had to see what preparations could be made for the worthy celebration of Mass next day. There was nothing that could be done. Not a tent, not a box, not a chair or table in our camp!

In the afternoon a prolonged and fierce thunder storm; not a drop of rain. Will the threatening deluge come to-morrow, and prevent us from offering the Holy Sacrifice?

June 30th. Sunday. Delightful morning; no sign of a storm. A request came from the fleet to delay Mass till men and officers who wished to attend church could come ashore. In the meantime our boys are polishing their shoes,

and burnishing their buckles and buttons. But where is the church? I had a couple of men roll out a salt-pork barrel and turn it on its end. That was my altar. The heavens above, the island beneath, and the salt water all around, was my church. The marines and sailors arrayed in their gayest, accompanied by some officers, arrived in due time. The men are all ready; it is 12 o'clock. The full drum corps beats the '*church-bell*.' A man on each side of the altar holds a lantern with lighted candle. What an imposing sight presented to the Angels, this first Sunday after our landing! I was going to say, how unworthy of the Author of the Sacrifice! As I was putting on the vestments, a boatswain came up to me, and whispered that the sailors had organized a choir to sing some hymns and the Litany of our Blessed Mother, if I had no objections. These good fellows enlivened the solemn Sacrifice to the great satisfaction of all. The sun poured down on us his strongest rays. I tried to preach, but I was so exhausted that I had but little nerve. No sleep Saturday night, poor supper, long fast, and the great heat had deprived me of lung-power. 'Father,' said a navy officer to me after Mass, 'this is a memorable day. The first time the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass has been offered on this island. We had no shady forests in the background, but we have the ocean spread out at our feet.' I folded up every thing carefully and replaced all in my little trunk, had the barrel rolled back to its place, and all signs of our church had disappeared. Hard tack and coffee were acceptable. The members of the fleet returned to their ships, and quiet prevailed on the island. It was feared that Bragg would disturb our devotions, but he remained peaceful. In the afternoon and evening the usual warnings of the approaching rain were given emphatically.

July 1st. Monday. All hands ordered to unload the Vanderbilt which has tents for us, but they cannot be reached before some days.

July 2nd. This morning about daylight, rousing and prolonged cheers announced the successful issue of a daring exploit. Yesterday evening a magnificent yacht sailed proudly down the bay from Pensacola, and daringly anchored near the navy yard, in front of our batteries. It fearlessly floated at its mast head a secession flag, which produced on our men the effect which a red cloth is said to produce on the leader of the bovine herd. Some of the younger Zouaves immediately conceived the idea of swimming over to the jaunty sailor under cover of night, and carrying her off ('cutting her out,' they call the operation) flag and all. From this they were deterred by the evident danger to which they

would expose themselves of being devoured by the sharks. Doctor Lynch, assistant surgeon, was however, determined to risk his honor and his life, for the glory of capturing yacht and flag. Leaving the island early in the night, without the authority, without even the knowledge of the commander of the Department, the patriotic doctor, heedless of the danger to be apprehended from the many sharks in the bay, or from the guard who might be on board, undressed and boldly started to swim to the defiant visitor. After a long and exhausting plough through the waters, he safely reached the side of the silent craft; and though totally unarmed, aye, in a state of complete nudity, unhesitatingly boarded the little vessel gaily riding at anchor. To his unutterable astonishment nobody challenged him, nobody offered any resistance to his hostile invasion of a southern 'deck.' Whilst awaking to the perilous situation in which his foolhardiness had placed him, and to the serious consequences, in a military point of view, of having without orders made so daring a venture, the flag-ship Niagara's men who had formed the same resolution as the doctor, and who had started in an armed boat to rescue the same prize, arrived noiselessly with muffled oars alongside the little stranger. The sailors, armed to the teeth in expectation of stout resistance, sprang on board with pistols cocked and swords drawn. Imagine the paralyzing astonishment of the poor tars at finding a naked man holding solitary possession of the boat! 'Are you a devil, or the spirit of some murdered shipmate?' they asked. The thoughtless doctor, taken completely by surprise, concluded that the new-comers were the men belonging to the yacht, and humbly surrendered himself to the crew of the Niagara's boat, who, thinking they had caught, if not a ghost or devil, surely a live secessionist, triumphantly started homewards with their fascinating prize and mysterious prisoner. On their way back with the yacht in tow, Lynch discovered who his captors were. He lost the glory of his capture by his surrender. As the boat approached to land the prisoner, we gave the doctor, marines and sailors, rousing cheers, together with what they call a 'New York tiger.' This hurrah was the first intimation the Southerners had of the loss they had sustained.

In the evening I had a romantic *sick call*. About 10 P. M. word was passed to headquarters, that there was a stranger at post No. 18, requesting the Father to visit a dying man. The officer of the guard could give no information more definite than this. The Col. said I might go, and one of the surgeons kindly offered to accompany me. On arriving at the post indicated, we found, to our surprise, that

the stranger wore the uniform of a sailor of a United States man-of-war. He informed us that he belonged to the marine camp stationed some six miles east of us, and that he had, in fun, pointed at one of his comrades, a pistol in which he was sure there was no charge, and on which there was no cap, when, lo! the devil jumped into the pistol, and mortally wounded his brother sailor! The wounded man called for a Priest, and he did not know where to find one if there was not one with us. After following our guide some distance, the doctor startled me by whispering: 'Is not this a bold trick of Gen. Bragg to capture two officers so useful to the men as we are?' We walked as fast as the loose sand permitted. The messenger told us the tide was going out, and that if we moved down nearer the water, we could proceed more easily on the wet packed sand. We followed his advice and found he was correct in his statement. The doctor again whispered to me that he thought all was not right. He therefore took out his revolver, saying: 'If we are decoyed, this fellow will surely fall.' Our guide was a pleasant, talkative fellow; he gave us very interesting details of his many years of seafaring life. Finally, after a very fatiguing march, we heard by our side on the beach, the sharp 'tick-click' of a musket brought to a cock, accompanied by a stentorian voice crying: 'Halt! who goes there?' 'That is the voice of a chief of banditti,' again whispered the doctor. 'The Priest,' replied our guide. 'All right—pass on,' said the sentry, for such our challenger was; and he returned his musket to a half-cock, and resumed his solitary pace to guard his resting brethren. We were now in a veritable camp, surrounded by a strong but friendly crowd—evident proof that our fears were unfounded. Stretched on a piece of canvas, lay our poor wounded sailor, bleeding profusely from a pistol-shot in the side. The one who had inflicted the wound was inconsolable. Losing the self-control he had till now maintained, he threw himself on the ground alongside his wounded companion, exclaiming: 'O Jack! forgive me, forgive me, forgive me; O let me die in your stead!' The prostrate man extended his hand to him, saying in a weak voice: 'Jim, it was all, all my fault. Didn't I dare you to fire at me? Jim, for the love you have for the Mother of God, get a Priest for me!' 'He is here, Jack,' replied our sobbing guide. 'O Mary, I thank thee for hearing the prayer I so often address to thee—Pray for me now and at the hour of my death.' Opening his eyes, and looking at me by the light of a lantern held up by a marine, he said: 'Come, sir, we have at last reached a port I have been long and anxiously steering for. Let us make fast for an

eternity. Boys, don't forget to say a Hail Mary for poor Jack, when you are on your watches.' The hearts of the sailors and marines were too full to allow them to give the expected assurance; so I answered in their name, and motioned to all to move off to a distance. The surgeon examined the wound, extracted the ball, and said he would escape death this time. All hearts were light once more. Jack was disappointed—he would have willingly left this world. 'Good bye, gentlemen,' said he to us, as we were leaving, 'the thanks and prayers of a poor sailor follow you both. The storm is not yet over, the port is not yet reached, we may suffer shipwreck and be lost, but I shall continue to hope that Mary will be a friend to me.' As the surgeon was a Protestant, who, I had reason to believe, was horrified at what he deemed the blasphemy of the ignorant sailor, I said to poor Jack: 'But Mary is not our Redeemer.' Looking at me with astonishment, he replied: 'Ah, no sir! she is not—but she is the mother of the Redeemer. If the mother is on my side, the Redeemer will swing around too.' After having dressed the wound, and having given orders to have the wounded man brought aboard the man-of-war that very night, so that the surgeons of the vessel could attend to him, we started on our homeward march. A posse of marines and sailors accompanied us to camp. How amusing were the stories they told us! and how many the dangers, how narrow the escapes in which they have shared! They informed us that the marine camp which we had just left, was a kind of depot where hogs and beeves belonging to the fleet are kept. This live-stock, whose health is better secured on shore than on board ship, furnishes men and officers with an occasional meal of fresh meat. Of course, when a vessel departs for other waters it takes its stock with it, and if possible lands its animals, with a guard, on the neighboring coast.

July 3rd. Orders came from the fort (now Department headquarters) this morning, to prepare to celebrate the Fourth of July with becoming solemnity. It was also officially announced to the 'command' that Captain Barry, Lieutenants Tidball and Webb would start for the North to-day; and that the troops off duty should accompany these distinguished and sorely tried officers and the faithful soldiers going with them, to the place of embarkation. In the same 'orders' Capt. Barry was directed to 'turn over' to Col. Wilson and staff the 'camp equipage' used by the captain and officers till now. We regretted to lose such experienced, brave and tried men, but we rejoiced for their sakes to see them go where there would be hope of recovering their health. We

rejoiced also for our own sakes—we were getting a large tent and cooking utensils. In bidding us adieu at the water's edge, Major Barry (he has just received news of his promotion) said to us: 'Boys, the rainy season is upon us—it will be here in a day or so; no time is to be lost in preparing for its coming.' We returned to our new quarters. We had now a protection against the powerful rays of the sun, and the means of boiling salt pork, and making a little coffee. We had, too, the luxury of sleeping on the plank floor instead of on the sand. But there are no tents or cooking utensils yet for the soldiers. Poor fellows! Not a murmur, not a complaint from them!

About 12 o'clock M. the clouds formed and thickened, and rose one over the other from the horizon, piled and crammed on top of each other till the sun was shut out from sight. The thunder rolled and lightning flashed incessantly. It became alarmingly dark. Was this the beginning of the dreaded season? or would this thunder-storm pass harmlessly over us like those of the preceding days? 1 o'clock, 2 o'clock came and went, and no cessation in the terrific roar of thunder. Poor devoted Zouaves! utterly unprepared for the terrible season now being ushered in! for this is the slow but steady and sure beginning of the 'rainy season.' At 2.30 it was dark. At 3, large drops fell like great stones on our tent. Officers and soldiers gazed on the scene in silent wonder. At 3.15 P. M. the water suddenly *spilled* from the clouds, and continued all the rest of the evening and through the night without the slightest diminution. At the first drops, the poor soldiers looked around them for a shelter. Some started to run, but after making a few steps, they remembered they had no place to run to. No tree, no fence, no house, no place where they could take refuge. The Col. invited all who could find room, to join himself and staff under his newly acquired protection; since all could not be accommodated, the Zouaves declined to come, and made up their minds to brave the storm, saying: 'This is a soldier's life.' As the darkness of night was being added to that of the rain-storm (there was not a breath of wind stirring), we earnestly thanked God that we were under cover this fearful season. God is always and every where a Father, but now and here, more than in any other place or at any other time. To add to our store of happiness, the transport *State of Georgia* with supplies and troops arrived to-day, and brought us our military band (Monaghan's) and the officers and men who missed the Vanderbilt. After a cold and scanty supper no fire could be lighted; the band gave abun-

dance of enlivening music, which I think did not enliven, to any great extent, the drenched, supperless Zouaves.

Fourth of July! Poor soldiers! How woebegone you look this morning! Still cheerful and witty, they are striving to prepare a little coffee to which the Col. will add a ration of rye, to be taken *dry* by all. They are truly in need of this ration, for besides the brunt of the down-pour, they had to withstand the fatigue of an alarm last night. About midnight, a few shots at the picket line informed us of the advance of the enemy. The drummer boys beat the 'long roll,' and officers and men were out in line of battle, under the unceasing deluge, waiting for further developments. 'Father,' said a little drummer, 'I'm afraid! Hear my confession and I shan't be afraid to die.' It required only a moment to settle the little fellow's conscience. I passed along the silent and patient line, and here and there straightened up prostrate souls. After a long delay, the relief, sent out to the picket, returned and informed us it was a false alarm. 'Quarters' were beaten, and, thoroughly soaked, we returned to our tent—but the soldiers must continue as before, quietly to receive on their devoted heads this uncontrollable cascade.

But how are we to celebrate the Fourth? Fort Pickens is to have all the honor, which consists in firing a salute from the parapet. Pickens has never yet 'spoken.'—To-day it will give its first utterances, and show to the enemy that it is at last able to defy attack. Without entirely ceasing, the rain gave us sufficient breathing-time to enable Pickens to fire off the salute. The first shot brought the defenders of the opposite shore to their guns. They thought it was an attack. Understanding that it was a salute, they returned to cover. After the last shot the rain resumed its wonted severity. Col. Brown sends words of sympathy to the men, orders them an extra ration of whiskey, and promises to have tents for them before night.

True to his word, Col. Brown sent tents enough for the men; but the trouble is to erect them on the sand. No flooring is to be used; but one good feature of our island is that all the rain in the clouds cannot form mud on it.

July 6th. Saturday. Company streets are being formed, tents are being pitched, regular camp life is being inaugurated. Rain, however, continues in its unabated force. Very fortunately, no wind accompanies it. No possibility of hearing confessions to-day, and very little prospect of being able to say Mass to-morrow.

July 7th. Sunday. Fearful and steady down-pour all day. Impossible to say Mass to-day. The rain has invaded our tent, and the soldiers could not be expected to

stand out under such a waterfall. I have great fear for the altar-breads, which I cannot have renewed. I am to have a tent for myself before next Sunday comes around. Our enlisted ministers claim the right of preaching. They were told to exercise their right in the open air. I called at the fort to visit my sick, as I do every day. On returning to camp I noticed a flag of truce borne across the bay. I retraced my steps to ascertain if possible what the trouble was. Adjutant Seely informed me kindly that the communication was not accepted. Owing to informality in addressing the letter, Col. Brown refused to hold any intercourse with the bearer. It appears the letter was addressed: 'Col. Harvey Brown, Fort Pickens'; whereas his title is: 'Col. Harvey Brown, Commandant of the Department of Florida,' a title which Bragg refuses to acknowledge. Was it a new demand for the surrender of the fort? Was it a prohibition to fire any more salutes? The contents of the missive remained a mystery. In the meantime extra precaution is ordered to be taken against any sudden attacks. I returned to quarters thoroughly drenched.

July 8th. To-day one of our men died suddenly. I had not time to reach him before life was extinct. A post-mortem examination showed he died of 'perforation of the intestines,' the result of a late attack of typhoid. His name is Brown; his people live in New Jersey. God help us all! this is a melancholy beginning.

I remain Ræ Væ inf. in Xto, servus,

MICHAEL NASH, S. J.

## HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON, MASS.

On the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of Holy Trinity Church in Boston, which took place last year, Rev. Fr. Nopper, S. J., in token of gratitude to God for His many mercies and as a Jubilee-gift to his faithful flock, wrote a brief sketch of the history of his parish. We will lay before the readers of the LETTERS some of the salient points of this history.

Upwards of fifty years ago, the first German Catholics began to settle in Boston. They naturally desired to worship together, say their prayers in German, sing their beautiful German hymns, hear the word of God preached to them in their mother tongue; in a word, to have their own church, their own priest and their own school. Bishop Benedict J. Fenwick, S. J., who was the especial friend and patron of the German Catholics, helped and encouraged them in every way. He procured for them the first German priests, and applied in their behalf to the Catholic Mission Societies in Germany for contributions. He set apart an hour for their service in his Cathedral; and, whenever they were without a German priest, often said Mass for them himself; and as he had some knowledge of the German language, even preached to them in German.

The first German priest in Boston was Rev. Francis de Sales Hoffmann, who arrived there from Germany in August, 1836. He was soon succeeded by Rev. Joseph Freygang, who, in turn, in Dec., 1837, gave place to Rev. Bernard Smolnikar. This last-named priest displayed great zeal at the outset, but soon fell into absurd errors and had to be removed. After this the Germans were without a regular pastor till June, 1842, a period of five years. Twice a year, however, a German priest, Rev. John Raffener, came from New York to hear their confessions. At his urgent solicitation they formed a building society, and with the money thus collected and a few thousand dollars which the Bishop had obtained from Germany, they were enabled to buy a plot of ground (51 x 98 feet) on Lucas St., where old Trinity Church was afterwards built.

In June, 1842, the corner-stone of the church was laid and some time during the March of 1844, Rev. Francis Rolof, an aged priest, whom the Bishop had brought from

Maryland, celebrated the first Mass in the new church. But Fr. Rolof was very old, so that a newly ordained priest, the Rev. Gerard H. Plathe was shortly afterwards put in charge. Fr. Plathe being a Low-German, did not please the High-Germans; hence dissensions arose, which led to his removal in October, 1845. During his pastorship, he established the parish school for boys and girls, the first Catholic school in New England. Fr. Plathe was succeeded by Rev. Alexander Martini, who remained till May, 1848. He, too, soon became entangled in quarrels with his parishioners. In the meantime, good Bishop Fenwick, to whom the Germans owed so much, died and was succeeded by Bishop Fitzpatrick. The new Bishop, for years familiar with the troubles in the German congregation, threatened not merely to leave them without a pastor, if they could not live in peace, but even to sell their church, since they were unable or unwilling to free it from debt. The church, in consequence, remained closed for two months. Some of the hotspurs began to talk very violently. 'If the Bishop,' they said, 'will not give us a priest, he shall not prevent us from assembling in our church to continue our devotions. If the church is not open next Sunday, we shall break it open with our axes.' Affairs, however, took a different turn. Fr. Gustavus Eck, S. J., till then stationed at St. Mary's, Endicott St., introduced himself on August 7, 1848, to the congregation by reading from the altar the following letter, addressed to him by Bishop Fitzpatrick.

*'Reverend Father,*

I can but praise the charity and zeal which induce you to renounce the comforts of community life, and to prefer a lonely life in order to work for the spiritual welfare of the Germans in Boston. Taught by the experience of past years, and despairing of ever seeing union and peace among these people, I had seriously thought of making no further efforts to find a pastor for them. But since providence has brought you here and you are willing to take charge of them, I give my consent and herewith appoint you pastor of Holy Trinity Church.'

Fr. Eck threw his whole soul into his work, and, in an incredibly short time, brought order out of chaos. He almost immediately established the Confraternity of the Living Rosary, then the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and soon after the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. All of these Societies prospered from the very beginning. He also gave much of his time and attention to the schools, and brought them to a state of efficiency, which they had never known

before. The parish grew apace, and soon the little church was found too small. In the year 1853, therefore, Fr. Eck began to collect money and establish church-building societies, intending to build a magnificent Gothic church on Tremont St., between Dedham and Canton.

Contrary to the Bishop's advice, the building was begun even before the debt of \$8,000 on the old church had been paid. In a short time the basement was finished. Fr. Eck had received a good deal of money at interest, the savings of his poor parishioners, and this he put into the new building. He was an able, energetic and courageous man, a holy and zealous priest; but it may be doubted whether he was a skilful financier. The double burden of raising a colossal church and of administering a widely scattered parish was too much even for his great strength. His health broke down completely and he was ordered back to Europe. Although he was even obliged to borrow money for his passage, evil-minded persons afterwards said that Fr. Eck had run away with the money which had been collected to build the church. To make a long story short, his successors Fr. Reiter, Fr. Cattani and Fr. Steinbacher were unable to disentangle themselves. Fr. Provincial, to whom the Bishop offered the whole property,<sup>(1)</sup> refused, and the upshot was that it was sold at auction to the builder, the principal creditor, for \$22,000. It is estimated that the congregation lost, in all, through poor Fr. Eck's ill-fated undertaking, about \$50,000.

When Fr. Steinbacher was called away, early in 1859, Fr. Manns, being then with Fr. Reiter at Conewago, was appointed to succeed him; but having met with an accident at the moment of departure, Fr. Reiter was sent in his place. Thus was this man, by a special providence of God, brought back a second time to Boston, Jan. 21st, 1859.

Fr. Reiter, during his two years' absence from Boston, had become accustomed to American ways and had learned the English language. Being, moreover, acquainted with the affairs of Trinity Church, he did not find it very difficult to accommodate himself to the circumstances. Possessed of an iron constitution, and endowed with invincible patience, self-control and great firmness of character, he was just the man to put new life and spirit into a congregation that was on the verge of despair, and to become their savior. Notwithstanding the sternness and firmness of his character and the austerity of his life, he possessed a marvellous gift of drawing all hearts to him, especially those of the

<sup>(1)</sup> It was also proposed that the Bishop himself should finish the church and make it his Cathedral.

children. He was affable and just towards all, even the least; and no one could refuse him the esteem and affection which are due to a zealous priest and exemplary religious. When, therefore, he appeared before his people and, with a voice that had the ring of truth and determination in it, assured them that all debts would be paid, that nobody should lose any thing, but that they must have patience and give him time; when he thus spoke, they knew that he meant what he said and was able to redeem his promise, and they trusted him. 'One of my brethren,' he said, 'has with well-intentioned zeal, made these debts; it is our duty to pay them.' But whence was the money to come? Many of the people of the congregation, who had lent money to Fr. Eck, were reduced to destitution, and something had to be done for them.

At this time, Fr. Sopranis came to this country as Visitor. Fr. Reiter made a full statement to him of the situation, and was, thereupon, authorized to use every cent of money which he could save from his salary by the most careful economy, to pay the debt. Fr. Sopranis, too, was urged (as formerly the Provincial had been urged) both by the Bishop and by the trustees, seconded by Fr. Reiter, to take in the name of the Society, full possession of the church and property, and, of course, to assume the debt. But he would not consent; the amount of indebtedness alarmed him. Then steps were taken to hand the church over to the Redeemptorists. They came, saw and—went away. Thus Fr. Reiter remained in charge. With unexampled energy he set about his herculean task. At the end of about five years, to the utter amazement of his people, he announced from the altar that *all the debts were paid*. But this was not all. During these five years he had made many improvements and acquired new property. And yet, during those glorious five years Fr. Reiter had been working single-handed. If, from time to time, an assistant was given him, he was either old and infirm or imperfectly acquainted with the German language.

For some time Fr. Reiter was even obliged to teach the large boys' school himself, for want of a competent teacher. No wonder that his health finally gave way and that he was compelled to apply for help to the German Provincial. In August, 1867, FF. Bellwalder and Nopper arrived in Boston. Having now more leisure, the indefatigable man undertook and carried out an important literary work.

At last the way was prepared for the realization of the long-wished-for Gothic church. The debts were paid, the ground bought and also paid for. The site, too, was about

to be greatly improved by the city in filling up that low-lying neighborhood and in prolonging Shawmut Ave. to Tremont St. But Fr. Reiter was not to build it. When every thing was ready to begin the work, he was called to other fields of labor. Buffalo had just been turned over by the New York Mission to the German Province; and Fr. Reiter was called thither to give the German Fathers the benefit of his American experience. Great was the grief of his loving flock. After giving him a magnificent reception, which deeply touched the good father, they bade him farewell amid tears and good wishes. <sup>(1)</sup> Fr. James Simeon, S. J., came on the 25th of July, 1870, from Washington to succeed him. The following was the spiritual condition of the congregation in 1870: Confraternity of the Holy Rosary for men, 330 members; for women, 501; Sodality of B. V. M. for youths, 395; St. Vincent de Paul's Soc., 203; Bona Mors, 717; Archconfraternity of the S. Heart, 443; St. Joseph's Poor Society, 200; St. Elizabeth's Poor Soc., 70; Catholic Casino, 165; Parish Schools, 491 children.

In the spring of 1871, the foundation was laid for the new church on Shawmut Ave., according to architect Keely's plans; and on the 10th of Nov., 1872, the ceremony of laying the corner-stone took place. Fr. Reiter had been invited to preach on that occasion. On the eve of the ceremony the memorable Boston fire broke out, and it was while this terrible conflagration was raging and the terrific reports of the explosions, which the fire department had ordered in the hope of isolating the fire, were heard on every side, that Archbishop (then Bishop) Williams solemnly blessed the corner-stone. On May 1st, 1874, Fr. Simeon celebrated the first Mass in the basement.

<sup>(1)</sup> Fr. Ernest Anthony Reiter was born at Arnsberg in Westphalia, on the 10th of February, 1821. Having studied in the diocesan Seminary of Paderborn, at the University of Munich and at the Roman College, he was ordained priest on March 7th, 1846, and entered upon the duties of the sacred ministry in his native diocese. During this time he made the acquaintance of Fr. Behrens and other Jesuits, who, after their expulsion from Switzerland, were giving missions and retreats throughout Westphalia. He applied for admission and was received into the Society, being the first German novice since the expulsion of the Fathers from Switzerland. As the German Fathers had no novitiate of their own, he began his noviceship May 29th, 1850, at Issenheim, in Alsace. The two years after his noviceship he spent partly in reviewing his studies, partly in missionary work, till he came to America in 1854. On being recalled to his own Province, he was appointed first Rector of Canisius College and pastor of St. Michael's Church, Buffalo. He had not been in Buffalo very long, when the Bishop of Erie appealed to the German Fathers for help in his endeavors to bring to terms the congregation of St. Joseph's Church, which he had been obliged to lay under interdict. Fr. Reiter was sent to Erie to give a mission in St. Joseph's Church, which was so successful that the people petitioned to keep him as their pastor. He was, therefore, allowed to remain in Erie, a hope being entertained that it might lead to the establishment of a residence in that town. This hope was blasted by his untimely death, from erysipelas, on the 25th of May, 1873.

On May 27th, 1877, Trinity Sunday, the titular feast, the church was solemnly dedicated by Archbishop Williams. Fr. Lessmann sang the Solemn High Mass, Fr. Weninger preached, and, on the same day, opened an eight days' mission.

Such is, in brief, the history of beautiful Trinity Church, one of the ornaments of the proud city of Boston. It is estimated that the church, schoolhouse and presbytery cost about \$173,000. In Nov. 1877, Fr. Simeon was sent to Washington and Fr. Nopper, who had been at Holy Trinity since 1867, succeeded him as Superior. At Fr. Simeon's departure, the debt still amounted to \$110,000, but has since been considerably reduced. Fr. Nopper closes his interesting sketch, of which we have given a rather bald abstract, with a warm appeal to the German Catholics of Boston to cling together, as the founders of Trinity church have done, in union and steadfast faith, perseverance and generosity, that they may, with God's blessing, carry on the work begun by their fathers, to their own happiness and to the glory of the Ever Blessed Trinity.

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### THE CIVIL INCORPORATION OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

In the beginning of the present year, 1887, some of the most influential laymen in Montreal urged the Jesuit Fathers to ask for the civil incorporation of the Society. They were prompted in their demand by their good will towards the Society, and hoped at the same time to promote the interests of their own children. St. Mary's College in Montreal not being affiliated with Laval University, their sons who are students of the college have no chance of taking degrees. Until recently they could do without diplomas; but now there are signs of an approaching change, and degrees will soon be required to enter upon the study of law or medicine. These gentlemen knew that the privileges granted to the Society, confirmed by our Holy Father, Leo XIII, were large enough to enable the Fathers to confer degrees, if the Society was recognized by the State; hence their desire to obtain the civil incorporation of 'The Society of Jesus.'

The Jesuits were in the best of circumstances to obtain this incorporation; the present Prime Minister, Mr. Mercier, is an old student of St. Mary's College; the Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Quebec, Mr. Masson, is a former student of Georgetown College, D. C.; both were desirous of doing all in their power to show their gratitude to the Society; the Archbishop of Montreal, in whose diocese five-sixths of the Canadian Jesuits reside, was favorable to the measure; no one anticipated any trouble in getting the bill through the legislature. Scarcely, however, had it been gazetted, when Cardinal Taschereau, just back from Rome, wrote to Archbishop Fabre urging him to force the Jesuits to withdraw the bill until the Bishops could be consulted about it. His great objection was that the bill, if passed, would give the Jesuits a chance to claim the property of the Old Society in Canada, and that it would grant them the right of conferring degrees; to both of these he objected on different grounds.

To satisfy His Eminence, Father Visitor (the Rev. J. B. Lessmann, S. J.) and the Superior General of the Canadian Mission gave to His Lordship, Archb. Fabre, a written assurance that the Jesuits did not think either of claiming the said property or of conferring degrees without the consent of the Holy See; and that consequently the fears of His Eminence were unfounded.

This document satisfied Mgr. Fabre, the Archbishop of Ottawa and the Bishop of Three Rivers; but not the Cardinal. The other Bishops too, following His Eminence's lead, insisted upon the Jesuits putting off their bill until the following year, to give them time to consult among themselves and to refer the case to the Holy See. But the three prelates who had taken sides with the Jesuits (the only prelates, besides the Cardinal, in whose dioceses there are any Jesuits) opposed the idea of withdrawing the bill; the Government too, insisted upon going on with the matter. Nobody thought the Cardinal would persist in his opposition, as all agreed that there was no longer any reason for opposition on his part. The bill was therefore introduced, and passed its first and second readings in the Lower House on the 19th and 22nd of April, and appeared before the Committee on Private Bills on the 29th. Mgr. Hamel, Vicar-General of Quebec, officially presented the objections of His Eminence and demanded the postponement of the measure. Mr. Mercier, who had kindly taken the bill under his protection in the Lower House, eloquently refuted the objections made against it. But as the majority of the Committee were evidently swayed by regard for the wishes of His Eminence,

the civil effects of the bill were restricted to the three dioceses whose prelates were favorable to it. This, for a moment, disarmed Mgr. Hamel; he withdrew his opposition and all retired from the room, except the Honorable Members. Shortly after, however, both the Fathers and Mgr. Hamel were called in. Meanwhile Mgr. Hamel, having received fresh instructions, recalled the step he had taken; but he was told it was now too late; the bill had meanwhile been admitted on principle. On renewed opposition, however, all mention of privileges was omitted, and the bill reduced to an ordinary incorporation measure as those granted to the Redemptorists and other religious communities of the Province. Mgr. Hamel endeavored, but unsuccessfully, to have inserted into the bill as thus drafted a clause positively excluding the right of conferring degrees. During this time the Cardinal had sent to Rome the following despatch: 'Jesuitæ hujus Provinciæ postulant legem incorporationis contra quam plurimas graves objectiones ponunt octo episcopi qui consulere volunt Sanctam Sedem. Postulo ut Summus Pontifex absque ulla mora declaret legislatores supersedere debere.'

The Cardinal counted among the opponents of the bill the Archbishop of Ottawa, who had however been one of its supporters from the beginning, but had simply asked for the insertion of the clause: 'Salvis juribus ordinariorum et privilegiis universitatis Lavalliensis,' which would have been readily granted, had its opponents allowed it. Yet the Cardinal counted Archbishop Duhamel among the opponents, not only in this despatch, but likewise in his correspondence with the Prime Minister.

The answer of the Holy Father, or rather of Cardinal Simeoni, was as follows: 'Pontifex non judicat opportunum cogere deputatos laicos. Eminentia tua videat an tuo nomine possis eos inducere ad supersedendum.' This answer as well as the telegram that elicited it, was kept secret until May the 12th, but the members were all the time left under the impression that they could not as Catholics act against the wishes of the great majority of the Bishops of the Province.

Notwithstanding this pressure, on May 2nd, the bill passed in the Committee of the Whole, by 34 votes to 16; and on the next day it passed its third reading. It now was to come before the Upper House and great fear was entertained by the friends of the Jesuits that it would not pass, owing to the intense displeasure its passage would cause the Cardinal.

All this time the Cardinal was writing to Mr. Mercier

letter after letter to induce him to withdraw the bill. This correspondence was published a few days later at the instance of the Cardinal. It did not seem to the public at large to do special honor to His Eminence. But for this very reason most of the members were rather inclined to spare him a final defeat. Under these circumstances a telegram was sent by one of the Jesuit Fathers to one of the Society in Rome about the matter on the 5th of May, and at once the welcome answer was received that the Holy Father had refused to oppose the bill. This was evidently an allusion to the answer quoted above, which had not yet been given to the public.

The bill, however, had now passed its first and second readings in the Upper House and was to come up in Committee on the 11th. From all appearances it would be lost, because the members were kept under the impression that the Holy Father wished for a postponement. Another despatch, sent by the Jesuits to one of their Fathers in Rome on May 9th, received the answer that Cardinal Simeoni had that very day informed Cardinal Taschereau by cable that the Holy Father could not oppose the incorporation of the Jesuits.<sup>(1)</sup>

The bill was to come before the Committee, as was said above, on the 11th, but at the request of Mgr. Hamel, it was postponed to the following day, when that Reverend gentleman read a carefully written paper. In this he endeavored to show that the Cardinal was not opposed to the incorporation of the Jesuits, but meant simply (as he thought it was his right) to get time to elucidate certain details of the bill which seemed to go against the rights of the Bishops and the privileges of Laval University. He at the same time bitterly complained of pretended insults heaped upon His Eminence by the promoters of the bill. Finally, he added, the Cardinal was sure his conduct met with the approval of the Holy See.

At this moment Rev. Fr. Turgeon, Rector of St. Mary's College, rose and in a few words pointed out the fallacy of the objections; complained in dignified terms of the accusation made against the Jesuits of laying snares for the Bishops; and concluded by quoting the two despatches he had received by cable on the 5th and 9th of May, both of which clearly proved that nothing had been done in opposition to the wishes of the Holy Father.

Mgr. Hamel then produced a second paper carefully pre-

<sup>(1)</sup> The full text of this despatch became known to the public only on the 12th.—It read as follows: 'Summus Pontifex nequit se opponere ne incorporentur Jesuita. Questionem bonorum sibi omnino reservat.'

pared. In it he admitted that the Cardinal had received the telegram just alluded to (the one of the 9th), which he declared, in bitter terms, to have been obtained by means of insidious and false statements made by some persons behind the scenes. But he argued that this answer of the Holy Father, obscure and equivocal, was rendered clear and unmistakable by another telegram obtained in answer to a question authoritatively put by Cardinal Taschereau, and from which it was plain that, though the Holy Father refrained from commanding, he cordially expressed a desire that the deputies should defer passing the bill. He then quoted the telegram already mentioned.

Everybody in the audience was under the impression that this was a telegram just received, and therefore subsequent to the one of the 9th. Happily, however, Mr. de Boucherville, the member of the Upper House, who had taken charge of the bill, suspecting something crooked in Mgr. Hamel's statement, asked him when this telegram was received and by whom it was signed. After some hesitation Mgr. Hamel said it was received about the end of April and signed by Cardinal Simeoni. This answer made it clear to all present that this was the first telegram received and that, even if it had meant that the Holy Father wished the bill to be postponed, his subsequent telegram neutralised the effect of this one. Moreover, as Mr. de Boucherville remarked, even that wish expressed in the first telegram is evidently the wish of Cardinal Simeoni and not that of the Holy Father.

This proved decisive; the room was cleared, for a moment only, of all strangers; and when the doors were reopened it was announced, amid great applause, that the Committee accepted the bill without a single dissenting voice. On the same afternoon, the bill passed its third reading and, shortly afterwards, received the signature of the Lieutenant Governor.

The excitement seemed now at an end and, for two months, nothing more was heard concerning the great event which had kept the whole province in suspense for several weeks. In the middle of July, however, on the occasion of an election at Laprairie to fill a vacancy, the opponents of Mr. Mercier endeavored to excite, against the candidate of his party, the prejudices of the good country people by stating that Mr. Mercier had proved rebellious to the injunctions of the Cardinal and of a great majority of the Bishops. Thereupon Mr. Mercier sent to the Holy Father the following despatch dated July 21st: *'Accusatus sum quod rebellis fuerim contra Episcopos, procurando*

Jesuitis jura civilia. Debeo me defendere publice Sabbato proximo. Humillime sollicito declarationem Suæ Sanctitatis de falsitate illius accusationis.' The next day he received from Cardinal Simeoni the following answer: 'Dici nequis rebellis Episcopis ex Jesuitarum incorporatione quam ipse Summus Pontifex petere permisit.' This settled the case; the telegram was widely circulated throughout the province; and Mr. Mercier was victorious.

Let us hope that this will be the last scene in a drama, which, says the *Vérité* of Quebec, 'will be a lesson to our Canadian friends;'—and the *Univers* of Paris adds: 'to others also.'

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## A L A S K A.

Archbishop Seghers had several times asked missionaries for Alaska from various religious orders, but could not obtain any. Finally, the Reverend Father Superior of the Rocky Mountain Mission, S. J., having received some young religious of his order from Europe, answered the Archbishop's earnest and repeated request, by sending him two Fathers who should go with him to explore that country before opening a mission there. These were Fathers Toši and Robaut, to whom Mr. Fuller, who had offered himself for this purpose, was given as companion. This Fuller had been known to the Fathers for several years, having for some time acted as helper at Industrial Schools; but he was neither a brother nor a postulant.

The place where the first mission was to have been founded, was in that part of Alaska where the Stuart river flows into the Yukon, about 250 miles from its source, in the eastern part of Alaska, and about 2,500 miles from its mouth in the west. The Yukon river has a length of 2,800 miles, and seems to be larger and deeper than the Columbia; it flows through the heart of Alaska, and is the largest river of that country as yet known, many tributaries emptying into it. In winter, there is no other way of exploring that country than by travelling over the frozen surface of rivers and lakes. In summer, the Yukon is navigable, and people travel up and down it in boats or on rafts. The Indians are mostly found on the banks of the rivers or on the sea-coast.

The Archbishop first intended to leave San Francisco in the spring of 1886, by one of the steamers that go to the western part of Alaska; these steamers enter the Yukon

and pursue their course eastward, very far into the interior. According to this plan, the missionaries would have reached the place of their intended explorations without any trouble or difficulty; but something happened that obliged them to change their plans. The Archbishop had to wait till he should receive the pallium from the Archbishop of Oregon, and this solemnity could not take place till summer. It being too late then to take one of the steamers that go up the Yukon, Archbishop Seghers and his companions had either to wait till the following spring, or to change their plans, that is, to travel from east to west instead of travelling from west to east, as was at first intended; and after reaching the head-waters of the Yukon, follow the river to the intended place. This plan they finally adopted. This road did not present any extraordinary difficulties till they reached a spot about 35 miles from the Yukon, where swamps and lakes abound. As soon as they reached this part of the country they were obliged to travel on foot. For help they had Indians, who carried the baggage on their backs. With these Indians one must have great patience and pay them well for their services. They are experienced packers and good guides, knowing the country well, as they are employed for that by the miners. Having reached the head-waters of the Yukon, the Indians left the missionaries and returned to their homes. There our travellers set about building a very solid raft; because when travellers come to this spot and are unable to secure a raft from others returning, they are obliged to build their own, if they want to continue their journey. On such rafts, explorers row over lakes, shallow places and rapids, till they reach the end of their journey. It is needless to say that such a way of travelling is full of hardships; yet there is no danger for the lives of the travellers, otherwise the Archbishop would not have risked those of his companions. 'The greatest difficulty,' says Fr. Tosi, 'is to make a good raft to go down the river.' In this way, on a raft, the Archbishop and his companions penetrated into the interior of Alaska, and reached the mouth of the Stuart river after many accidents, which are described in two letters, one written by the Archbishop, and the other by Fr. Robaut.

When the missionaries had succeeded in reaching the junction of the Stuart river, it would seem that they had come to the end of their journey for that year, and that they should have made their winter quarters there, as there is no communication in winter, except between places that are very near each other. But the zeal of the Archbishop was pushing him on further. He thought that three missionaries

in one and the same place were too many, seeing the want of the whole country; besides, he feared that the numerous bands of Indians near the banks of the Yukon would be lost to the Church by any delay. For these reasons, the Archbishop resolved to leave the two Fathers and travel 900 miles further down, notwithstanding the entreaties of Fr. Tosi to the contrary. Thus the Archbishop left on the 8th day of September, 1886, with Fuller as companion. Fr. Robaut says in his letter: 'This separation was very bad for him and for us, but it was necessary, and so, after a tender good-bye, he departed from us.' When the Archbishop was about leaving, they all agreed that the two Fathers should go down the river as soon as it would be open for travel, which would probably take place towards the end of May or the beginning of June, and meet him at his new station. Then they would consult together what was to be done, and one of the Fathers would remain in Alaska, and the other would return with the Archbishop to San Francisco. The Superior of the mission, on being informed as to what could be done there, would refer matters to the Very Reverend Father General of the Society of Jesus, for the establishment of the Alaska mission. In accordance with this agreement the Fathers went down the river some time in May, in the expectation of meeting the Archbishop full of life and crowned with success. It is difficult to imagine their disappointment, sorrow and consternation at the news of the awful tragedy of the Archbishop's death. At first they could not believe the terrible news, but when they came to the evidence of the facts, they had to submit themselves to the disposition of Divine Providence. They were told that the Archbishop had been shot dead by Fuller, and that his body was at St. Michael's in a Russian church.

#### THE DETAILS OF THE MURDER.

During the voyage from Portland to the southwestern coast of Alaska, Fuller's conduct was often so extravagant that Fr. Tosi twice counselled the Archbishop to send him (Fuller) back by the same steamer, which would return from Alaska to Portland, for it seemed dangerous to Fr. Tosi to continue travelling such a long distance with a man of this kind. But the Archbishop, judging his services necessary, both during the voyage and during the winter in that most difficult country, took him along, in hopes that the eccentric conduct of Fuller, which arose from a fear that the whites wanted to take his life, would subside as soon as he would be far away from them. This hoped-for change

did not take place; yet the Archbishop, in his zeal, separated himself from the Fathers, and travelled down the river alone in company with Fuller. FF. Tosi and Robaut, when near St. Michael's, learned the following facts: Nearly a month had passed since the Archbishop had reached the end of his trip of 900 miles, when he took the resolution to make a third and shorter journey to visit some other tribe of Indians. He took with him Fuller and two Indians as companions. The Archbishop travelled with them for several days until he reached a place about one day's distance from a camp of the Indians he intended to visit. It being late in the afternoon, Fuller proposed to the Archbishop to camp there for the night and not to go any further that day. The Archbishop, having asked the advice of the Indians, thought better to go on, which they did and reached an empty Indian house in the evening.

According to the statement of the Indians who had accompanied the Archbishop, Fuller was very much displeased that his advice had not been followed, and he complained bitterly, because, he said, the advice of Indians had been preferred to that of a white man. They say, also, that Fuller was very much excited during the night, and seemed not to have slept. At daybreak they saw him get up and go about as if he would start the fire, but did not do it. All at once he called the Archbishop, telling him to get up. The Archbishop arose to a sitting posture, and on seeing Fuller with his gun levelled, folded his arms on his breast and inclined his head, when the man shot him. The bullet passed through his forehead near his left eye and came out from the upper part of the neck. The Archbishop died instantly. The Indians witnessing the tragedy got frightened, and fearing that Fuller would kill them also, disarmed him; but Fuller reassured them, saying coolly and calmly that he had made up his mind to kill only the Archbishop. Then he and the Indians arranged the body of the dead prelate, taking away only the pastoral cross and ring, which objects, he said, he would give to the ecclesiastical authorities in Victoria, B. C. From this it would seem that we can safely conclude that Fuller's mental faculties had been upset, partly in consequence of a previous disposition for monomania, and partly also, in consequence of the sufferings he had undergone during the voyage; moreover, we may suppose that he killed the Archbishop in a fit of madness. This conclusion is corroborated by the following fact:—He is reported to have said that when they will hang him he wants the consolation of confessing to a Catholic

Priest, to accuse himself not of the murder of the Archbishop, for which he feels no remorse, but of his past sins.

The only consolation left to us, who have known this beloved Archbishop, is the thought that Almighty God, who, in his inscrutable wisdom and providence over his creatures, governs and directs all to his greater glory, will know how to use the tragic death of this holy prelate as an efficacious means of propagating the saving light of the Gospel. We are aware that the crown of sacrifices which the Divine Goodness imposed on the holy man for the salvation of the Indians, in asking of him the renunciation of the Archbishopric of Oregon, in order to undertake such an arduous mission, full of hardships, received its most brilliant gem in the bloody sacrifice of his precious life. We cannot suppose that God, on beholding a sacrifice so precious, will not be moved to grant in some future time, perhaps not far distant, the conversion of the poor creatures, for whose salvation the sacrifice was made.

Neither Fr. Tosi nor Fr. Robaut knew anything about this sad event until they went down the Yukon to meet the Archbishop. Fr. Tosi left the body of the Archbishop as it was, in a zinc casket, surrounded with ice. It is in the Russian chapel at St. Michael's, which is situated about 500 miles from the mouth of the Yukon, and, when possible, it will be taken by steamer to Victoria. Fr. Robaut went then to the Indians in whose territory the Archbishop was killed, and Fr. Tosi left on the steamer bound for San Francisco, to acquaint Superiors with all that had happened. In this last trip, he had a good opportunity to visit the western sea-coast of Alaska, both above and below the mouth of the Yukon. He arrived at Portland from San Francisco, on the 23rd of July, and gave us all the details of the facts just related, besides much important information about the country and its inhabitants, which we shall now relate.

The climate of Alaska is not very changeable, it being very cold in winter, and but moderately warm in summer; and this uniformity of climate makes it very healthy. Fr. Tosi, whose lungs were always weak, and who suffered from rheumatism, like most of our missionaries in the mountains, says that his health was very much improved during his stay in Alaska; and the writer, who saw him after his return, can testify to the fact that he appeared to be much stronger. It seems that along the Yukon river, the snow is not very deep; last winter it was not more than two feet, whilst in the Rocky Mountains it was very deep. In summer it rains but seldom; hence, on the Alaska mountains there must be a great deal of snow, to feed, when melting, a

river like the Yukon—one of the largest rivers in the world. During the winter, the thermometer marked, on an average,  $15^{\circ}$  below zero, though sometimes it went down to  $60^{\circ}$ , and even  $70^{\circ}$  below zero. During extreme cold a wonderful phenomenon takes place; the respiration is accompanied by a perceptible voice that can be heard at some distance. This strange phenomenon must be ascribed, it would seem, to the condensation of the volume of warm air, which, on leaving the mouth, is instantly condensed by the very cold air without. The dwellings of the natives are built partly under and partly above ground, and covered with a thick layer of clay, as a protection against the severe cold. Dense forests of different kinds of wood furnish fuel. A great quantity of wood being necessary, it is evident that to procure and transport it is a difficult task; but should the winter supply of wood give out, it is possible to get more, even in winter; only a person has to take the precaution of clothing himself warmly, and lighting a large fire on the spot where he cuts the wood. To form an idea of the intensity of cold in these regions, it is sufficient to mention that, to procure the necessary water, they have to go to the middle of the river with a pickaxe and make a hole in the ice, which is about six feet thick; and they have to cover it with branches before leaving, if they do not want to go through the same process next day. To get water near the shore is impossible, or at least very difficult, because there the water either freezes from the surface to the bottom, or the ice is much thicker than in the middle of the river, where the current is swifter.

During the summer, one can travel in a boat down and even up the river, but not without some exertion. In winter, there is no country in the world that has roads more level than Alaska; for these are the frozen surfaces of its rivers, lakes and swamps. The ice is so thick that there is no danger of breaking through, how heavy soever the load may be. The only vehicle used in winter is a sled drawn by dogs; these animals are very large and tame, and accustomed to hard work. They are placed before the sled in files of two or three and are driven without the aid of a bridle; sometimes, however, one of the party on snow-shoes, precedes the dogs, making the road and leading the way. The dogs carry in this manner considerable burdens, and sometimes even the driver, who jumps on the sled from behind while it is moving. It happens not seldom that the sled is upset in going over a heap of drifted snow or some other obstacle, and if the driver is not very quick in jumping off, he is thrown into the snow; because the dogs hav-

ing no bridle cannot be stopped all at once. A person ought not to lose courage if the dogs, from time to time, are difficult to manage, since much patience is needed in travelling with dog-sleds in Alaska. There are no horses in the country, but Fr. Tosi thinks it would not be very difficult to keep them, even in winter, if only warm stables were built to protect them from the cold. Grass grows in all the swamps, which might be mowed in summer and stored away for the winter. Still it is doubtful if horses would be of any utility in Alaska, otherwise they would have been imported long ago. One of the difficulties, and by no means the least, would be the impossibility of carrying along on a horse the amount of hay required for a long journey. The same difficulty does not meet one who travels with dogs, because these, besides being able to endure hunger for a longer time, may be fed with dry fish, of which a sufficient quantity can be taken along on the sled, or can be procured, if needed, wherever the Indians live.

Though there are in Alaska large tracts of good land, still on account of the severe and protracted cold, it would not be worth while to cultivate them; and therefore they will always lie waste. Nevertheless, Fr. Tosi thinks that during the short period of summer one could raise without much difficulty such vegetables as need only a short time to come to maturity, as potatoes, cabbages, etc. For, as the sun remains on the horizon for nearly four months (May, June, July and August), its heat must produce a good effect on vegetation. This being as yet only an opinion, experience must show whether it be tenable. One who has money can procure from San Francisco dried peas, beans, etc.; also fresh vegetables of every description preserved in air-tight cans.

There are three steamers that run between San Francisco and the interior of Alaska, going up the Yukon river. One of them leaves San Francisco about the middle of March, another in the beginning of April, and the third at the end of May. These three steamers, having completed their voyage up and down the Yukon and along the coast of Alaska, return to San Francisco, and, if we mistake not, the first of these steamers returns before the third leaves. The company that owns these vessels have been very kind to the missionaries. For Fr. Tosi's last trip from Alaska to San Francisco the company refused to take any money. The charges for freight are very moderate. By these steamers, the Fathers of Alaska have a means of communication with San Francisco, where there is a college of the Society of Jesus. By this communication with San Francisco, the

Alaska missions are in a much better condition than the Rocky Mountain missions were in years past. The missionaries were then entirely separated from all civilization, and were obliged to provide themselves with the necessaries of life by undertaking long journeys of several hundred miles, over rough and difficult roads, transporting every thing by means of pack-horses. Missionaries of Alaska, by simply writing a letter to their procurator in San Francisco, may obtain every year a full supply of every thing they need for the next year, and keep up a comparatively easy correspondence with their superiors.

Fish and game of different kinds are found in abundance. Thousands and thousands of Indians with their dogs live almost exclusively on fish. Every stream and river abounds with them. There being no falls of any height that might prevent the fish from going up the Yukon, those from the sea find no difficulty in ascending the river. There is a certain kind of white fish there, about a foot and a half long, which is delicious. The Indians fish with strong nets, very ingeniously made of sinews. In winter, they first make a hole in the ice, and then throw in their nets; so, in Alaska, one may secure at any time a quantity of fresh fish. Game, however, is not so abundant as fish; yet we ought not to wonder at this, since warm-blooded animals cannot live in such a cold climate. Nevertheless there are great numbers of deer, moose and bears, the meat of which is very good. In hunting these animals a person has to be very cautious if he values his life. Hunters there use a kind of bullet which explodes in the body of the animal and kills it instantly. Let this suffice with regard to the country and climate.

We will now proceed to give some particulars of a more important nature—about the Indians or natives. We do not intend to say any thing about the whites, that are spread here and there over the interior of the country, as they are very few. On the south coast, however, which is very healthy on account of its mild climate, and on which several mines have been discovered, the Indians have been corrupted by intercourse with the whites, so that it is very probable that they are lost to religion. It seems, too, that there is very little hope of converting those Indians who live on the west coast of Alaska, south of the mouth of the Yukon; but the same can not be said of those Indians who dwell on the west coast of Alaska north of the mouth of the Yukon, as also of those who live in the interior of the country, along the shores of the same river and its tributaries. These latter Indians are very numerous and are all heathens. Fr. Tosi says that he met about 10,000 of them who, in their eager

desire to be instructed in the truths of religion, have asked for missionaries. He also saw about 5,000 who belong either to the Protestant or Russian Churches. Unfortunately, Fr. Tosi lacked the opportunity of visiting the more northern regions of Alaska, where, according to the most authoritative accounts, the Indians are the most numerous, and have as yet never seen a missionary of any denomination. The zeal of the English Protestant ministers is very great. Last year five of these missionaries went up the Yukon to open a school for the Indians. We may state here that for many years an old minister has lived on the shores of one of the tributaries of the Yukon. Fr. Tosi has met this gentleman, and says that he is for the Protestant missions of Alaska what Fr. Joset is for the Catholic mission of the Rocky Mountains. His zeal for the conversion of these Indians is so great that, without ever relenting, he undergoes the greatest hardships and difficulties. Fr. Robaut has taken up his abode amongst the Indians who were to be visited last fall by the Archbishop, and he is all alone. Let us pray to the Almighty that he may take this good Father under his protection, who very probably will have to remain in his present solitary position until next spring; however, all possible measures have been taken that Fr. Tosi and his companions—Fr. Ragaru and Br. Giordano, S. J.—may reach him before winter sets in. They left Victoria on August 9th, 1887. In consequence of the dangers that would follow from delay, Fr. Tosi thinks that serious steps ought to be taken to open those missions at once, and he is also of the opinion that at each station there should be at least two Fathers and one brother. In the region where these first stations should be established there are more than 15,000 Indians anxious to put themselves under the care of Catholic priests. But if the number of missionaries necessary could not be supplied at present, then there should be, for the moment, one Father with a brother at each station. Even during winter, communication might be had between these several stations. The two which are the farthest apart are about 300 miles from each other. The trip could be made with facility, there being all along the way, at a distance of from fifteen to thirty miles, Indian villages. But the distance between all the other stations would be from 100 to 200 miles. Of those stations, all accessible either by the river or by the sea, four would be in the interior, on the banks of the Yukon, and three near the sea-coast.

These Indians speak two languages entirely distinct from each other; one of these is spoken by those living in the interior, the other by those living near the coast. Besides

these, there are several dialects, more or less different from the mother language. The coast Indians are Esquimaux, and all these, to the number of several thousands, gather together in summer for the purpose of fishing, which circumstance would offer to the Fathers a good opportunity to work for their conversion. In general, these Indians may be said to be of a very pacific disposition, like the Indians of the Rocky Mountains, there being no danger at all to go and live among them. They are very intelligent and well disposed to be instructed in religion, which assertion can be proved by the conversion to Protestantism of many thousands of them. Those of the Indians who had the happiness of making the acquaintance of Archbishop Seghers, respected, honored and loved him very much, and whenever any of them happened to meet him they would say that they preferred the Catholic Bishop to any other teacher.

From this we may infer of how great importance it is that the place left by our lamented Archbishop be as soon as possible filled by another, in order that the Indians may know that if they have lost a good friend and father in the Archbishop, they have found another with a spirit like his and who like him desires nothing more than to make them know God and the religion that leads to him. One of the principal motives of the hope we cherish, of their easy and speedy conversion, is the absence of that detestable plague, polygamy, which is and always has been the greatest obstacle to the conversion of the Indians of the Rocky Mountains. It seems that the fact of this exceptional continency among those Indians must be ascribed to a peculiar custom generally observed among them. When their children have come to the use of reason, their parents make an agreement by which they are betrothed to each other. From the time of this betrothal, the children are obliged to help each other as if married already, although they continue to live each in his or her respective family. For instance, whenever the boy goes fishing, he has to give part of his fish to his future wife, and so in all other things. On the other hand, the girl is obliged to mend the boy's clothes, to dry them when they are wet, and to prepare his meals whenever necessary. In this way they grow up loving each other from their tenderest years. When they have come to a riper age, they go and live together, continuing all the while to love each other so exclusively that the same affection for other persons never arises to interfere. This custom, says Fr. Tosi, not only keeps polygamy far away, but even renders any breach of conjugal faith very difficult; and what is more

wonderful, without any religious teaching, their morals are in general very good.

We must not judge, however, from this that the missionaries will have no difficulties to surmount. One very great obstacle will be the superstitions or practice of Indian medicine, probably even of magic arts. It is evident that these Indians will not give up so easily such practices, which are of so high repute among them, that anyone who is versed therein is considered by the tribe a wise and powerful man. Let us hope that the all-powerful grace of the Almighty will overcome all these obstacles. Let us pray that the Lord of the harvest, may send laborers into this uncultivated part of his vineyard. A grand opportunity is now open to secure to Holy Church the charge of these numerous tribes. To do this, however, requires immediate action, or the enemy will creep in and sow the cockle in this virgin soil, as he has already done on the southwest coast of Alaska; and if so, the cockle will take such firm root as to require years of endeavor to eradicate it, if possible even then. The many Indians visited by the now martyred Archbishop and his companions, appealed to him in the most urgent and piteous manner to have the Fathers stay with them and teach them the way to heaven. Shall their appeal be in vain? Shall the labors of the Apostle of Alaska be now lost after having shed his blood to water that promising soil? This is the question now to be considered by all Catholics who have the welfare of souls at heart and desire to raise a monument to the memory of one of the greatest Apostles of Holy Church.

Some miners, lately returned from the Yukon mines, report that about the 1st of September they met Father Tosi and his companions, Fr. Ragaru and Br. Giordano, in their canvas boat, entering the Lewis River. One of the miners, named Kart, knew Fr. Tosi and wanted him to stop; but as the wind was fair, the Father said that he was in a hurry. They had already passed the dangerous places, and the rest of the river is very straight and safe. They had in their boat a miner who was short of provisions; and two other boats were in advance of them. They will be on the Yukon river, long before the small steamer which they hoped to catch; and, from what the miners said, in five days they will reach the store on the Yukon. There had been, as yet, no rain there. The miners spoke highly of Fr. Tosi who helped them in their sickness last winter. From the above information there is good hope that the missionary band will meet

Fr. Robaut before the winter sets in and renders travelling impossible.

The following is taken from a letter of Fr. Robaut written to Very Rev. Fr. Jonckau, Administrator of Vancouver Island, from his lonely post at Anvick, on the Yukon, Alaska, July 31st, 1887.

*Extract from a letter of Fr. Robaut.*

ANVICK, ON THE YUKON, ALASKA TY.,  
July 31st, 1887.

*Rev. and dear Father Jonckau,*  
P. C.

.....

I must now tell you what has occurred since Fr. Tosi left St. Michael's for San Francisco on the *Dora*. We had expected that either the *Dora* or the *St. Paul* would have taken the body of the Archbishop to San Francisco; but neither of the Captains would consent to it. Then I was confident that Capt. Healy of the revenue cutter, which was expected every day, being himself a Catholic, would surely do it. But even Capt. Healy, though most willing to do any thing he could, said it was not in his power to do it; for, according to the law, a permit from the government must first be obtained. The only way left me then was to bury temporarily the remains of the Archbishop at St. Michael's. As soon therefore as I received this answer from Capt. Healy, I made arrangements for the burial. I chose a corner of the Russian graveyard about 200 yds. from the post, just over the sea, as being the driest place. After the grave had been dug, six white men who happened to be at St. Michael's, carried the coffin to the graveyard. Among those who accompanied the sorrowful procession, were two Presbyterian ministers. On arriving at the grave, I recited the prayers for the dead over the remains of the Archbishop, and blessed the grave. Mr. Romano made, at my suggestion, a large cross to be put over the grave, which will be surrounded by a fence, with a short inscription containing His Lordship's name and titles in Latin, engraved in Roman characters. Now a word about the murderer, Mr. Fuller. At length, on the 6th of July, the long wished-for Capt. Healy arrived. The vessel had scarcely anchored (about three or four miles from shore), when a large steamboat was seen coming towards the post. When it touched land, we per-

ceived that it contained Capt. Healy, an officer and, I believe, ten soldiers in their naval uniform and with swords.

Capt. Healy came ashore and shook hands with us, while the ten soldiers, falling in line, two by two, headed by the officer, came up in true military style. Having arrived at the place where we were standing, the officer, who was at the same time Marshal, inquired of the agent where the murderer was. The tent having been pointed out to him, he led his soldiers to it. He then arrested Fuller in the name of the United States, tied his hands, and marched him off to the vessel.

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## GALVESTON, TEXAS.

*Letter from Fr. John B. Quinlan.*

REV. DEAR FATHER,  
P. C.

Like to one who had long and earnestly gazed on a work of art and watched it growing in beauty beneath the hand of the artist, until its image became indelibly impressed on the mind, thus have I contemplated our work at Galveston daily growing into stately and solid beauty until, although now absent, its image has become ineffaceably stamped on my soul. A triennium of labor, blessed by God, is to-day completed in the University of St. Mary,—in the parish of the Sacred Heart in Galveston.

At our coming, it is true, we found, through the labors of others, the nucleus of our parish in faithful souls chosen of God; yet we could truly say in the words of Wisdom: 'All things are mingled together, blood, murder, theft and dissimulation, corruption and untruthfulness; forgetfulness of God, defiling of souls, disorder in marriage, and the irregularity of adultery and uncleanness.' During the past three years, many and great things have been done to remedy this. Among others I mention numerous baptisms, many of adults and converts;—six children of one family stood together one day at the baptismal font. Our Sunday-school is attended by 200 children. Many adults have been prepared for first Communion and Confirmation.

Five-minute sermons are preached at the 6 and 8 o'clock Sunday Masses besides the sermons at High Mass and vespers. The jubilee, retreats, panegyrics, etc. preached in our

little church, have given us quite a name for zealous and constant preaching. Nor is attraction wanting; our Rector, the Rev. Fr. J. F. O'Connor, is endowed with rare eloquence and the power of winning souls to God. The fruit is indeed abundant and solid; hardened sinners kneel in the confessional and say: 'Father, help me; I had no idea of coming to confession until I heard Father O'Connor's sermon.' Men outside of the Church come in and mingle their tears of joy with the regenerating waters of baptism. In successive courses of lectures, Fr. O'Connor has explained in clear and glowing language, the Creed, Christian Marriage, the Names of Our Lord, etc. while his incisive pen has made the Spirit of Unbelief writhe in anguish, and cease his blasphemies in the local press. Nor has his zeal been limited to the Island City. It has extended through all Texas, from gulf to Pan Handle.

It is consoling to see the children of the parish advancing like their Divine Model 'in wisdom and age and grace with God and men.' About one hundred and fifty have already made their first Communion and received Confirmation. Their confessions are frequent and they spread through the parish and beyond it, the good odor of Christ.

The University of St. Mary has passed from hand to hand since its foundation Dec. 8th, 1852. Eight times had its directors been changed until finally, on the 21st of June, 1884, it pleased God to hand it over to the Society of Jesus, by the hands of the Rt. Rev. N. Gallagher, Bishop of Galveston. Pious souls prayed for our coming, and they believe that their prayers have been heard. The college has had each year about one hundred day-scholars. Tuition, \$4.00 and \$6.00 a month. We found education very much neglected, but it is gradually creeping up to our standard.

The parish numbers about 1,600 Catholics. The University buildings, containing our little church, stand in the midst of our people, so that the limits of our parish can be reached on all sides in less than fifteen minutes.

A new church, however, is necessary; and the Rector has already begun the work; pray that God may bless his efforts and the good will of those who labor with him. Even greater success, I trust, is in store for us here in the near future, for Galveston is the key to the grand and developing State of Texas, where there will be found many souls ready to embrace the sweet yoke of Christ.

## ECUADOR.

*Extract of a letter from the College of the Immaculate  
Conception, Pifo.*

May 25th, 1887.

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Pifo is a little village situated about fifteen miles from Quito, on the eastern slope of the Andes, and on the outskirts of the missions of Marañon. Our college of the Immaculate Conception was opened in 1880; and, almost immediately, furnished an asylum to our scholastics and to the poor exiles of Nicaragua (1881). At present, we have a Novitiate, a Juniorate and a Scholasticate for those who study philosophy; all exactly as in Europe. This is, I believe, our first house of the kind in S. America, since the restoration of the Society.

The climate is very favorable for study. It is neither too cold nor too warm, since we are nearly 9,000 ft. above the level of the sea. We have flowers and sunshine and fresh air all the year round; and, were it not for the strong winds and prolonged rains in winter, we could not distinguish one season from another. Serious illness is almost entirely unknown; so much so that we have no infirmary; nay more, a great many Spanish Fathers and brothers are cured here of lung diseases. So you see, we enjoy great advantages; and being far from the world we can more easily apply ourselves to the study of virtue and science. In our recreations we have for a villa the immense green prairies, where we all spend our vacation much the same as you do at Woodstock, with this exception only, that we can here wear our cassocks outdoors without the least fear; for the people are religious and well disposed towards us.

Our mission, which is a part of the Spanish province of Toledo, includes the three republics of Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia. The college of La Paz is quite flourishing, but that of Lima had to be closed last August, owing to the fury of the masonic lodges. It is feared that before the end of the year we shall be expelled from the republic of Peru. The college at Quito is national; and it numbers, counting both boarders and day-scholars, from three to four hundred

pupils. It is here, undoubtedly, that our Fathers labor with the greatest zeal and freedom. Truly consoling is the part which God has reserved for us in the work of saving souls. Judge for yourself from the following facts which have been transmitted to us from the college in Quito: 'The day of the Annunciation was for us a really beautiful feast. On that day we were urged on, by eloquence in many ways, to love the Blessed Virgin, and to become useful members of our Church and our country. In the morning, Fr. Cordoba, the director of the sodality, assembled the boarders and day-scholars in the college chapel, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. Then he received the consecration of the approved candidates, gave them Holy Communion, and after some beautiful hymns, appointed the hour of meeting in the evening. At 5 o'clock, all the candidates were again assembled in the chapel. The retiring prefect and the newly elected prefect made pious speeches, exhorting their companions to love of Mary. Their words made a deep impression on the young auditors and served as a powerful incentive to greater fidelity in their duties as sodalists.

On the 23rd of April, three of our Fathers began a mission for the people. They preached successively at the Cathedral and at our own church, so that all might profit by it. On the 27th, Fr. Proaño gave the exercises of St. Ignatius to the men, *caballeros*. They attended in great numbers. The meetings were held in the court house, where a little altar had been erected, so that Mass could be said there. On the second day, the President of the republic, Señor D. Placido Caamaño, was among the auditors; and he was one of the most faithful and most devout. He remarked at the end of the retreat, to one of his ministers: 'This Jesuit Father preaches like the devil. His eloquence is simply irresistible.'

Many of the University students were also present at this retreat, thanks to an incident which occurred a few days previous. Fr. Proaño had told them, during a visit: 'Your University is godless. We can see here the pictures of Bolivar and of Garcia Moreno, but not a single crucifix to show that this is a Christian institution.' These words touched the heart of the director of the establishment, so that he afterwards exhorted the students to attend the exercises, and appointed prefects for each class to see that none might be absent. On the first of April, twenty-eight young men came to Fr. Cordoba asking for a formal retreat of four hours of meditation each day. They were not obliged to ask a second time; their request was granted at once.

Holy Thursday we led our boys to the Cathedral that they might take part in the general Communion of the men. The distribution lasted nearly three quarters of an hour. After this we accompanied the President, who was preceded by a military escort, in his visit to the various repositories of the city. On Good Friday the exercise of the 'Three Hours' was preached; four of our Fathers preaching at the same time, in different churches, to large audiences and with great fruit.' These are a few facts indicative of what the Society accomplishes here for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

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### ST. INIGO'S VILLA.

This Season at St. Inigo's was in every way a success. The weather was hot but fair; and there were no mishaps of any kind to mar the pleasure. There was less formal effort made to entertain the community, but the spontaneity of whatever was done attained the end much more effectually. Picnics were largely and generally patronized, so much so that some days the home party might be called the 'picknickers.' Superiors were so bountiful in their provisions, and *chefs* were so plentiful and so obliging, that a dinner *al fresco* did not mean a barmacide feast, but rather presaged the need of a good siesta before the homeward row.

The favorite ground of former days was closed to excursions, as Howgate Island has passed into the hands of a Scotchman named Stevens, who now lives there with his family, and, naturally enough, did not wish the intrusion of strangers—especially of aliens to his faith. But the closing of Howgate, led to the discovery of several springs in pleasant places, Cooper's being the most convenient. Gunboat held its own even against Barrel and Tyler. The sunset floating-concerts on Oyster Creek are a delightful feature of villa life.

The Dedication of Fr. Pye Neale's new church of the Holy Face took place on the first Sunday of July. Mr. Powers and a deputation of singers were sent, with no small trouble, to provide the music. The Great Mills are about twelve miles distant by road, and conveyances are not easily had. A schooner had been engaged, but the evening before the great event, the Captain coolly informed Fr. Gaffney that he had changed his mind and accepted another engage-

ment. The only alternative was to ply the oars on a long row. The day was beautiful and visitors came from all parts of the county; some say they numbered six hundred; at all events, it was a very large gathering. The church is a neat little frame building with a pretty belfry, and does credit to the zeal and energy of Fr. Pye Neale, who was delegated by Cardinal Gibbons to dedicate it. Rev. Fr. Provincial sang the High Mass, assisted by Fr. Neale as Deacon and Fr. Tynan as Subdeacon. Mr. Barnum, whose taste and skill had decorated the as yet rough interior of the church, acted as Master of Ceremonies. As the *St. Mary's Beacon* stated, there were singers from England, Spain and France, and it might have added Holland, Germany and Ireland; at least *radicaliter*. Fr. T. Hayes was the preacher. He was supplemented by Rev. Fr. Provincial and Fr. Gaffney. In the afternoon, Fr. Neale recited the rosary and preached in his own simple but effective style. Solemn benediction of the Blessed Sacrament closed the ceremonies of this very eventful day. Rev. Fr. Fulton took advantage of being in the neighborhood to make his official visitation of St. Inigo's and passed a couple of days there.

This year the Fathers and scholastics of Loyola College were invited to enjoy a trip on the *Emma Giles*—a new and swift steamer, modestly called the *Pride of Baltimore*, and no discredit to her native city; and several availed themselves of the invitation. Perhaps to some the pleasantest parts of the vacation are spent on the Chesapeake. These days on the water are a contrast to the trips on the old *Sue*, when scholastics had to lie round the deck or the saloon until 2 o'clock in the morning, when they would reach their destination fagged out and weary. Times have changed and St. Inigo's popularity is steadily waxing.

The Cardinal showed his appreciation of Fr. Gaffney's active interest in colored schools by sending him a check for \$200.00 as his share of the fund raised by the general collection in aid of the Indians and colored people.

## ROME.

*Letter from Fr. Conway.*

UNIVERSITÄTSSTRASSE 8, INNSBRUCK, TYROL.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

As Rome is a city of churches, it is consequently a city of religious festivals; and as its churches outnumber the days of the year, not a day passes without a grand religious function somewhere within or immediately without the sacred walls. A feast begins usually on the vigil with pontifical vespers and terminates with second vespers on the afternoon of the day itself. This daily change prevents any thing like monotony in a student's life in Rome. Although each of these special feasts ranks as first class, yet even in this supreme rank there are grades, and four there are that may be pre-eminently called great feasts—to wit, the feast of St. Aloysius, that of SS. Peter and Paul, St. Ignatius, and St. Philip Neri, the second apostle of Rome, as he is called.

The body of St. Aloysius rests under the altar, dedicated to him, in the church of St. Ignatius. This church is very large, ranking in size after the great basilicas. If memory serves me rightly I should say that it is nearly as large as St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York; however I give this estimate with some hesitation, and subject to all necessary correction and apology. It was formerly the collegiate church of the Roman College adjoining, and on top of it is the observatory made famous by Fr. Secchi's science and labor. Within, it looks bare and dreary, for it still remains in the unfinished state in which the suppression of the Society found it. At that time all the marbles and precious stones had been collected for its interior adornment, but the brief of suppression came, the work was suspended and the marbles used elsewhere—principally in adorning the interior of the sacristy of St. Peter's and of St. Antony's, from which we can judge how magnificent St. Ignatius' would have been, if circumstances had permitted its completion. Like most of the Roman churches it is cruciform, the arm of the cross on the Epistle side being the chapel of St. Aloysius, and the arm opposite, the chapel of the Annunciation where reposes the sacred dust of Blessed Berchmans.

After his canonization this chapel may possibly be dedicated to him. It is historically true, I believe, that Blessed Berchmans was present in the church when the remains of St. Aloysius were transferred with solemn rite to the chapel then newly dedicated to him; and tradition says that he stood, with the other scholastics of the Roman College in that very chapel where now his blessed body rests, the object of equal honor and veneration with that of the saintly Gonzaga.

The altar-piece over the altar of St. Aloysius, consists of a marble group, seemingly sculptured out of the wall. All the figures are more than life-size; and it represents St. Aloysius being borne into heaven by many angels, while above, the Eternal Father and the Blessed Virgin are waiting to receive him. Beneath the altar is an immense and beautiful urn of *lapis lazuli* richly ornamented with bronze and silver; this contains the *ossa et cineres* of the Saint. In front of this urn is a large plate of crystal, which is removed during the octave of the feast. The remains of Blessed Berchmans, under the opposite altar, are enclosed in an urn the exact counterpart of this. The immediate preparation for the feast was a triduum with sermon and benediction each evening; and on the morning of the vigil the students of the Gregorian University, in accordance with an old tradition, assisted at the panegyric delivered by the venerable Fr. Nannerini, who has devoted his life in a special manner to spreading the devotion of St. Aloysius.

An essential part of a church celebration in Rome is the decoration of the church with red cloth or silk trimmed with gold. This is twined about the pillars or hung in strips along the walls; and it appears very curious and incongruous—very much like painting the lily—to see beautiful marble pillars completely hidden under a mass of very ordinary red bunting, in order to add to the solemnity of the occasion. Yet such is the universal custom observed everywhere from St. Peter's to the domestic chapel; and I have no doubt that like many other inexplicable customs there, for which no one seems able to give a reason, it is the continuation of some very remote tradition, the origin of which has been lost with time and change. Probably it comes from the fact that the first festivals were those of the martyrs who had shed their blood for the faith. It certainly cannot be accounted for on any æsthetic principles, and is, I take it, rather a symbol than an ornament. In accordance with the universal custom, the church of St. Ignatius on the present occasion was draped in red and gold, especially the chapel of St. Aloysius.

Another peculiarity of a Roman church is that no light is used in it except that of oil or candle; indeed I have heard it asserted, though not proved, that any other form of illumination in any part of the church is in direct opposition to canon and rubric. They have not yet reached the gas, and of course still less the electrical, period. Numerous chandeliers, some containing a crown of six, others of eight, others of ten candles, are suspended from the ceiling at short distances from each other. The ropes that hold them work on pulleys so that they can be raised or lowered at pleasure, and arranged into the form of arches and circles and semicircles. The effect is exceedingly beautiful when the church is one blaze of little stars of mellow light. There is one drawback, however, and it is that these Roman candles drip exceedingly and the fervent worshipper, rapt in his devotions and oblivious of all else, is apt to rise from his prayers pretty well waxed and spotted, and with several days of cleansing work in prospect. The first experience is enough, and one learns to mingle his devotion with caution for the future. I think it is no exaggeration to say that over a thousand tapers were burning in the chapel of St. Aloysius alone. I went over to the church at 5.30 A. M. and found it pretty well filled even at that early hour; every altar was engaged, and the people were crowding to receive Communion at the Saint's tomb. The urn was covered with letters directed to the Saint containing petitions for him to deliver personally at the throne of Grace. These letters were enclosed in rich envelopes of silk or satin, with gold and silver embroidery, and the Saint's initial elaborately worked thereon, after the manner of the more precious valentines amongst us. These letters remain there during the entire octave, and are then taken to the church of S. Stefano Rotondo, where on a certain day in the beginning of July, they are publicly burnt with special ritual and great solemnity.

As the altar of St. Aloysius was reserved for Cardinals, Bishops and Monsignori, we who had nothing but the 'customary suit of solemn black' had to be contented with what good luck and the good will of the Master of Ceremonies could do for us. I was fortunate enough to find the altar of St. Joseph free. Before the church of St. Ignatius was built the infirmary of the Roman College occupied its present site, and over the present altar of St. Joseph was the room in which St. Aloysius died. Such at least is the tradition—every spot in Rome is traditional—and I felt just as well satisfied as if I had documentary proof—perhaps better.

Another very singular feature of a church celebration is

the number of venders of pious pictures, prayer books, rosaries, medals, etc., that literally pitch their tents, and erect their booths at the church door, shouting their wares vociferously, and threateningly entreating you to purchase. The steps leading up to the church look like a fair, and one would scarcely be surprised to find merry-go-rounds or a shooting-gallery in some corner. The pictures for sale, it is needless to say, are rich in colours: St. Ignatius in a green cassock, or St. Aloysius with cheeks preternaturally red, clothed in blue, or St. Augustine, in violation of every ecclesiastical regulation, clad in an orange cope over a yellow alb, seated at his desk in full pontificals—mitre, crozier and all—and writing with a steel pen. I am inclined also to think that these salesmen and saleswomen have not as delicate a regard for the truth as the semi-religious nature of their trade would appear to demand. One particularly vigorous young fellow was shouting out without the least apparent apprehension that his statement might be questioned by the incredulous: 'Here is a true and perfect portrait of St. Aloysius—only one cent.' I certainly doubted the assertion, and I had good reason for hoping that it was false. There are about a dozen of these people that travel about from church to church according to the calendar, and they seem to thrive on other people's fervor. The poor beggars too, the blind and the halt, the maimed and the pitiable—every variety of the unfortunate except the dumb—make the same itinerary, begging most earnestly and most eloquently for a pittance. Their petitions are generally in the form of a prayer, in which the name of the Saint whose feast is being celebrated, is prominent. These unfortunates arrange themselves in line on each side of the door, so that all who pass in or out have to run the gauntlet, listening to each one's tale of woe; and invincible ignorance at least will be no excuse there for failing in an act of charity. These poor people have not yet become accustomed to a state of things that makes poverty and deformity almost criminal, and they are remnants of the older times when charity was taught to be more meritorious as a spontaneous act than as a tax obligation.

The Mass at 7.30 was said by Cardinal Mazzella. At this Mass all the students of the Gregorian University went to Holy Communion, together with the hundreds of boys from the Government Lycea that Br. Marchetti has kept together in the Prima Primaria. It was a very impressive spectacle to see these four or five hundred ecclesiastical students from every land under the sun assembled there to honor the youthful Saint who had won his crown by living well the

very life that they were living, in that very place and under identical circumstances; for like them St. Aloysius had been a student of the Gregorian University; and the reflection naturally came to me: suppose Aloysius had followed his father's wishes and had become a powerful local prince, great in the field and welcome at the court, the very name of Gonzaga would long since have been forgotten amongst men, and his whole career summed up in a meaningless *fait*, if indeed that much would have been remembered. But one could not view this spectacle in the Church of St. Ignatius without realising that it is not *fait* but *est*. He is still a living power in the world, not a faded memory, still exercising his influence upon the minds of men, and moulding the hearts of the young to higher things. Strange it seemed that the only one of the Gonzagas remembered for his own sake, was the very one that sought to shun the notice of men in the silence of the cloister. No doubt his sorrowing friends and relatives looked upon it as a great disaster when he threw up his worldly prospects for the religious habit, but of course they could not foresee the greater glory of the resurrection. At 10 A. M. there was pontifical High Mass, and pontifical vespers in the afternoon closed a day not readily forgotten. The great church was thronged from early morning, and over four thousand are said to have received Holy Communion.

In the sacristy is a small but beautiful marble altar; it was the first altar erected to him, and was the gift of his mother on the occasion of her son's beatification. It is evident that St. Aloysius is a favorite saint of the Romans, as St. Lawrence was in earlier times. The crowds at all the Masses, the hundreds that thronged to the Holy Table, the carriages that blocked the entrance, all proved that he held the popular heart. It is explained by the fact, that devotion to him was so much inculcated in the Roman College, in which nearly all the youth of the city was educated, and that, notwithstanding changed circumstances, these pious traditions still live and are transmitted from father to son. I think, too, the fact that St. Aloysius was an Italian, together with his youth and the romance that attaches to his heroic renunciation of fame and fortune, have much to do with his popularity.

From the church a long and laborious spiral staircase leads up to a corridor in the Roman College, in which is the room he occupied while he studied there. Is it a mere coincidence that the very room next to his was in after years the room of Blessed Berchmans? These two rooms of such hallowed memories and so dear to us are now

chapels, and for this reason were not touched by the government when it seized the Roman College. Part of the corridor is walled off so as to separate them from the government schools. The room of St. Aloysius is quite spacious, about twice as large as a student's room at Woodstock; but it must have been a dreary place to live in. The ceiling is not plastered, while the floor, as still customary in Roman houses, is of brick. As there are no stoves in winter you can easily imagine the thrill one experiences when he makes his early exit upon this cold pavement—it is certainly not a thrill of pleasure; and it takes many hours to recover from this early shock. Such at least was my experience, and in fact I have scarcely recovered from it yet—the memory of it haunts me still. Besides, the room of St. Aloysius (as of course that of Blessed Berchmans next door to it) had a northern exposure, and you may perhaps be able to form some idea of what the Saint suffered there in holy patience, especially as we know that he was of a delicate constitution. The chapel is besides a kind of pious museum containing numerous relics of the Saint,—letters which he wrote, articles that he used in life, letters which other saints wrote concerning him, notably St. Charles Borromeo and St. Alphonsus Liguori, etc. Here it was that I was brought face to face with the human element in his life, that made me realize fully how after all, he was mere flesh and blood like ourselves—it was the note-book he used as a student of theology. Not even the harmless gunpowder incident upon which preachers and biographers so much insist, could impress me so deeply. It was the touch of nature that makes us all akin. It was encouraging, since it offered reason for hope that we too might one day have a perfect clearing up of all our doubts without the artificial and uncertain aid of a syllogism. This note-book is evidently the *liber papyraceus* into which the lecture was transferred according to rule. It is written neatly and carefully without blot or correction; the hand is a delicate one, but the penmanship can hardly be called good. Indeed after having seen many saints' manuscripts, it was some consolation for me to draw the general conclusion that as a rule they were not expert penmen, and that there is no necessary connection between holiness of life and good writing. It may be well to emphasize this fact for the solace of the struggling many. St. Aloysius had his theses and propositions carefully marked off, while conspicuous marginal notes call attention to difficulties with their solution and explanations. It looks very human indeed, to see that even he with all his ecstatic fervor faced the same difficulties

that we have to encounter, and wrestled with them just like ourselves.

The next great feast chronologically, though of course first in dignity, was that of SS. Peter and Paul. St. Aloysius' might be described as a devotional festival, June the 29th, as one of devout patriotism; it is a kind of religious Fourth of July without fire-crackers, or any other disagreeable symptoms of national enthusiasm. It was celebrated with greater splendor when the Pope still ruled from the Vatican, but even yet some of the old fervor remains. Many of the houses in the neighborhood of the Vatican were decorated for the occasion. Although there was a large crowd at the Mass in the morning, it was small in comparison with the multitude that thronged thither in the afternoon to the grand vespers. On leaving our house, the city seemed to be deserted; not a carriage was to be seen anywhere, and the narrow streets looked as deserted as the streets of Pompeii. But as we neared the direction of St. Peter's the whole city seemed to be going to the basilica. The bridge of the Castel S. Angelo is ever a difficult one to cross, on account of its narrowness and the great traffic that is now carried on between both parts of the city; but on this occasion it seemed to be almost impassable. A long string of carriages extended on both sides of the bridge as far as the eye could see, while half a dozen policemen were kept busy ordering men and carriages. After much difficulty we managed to cross the bridge, and slowly and cautiously picked our steps thence to St. Peter's, for a Roman charioteer has very little regard for a foot passenger. The great piazza of St. Peter's looked like an immense ant hill black with moving figures, while the thunder of cabs and coaches made conversation impossible. I had often visited St. Peter's before, but had never realized its great size until now. The crowd fairly poured into the church in a continuous stream, elbowing and pushing, and yet, once within, it seemed to be lost; there was plenty of room to move about with ease. It seemed to me that it could never be filled. The church was as usual draped in the essential red and gold, and two choirs of men were engaged in singing vespers. For in accordance with the Apostle's injunction, women have no *official* voice in a Roman church. Each of the Great Basilicas has what is called a Papal altar, at which the Pope only officiates. Since 1870 these altars have not been used except on one or two extraordinary occasions, when by special dispensation, some high dignitary has represented His Holiness. The Altar of the Confession, as it is called, is the Papal altar. On great solemnities a temporary altar is erected near it, at

which the services are performed. Beneath is the crypt of the old basilica which stood here before the present St. Peter's was built; it is opened once a year to the public and illuminated on this day; here may be seen one after another the simple tombs of a long line of Pontiffs from St. Linus, the immediate successor of St. Peter. On this day, too, the statue of St. Peter, so familiar to us in its copies, presents a rather odd spectacle. It is decked in sacred vestments of great richness and splendor. Upon the bronze head is an enormous tiara brilliant with jewels and precious stones, a magnificent gold chain around the neck holds a splendid pectoral cross; a red silk cape, richly and elaborately ornamented with gold and silver, envelops the figure; while a great sapphire ring, encircling the two fingers held out in benediction, sparkles with diamonds. This is the well known statue, the right foot of which is continually worn away by the kisses of the devout; it had to be periodically renewed. An interminable stream of people was passing before it, all day apparently, so that muscle was as necessary as piety on the present occasion to testify one's reverence for the Prince of the Apostles. It was difficult to believe that these apparently precious stones which adorn the vestments of the statue, were any thing more than imitations, but I saw them a few days later in the Treasury of St. Peter's and was convinced that they are all genuine. During the octave, the Mamertine Prison on the Capitoline is opened and illuminated. Here it was that the two Apostles were detained previous to their execution. It would be difficult to imagine a dungeon more horrible. It consists of two underground chambers one over the other. The lower one which is the real prison, had originally no communication with the upper save by a hole in the ceiling, still to be seen, about wide enough for a man to pass through; by a rope the unfortunate prisoner was let down into the foul den beneath, dark and damp and terrible, as Sallust has described it. Both chambers are now oratories. Fortunately it is not now necessary to be let down by means of a rope, as a narrow stairway connects the upper with the lower chamber or oratory. In the latter there is a delicious spring of water, called into existence, according to the pious tradition, by St. Peter when he needed water to baptize some of his fellow prisoners. Under the church of Sta. Maria in Via Lata, there is a similar spring produced by St. Paul under like circumstances during the time of his first imprisonment.

The last great feast which we witnessed in Rome was that of Our Holy Father, St. Ignatius, in the Gesù where his body is kept. The Gesù is not a very large church,

comparatively speaking, yet it is one of the most devotional and most frequented, as it certainly is one of the handsomest in that city of splendid churches. The altar of St. Ignatius, on the Gospel side, is a work of wonderful magnificence. The Romans have a saying that Rome possesses the greatest church, the grandest chapel, and the finest altar in the world. The church of course is St. Peter's, the chapel is the Cappella Borghese in St. Mary Major, while the altar so distinguished is that of St. Ignatius in the Gesù. Over the altar is a very ordinary picture of St. Ignatius which is removed on great festivals, revealing a colossal statue of the Saint in his sacred vestments with his arms uplifted to heaven. It seems to be of silver, but I am told that the head only is of that metal. It is a replica of a silver statue which was stolen during the French occupation, when so many sacred places were plundered—not excepting the Vatican itself. The urn or coffin containing the Saint's body is of bronze and silver. One of the ornaments of this altar is a globe of *lapis lazuli* said to be the largest single piece of that precious stone in existence. The Masses began on the morning of the feast at a very early hour. Cardinal Mazzella said Mass at the altar of St. Ignatius at 5 A. M. and many other purpled dignitaries followed him, amongst whom I saw Cardinals Zigliara and Monaco de la Valetta. The latter is one of the most distinguished members of the Sacred College, and a man held in the highest esteem. He is a devoted friend of the Society, and was much attached to our late V. Rev. Fr. General and to Cardinal Franzelin.

I may be allowed a digression to relate an edifying anecdote concerning Cardinal Monaco de la Valetta. He is one of the six suburban Cardinal-Bishops, being the titular of Albano. A couple of months ago one of our Fathers happened to be in Albano giving a retreat to the clergy of the diocese, and one morning he found himself vested for Mass without a server. The Cardinal happened to be kneeling at the altar making his thanksgiving, but he instantly rose and insisted upon serving the Mass himself. The Cardinal Vicar, another distinguished ecclesiastic and devout prelate, never lets an opportunity pass without showing his good will to us. On the morning of the 31st, he said Mass in the room of St. Ignatius, and ordained at the same time a couple of students to the priesthood. The rooms of our Holy Father were three in number—if indeed one can be called a room, for in reality it is merely a passage-way connecting the two other rooms; so we shall merely consider two of them. One seems to have been both sitting and sleeping-room, while the other was an oratory in which he used to say

Mass and hold communion with God. It needs not the numerous relics of the Saint, and of others of our saints and beatified which are exposed here, to make the room inexpressibly dear to a child of the Society. It is holy ground, and one walks therein with awe, passing through the same doors through which the Saint had so often passed in life, and gazing upon the same objects which must have been so familiar to him. The rooms are low and gloomy and smaller than those of St. Aloysius and Blessed Berchmans in the Roman College; they are also very dark, since, in both cases, the small window is off in a corner. The window of the oratory opens on to a little porch, just the width of the window itself; and here it was that St. Ignatius loved to sit for hours gazing up into the beautiful Italian sky, and meditating upon the glory that is beyond it. The spot where he knelt when he had that ecstatic vision of the Trinity is marked in another corner of the room. Here too is a very interesting relic in the form of a wooden figure, representing the exact height of the Saint and clothed in the identical vestments in which he used to say Mass. Even the slippers and biretta are those which belonged to him in life. His sitting-room is also rich in sacred memories, many of which are recorded in mural inscriptions. At that altar St. Charles Borromeo said his second Mass; hither St. Philip Neri used frequently to come to hold pious converse with St. Ignatius himself; here knelt St. Francis de Sales and St. Alphonsus di Liguori; here, too, St. Francis Borgia was received into the Society, and it was in this very room that he, in after years, received the foot-sore boy pilgrim from Poland, whose name and fame were to be immortal in the annals of the Church. It is easy to imagine with what divine fervor St. Aloysius, St. Stanislaus, Bl. Berchmans, and numerous other holy members of the Society, used to visit this sacred spot and pray before this hallowed shrine. I believe that St. Francis Borgia and Fr. Laynez occupied this room during their generalship; but every other glory is eclipsed in the splendor of its first occupant. It is mentioned in the Guide Books as a point of interest, and many English and American Protestants visit it.

It had been an old custom for the Abbot of the Benedictines of St. Paul's *fuori le mura* to dine in the Professed House on the feast of St. Ignatius while our V. Rev. Fr. General reciprocated on the feast of St. Benedict. Since the curia has been in Fiesole there has been an interruption of this custom on the side of Fr. General, but the Benedictine Abbot still comes to show his good will, not of course to

the Professed House, which is now a barrack, but to its substitute, the Palazzo Borromeo; and when Fr. Beckx returned to Rome after laying down the burthen of office, he never failed to pay his annual visit to the great monastery of St. Paul's on the feast of St. Benedict.

The last of the great feasts was about our last day in Rome, and it was a relief to get out of the city, which two months of great and constant heat had made almost unbearable. Fortunately there were no Fahrenheit thermometers, for the knowledge of the exact state of things might have intensified our sufferings; 35° or 37° Centigrade looked innocent enough, and both means and inclination were wanting to raise it to the more intolerable Fahrenheit standard. As we suffered more from the cold in winter here than at home, so too, we found the heat in summer more trying. The cold is felt so much because, little as it is, there is no precaution against it. The heat too is more intolerable, for windows have to be closed from sunset to sunrise, and negligence on this point may result very seriously. Through the kindness of Cardinal Mazzella, to whom we are indebted for many favors during our stay in Rome we received the honor of an audience with His Holiness before leaving. He spoke affectionately of the Church in the United States and praised the labors of the Society there, exhorting us to follow in the footsteps of our worthy predecessors. He gave us his hand to kiss and blessed us, placing his hand upon our heads. To our request that he would deign to bless the Province and all its colleges and houses, he cheerfully acquiesced. Then he stretched forth his right foot and told us to kiss it which we did with becoming fervor. He is more aged than his pictures represent him to be; he is very spare, a mere shadow, but by no means as dark in complexion as one would judge from his photographs; he stoops slightly, but a close view dispels the idea of feebleness received from seeing him at a distance. Although his hand shakes almost as one palsied, yet his voice is firm and strong, very deep and very nasal, and his eye is bright and indicative of mental vigor. His manner is kind and condescending, but it is the condescension of one who is conscious of the great dignity he bears.

The next morning we left Rome, and it was pleasant, a few days after having suffered so much from the heat of the eternal city, to be gazing upon great fields of snow crowning the Alps around us here in Innsbruck, and tempering pleasantly the surrounding atmosphere.

YOURS IN Xt.,

J. A. CONWAY, S. J.

## MACON, GEORGIA.

ST. STANISLAUS', VINEVILLE,  
Feast of St. Michael, 1887.

REVEREND DEAR FATHER,  
P. C.

Macon, the beautiful central city of Georgia, is picturesquely seated on its many wooded hills. Its large and winding river, the Ocmulgee, almost bounds the city on the east; although, beyond the river, East Macon forms a very important suburb, with its factory and villages and farm-houses on the charming eastern heights overlooking the river and the city. The population of Macon is about 35,000, and if the suburbs were taken in, it would be about 40,000. Fully one-half of this number are colored people.

Among these 40,000 souls, there are only a few over 700 Catholics according to census taken by Rev. Fr. Butler, May, 1887; but these make up in a great measure by their fervor what they lack in number. Pray that the Society of Jesus may in a few years be able to reverse these numbers and to say in the spirit of the great St. Gregory Thaumaturgus: Thanks to God! We found only 700 Catholics at our entrance and now all the inhabitants of this city are Catholics, save 700.

Macon is a busy, bustling, joyous little city. It is situated in the very heart of a state unsurpassed for fertility of soil and salubrity of climate. More than a dozen railroads bring life and wealth into it from all points of the compass. It has handsome churches and public buildings. It is famed for its beautiful and extensive park in which the State Fair is soon to be held. Its system of street cars is admirable. Its fire companies are well organized. It is a great cotton market. Its wholesale hardware, drapery, and grocery establishments would do credit to our larger cities. Our two newspapers, *The Macon Telegraph* and *The Macon Evening News*, are excellent journals, and represent Catholic affairs impartially.

The whole community, Catholic and Protestant, are most friendly to the Society of Jesus and glad to see us amongst them. We are firmly settled down here now, and in working order.

The college, formerly Pio Nono, now St. Stanislaus', was founded in 1874 by the Right Rev. W. H. Gross, then Bishop of Savannah, now Archbishop of Portland, Oregon; and chartered with powers to confer degrees on the 24th of February 1876. It was conducted by secular priests, aided by lay professors, under the supervision of the Bishop.

The college is at a half hour's drive from the city to the N. W., a charming route through the most fashionable suburbs, passing by the famous Wesleyan Female College once visited by the celebrated John Wesley in person. St. Stanislaus' College occupies the most beautiful site in or about Macon. It is a five story brick building, standing in the midst of its fifty acres of fertile land, surrounded by its beautiful woods of oak and pine.

The view from the college is one of great beauty and grandeur. To the S. E., the city spires and principal buildings shoot up into the pure atmosphere from the midst of shady avenues of giant elms. The Ocmulgee displays its graceful windings. Wood-crowned heights are seen on every side, dotted with lovely residences, while a cultivated and fertile country spreads all around.

Nor does it bear the name of Vineville in vain. At a short distance from St. Stanislaus' is found the extensive and famous vineyard of Mr. Anthony. He grows fourteen kinds of grapes there, and makes many thousand gallons of wine annually, selling none for less than two or three dollars a gallon. Our land is the same as his, and we, too, will have our vineyard. At present about one-fourth of our land is cultivated and produces corn, vegetables, etc., under the skilful and zealous direction of Fr. Meriwether, who was formerly President of Agricultural Societies in Georgia. Dust and mosquitoes are not found at St. Stanislaus'.

It is Thursday to-day and the feast of St. Michael. The sound of sacred music and the sweet voices of the scholastics swell forth from the chapel; little groups are wandering over the college grounds and beyond. From my window I see our good brothers clearing up the magnificent carriage drive in front of the college, making winding foot-ways and tilling the soil, while our faithful colored man, with his mule and plough, turns over the rich earth. The noise of the brick-layer's trowel and the carpenter's hammer mingle with rural sounds.

Our Rev. Fr. Superior of the Mission, Theo. W. Butler, has performed a good work in bringing the Society to Macon. Amid all that he has done A. M. D. G. this will hold a prominent place. But what a work of preparation! He found the immense pile as lonely as Tennyson's *Deserted*

*House*; yea even buried in debt, a reproach to the Catholic name, and about to pass into the hands of those outside the Church. Our mission paid this debt. Imagine what cleaning up, plastering, painting, carpentering, glazing, buying of furniture and household goods, fitting up study-halls, refectory, dormitories, private rooms, and a now beautiful chapel, with its life-size oil painting of St. Stanislaus, that charms every beholder, and its pictures of our Holy Founder and his sainted children. The work was laborious, for a house was prepared not for a few individuals but for a community that already numbers sixty-five souls;—seven Fathers, fourteen scholastics (juniors), seventeen scholastic novices, twenty coadjutor novices, three professed brothers, and four workmen. May they go on, we pray, increasing in numbers and virtue.

Then to assemble all these here! Florissant sent its detachment. New Orleans, Spring Hill, Galveston, Augusta, Selma, Mobile, had to part with some of their members. Though they tried to arrive quietly and pass unobserved to St. Stanislaus', they were observed and admired. They arrived in small bands of fives and sevens, until finally Fr. Tyrrell arrived like a valiant leader, as he is, with his company of seventeen, enlisted in Spain, France, Belgium and England, to raise the number to the sixties. The *status* is as follows: Rev. J. Brislan, Rector and Master of Novices; Fr. Winkelried, Minister; Fr. W. Power, Professor of juniors (second year); Fr. Stritch, Professor of juniors (1st year). It is pleasant to hear frequently in all parts of the city the sweet name of St. Stanislaus, in the mouth of Jew and gentile, familiar as a household word.

Our coming here bears marks of a special providence of God. Some think that Blessed Berchmans bestowed this favor as a reward for the zeal and labor of the members of our Mission for his canonization; and when the subject was spoken of in presence of our Right Rev. Bishop, he significantly said: 'A few years ago I held in my hand the heart of Blessed Berchmans.'

The Right Rev. Bishop and the clergy of the diocese of Savannah made their retreat this year at St. Stanislaus'. It was conducted by the Rev. Fr. D. McKiniry, President of Spring Hill College, Mobile; and was in every respect a grand success. The priests expressed a desire to have their retreat always at St. Stanislaus'.

Our parish of St. Joseph includes the city of Macon and more than ten miles round about the city. Our present church and residence are situated at the extreme east end of the city, one block from the river. We have purchased

a lot in the very heart of the city on which to build a church and residence. Fr. Quinlan and Fr. Heidenkamp have charge of the parish and dwell at the little residence near the church. On week-days, Masses at 6 and 7 o'clock; on Sundays, Mass and short sermon at 7 o'clock, High Mass and sermon at 10.30 o'clock; in the evening, at 7.30, rosary, vespers, sermon and benediction; Sunday-school and Mass for the children, and a sermon suitable for them at 9 o'clock. About one hundred and twenty children attend. At 4 P. M. Sunday-school for colored children and adults.

Our parish schools are in charge of the Sisters of Mercy. They receive salaries from the Board of Education. We give Religious Instruction to the children during one hour each day. The devotion of the nine First Fridays we found established by the good Sisters, and as many as sixty approached Holy Communion on the first Fridays. The Sisters have also an excellent boarding academy and day-school, Mount De Sales Academy. It is well attended and enjoys a high reputation for science and piety. We have a St. Vincent De Paul Society, and Catholic Knights. We have opened a parochial circulating library which numbers already sixty subscribers and is full of promise for good in the future. We were able to present sixty-seven children and adults to the Bishop for Confirmation.

We have received some adults into the Church, others are preparing. We are now occupied with the establishment of the Apostleship of Prayer, the Sodality of the B. V. M. and the Bona Mors, amongst our people. Fr. W. Power of St. Stanislaus' comes often to preach at St. Joseph's and is highly esteemed by the people as a brilliant and practical exponent of God's word. Pray that we may be fitting instruments for good in the hand of God.

I am Reverend dear Father,

Servus in Xto.,

JOHN B. QUINLAN, S. J.

## COLOMBIA.

*Extract from a letter of Fr. Nicholas Caceres.*

There are at present in Bogota, ten priests, two scholastics and five brothers. Our Fathers are engaged here in giving retreats to clergy and laity. In the Novitiate at Chapinero there are twelve scholastic and two coadjutor novices; postulants are numerous but they cannot be received until the building is enlarged. In the college at Medellin, the capital of Antioquia, there are four Fathers, three scholastics and four brothers. The Rector of this college is Fr. Mario Valenzuela, who is also Superior of the Mission. Fr. R. Tummolo resides here.

The Bishop of Pasto, Mgr. Ignacio Velazco, S. J., is very friendly to our Fathers; he gave them his seminary and brought several Jesuits from Europe, some for his own diocese and some for the Indian mission. This mission is in a place called Caqueta, and the government gives \$2,000.00 every year for its support.

In Panama there are five Jesuits, who teach in the seminary, give missions and visit the sick in the hospitals. They meet with great success especially in the hospital of the canal. The Bishop of Panama, Mgr. Peralta, who was educated in Rome, in the Collegio Pio Americano, is also very generous to our Fathers.

In the missionary band of Colombia there are three Jesuits. Our Fathers are asked for from all parts of the republic, and more colleges could be opened if we had more laborers for this vineyard.

## TWO GOLDEN JUBILEES.

FATHER ISIDORE DAUBRESSE.

The venerable Fr. Daubresse, so well known and so much respected in New York by both clergy and laity, who directed for several years in Canada and New York the first steps in the religious life of so many members of this province, was the recipient, on Sept. 4th, of the congratulations of his many spiritual children and admiring friends. As this is not the place nor this the occasion for writing the life of the venerable Father, so full of interest and edification, we shall quote the notice of the event as published in the October number of the *Xavier*. 'On Sunday, Sept. 4th, Rev. Isidore Daubresse, S. J., was the celebrant of the solemn High Mass of thanksgiving in honor of the 50th anniversary of his elevation to the Priesthood. The Deacon was Rev. P. F. Dealy, S. J., and the Subdeacon, Rev. T. Thiry, S. J. His Grace, Archbishop Corrigan, was present in *Magna Cappa*, assisted by Vicar-General Rev. F. Donnelly and Mgr. Farley as Deacons of honor. Rev. J. J. Murphy, S. J., President of the college, Rev. T. Campbell, S. J., President of Fordham College, Rev. Chas. McDónald, D. D., Rev. Fathers Healy, Powers, Larkin, O'Callaghan, McNamee, and others, were present in the sanctuary. The sermon on the Priesthood was preached by Rev. John F. X. O'Connor, S. J., Vice-President of the college. Among the other guests of the college who were present in the sanctuary were Mr. Joseph O'Donoghue, Lieutenant Webster, U. S. N., Mr. Chas. O'Connor, and Dr. R. Wood. During the day Rev. Father Daubresse received many congratulations from his old pupils, his novices, and those who had been under his spiritual guidance for many years.'

## FATHER JOSEPH WEBER.

On Thursday, the 29th of September, St. Joseph's Church of St. Louis, Mo., was the scene of a beautiful and touching celebration. It was the fiftieth anniversary of the entrance into religion of the Rev. Joseph Weber. We take the following account of the celebration from the *Amerika* of that city :

'At 10 A. M. the Reverend septuagenarian, assisted by Fr. Tschieder S. J., of Chicago, as Deacon, and Fr. De Meester S. J., of Normandy, Mo., as Subdeacon, offered up a solemn High Mass of thanksgiving; Fr. Stuntebeck S. J. of the St. Louis University, acting as Master of Ceremonies. After the Gospel, Fr. Tschieder ascended the pulpit; he chose for his text: 'This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us be glad and rejoice therein,' and in a few words, suited to the occasion, referred to the sacrifices, the sufferings and the joys of a religious life. Many of the Reverend clergy honored the festival with their presence. There were in the sanctuary, besides the Reverend pastors of St. Joseph's Church, many both of the secular and regular clergy.

At the end of Mass, benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given to the people, after which the Reverend celebrant intoned the *Te Deum*. During the day many congratulations were received by letter and telegram. Numerous too and elegant were the remembrances with which his friends honored and delighted the aged priest. Among others may be mentioned that of Fr. Servatius Altmicks, O. S. F., who had sent a beautiful and useful present made by the Indians of Harbor Springs, Mich. Nor did the members of the congregation forget their venerable pastor on this occasion; for, on the day previous, representatives of the married ladies' and young ladies', the married men's and young men's sodalities repaired to his residence to offer their congratulations and tributes of affection. In the evening of the feast, committees of the school and building associations assembled in the parish school-house to tender their beloved pastor suitable addresses and gifts. The evening of this memorable day was crowned by the St. Cecilia choir of St. Joseph's Church, who closed the Jubilee festivities with several beautiful selections and a well rendered *Te Deum*.'

# ENGLISH MARTYRS.

## I. MARTYRS OF THE SOCIETY.

Blessed Edmund Campion, <i>hanged at Tyburn</i> . . . . .	Dec. 1, 1581
“ Alexander Briant “ “ “ . . . . .	“ “ “
“ Thomas Cottam “ “ “ . . . . .	May 30, 1582
“ John Nelson “ “ “ . . . . .	Feb. 3, 1578
“ Thomas Woodhouse “ “ “ . . . . .	Jun. 19, 1573
Venerable John Cornelius “ “ <i>Dorchester</i> . . . . .	Jul. 4, 1594
“ Robert Southwell “ “ <i>Tyburn</i> . . . . .	Feb. 21, 1595
“ Henry Walpole “ “ <i>York</i> . . . . .	Apr. 7, “
“ Roger Filcock “ “ <i>Tyburn</i> . . . . .	Feb. 27, 1601
“ Robert Middleton “ “ <i>Lancaster</i> . . . . .	March “
“ Francis Page “ “ <i>Tyburn</i> . . . . .	Apr. 20, 1602
“ Edward Oldcorne “ “ <i>Worcester</i> . . . . .	“ 7, 1606
“ Ralph Ashley “ “ “ . . . . .	“ “ “
“ Nicholas Owen <i>Racked to death in the tower</i> . . . . .	May 13, “
“ Thomas Garnet <i>hanged at Tyburn</i> . . . . .	Jun. 23, 1608
“ Edward Arrowsmith “ “ <i>Lancaster</i> . . . . .	Aug. 28, 1628
“ Thomas Holland “ “ <i>Tyburn</i> . . . . .	Dec. 12, 1642
“ Ralph Corby “ “ “ . . . . .	Sept. 2, 1644
“ Henry Morse “ “ “ . . . . .	Feb. 1, 1645
“ Brian Cansfield <i>Died from effects of prison</i> . . . . .	Aug. 3, “
“ Peter Wright <i>hanged at Tyburn</i> . . . . .	May 19, 1651
“ Edward Mico <i>Died in Newgate</i> . . . . .	Dec. 3, 1678
“ Thomas Downes “ “ <i>the Gatehouse</i> . . . . .	Dec. 21, “
“ William Ireland <i>Hanged at Tyburn</i> . . . . .	Jan. 24, 1697
“ Thomas Whitbread “ “ “ . . . . .	Jun. 20, “
“ William Harcourt “ “ “ . . . . .	“ “ “
“ John Fenwick “ “ “ . . . . .	“ “ “
“ John Gavan “ “ “ . . . . .	“ “ “
Venerable Anthony Turner, <i>Hanged at Tyburn</i> . . . . .	Jun. 20, 1679
“ Philip Evans “ “ <i>Cardiff</i> . . . . .	Jul. 22, “
“ Charles Baker “ “ <i>Usk</i> . . . . .	Aug. 27, “
“ Fr. Thomas Metham, <i>Died in Wisbech Castle</i> . . . . .	Jun. 1592
“ Henry Garnet, <i>Hanged at St. Paul's churchyard</i> . . . . .	May 3, 1606
“ Richard Bradley, <i>Died in Manchester Gaol</i> . . . . .	Jul. 20, 1645
“ John Felton “ “ <i>prison</i> . . . . .	1646
“ Thomas Jenison “ “ “ . . . . .	Sept. 27, 1679

Venerable William Atkins	<i>died in Stafford Gaol . . . .</i>	<i>Mar. 7, 1681</i>
“ Richard Lacy	“ “ <i>Lincoln</i> “ . . . .	“ <i>II,</i> “
“ Edward Turner	“ “ <i>Gatehouse</i> . . . .	“ <i>19,</i> “
“ William Bentney	“ “ <i>Leicester Gaol</i> . . . .	<i>Off. 13, 1691</i>

II. POSTULANTS, HOSPITES, ETC. OF THE SOCIETY.

1 Beatus, 19 Venerabiles.

III. MARTYRS OF OUR ENGLISH COLLEGE, ROME.

4 Beati, 35 Venerabiles, 4 Dilati.

IV. MARTYRS OF OUR COLLEGE OF VALLADOLID.

23 Venerabiles.

V. MARTYRS OF OUR COLLEGE OF SEVILLE.

7 Venerabiles.

VI. MARTYRS OF ST. OMER'S COLLEGE.

19 Venerabiles, 3 Dilati.

(From the *Letters and Notices* of Roehampton.)

Catalogus Sociorum  
Missionis  
AMERICÆ FÆDERATÆ  
SOCIETATIS JESU  
Ineunte Anno 1808.

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R. P.  
ROBERTUS MOLYNEUX  
SUPERIOR MISSIONIS  
A Die 27 Junii, 1805.

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IN DISTRICTU COLUMBIÆ  
COLLEGIUM GEORGIOPOLITANUM

- R. P. Robertus Molyneux, *Rector a die 1 Octobris, 1806*  
P. Franciscus Neale, *Mag. nov., Præf. eccl. SS. Trinit., Excurr. ad Alexandriam, Novitius*  
P. Antonius Kohlmann, *Soc. mag. nov., Prof. philos., Catech. et conc. in T., Excurr. ad Alexandriam.*  
P. Petrus Epinette, *Prof. theol. et ling. hebr.*

AUDITORES THEOLOGIÆ

*Nov. schol. a die 10 Octobris, 1806*

Benedictus J. Fenwick  
Enoch Fenwick  
Jacobus Spink  
Leonardus Edelen

## AUDITORES PHILOSOPHIÆ

*Nov. schol. ab eodem die*Carolus Bowling, *Doc. in coll.*Gulielmus Queen, *Doc. in coll.*Jacobus Ord, *Doc. in coll.*Michael White, *Doc. ling. lat. et græc. in coll.**A die 10 Octobris, 1807*

Adamus Marshall

Jacobus Redmond

Jacobus Wallace, *Doc. math. in coll.*

Michael Magan

Thomas Kelly

## NOVITI COADJUTORES

*A die 10 Octobris, 1806*

Joannes McElroy

Patritius McLaughlin

*A die 10 Octobris, 1807*

Gualterus Baron

Josephus Mobberly

Laurentius Lynch

*A die 6 Decembris, 1807*

Josephus Marshall

## IN STATU MARYLANDIÆ

## RESIDENTIA AD S. THOMÆ

P. Carolus Neale, *Super., Dirig. Moniales Montis Carmeli*P. Joannes Henry, *Oper., Excurr.*P. Carolus Wouters, *Oper., Excurr.—Nov.*

## RESIDENTIA AD S. IGNATIÏ

P. Sylvester Boarman, *Oper.*

## RESIDENTIA AD NEWTOWN

P. Franciscus Malevé, *Oper.*, *Excurr.*

## IN STATU PENNSYLVANIÆ

## RESIDENTIA PHILADELPHIENSIS

Ad SS. Trinitatis

P. Adamus Britt, *Oper.*

## RESIDENTIA LANCASTRIENSIS

Ad S. Mariæ

P. J. Gulielmus Beschter, *Oper.*, *Excurr.*—*Nox.*

Residentia Conewaginis, Goshenhopenensis, et ad S. Josephi, Philadelphia, in Statu Pennsylvania; et Bohemiensis, Fridericopolitana, Alba Paludana, et ad S. Josephi in comitatu Talbot, in Statu Maryland., propter penuriam Nostrorum, ab aliis sacerdotibus occupantur.

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## OBITUARY.

FATHER JOHN GRENE.

(Communicated by Fr. Matthew Russell.)

Father Grene, from whose notes the foregoing sketch has been drawn up, <sup>(1)</sup> died before the first part appeared in print. He was born on the 26th of October, 1807, the oldest son of an old and widely connected family possessing a considerable estate near Limerick. Like Aloysius and Rudolph in a higher grade, he resigned his patrimony in favor of his younger brother, and entered the noviceship of the Society of Jesus in his nineteenth year. His vocation was not, as so often happens, suggested by his place of education, for he had not graduated at Clongowes but was a pupil of a secular priest, the Rev. Joseph Joy Dean, who for some years kept a school at Blanchardstown (near Dublin) of which he was P. P. This good priest's name is still found on the title-page of a very popular book of Devotions to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which he was the first to edit in Ireland. Father Grene's life as a Jesuit was spent chiefly in the colleges of Clongowes and St. Stanislaus, Tullabeg. He also worked for a short time in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Limerick, and was for some years Socius to the Provincial, the late Father Edmund O'Reilly. Father Grene was a man of singular simplicity of character, of most vivid faith, and a devoted son of the Catholic Church and of the Society of Jesus. When he died on the 4th of February 1887, he was in his eightieth year. He is buried in the beautiful cemetery of Glasnevin, near Dublin. May he rest in peace.

MR. THOMAS BOLAND.

Mr. Boland was born in the year 1857. Brought up in San Francisco, he attended our College of St. Ignatius and graduated with the degree, A. B., in the year 1876. While at college his conduct was exemplary. In the yard he was full of life, but in the class-room, a model of attention. For several years he belonged to the Sanctuary Society, and his companions still remember the influence for good which he constantly exercised over the younger and more light-headed members. After leaving college he studied law for more than a year, but, though his talents were above the average, he gave up that profession, to enter the Society of Jesus. Accordingly, on the 23rd of August 1878, he began his first probation in Santa Clara College.

On his entrance into the novitiate he made up his mind to become a saint, and it is said of him as of so many others who have reached high perfection, that he seldom had to be warned of the same fault twice. Humility and self-abnegation seemed to be his favorite virtues, for he studiously concealed his mental gifts, and appeared desirous to pass for one of little, or no capacity. In his studies this was most apparent. It must not, however, be supposed that he neglected these, for no one was more diligent. He recognised his strict obligation of studying, but he did not consider himself equally obliged to exhibit the knowledge thus laboriously acquired. He studied for God, and to God he left the disposal of himself and all his acquirements and gifts.

He had an excellent gift of oratory. When, however, there was only

<sup>(1)</sup> Cfr. pp. 125-136; and pp. 217-225.

question of preaching in the refectory he would stammer and falter like a child; but when there was any public work of zeal to be done, as for instance, in preaching to the boys, his intense feeling, his flow of language, and his delivery would take one by storm.

He had no wants; we were obliged to watch him to see that he was properly clothed. He had no grievances; whatever happened to him, he received from the hands of God. During the seven years that the writer was with him he never heard an uncharitable word pass his lips, nor any thing in the remotest degree approaching a criticism of superior, professor, equal or inferior. He was constantly suffering in body, yet nothing, but the physical change of complexion caused by disease, betrayed his secret. His observance of rules was most exact; he was never noticed to violate a single one advertently. Nor is this individual testimony; it is that of all those who ever lived with him. Yet this was not the effect of a sluggish temperament; for he had strong passions. Those who knew him as a boy say that he was inclined to be hot-tempered, and he was often seen when more than usually annoyed, betraying all the signs of an interior conflict. His color would change, his fingers play nervously, his lips move as if on the point of uttering some words, but he never failed. In a minute all would be over, and he would be as calm as before. That he keenly felt any injury is evident, for he had a most tender heart. When we were at our studies, we used to visit the public hospital from time to time in order to assist the priest that had charge of the sick, and often have we been astonished at the tenderness and zeal wherewith he would urge some poor wretch to prepare himself for death. Often, too, while reading in the refectory would his feelings get the better of him, as the author recounted some tale of sanctity or devotion above the common. Hence his continual victories over himself could only have been the fruits of heroic virtue.

There is no need to say any thing of his spirit of prayer. He *must* have prayed. No matter what pain he suffered he was never seen to take an easy attitude either in the chapel or the church. What happened in his room, we have no means of telling, but we have seen him come from prayer and the sacraments with a countenance that spoke of more than ordinary peace and joy. Let us therefore pass on to the last days of his life.

In August, 1886, he came to St. Ignatius' College, San Francisco, to teach. His time was fully employed. His class of 1st grammar contained 50 boys; that of 2nd arithmetic, about 40; that of penmanship, the same number; and in Latin and Greek he had about 30. About Christmas-time he began to visit the doctor quite frequently, but what was the matter with him he never told us. His secret was God's, his superiors' and his own. It leaked out, however, when the doctor told one who had accompanied him upon one of his visits, that 'Mr. Boland had chronic heart-disease.' Still he went bravely on. He did not seek to be relieved of a single class, nor of a single community exercise, not even of the daily walk. He went from class to class calmly, as if he was in the most robust health, so that none of us knew that the end was so near. He, however, knew it, for the doctor had told him that he could live but one year at the most, and he was preparing himself for the end. On the 31st of May the vacation began, and on the 10th of June, he went with the other teachers to the villa. At dinner-time on the 12th, the superior noticed that he was not at table, and sent one to call him. The messenger went as he was bid, but on entering the room he found Mr. Boland stretched upon his bed, cold in death. He had died as he had lived a martyr of the hidden life.

This, then, is a brief sketch of an heroic life, of a death sudden, but as all must confess, not unprovided for. We can learn many lessons from his life. Once when speaking to one of the superiors of his apparently excessive self-abnegation, only this reply was received: 'Omnis spiritus laudet Dominum.' It seemed that he was hiding his light under a bushel, that he was actually injuring the service of God by concealing the talents

that had been bestowed upon him; but that God, who ordains the service of angels and saints in a most wonderful order, and who never intended that his servant should glorify him in the active life of our ministry, was ever leading him onward and upward by this way to high perfection in this life, and, we doubt not, has now crowned him with great glory in heaven.—R. I. P.

#### FATHER RENÉ PRIEUR.

Father René Prieur was born in a small town in the department of the Sarthe in France, on July the 22nd, 1853. Having studied for five years in the school of his native place, he entered the seminary, but for a few months. In obedience to a call from on high, he applied to Father de Ponlevoy, then master of novices, for admission into the Society. He was received towards the end of 1874, and from the moment of his entrance till the day of his death, denying himself and taking up his cross generously he was a faithful follower of Jesus.

After a successful course of philosophy at Laval, under the regretted Father Brambring, Fr. Prieur was sent as prefect to the College of Vaugirard. There and in the College of le Mans, in which he taught grammar, the young scholastic remained a novice in fervor. Doing much for God and for his pupils, he never thought of worldly praise or of human rewards; his motto was that of a humble Jesuit: *agere et tacere*.

The practical piety, which had endeared him to his brethren in religion, inflamed his heart with such a love of his divine Master, that in order to follow him more closely among the trials and difficulties of the apostolic life, he asked of his superiors to be sent to the mission of the Rocky Mountains.

Father Prieur was of a delicate constitution though showing no symptoms of disease; and it was the persuasion that the climate of the Indian mission would benefit his health, that decided his superiors to grant his request.

In 1886, after his fourth year of theology, he sailed from Jersey, and on landing in America repaired to Frederick to make his third year of probation and thus equip himself for the work of a missionary of the Society. But our Lord had already accepted the generous sacrifice he had made of his life; after a few days' stay at Frederick, he felt the first symptoms of the malady which was so soon to end his life. A cold, caught during his voyage from Europe and which he had neglected, had settled upon his lungs, and he was soon a confirmed consumptive. The disease made rapid headway, and in seven months completed its work; not, however, before his superiors had done all in their power to save his life.

Sent to the College of Santa Clara, in California, where the winters are mild, Fr. Prieur found here, as at Frederick, much consolation in the charity of the Fathers, but experienced no improvement in health; his recovery was now considered hopeless.

Bearing his sufferings with the most edifying resignation, he calmly and patiently awaited the moment of his departure for heaven. In the early part of May, being strong enough to go to Spokane Falls, he repaired thither, in compliance with the wishes of his superior, Fr. Cataldo, who was still hopeful of his recovery. Fr. Prieur had for his last consolation before dying, the happiness of living a few days among his dear Indians. Towards the end of July he was summoned to enjoy in heaven the presence of that divine Master, whom he had so ardently desired to follow closely on earth. 'Veni sequere me' was the loving invitation which he heard in spirit; he yielded his soul into the hands of his Maker, and the Society had one more protector in heaven.—R. I. P.

## FATHER MAURICE OAKLEY.

On Tuesday, August 9th, at 2.30 p. m. after a long, tedious and trying illness, Father Maurice Oakley breathed his last in the seventy-third year of his age. He was born December 21st, 1814, in Grammont, East Flanders, of a good family, and received a liberal education. He was just finishing his Latin course, at the age of sixteen, when the Belgian revolt against Holland broke out, and at once enrolling himself in a cavalry corps, he joined the army. The war over, he entered the seminary at Ghent where he spent two years. At this time he met the famous Jesuit missionary, Father De Smet, who had gone to Belgium to recruit for the Missouri Mission. At his invitation the young Oakley came to America and entered the novitiate of the Missouri Mission, February 2nd, 1835. After some years of teaching, he prepared himself for the priesthood, and was ordained by Bishop Kenrick of St. Louis, on December 21st 1842. The following summer, being then only in his twenty-ninth year, he was sent as rector, to take charge of St. Charles' College at Grand Coteau, La.; and it was here that he adopted the name of Oakley as the equivalent of the Flemish Van Den Eycken, which his American and Creole friends found a little unwieldy.

Returning to Missouri in 1846, he spent the next ten years in various occupations and duties of college life, as professor of higher mathematics, of Latin and French literature, and directing the choir and musical societies of the students.

In 1856 he was appointed Rector of St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, where he remained four years. Four more years he spent in St. Charles' Mo., and the remaining term of his life was devoted to parochial work in Chicago.

Father Oakley was a man of a naturally vigorous constitution and sanguine temperament; active, bold and fearless. During the last ten years of his life, the heart disease which his great vital energy had so long held at bay, broke his strength and made him a nervous and irritable man. For weeks and even months at a time, he had to sleep as best he could without ever going to bed. To lie down even for a few moments, would cause suffocation. Those who knew how much he suffered, marveled at the man's indomitable vitality, and made ample allowance for what might seem a hasty or querulous temper, but what was in reality the result of overwrought nerves and constant suffering.

Father Oakley loved music with the ardor of a born musician. Up to the last year of his life, wherever he chanced to be, he interested himself in the music of college or church, often trained the choir himself, and gave the first start and encouragement to many a one who later on achieved success as a singer or musician. During the last year, Father Oakley's health was completely broken. The heart refused to perform its functions, the circulation was retarded, the blood became impoverished, and the brain suffered. For some time before the end, his memory failed him and his thoughts were often confused. It was as singular as it was edifying to notice how, in the midst of his wanderings, the instinct of obedience in the old religious, asserted itself. When it was difficult to quiet him or to reassure him against imaginary dangers, one word of the superior was enough.

Worn out by his long and painful sickness, Father Oakley sank to rest on the afternoon of Aug. 9th, his soul fortified with all the rites of the Church and prepared for the reward of the faithful servant. According to the custom of our Society, the funeral was conducted with great simplicity. After the office for the dead, the Rector of the College celebrated a low Mass of requiem, at which a large number of the clergy were present, and then the remains were laid to rest in Calvary Cemetery by the side of his old companions, Fathers Smarius, De Blicke and Lawlor. On the following Thursday, a solemn High Mass of requiem was celebrated in the church, to which his friends and the parishioners generally were invited.—R. I. P.

## FATHER JOHN SCHULTZ.

Fr. John Schultz died at St. Louis University, Aug. 25th, at 8.30 A. M. A protracted indisposition in an old man who had never been sick, a dropsical swelling of the feet and irregular action of the heart, had given warning that a long and useful life was drawing to a close. But the good Father was still able to walk about the house and to hear the confessions of the community. Favorable symptoms even excited hopes that he might soon be able to resume all his former duties. The end came suddenly. On the morning of the day mentioned, whilst the infirmarian was in attendance, the Father suddenly fell from his chair. Help being summoned, Extreme Unction could hardly be administered, before his soul had fled into eternity.

Fr. Schultz was born in Alsace, Feb. 2nd, 1816. Having made his collegiate studies in his native country, he entered the Society in Switzerland, at the age of twenty-one, on Oct. the 9th, 1837. He would have celebrated his golden jubilee this October. In 1848, the year of revolutions in Europe, Fr. Schultz came to America together with forty other Jesuits, among whom was our present Fr. General, A. M. Anderledy. Having been already raised to the subdeaconship before his departure from Europe, he was ordained priest in 1849, in the St. Louis Cathedral, by Most Rev. P. R. Kenrick. His companions on this occasion were our present Father General and the lately deceased Fr. Isidore Boudreaux.

Shortly after his ordination, Fr. Schultz was sent to Kahokia, Ill. During the cholera epidemic, he spent three months in Quincy, Ill. From Kahokia, he was transferred to Rich Fountain, Mo., and not long after to Kansas, where he labored among the Indians, and the French and American settlers. In 1861, Fr. Schultz was appointed Rector of St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, O. He held that position until 1865. The following year he was made Vice-Rector of St. Joseph's College, Bardstow, Ky. In 1870, he was sent to Chicago, where he was stationed for thirteen years. He had various offices, but spent the greater part of his time with Rev. A. Damen on the missions. In 1883, he was appointed spiritual Father of St. Louis University, in which office death overtook him.

Fr. Schultz was a deeply religious man. Strength, endurance and firmness were his characteristic qualities. He labored incessantly, and never complained. His advice was highly valued. As a confessor he had few equals. Fr. Schultz was seventy years old when he died.—R.I.P.

## FATHER THOMAS H. STACK.

(From the *Georgetown College Journal*.)

Died at Boston, Mass., August 30th, Rev. Thomas H. Stack, S. J., president of Boston College, in the forty-third year of his age, the nineteenth of his religious life, and the seventh of his priesthood.

The war-drum had scarcely ceased its echoing beat among the hills of the valley region of Virginia, the last soldier of the old Stonewall Brigade, heart-sick and foot-sore, had hardly found his way back to his wretched home on the Shenandoah, when that large-hearted, devoted priest, who more than once presided over the destinies of Georgetown College, Rev. Bernard A. Maguire, S. J., began in the country laid waste by the ruthless visitations of war, earnest missionary labors in behalf of souls. In the Valley of Virginia, where his impressive, soul-stirring voice then for the first time was making itself heard, the zealous priest found no more attentive, docile listener than a young Confederate soldier, who had borne a brave part in an unsuccessful contest, and had cast down from his weary shoulders the trusty musket to handle thenceforth the implements of peace. Failure of a cause, written as 'lost' on history's page, did not blunt his appreciation of the truth, that there is another

cause that can never be lost, and a contest in which surrender can never be enforced; and when, under the influence of the lessons eloquently set him to learn by the devoted Jesuit missionary, the soldier of Lee felt that a place might be found for him under the leadership of Loyola, he was not slow to accept the service, and on November 2nd, 1866, Thomas H. Stack entered Georgetown College to begin his preparatory studies.

It was then the writer first met him and recognized those singularly winning elements of character which throughout life commended him readily and irresistibly to all who came within the circle of his acquaintance. Modest and diffident he showed himself to be, while attractive and gifted, genial and generous, warm-hearted and of lofty principle, the maturity of manhood just attained resting like a becoming crown on the simple guilelessness of youth.

A leader in college and of college boys, young Stack was in universal demand, and with all he made his influence felt for good, less perhaps by the judicious words which his lips spoke, than by the peerless example he gave of all Christian virtues allied to the manly qualities that had stamped him the brave soldier.

In 1868, Thomas Stack entered the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus, Frederick, Md., and we can sum up his career as a Jesuit, running as it did through nineteen years, by pronouncing it to have been worthy of the great cause which he then espoused, and consonant with the purposes which then filled his heroic soul.

His success in the studies of the Order was marked especially in the line of natural sciences, and consequently and commensurately successful was his work as professor in the several colleges which at different times claimed his service. Gifted with a pleasant voice, possessing an engaging delivery, of a poetic temperament and humorous fancy, he displayed all the qualities necessary in a successful, popular lecturer, while as a practical manipulator in the cabinet and laboratory he ranked among the best.

Not less marked was his success in the study of theology, the years devoted to which finally led him to the crowning glory and privilege of the priesthood. Few priests enter better equipped than Father Stack upon the great and holy work allotted to the minister of God. Of a deeply sympathetic nature, in character meek and humble, like unto the great sacerdotal Prototype, with a heart quick to respond to the call of suffering whether of soul or body, of a tolerant spirit by reason of his early assumption of manhood's duties and his close acquaintance with men of all kinds, impelled by untiring zeal for the conversion of the wandering and the enlightenment of the ignorant, it was to be expected that Father Stack would show forth in his ministerial career the genuine traits of God's holy priest; and this expectation was not unfounded. In the confessional, in the sick-room, at the death-bed, in his personal pleadings with the wayward and sinful, the spirit of Christ found expression and efficacy in the words and exhortations of His priest; and conquests of souls were the frequent reward of Father Stack's devotedness.

In the pulpit his talents and his zeal combined to render him an effective, at times an eloquent, always an instructive, interesting preacher; and though none would seek to claim for him the qualities of a great orator, all who heard him will be prompt to acknowledge that he accomplished by his sermons what simple natural oratory, though of perfect type, often fails to obtain: change of heart, as well as conviction of the intellect. Father Stack's work as a member of Missionary bands proves how well he was fitted for the career which so many members of his Order, from the great Xavier in the East to Smarius and Maguire in our own land have illustrated.

In August of the present year his superiors called him to labors of a new character, and as president of Boston College he was summoned to exercise those administrative qualities which the observant recognized him to possess. This honor weighed heavily upon the heart of the humble priest, and when first it was imposed, all but crushed him. Higher motives and loftier principles of conduct speedily asserted their mastery

over what was purely natural, and Father Stack addressed himself to the task set him with an intelligence and an energy that proved the best results. But his work was accomplished and the end was at hand, though unseen of mortal eye, and its presence wholly unexpected.

Not more than two weeks after his appointment to the presidency of Boston College, an appointment on every side hailed as most auspicious for the welfare of that institution, Father Stack was attacked during the night by cholera morbus, supposed at the time to be of no serious character. It did not, however, yield to ordinary remedies, and was speedily followed by diarrhœa and strong fever. In two days the sick man's strength was well-nigh exhausted, and it was judged prudent to administer to the sufferer the last rites of Holy Church. These he received most piously and reverently, not abandoning the while hope of recovery. That the one chance of life left him might be the better guarded, Father Stack was removed, on August 29th, to Carney Hospital, South Boston, where absence of disturbing noises and the constant assistance of skilled nurses met the patient's need.

God had decreed that the holy priest was not to take up again the burden of life, and in most pious sentiments of resignation, divine love and gratitude for the privilege of death in the Society of Jesus, Father Stack peacefully gave back his soul to his Creator, at 2.30 p. m., August 30, 1887.

It is not the time, nor is this the place to give a comprehensive sketch of the work accomplished by Father Stack in the years of a life that was swiftly cut short when just touching its prime. But if the general sorrow evoked by his death, among the laity and the clergy be any indication of the affection and the esteem that centred upon him, Father Stack's life had not been lived in vain. What it has approved itself to be in the judgment of the Master whom he earnestly strove to serve, we may leave to the infinite mercy of God. Meanwhile for the eternal rest of his immortal soul, many fervent prayers daily seek the throne of God, sent thither from hearts that he had bound to himself in enduring bonds of friendship.

His body rests in the college graveyard on the hillside at Worcester, Mass. His soul, we trust, is with God.—R. I. P.

#### FATHER P. J. KELLY.

(From the *Santa Clara Journal*.)

Fr. Kelly died in Santa Clara College, Cal., on the morning of September 27th. He was born on the 2nd of April 1835, in the County Tipperary, Ireland. At an early age he accompanied his parents and family to America. They first settled in New Orleans, where they lived during the stirring times caused by the Know-Nothings. The death of both parents, and the unhealthiness of the climate of New Orleans induced the family to set out for San Francisco early in the fifties, when the gold fever was at its height.

At that time, the Church in California was in a state of transition from the old Spanish Mission system to the present; and great difficulty was encountered in providing a sufficient number of priests to minister to the spiritual wants of the crowds of new-comers. In 1855, Archbishop Alemany opened a seminary at Mission Dolores, to train some young priests for the work. Patrick Kelly hastened to enter it, but before he could complete the necessary studies it was closed. This led him to the resolve of entering the Society of Jesus, and accordingly, on March 17th, 1858, the feast of his patron St. Patrick, he donned the black serge of the Jesuit in the College of Santa Clara, where he received his first lessons in the religious life from the saintly Fr. Peter De Vos, S. J. Upon his instructor's death, in the succeeding year, he was sent to Frederick City, Maryland, to complete his noviceship and begin the long term of study which falls to the lot of every young Jesuit. Those were days in Mary-

land which tried men's souls; for the Civil War had broken out, and the young Jesuit students lived in daily expectancy of being called from their books and quiet retreat to share in the turmoil. It was not till he had completed his course of Philosophy in Boston Collège, that the welcome word of recall to California reached him. Upon arriving in San Francisco, he devoted himself to teaching in the old College of St. Ignatius on Market Street, which he left, after some years, in order to complete his Theological studies at Santa Clara. He was raised to the Holy Order of priesthood on July 31st 1870, the feast of St. Ignatius Loyola. His ordination took place in the Cathedral of Vancouver, Washington Territory, at the hands of Most Rev. A. M. Blanchet, Archbishop of Oregon, who had been excused by the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX, from attendance at the Vatican Council on account of his advanced age, and who was one of the few Bishops left in the United States at the time.

For the next seven years, Fr. Kelly was engaged as professor in Santa Clara College. It was during this period, on the 2nd of February 1876, the feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin, that he took his last vows. In 1877, he was back again in St. Ignatius' College, San Francisco, where he divided his labors between the church and the school-room. The chaplaincy of the Industrial School and the House of Correction was assigned to him in addition. Those who are acquainted with work of this kind in such institutions, need not be told that it is as uninviting as it is laborious. An incident occurred when he had ceased attending there which shows how thoroughly he won the affection and confidence of the waifs and strays confined in the Industrial School. The Superintendent, wishing to reward them for their extra good behavior, signified his intention to them of granting any reasonable request they should make, if it were in his power to grant it. Much to his surprise, the young rascals simply asked him to get them back 'the little Father' who used to attend the school. Fr. Kelly acquitted himself so well of this charge, that, as he used pleasantly to remark, his superiors judged him worthy of being sent to the State Prison. The 'promotion,' however, was cancelled, in order that he might become the Director of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin attached to St. Ignatius' Church. There again, he threw himself heart and soul into his work, and Almighty God blessed his labor; for, under his management, the sodality increased and flourished in a wonderful manner. He had held that post for three years, when he was removed to San Jose to organize a similar sodality. How much he accomplished during his four years' residence there, it is hard to estimate fully. The poor and afflicted had in him an unfailling friend and consoler; the young and wayward, a fatherly guide and director. Those who knew him best loved him most, and a thrill of sorrow and anxiety ran through the whole community, when word went abroad during the first week of September that Fr. Kelly had been stricken with what seemed to be a stroke of apoplexy. Stroke followed stroke at intervals of a week, until the last and fatal one came on the evening of the 26th, from which he never rallied. He breathed his last in the early hours of the morning of Sept. 27th. His death took place, as has been stated, in Santa Clara College, whither he had been removed a week previously, in hope that the change might benefit him. When the old Spanish bells in the church-tower sent forth their funeral notes on the morning air, every knee was bent, and heartfelt supplications were sent up to heaven for the repose of the soul of the deceased.

The funeral obsequies began at 5.30 on Wednesday morning Sept. 29th in Santa Clara Church, by the recitation, in full choir, of the office of the dead by members of the community; and at 9 o'clock the remains of the deceased were taken to San Jose, where, according to the rule of the Order, a simple Low Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. Nicholas Congiato S. J., Superior General of the Jesuits in California. St. Joseph's Church was crowded to its fullest capacity, and sobs and tears were mingled with the prayers said over the good Father's bier. The funeral procession, as it moved slowly along the Alameda to the burial place of

the members of the Society of Jesus in Santa Clara cemetery, was a long and imposing one and such as has seldom been witnessed here. Those for whom he toiled and labored during life, did not forget him in death, for on the 5th inst., solemn High Masses were celebrated in St. Ignatius' Church in San Francisco, as well as in St. Joseph's, San Jose; at which the members of the respective sodalities, of which he had been director, assisted.

These few meagre details do but scant justice to the holy life of the departed. Fr. Kelly was a great and good man in the best and truest sense of the terms, and his loss has created a void which can scarcely be filled. He set the example of a holy and virtuous life, which, if imitated, will assuage the grief caused by separation from him, by rendering the certainty of a happy reunion with him in a blissful eternity doubly certain.—R. I. P.

#### BERNARD L. WALL, Scholastic Novice.

There are some characters, as there are some flowers, so frail, so delicate, so spiritual in their nature, so sweet in the odor of their virtues that we feel, from our first contact with them, that God will not leave them long to bloom in our world of sin. Such is the picture we have seen of St. Aloysius, such is the idea that has come down of St. Stanislaus, and such in a great measure was the impression of all who knew our departed scholastic novice, Bernard L. Wall. Born April 16th 1808, he died in the home of his parents at Vancouver, Washington Territory, the 22nd of October.

Distance of place and his own reticence have deprived us of any details of his younger days, but the innocence in which they were passed has its best evidence in his absolute ignorance of the world and things worldly. Sent to the College of St. Hyacinthe, Canada, it was there, as he was wont to tell—and in the narration his usually passive features would assume an expression of animation—that his vocation came to him in a manner which he ever regarded as miraculous. He had been to confession, and in the darkness of the college chapel, lighted only by the flickering rays of the sanctuary lamp, he was thanking our Lord for the graces of the Sacrament, and, while reciting the chaplet of the Sacred Heart, was begging before that Seat of Love to know the divine will. Then, without any previous thought of a religious vocation, with little knowledge of us save that St. Aloysius and St. Stanislaus had been Jesuits, he felt himself called to the Society. A letter home brought in answer the consent of his good parents; a letter to his Ordinary obtained the required *exeat*, and his application for admission was soon on its way to Fr. Provincial in New York.

In this letter he states that he has little talent and all that he can offer is good will and a desire of perfection; but the president of the college, through whose hands the letter had to pass, discredited this humble statement by writing that 'he was a young man of great promise.' That this estimation of his talent was true, we soon had occasion to learn. Although he had spent but two years at college, he spoke Latin with more freedom and elegance than many of his fellow-novices who had gone through longer courses. With French he was well and practically acquainted. Greek, by his own admission, was, after spiritual books, his favorite reading. To these gifts he added an excellent knowledge of music and chemistry.

But we must not forget that it is with the spiritual side of his character that we are chiefly concerned. He entered on his first probation Sept. 16th 1885. From the first, he showed great exactness in the observance of rules; but it was during and after the 'great retreat' that his good qualities, his humility, his piety, his modesty, his entire devotion to heavenly things, and his distaste for all that was not spiritual, became conspicuous. All remember how he would kneel for the whole hour of

meditation, every feature recollected, absorbed in prayer, without a motion of his person save a slight heaving of the breast as he poured forth his soul in pious colloquies; and this with only the slight support of his clasped hands resting on the desk before him. Then when obedience, fearing for his health, prescribed that he should kneel no longer than fifteen minutes at a time, all noticed with what promptitude he would 'shoot up,' to use the expressive term of one of his young fellow-novices, from his knees at the expiration of the appointed time. Many remember, too, our first day of intermission; how, when we were talking together and comparing notes on the great week of Purgation, he, in his humility, was most earnest in speaking of the 'terrible load of sin' that he had thrown away; while one, voicing the opinion of all, was whispering that he 'wondered if Carissimus Wall knew what sin was.' Not once during these days did he violate a single *addition*, and the same thing, I think, may be confidently asserted of his observance of rule during his whole noviceship.

The recollectedness of the retreat ever remained, and it was with no little edification that we listened to his self-imposed and undeserved *culpae* for violating the rules of modesty and silence. The same motionless and unsupported posture in prayer which we have already referred to, whether in chapel or at his desk, he ever retained. We cannot say with what graces God rewarded these generous efforts, but one remark of his may throw some light on this point: 'Oh, if we only knew the joy coming from the practice of mortification; how gladly would we embrace it from our very childhood!' In sitting, he rarely rested his back against the chair, and never was he noticed to raise his eyes from his desk to look round the ascetory. Let us omit mention of the hundred little details in which he strove to reproduce traits of character and practices he had read of in the lives of St. Aloysius, St. Stanislaus or Blessed Berchmans, his happiness in the office of sacristan and his many pious plans for rendering more beautiful the dwelling place of Our Lord. One feature, however, must not be passed over in silence; it is his manner of spending recreation. He had no relish for any conversation which was not of heaven. If other subjects were introduced, he remained silent till some turn in the conversation allowed him to insert a spiritual lesson or thought. He had not, it is true, the happy gift we read of in the life of Blessed Berchmans, of imperceptibly directing the conversation to heavenly things, but these were all that his heart cared for, all that he could talk of; and if we, less fervent, like the fellow-novices of St. Aloysius, did not always encourage his efforts, let this confession be our reparation. It was observed, too, when we had free bands—those days when, with greater liberties, conversation is less guarded, and the night examen brings home to the novice the salutary truth that he is not so good and charitable as he had thought—it was his wont to withdraw a little from the crowd, to remain in silence, or to hold converse with the more spiritual of his companions.

Such is the sketch of the active days of his novice life. His virtue was yet to be tried in the crucible of suffering, before, purified from the dross of earth, he would go to receive his reward. Tall and delicate, he had as yet given no positive signs of disease, till, on the 2nd of February, a long walk was followed by a slight fever which, lasting for some days, attracted Fr. Master's attention. He was sent to the infirmary, and there, in continual fever, he was confined to bed until the first week of April. During all this time not one word of complaint escaped his lips. However, it was soon evident that consumption was going to complete the fatal work left undone by the fever. A change of climate was deemed the only chance of recovery; and so, on Aug. 29th, he started, in the company of his father, for Vancouver, W. T. In the event of his recovery he was to go to the novitiate at Santa Clara. Most favorable reports came from time to time of his convalescence, until he was attacked by congestion of the kidneys which resulted in death. On October 10th, he was visited by Fr. Tolchi, who, by permission of the Bishop, said

Mass in the invalid's room. On the 13th, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Gross and Bishops Brondel and Junger called to see him. On Thursday the 20th, he asked if he was going to die, and when the truth was told him, he asked that Fr. Poaps should be sent for. This Father came at midnight. In his presence the dying novice pronounced his vows, and from him received, the following morning, the Holy Viaticum. At a quarter past four in the afternoon, after taking a little nourishment from his father's hand, he reached for his crucifix, and, armed with the emblem of our salvation, expired without a struggle. Bishop Junger celebrated the Mass of requiem and spoke in touching words of his many virtues.

Thus, with his baptismal robe of innocence, as we may believe, untarnished, with the fire of his novice fervor still burning brightly, purified by suffering, our good brother passed away. Two years of noviceship just completed; the vows of the Society still sounding on his lips; and then—the crown! What a glorious preparation for death; what a fit ending for so holy a career! 'His life,' writes his novice master, Fr. Tisdall, 'was a simple fact; he was good, innocent and full of talent; wise beyond his years and promising, but frail in health and ripe for heaven.' — R. I. P.

#### FATHER DANIEL LOWRY.

'Rev. Daniel Lowry, S. J., for the last three years connected with the faculty of the St. Louis University, died yesterday Nov. 1st, at 11.10 A. M., of consumption. He was born in this city May 15th, 1858. After the successful completion of his elementary and classical studies at the 'old college,' he went to the novitiate at Florissant, where, after the customary probation, he was admitted to membership in the Jesuit Order. Thence he was sent East to pursue his higher scientific and philosophical studies. He returned in 1879, and, after teaching for a while in Cincinnati and Mobile, was summoned to St. Louis to prepare for his ordination to the priesthood, which took place January 31st, 1885, at the hands of Archbishop Kenrick. Since then collegiate duties at the University have occupied all of his time. Never remarkable for its soundness, his constitution within the last six months began to give signs of growing weakness. His decline was steady and rapid, but throughout the trials consequent upon it, he never lost courage for a moment or trenced one particle more than was necessary upon the routine of his daily duty.'—*From a St. Louis paper.*

Gifted with a keen intellect, and highly refined taste, Fr. Lowry's was the long, ardent and enthusiastic pursuit of lofty ideals. To realize in his conduct the perfect religious, forgetful of self and considerate of the wants of others, ever watchful and guarded, ever patient and self-restrained, ever moderate and calm in exterior; to store his mind with the choicest thoughts and most noble aspirations of great masters, clad in sweetest phrase; to possess himself perfectly of every subject he studied, of every question in which he was interested, of every phase of the teacher's difficult art, constituted the high aim and the constant endeavor of his life. Was some difficult point of grammar to be explained to his pupils, he considered hours of preparation as well spent, provided by any outlay of time he could make clear the knotty question; was a sermon to be prepared, every word and phrase must be written and committed, every tone and inflection practised, not for vain display, but through respect for the word of God, and keen desire of perfection; was the chance guest to be entertained, from the moment of greeting the stranger his whole soul was occupied in anticipating every wish and making himself an agreeable host. Not that varied exterior duties were naturally agreeable to him; too well he knew the sweetness of solitude, the fascination of deep study, the charm of literary labor; and if he found difficulty in religious life, it was precisely in throwing himself so heartily into exterior toil or even into genial intercourse, when a weak body, a sensitive soul and a keen desire to do nothing, if not perfectly, made such

toil and such intercourse harassing and distressing. To that keen glance, with which he penetrated exterior appearances, was joined the deep interior perception of the soul ever in the presence of the Unseen and All-seeing, a perception which gave his judgment its delicate balance, his task its chiselled exactness, his heart its yearning after invisible beauty, his whole bearing its simplicity, sweetness and moderation. We knew him as a passionate lover of letters, intolerant of the slightest flaw and nice 'usque ad unguem.'

But what shall we say of his interior, that hidden field where stubborn battles are hourly fought, and where victory is so dearly purchased? His conduct ever displayed the same scrupulous care, the same carefully drawn lines, the same harmonious blending of strong and sweet traits, which marked, as far as the exterior can be said to tell the story of the soul, admirable consistency in applying to all the manifold duties of life the principles he so strongly inculcated in the art he loved so well. Unobtrusive and unpretending, he was perhaps known intimately by few; but those who knew him best loved him most, and will long cherish his remembrance as they foster the recollection of some picture of our Saviour, the eye of which at once wounds and probes the soul, then seems to pour a soothing balm into the sore spot it has touched within us. When we lose the picture we realize what a blessing it was to us; how difficult it will be to find another in which the Master has displayed such consummate art.—R. I. P.

#### FATHER JOHN BAPST.

On Friday, November 4th, all that was mortal of Fr. John Bapst was laid to rest in the little cemetery of Woodstock College, in the presence of nearly two hundred of his religious brethren, whose fervent prayers mounted to heaven in his soul's behalf, and whose hearts will ever reverently cherish the memory of this brave confessor of Christ. Fortified by the last rites of the Church, he had passed away to God on the preceding Wednesday afternoon at Mount Hope Retreat near Baltimore, whither he had been conveyed for medical treatment some two years before.

Fr. Bapst's long missionary career is replete with interesting and stirring events; but the short time intervening between his death and this issue of the *LETTERS*, precluded the possibility of preparing a sketch which would at all do justice to the fertile subject presented. All that can be done in the present number, is to take a rapid glance at his truly apostolic life, leaving for the next issue a more detailed account of the various circumstances in which God's providence placed this remarkable man during life.

Fr. John Bapst was born at La Roche, Canton of Fribourg, Switzerland, on December 7th, 1815. He received his classical education at the Jesuit college of Fribourg, and on September 30th 1835, at the close of his collegiate course, entered the Society of Jesus. On the dispersion of the Swiss Province in 1848, Fr. Bapst, already a priest, came to the United States in company with other Jesuits of the same province. They were warmly welcomed by the Provincial of the Maryland Province, who assigned Fr. Bapst as assistant to Fr. James Moore in the Indian mission at Old Town, Maine. In 1851 the mission was transferred to Eastport, in the same state, with Fr. Bapst as Superior. In 1854, the mission of Bangor, Maine, was begun by the same Father, whose pastoral care extended also to the Catholics resident in the town of Ellsworth some thirty miles south-east of Bangor.

In this latter town was laid the scene, in which Fr. Bapst made that noble confession of Catholic faith, which nearly won for him the martyr's palm. While making his usual visitation of this mission, on Saturday, October 14th 1854, he was dragged from the confessional at about 9 o'clock in the evening, and, clad as he was, in his religious habit, with

the stole still around his neck, was hurried to an adjoining field. There he was stripped of his clothing, mounted on a rail, and borne along in mock triumph amid the blasphemous taunts and insults of his brutal aggressors. The rail at length breaking, his tormentors crowned their sacrilegious sport by defiling his sacred person with tar and feathers, and then ordered him to leave the town. This true follower of Jesus Christ, however, behaved not as the hireling, but proved himself the genuine shepherd of his little flock by remaining and offering the Holy Sacrifice for his people, whom he exhorted with heaven-inspired words to Christian patience and forgiveness. That this outrage was inspired by hatred for the true faith, is placed beyond doubt by the open avowals made by the ringleaders, while they were expending upon their innocent victim the full venom of their sectarian hatred.

Fr. Bapst recovered with difficulty from the effects of this ill-treatment, and for many months was confined to his bed. Indeed the noble confessor was in no wise anxious that his life should be prolonged, but earnestly hoped that he might win the palm of martyrdom. God, however, disposed otherwise, and reserved his faithful servant for further sufferings and fresh labors in his vineyard. For five years more Fr. Bapst continued to labor in the missions of Bangor and Ellsworth, and with such increased success that his generous confession seemed, like the blood of the martyrs, to prove indeed 'the seed of Christians.'

In 1859 he removed from Maine, and became spiritual Father at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., whence, in the following year, he went to open the Scholasticate in the new College at Boston, just completed by Fr. John McElroy. In 1863, on the removal of the house of studies, Fr. Bapst was appointed pastor of the Immaculate Conception Church, and in 1864, rector of Boston College, which in that year was first opened for the reception of students with Father Robert Fulton as prefect of studies and schools. This field of his labors still bears witness to the wonderful fruitfulness of his zeal, and the praises of 'dear Father Bapst' are still the theme of many a tongue not alone among the laity, but also among the clergy of Boston, to all of whom he proved himself a constant friend and prudent counsellor.

In 1869 he was appointed Superior of the Mission of New York and Canada. He returned to Boston College in 1873, to fill the office of spiritual Father and confessor in the church. In 1877 he was sent to Providence, R. I., to preside over the lately acquired residence and church in that city. In 1879, his health began to fail, and in that year he was transferred to Boston College to discharge his former office of spiritual Father. Here he began to show signs of that mental infirmity which darkened the last days of his life. In hopes that some benefit might accrue to his health by a change of air, and that the charitable services of the novices might help to lighten the sad affliction under which he labored, his superiors sent him, in 1881, to the novitiate at West Park, N. Y. Here he remained until 1883, going thence to the novitiate at Frederick, Md. In 1885 it was thought advisable to convey him to Mount Hope in order that he might enjoy the benefit of the experienced care of the good Sisters of Charity; and here, after two years' stay, he passed away to his God, with clouded mind it is true, but rich in the merits of the great sacrifice of himself which he had offered to God at the very beginning of his infirmity.

Thus was fitly crowned with humiliation and suffering a career begun amid the ignominy so dear to the true disciples of Christ. Truly Fr. Bapst may be justly esteemed of the number of those chosen ones of whom the Wise Man says: 'As gold in the furnace he hath proved them, and as a victim of the holocaust he hath received them.'—R. I. P.

# Varia.

**Albania.**—European papers of October 21st, contain the following: Two Jesuits, Luigi Lucchini, a priest, and Gennaro Pastore, a scholastic, inmates of the Albanian Pontifical College of Scutari, while taking a walk at the outskirts of the town of Scutari, were, without the slightest provocation, attacked by Mohammedan shepherds. The scholastic was shot dead on the spot, Fr. Lucchini barely saved his life by headlong flight.

**Armenia.**—The school of Fr. Vernier at Sivas has lately received an increase of fifteen children of schismatical Greek parents. The teacher of the Greek school, who by the way is the nephew of the Greek Pope, being unsatisfactory to some parents, these sent their children to our school. Since the advent of the new pupils, the greatest courtesy and respect are shown to Fr. Vernier in those quarters of Sivas occupied by the Greeks, where formerly his appearance was the signal for abuse and insult. The parents of the new pupils have also begun to attend our church: of course it is needless to say that the Greek Pope is any thing but pleased with this state of affairs.

Fr. Rolland writes that things look pretty serious at Marsivan. The Protestants are very strong there, being in possession of a large boarding-school which numbers over 150 scholars. They have also a flourishing seminary in the town. They attack us from all sides, so that the missionaries who are to oppose them successfully must be men well versed in the sciences and in languages, not excluding Hebrew.—*Letters of Mold.*

**Beaumont.**—*Queen's visit.* The year 1887 was that of the Queen's jubilee. The faculty and pupils of Beaumont College assisted at the unveiling of the Queen's statue at Windsor, where a place had been reserved for them at the right of the grand stand. On the following Monday the welcome news was brought that Her Majesty would drive past Beaumont, and would stop to receive an address of congratulation from the masters and the boys. Time was found for tasty decorations, notwithstanding the short notice, and Her Majesty was received in a becoming way with singing, an address, and presentations of flowers. In return Her Majesty spoke words of thanks, and the reception was concluded by the boys singing the *Carmen Beaumontanum*.

**Beyroot.**—*St. George's Circle.* To understand fully the need of a Catholic circle or club at Beyroot, one must first accurately picture to himself the city as it now stands. The Beyroot of to-day, is not that of 20 or 30 years ago, a small oriental town out of the pale of European civilization, beyond the reach of modern progress, and preserving in its faith and its morals the freshness and simplicity of early ages. The city, which is spreading daily, and daily growing more beautiful, numbers over 120,000 inhabitants, among whom are more than 30,000 Mussulmans, well-nigh as many schismatic Greeks, several thousand Jews and Protestants, and upwards of 40,000 Catholics belonging to different rites. The steady increase of schools affords the natives ample opportunity for education. Most of them learn French, and read with relish the books and newspapers sent over from France. It is needless to say that their preference is for the trashy sort. Very lately, owing to the stay in our midst of the Egyptians, or rather of the cosmopolite population of Cairo and Alexandria, twice hunted from their homes, first by the uprising of Arabi Pasha, and then by the breaking out of the cholera, immorality and religious indifference have assumed alarming proportions. Add to this the baleful influence of Protestantism, unflinching in its efforts to ruin the faith of our Syrians by its schools, journals, reviews, so called scientific societies, the disastrous workings of freemasonry by means of its three lodges, its libraries, its book-shops, where are retailed the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, Volney and those of our worst novelists, and you will have a correct notion of

the dangers to which are exposed the weak, fickle-minded, novelty-seeking youth of Syria.

Already the schismatic Greeks, the money-holders here and the leaders of fashion, are almost entirely won over to atheism. These Greeks are the organizers of social clubs, builders of theatres and other places of public amusement, which are productive of incalculable harm. In the face of such allurements, what was there to guard safely and screen from peril, those among our young men whose wish was manfully to stem the tide of immorality? Nothing-worth mentioning. Hence our daily experience pointed to the sad fact, that very few of our pupils and those of other Catholic colleges, could be ranked among the *pure of heart*. True, there was a sodality for men under the direction of our Fathers, but the members were few. The preaching to the sodalists was done in Arabic; and this, I presume, drove away our old pupils.

During the Visitation of Rev. Fr. Provincial, about 40 of our former students of Beyroot and Gazir gathered together to welcome him. Some of them demanded that something special be done for the Catholic young men of Beyroot. After mature deliberation, they decided upon a circle or club, to be placed under the patronage of the founders themselves and their associates, chosen from among the most respectable and influential men of the city. A committee of organization was at once elected. The hardest feature of it all was to draw up a skilful program of the work, and find the necessary funds to give it a start. A few broad outlines of the work, borrowed from the by-laws of the circles of Marseilles, Paris and Brussels, were immediately sketched. Time and experience, it was hoped, would put the finishing touches to the plan. Our aim was simple. The motto: "Juventuti Christianæ provehende" expressed it. It was the advancement of Christian youth. One could well have added "et conservandæ"; for our work was chiefly to be one of preservation. To effect this, we were to furnish them a means of spending pleasantly their leisure hours on Sundays, especially during the long winter evenings; and help them by means of books, lectures, and informal chats, to complete their literary, scientific and religious training.

The circle, under the patronage of St. George, one of Beyroot's patron saints, was solemnly inaugurated on the 10th of March 1884. The members, of whom 12 were called founders, numbered 70, chosen from Catholics of all classes throughout the city. Things went on smoothly enough the first year; but the next year (mark the wayward dispositions of our Syrians), from the day when cards were positively banished from the circle, the members began to withdraw; a few at first, then more, on the plea that the club-rooms were too far out of the way. So, you see, the second year threatened to be the last of our enterprise. Knowing full well, however, the inconstancy of our Orientals, we did not lose heart at the sudden turn things had taken. We showed no desire to retain the malcontents, but kept on cheering up the willing few, looking about us the while for a more satisfactory location.

Last summer, the President of the circle secured a hall, not far from the University buildings, smaller, it is true, than the former, but more cheerful, and nearer the centre of the city. In October we took possession. Thirty members answered the roll-call. The director of the Austrian military band offered to organize and direct an orchestra. Of course we accepted the offer; and the circle got a fresh start. On November the 1st, we threw open the new club-rooms and inaugurated the *musical society*. Fr. Lefebvre was Chairman on this occasion, and one of the professors of the university delivered a brilliant discourse on the fitness of the circle's motto: "The progress of christian youth through Christ." The Vice-President followed with an Arabic address, in which he aimed some hard blows at the selfishness of his countrymen.

To-day the roll shows 80 names. There is a free-school attached to the circle with a daily attendance of 150 pupils. If then you ask me whether our hopes are realized, I answer that, though a great deal remains to be done, the results already arrived at are marvellous. First, the Society has made several fast friends in Beyroot and a goodly number of promising young men have sought admittance into our sodalities. Besides, on leaving college, our students find a safe haven, wherein to seek shelter from the storms of life. They have, at the circle, agreeable company and harmless, though pleasant pastimes. At every hour of the day, the club, with its libraries and billiard rooms, is open to them, and concerts are provided every week for the lovers of music. You know that our Syrians cannot do without coffee in winter; and in summer, are more than partial to a glass of beer or lemonade, which they slowly sip whilst smoking their cigarettes. Well, to keep them out of

bar-rooms and cafés, these refreshments are furnished them at the club. In a word, though all has not yet been done, the prospects are fair.—*Letters of Mold.*

**Boston, Mass.**—St. Mary's Church Fair to pay the debt of the church, closed on June 16th, and has proved a grand success. It netted over \$50,000.00.

From Boston College comes the good news that statistics for the first two months of the school year show an average attendance at daily Mass of 170, out of 195. At present the number of absentees averages only 4 or 5. This is very edifying considering the distance that many have to travel in order to reach the college in time.

**Religious Liberty in Boston.**—Some time ago, Fr. Bric S. J., appeared before the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia, and read a paper on 'Catholicity in the Public Institutions of Boston.' He began with the time when the officers of the prisons had power to exclude even the priests. The latter were allowed occasionally to visit the sick, simply because the friendship of the priest was more desirable than his displeasure. At this time, Catholic children confined in prison, were deprived of all Catholic literature, had their very names changed and, on their release, were placed in Protestant families in New England, or were sent West to be brought up Protestants in the most bigoted districts. About fourteen years ago, a member of the State Legislature, prominent as a preacher, as well as a politician, introduced a bill to give Catholic priests the right to visit the State prisons and to minister to the wants of the Catholics confined in them. The bill was passed and the prisons were thrown open to the work of the priests. Still the Catholic prisoners did not avail themselves of the privilege of hearing Mass. Upon inquiry, it was discovered that they were obliged to attend Protestant service. After a week of hard labor, and with a certain amount of work, even on Sunday, the Catholic prisoners found that, if they attended both services, there would be no time left for rest or recreation. Reports of cruelty, and complaints that Catholic prisoners were obliged to attend Protestant worship, were brought before the city government, and resulted in having a commission appointed to investigate the charges. As soon as investigations began, the officers of the City Prison asked of the Corporation Counsel, an opinion concerning the legality of obliging Catholics to attend Protestant worship. The answer was that such action was unconstitutional, that it made Protestants a privileged class and that it was objectionable to Catholics. This decision was published in the prison and resulted in an immediate increase in the attendance at Mass. Later on, permission was asked and granted to establish a Sunday-school for the children. The teachers were prominent Catholics of the city, whose interest in their pupils lasted after their release from prison, and manifested itself in obtaining employment and suitable homes for them. Thus, little by little, was freedom of worship gained for the unfortunate inmates of Boston prisons; let us hope that the day is not far distant when a like freedom will exist in others of our large cities.

**Canada.**—Canada has become an independent mission, Rev. Fr. Peter Hamel, Superior.

**Canonizations.**—On the feast of All Saints the Pope, in presence of the Cardinals, ecclesiastical dignitaries and of his court, announced his approbation of the decrees of canonization of the seven founders of the Order of Servites and of the three Jesuits, Peter Claver, Alphonsus Rodriguez and John Berchmans.—*Germany.* Jan. 14th is the day appointed for the canonization.

**Colombia.**—The church of Blessed Peter Claver at Cartagena was found entirely abandoned by the natives. At the tomb of the apostle of the negroes a single lamp, attended by a colored woman, is kept burning in his honor. The church will soon be rebuilt. There is a great devotion among the black population to their patron; and with considerable pride they affirm that he was of their race and color, and in proof of this, they point to a picture of Blessed Peter in which he is represented as of a rather dusky hue.—*Letters of Jersey.*

**Conewago Centennial.**—From the *Memorial* of Conewago which is full of interesting details about each and every prominent Catholic, who has been in any way connected with Conewago during the last century, we select

a few details concerning the celebration. We hope to receive a longer contribution on the subject for the next number.

The celebration began on Oct. 20th with a triduum conducted by Fr. Denny. On Sunday, Oct. 23rd, there was a solemn High Mass in the morning, at which Very Rev. M. J. McBride, administrator of Harrisburg diocese, was celebrant; and solemn vespers in the evening at which Fr. Racicot, acting provincial, officiated. Such an assemblage of clergy and people was never seen at Conewago before. Among the clergymen present, besides all the neighboring pastors, there were rectors and superiors from Philadelphia, Washington, Frederick, Leonardtown and Hanover. Fr. Dufour of Conewago was Master of Ceremonies.

**English Reader.**—By Rev. Edward Connolly, S. J. (New York: Benziger Bros.)—This is the first number to appear in the series of *School and College Text-Books*, which, at the request of Rev. Fr. Provincial, are about to be edited by Ours. It is hoped that this series, whilst tending to bring about uniformity in the text-books of our own colleges, will at the same time meet the want hitherto felt, of editions, Catholic as well as scholarly, which will be at once moderate in price and suitable to Catholic schools and colleges generally. In this, the initial publication of the series, Fr. Connolly has not only attained the primary object of the book, by presenting an excellent variety of selections for reading, adapted to the different grades of any academic course, but he has also brought together, in a manual of convenient size, many of the most striking passages in the literature of the language, at the same time giving at least a few lines from the writings of most English authors of merit. Similar care and judgment are also manifest in the classification and arrangement of the selections, whilst the printing, paper and binding leave little to be desired. The first number, therefore, of the long-needed series, is likely to be very acceptable to both teachers and scholars.

The editor of *The Pastor*, in his notices of recent publications, writes: 'Nothing we have ever seen in its line, will bear comparison with this Reader.' And judging from the very flattering notices, more recently given by the *Irish Monthly*, and the *London Month*, the success of this first venture is assured, if intrinsic worth be of any avail.

**Etudes.**—Next January will witness the re-appearance in Paris, of the 'Etudes' of our French Fathers. A new house will be established in Paris for the staff, 15 rue Monsieur. The resident editors chosen from the four provinces are said to be the following: FF. de Scoraille, superior; Martin and Rivière, (Toulouse); Desjacques and Burnichon (Lyons); Brucker and Mury, (Champagne); de Bonniot and Delaporte (Paris).

**Fr. Louis Saint Cyr.**—A veteran missionary, the distinguished Fr. Louis Saint Cyr, went to his reward on the 11th of January, 1887, at Kodaikanal, Madura mission. He went to Madura in 1841, was the first rector of St. Joseph's College, Negapatam, visitor of the mission of Madagascar in 1858, superior of the mission of Madura in 1866. He was the author of several works both in French and in Tamil. A most pious and amiable man, truly 'dilectus Deo et hominibus.' He died and was buried at the shrine of N. D. de la Salette, Kodaikanal, which he himself had founded.

**France.**—During the past year Fr. Watrigant inaugurated at Chateau Blanc a monthly retreat for the working-men; thus securing the permanence of the fruit of their yearly retreat. The monthly exercises are conducted in the following manner: On the appointed Sunday the working men assemble in the church at 7.30 A. M., and the Father in charge makes aloud before them a meditation, which lasts until 8 o'clock, at which hour Mass begins. An instruction is given at the gospel, and during the thanksgiving the Father suggests pious thoughts and ejaculations to his hearers. During breakfast one of the Fathers reads, and, the meal over, the beads are recited in common; then follows another instruction, and at 10 A. M. they are dismissed.

The two following accounts of retreats to working men are so remarkable for their good results, that we cannot omit them: Mr. Dupire, a manufacturer of Roubaix, seeing that his employes did not attend the mission given in their parish churches, although he had allowed them to stop off work half an hour earlier than usual, determined to induce them to make a retreat. His efforts were crowned with success, and all betook themselves in a body to the Trappist monastery of Mont des Cats, where a retreat of two days was given

by Fr. Watrigant. The Trappists received them with the greatest kindness and gave Fr. Watrigant every facility to carry on his good work, thus showing their gratitude to the Society which had lately given them a master of novices and professor of theology.—Another Christian employer, Mr. Dutilleul, of Armentières, whose shops give employment to over 1000 men and women, has lately by his zeal and perseverance brought about a great religious change in his establishment. Four years ago not one of his employes was a practical Catholic; indeed, so far had the spirit of infidelity crept in among them that they were accustomed to make a mockery of the Blessed Sacrament by presenting to one another little pieces of paper cut in the shape of hosts. But now, owing to the zeal and prayers of Mr. Dutilleul, morning and evening prayers are said in common, and in every shop there is a statue of some saint. Since this change has been brought about, their material interests have also advanced. A mutual benevolent society has been founded, as well as a savings bank established, and every thing is in a flourishing condition. Regulations regarding the discipline in the shops have been drawn up, and half of the fines collected for violation of the rules is paid out to the families of the poorer working-men. Several employers in France are following a similar plan with the most happy results. To these working-men our Fathers give yearly retreats, and it is needless to say that the fruits are most consoling.—*Letters of Jersey.*

**Fordham.**—The latest report from St. John's College brings the news that the boarding-students, actually present, number 216. An academy for girls under the charge of the Ursuline nuns was opened in the parish last April, and is now in a flourishing condition. In September, a parochial school was added to the parish and placed in the hands of the same worthy teachers.

**Georgetown College.**—Several changes have been made in the faculty this year and several improvements in the college. The new museum is now finished and ready for the cases, the Junior study-hall has been furnished with new desks, and work is soon to begin on the College Hall interior. The commencement exercises in June were attended by President Cleveland who thereby re-established an old custom scrupulously adhered to by the first Presidents. The number of students in the three departments (Law, Medical and Academic) last year was 371. This year there are already 140 boarders in the Academic department. It should be noted that all of these study Latin and Greek; as there is no purely English course attached to the college.—The collection for the Pope's jubilee was \$70.00; the occasion will be celebrated by the students on Dec. 2d.

The friends of Georgetown will be especially delighted to learn that the large debt of a few years ago is now well-nigh obliterated.

The venerable Fr. James Curley, now the only relic of the last century in our province, who recently celebrated his 91st birthday and the 60th anniversary of his advent to Georgetown College, is still sound in mind and body. (May he continue so!) Being consulted recently with regard to a sword in the college museum whose history did not seem to correspond with the story of Fr. Rey's death as told in this number (p. 226), the venerable nonagenarian answered as follows:—(We regret that we cannot reproduce a fac-simile of the note in the simple and exact handwriting which so well bespeaks the simplicity and exactness of the writer's character) 'Dear Mr. —, An officer of a Volunteer Co. a native of Washington, gave us the sword you allude to. He told us it was found on the ground along side of Fr. Rey's dead body, when the villagers of the place first found Fr. R.'s body, and from that circumstance *alone* it was supposed he was killed by it.

Yrs. in Christ, *James Curley, S. J.*

**German Province.**—Fr. Werner is in Rome putting the finishing touch to a new ecclesiastical atlas, and to an atlas of the Eastern churches, to be published for the Pope's jubilee. He has also in preparation several other atlases.—Fr. Beringer is to be made Consultor of the Congreg. SS. Indulg.—The five years' course of theology has been discontinued in the German Province.—In Professor de la Cousserie's Review, 'Babylonian and Oriental Record,' the new edition of the Babylonian texts of Nabonidus, by Fr. Strassmaier, received a handsome eulogy on the part of the reviewer, who gives him the palm for accuracy above all his contemporary Assyriologists.

**Denmark.**—A short time ago a high dignitary of the Lutheran establishment publicly returned to the Church. Count Moltke, the Danish ambassa-

dor in Paris, has also become a Catholic; also the Countess Lorenórn, sister-in-law of a minister of state. Another noble lady visited the Protestant synod, lately in session; being much disgusted with the differences of opinion which she witnessed there, among the Protestant theologians, she called upon the Catholic Prefect Apostolic, and was very much astonished to receive from him clear and positive answers to her doubts and difficulties. There is a number of university students among the converts of our Fathers.

**Ireland.**—A missionary band has been established recently in the Irish Province.—A new monthly, *The Lyceum*, edited by our Irish Fathers in connection with the University College, Dublin, made its first appearance in September (Dublin: Keating and Co.). In the first number was an article entitled 'Mr. Mivart and Moses,' written by Fr. P. Finlay, our professor of the evening class of dogma.

**Japan.**—Although our Fathers have not the happiness of laboring upon the soil of Japan for the conversion of that country so dear to our Society, it seems, nevertheless, that Providence intends to grant to Ours, in an unexpected manner, a considerable share in that glorious work. Since it has become known in Japan that we have a European school at Shang-Hai, several Japanese families have sent us their sons. There are at present fifteen Japanese youths in our college at Hong-Keu. The Japanese consul, who is a friend of Ours, is their guardian. On Christmas day, 1886, three of them received baptism. One of them is the son of a Minister of state, the post being hereditary in the family; another is the son of the governor of a province. Fearing unpleasant consequences if we proceeded without the consent of their parents, we consulted the consul before admitting them to baptism. His answer was: 'You have nothing to fear, I take the whole responsibility upon myself.'—Some time ago a young Japanese Christian came to Zi-Ka-Wei and begged to be admitted into the Society. If he is received, he will be the first Japanese in the restored Society. He was converted in his own country without any other human intervention than the reading of religious books. When he learnt that the brethren of St. Francis Xavier were at Shang-Hai, he sailed at once for China. He is at present studying Philosophy in our seminary at Zi-Ka-Wei.—Soon after the arrival of our young candidate, two Japanese bonzes arrived at Zi-Ka-Wei. Upon landing at Shang-Hai from Japan, instead of going to the pagoda of their countrymen, they at once inquired for 'the temple of the Lord of Heaven.' They had fled from their country in search of the true religion. They, too, are now in the seminary preparing for baptism.

**Mangalore.**—On the 8th of September the corner-stone was laid of our new diocesan seminary. Its name will be St. Joseph's Seminary. The pile will consist of three parts. The central part will be a church, large enough to hold all the faithful of the city; the seminary will be on one side; on the other, the house for the Fathers, scholastics and novices. It will be three stories high; the first of the kind built in Mangalore. On every story there will be a veranda all around the house. The whole will cost above 90,000 rupees. Let us hope that St. Joseph will send the money.—*Extract from a letter of Fr. Zanetti to Fr. Piccirillo.*

**Manitoba.**—*St. Boniface.* We have 99 students, about the largest number ever reached in this college; 46 full boarders. Our connection with the University of Manitoba is threatened. Grumblers are trying to have the University Act remodelled. This looks as if it were part of a general conspiracy against Catholic influence in the North-West. Cutting us off from the University would not materially affect the prosperity of the college; but it would take away a powerful stimulus to masters and students.—*Extract from a letter of Fr. Drummond.*

**Mauritius.**—Bishop Meurin, S. J., late Vicar Apostolic of Bombay, who has been transferred to the Island of Mauritius, is trying to get some of our French Fathers for his new diocese.

**Missouri Province.**—The new college in St. Louis is already under roof; it will be ready for occupation by St. Ignatius' day. The new collegiate church in Omaha is almost completed.—The building formerly occupied by the servants at Florissant, is being transformed into a Steam Laundry.—Fr. John

Poland has finished his English translation of the Greek Anthology; it is now being printed in Cincinnati.—Fr. Damen will celebrate his golden jubilee on Sunday, Nov. 20th, in Chicago; the sodalities and societies of the parish of the Holy Family will participate. As a memorial of the occasion, the parishioners propose to found a home and school for deaf and dumb boys. We hope to have a jubilee notice in our next number.—The course of Sodality Lectures in Chicago opens on Nov. 7th. The lecturers and subjects will be as follows:

FR. HIGGINS—Self Culture (Nov. 7), sketches from Early Amer. Hist. (Jan. 23).

MR. MOULINIER—English Poetry (Nov. 14, 28, Dec. 9).

MR. J. B. FINN—Rise and Growth of Oratory (Nov. 21), British Oratory (Dec. 12), Amer. Oratory (Jan. 9).

FR. W. POLAND—Paper, Books and Writing (Dec. 5).

REV. FR. MEYER—Catholic Thought in Literature (Jan. 16).

*Mozambique*.—This Island is strewn with vestiges of the labor of our early Fathers. The palace now occupied by the Governor was formerly a college of the Society.—The church which is at the right of the college, and is at present in a very dilapidated condition, is soon to be repaired by the Governor.

It is well known that St. Francis Xavier visited Mozambique and stayed there for some time. Tradition has it that one day while the Saint was walking at the south-east end of the island, he was seized with a desire to visit the African coast which could be seen in the distance. Some Arab boatmen on the beach, having refused to row him over, the Saint, kneeling in prayer for a few moments, rose up, and, spreading his cloak upon the water, stepped upon it, and rapidly passed to the other shore. Ever after, the rock upon which he knelt, possessed the property of giving forth, when struck, a clear pleasing sound, like the ringing of a bell, while the neighboring rocks, though of a similar character, are perfectly silent when struck.

Fr. Courtois, while visiting Fort St. Sebastian, at Mozambique, found in the chapel there, the spot where Fr. Sebastian de Moraes, S. J., first Bishop of Japan, was buried. The following inscription, discovered over the tomb, rectifies two errors which have crept into the annals of the Society; one regarding the year of Fr. de Moraes' death, the other concerning his resting place, which was supposed to be in the church of St. Paul at Goa.

HIC IACET SEB  
ASTIANVS DE M  
ORAES † SOCIETA  
TIS YESV † PRIM  
VS EPISCOPVS  
IAPONENSIS.  
QVI VITA FVTA E  
ST † ZO DE AVGV  
STI DE 1588 †

—*Letters of Mold.*

*New Mexico*.—Reports from Morrison and Las Vegas announce that the prospects of both colleges for the coming year are encouraging. The new college in Denver is in course of erection and will be completed next summer. It will be of stone, 300 feet long, 78 feet wide and four stories high. The grounds, 50 acres, are the gift of Messrs J. Walker and L. Perrin. The former was many years ago a student at Georgetown College. The opening of the new college will cause important changes throughout the mission. The two existing colleges will be closed next July. When this announcement was made in Las Vegas it caused general dissatisfaction, and efforts are being made to retain our Fathers there. In the early part of Nov. our residence at La

Junta will be given over to the Archbishop. Last year it was decided to close it, but at the request of the people no change was made. The present interests of the mission oblige Ours to abandon it, and it will soon pass into the hands of secular priests.

**New Orleans.**—Rev. Fr. John B. Lessmann has been appointed Visitor of the New Orleans Mission.

**New York City.**—*St. Francis Xavier's*. The end of September, this year, counted 370 students, the largest number at the same date since 1880. The new courtyard makes a magnificent playground; so popular has it become that it is said to be hard to get the boys away after school hours. The *Xavier* has resumed its original form and is again issued monthly. From the November number we select the following description of the *new building*: 'It is 184 feet long, 86 feet high from curb line to top of parapet, and 62 feet deep. The lecture hall, which runs through three floors, the cellar, basement and first floor, has a capacity of 1,000 persons. The stage of the hall is 58 by 19, and to deaden the noise from the street there is a projected corridor. The main stoop will be of gray granite 18 feet wide. The library of the college at the east end of the building will be 68 feet long, 26 wide. Besides the hall for the patrons and guests of the college, and the lodge on the first floor, will be the parlors for the friends of the college and visitors on parochial matters.

The upper rooms will be occupied by the Fathers and Professors of the college . . . The front of the building is relieved by two bays of 28 feet in width, projecting about 12 feet beyond the face of the main building, square in plan in basement and first story, octagonal in second and third. The face of the building on the fourth floor returns again to the building line . . . It is expected that the upper rooms will be ready for occupation before the beginning of the new year.'

**Philadelphia.**—*The Messenger of the Sacred Heart* is still improving; beginning with the October number, it assumes the sub-title: 'An Illustrated Magazine of the Literature of Catholic Devotion.' Those who were familiar only with the old *Messenger*, can hardly realize what a great improvement this title implies. The *new series* began with an enlargement of one-half its previous size, presenting each subscriber with the 24 pages of the *Pilgrim* or *Little Messenger*, each month, in addition to the 48 pages previously given. The October number, however, increases the size of the *Messenger* by the addition of 16 pages of *illustrated varieties*. Subscribers, therefore, are now furnished with 88 pages of reading matter each month (1056 each year), for the same price for which they formerly received only 48 pages. The illustrations in the October number are of a high character; the frontispiece is Leo XIII, in his robes of office; and the *varieties* illustrate the life of *The Humble St. Francis of Assisi*. The private life of Archbishop Carroll, with fac-simile of MS., is begun in this number, the writer drawing on unpublished letters and documents. Short stories, poems, etc., with official notices and correspondence of the League of the Sacred Heart, fill the remaining pages of this entertaining magazine. We hope the American Head Director, Rev. R. S. Dewey, S. J., may rely on the efforts of those who hear of these improvements, in securing new subscribers, to help him to bear the additional expense. We extract the following notice from the October number: 'A Chinese *Messenger* has just appeared, swelling the number of our brotherhood of magazines of the Sacred Heart to 21 in 12 different languages. Connected with these are 3 *Little Messengers of Our Lady's Heart*, like our own *Pilgrim*. 5 of these periodicals are published in English, 2 by ourselves, 1 (often mistakenly called the *Little Messenger* by our Catholic exchanges) in England, 1 in Australia, and 1 in Bombay, India. All of the *Messengers* are under the immediate control of the Head Directors, for their respective countries, of the *League of the Sacred Heart*, called the *Apostleship of Prayer*. They all receive a common impulse from monthly communications made them by the Director General of the League, who is appointed by the Pope. Besides their consoling ministry of devotion, the *Messengers* all try to carry out the mission of St. Francis de Sales, the great Doctor of the Church. His writings, too, were rather devotional than theological; but it was also said of them that they were so solidly entertaining as to thrust aside from the hands of Christians "dangerous books of amusement." This is the aim of the MES-

SENGERS, so far as they take on themselves the character of a literary magazine,—to supply *new and interesting* reading to Catholics of every class, which shall not only *entertain innocently*, but also furnish them the *consolations of their religion*. In other words, they do not pretend to offer speculations on society and civilization or other *general* topics, nor yet *mere* Catholic light literature, but rather the *literature of Catholic devotion*, adapted to *individual souls*. In this, we believe our network of magazines, now encircling the world, is unique. The new Chinese brother, so far as we can learn of its up and down columns, swings bravely into line, and is already succeeding.'

**Providence. R. I.**—At the request of the Speaker and at the desire of the Bishop, Fr. Brennan opened the Lower House of the Legislature of Rhode Island with prayer.

**Rome.**—The Holy Father has approved the decree of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, nominating Fr. Lavigne Vicar Apostolic, with episcopal power, of the newly created Vicariate of Cottoyam.

**Scientific Notes.**—With the consent of the Russian government the Holy Father sent an expedition to Moscow to observe the total solar eclipse of August 19th. The expedition was under the direction of Fr. Gaspar S. Ferrari, formerly Fr. Secchi's assistant in the observatory of the Roman College. He was accompanied by two Oratorian Fathers who once studied under Fr. Secchi. Owing to the weather, our observers together with many others stationed along the line of totality, were disappointed. In August last, this line extended from Prussia to Japan, but it was only from a few places in Siberia that observations could be taken successfully. Our Fathers did not make arrangements, as some few did at Moscow, to witness the grand phenomenon from a balloon raised above the clouds.

At the beginning of last summer an invitation was extended by the Director of the Imperial Observatory of Moscow to the Royal Astronomical Society of London, to send two of their members to observe the same eclipse at his country seat at Pogort. Fr. S. J. Perry of Stonyhurst College was chosen by the council as one of the delegates. In the London *Tablet* for October 8th, he gave an account of his trip and his kindly reception; but like Fr. Ferrari, he also was prevented by the clouds from taking any observation.

Fr. Heude, of Zi-Ka-Wei (Chinese mission, near Shanghai), has been lately appointed Corresponding Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia.

The well-known Meteorological Observatory of Manilla, Philippine Islands, directed by our Fathers, has been declared by the Spanish government beneficial to agriculture and navigation, and as such it will receive an annual endowment.

Fr. J. Hagen, of the College of the Sacred Heart at Prairie du Chien, has been contributing a series of articles to the *Stimmen*, on the Smithsonian Institution of Washington.

The series of essays on Cosmogony published in 1885-6 in *Natur und Offenbarung*, by Fr. Carl Braun, Director of the Kaloosa Observatory (Hungary), was lately republished in book-form under the title of 'A New Cosmogony,' and was very favorably reviewed in *Nature* (London).

In November 1886, the Topographical Society of France awarded to Fr. Roblet, missionary of our Society in Madagascar, for his indefatigable and successful labors in executing general and special maps of the island, an extraordinary medal, second only to the 'grand medal of honor.' M. Le Myre de Villers, the French Resident-General in Madagascar, hearing of Fr. Roblet's work in this regard in the province of Imérina, and that of the Betsiléos, had sent one of his secretaries to examine the work carefully, and, on receipt of his report, had addressed an earnest memorial to the Topographical Society asking a public recognition of the Father's services. The maps, he says, are the first of their kind for completeness and accuracy, whilst the labor and scientific knowledge which they demanded were unusually great. They were executed during thirteen years of study, from the most insignificant resources, at the cost of the greatest fatigue, and in the midst of incessant dangers. They comprise the general map of Madagascar and the particular map of Imérina and the Betsiléó district. In response to M. de Villers' memorial, M. Martinie, Comptroller-General of the Administration of the army, and President of the Topographical Society of France, in a letter of November 4th

1886, answered that the society was only too happy to be able, through M. de Villers' kindness, 'to perform an act of justice which all the world would applaud . . . , that it had decreed a medal extraordinary to the indefatigable topographer who was an honor to science and to France.' The reward was duly proclaimed the following Sunday, November 7th, in the general assembly of the Topographical Society, in the hall of the Sorbonne, Paris. Father Roblet had executed in person the regular plan of a stretch of country five hundred kilometres in length. The method employed was that of triangulation. After measuring off a base at the environs of Tananarivo, he made a triangulation comprising fifty thousand principal points and two hundred thousand points of the second order.

Rev. Fathers Caussèque and Camboué, two of our missionaries in Madagascar, are highly praised by the secular press, the former for his French-Malagasse Grammar, and the other for his labors on the *Séricigènes* (silk-worms) of Madagascar. Fr. Caussèque's Grammar, says the *Moniteur* of the Isle de la Réunion, has singularly facilitated the study of the language spoken with more or less purity by all the tribes of Madagascar, and has received the most complimentary notices, not only from the French colonists, but even from the *Madagascar Times*, the organ of the Protestant missionaries. Mr. W. E. Cousins, an English missionary and the author of the Malagasse Grammar which for years has been a law in the English schools of the Island, has published an article exhorting his colleagues to adopt the modifications proposed in Fr. Caussèque's new grammar, which, he says, eliminates a host of ambiguous terms and recommends itself to general favor by its great simplicity. It is said that the government has ordered one hundred copies of the work for the schools of St. Mary of Madagascar, of Nossi-Bé and of Mayotte.—Fr. Camboué's labors on the silk-worms of Madagascar were rewarded with a medal of the first class, by the *Société d'Acclimatation de Paris* on August 2nd, 1886. The details relative to the native silk-worms, from which the Malagassians secure the silk for the stuffs known as *Lamba-Landy* and which they call *Bi-bindandy*, have attracted special attention on account of their completeness and accuracy.

**Italy.**—The Sicilian press, through the Archbishop of Palermo, has presented to Fr. Joseph Orlando a gold medal, in acknowledgment of the services which he has rendered, as Director of the *Sicilia Cattolica*, to the Holy Father, to the Church, to his country and to the cause of letters, in his long struggle of twenty years against the principles of Protestantism, Free Masonry and Infidelity. The inscription on the medal is the work of Fr. Angelini.—*Letters of Jersey.*

**Spain.**—Queen Christina visited Loyola on September 23rd. The inhabitants were very much impressed to see the Queen at their favorite shrine. Bishop Vitbosia came to say Mass on the occasion. That the Society is in a flourishing condition in Spain is evident from the following: The Province of Castile, besides the seminary of Salamanca and 5 colleges in Cuba, has 7 colleges in Spain. The Province of Aragon has in all 11 colleges, of which 4 are in South America and 2 in Manilla; moreover, the seminaries of Montevideo, Buenos Ayres and Santa Fé, are under the direction of the Fathers of this province. Toledo has in all 7 colleges, 4 of which are in South America. In Portugal, Ours have charge of 4 colleges.—*Letters of Jersey.*

**Spiritual Exercises.**—The indefatigable Fr. Watrigan, who has begun the formation of a library of the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, to embrace whatever has been published on the Exercises at various times and in diverse countries, is about to re-edit the following work, which has been long since out of print: *Historia Exercitiorum Spiritualium Sancti Ignatii*, auctore Rev. Patre Dierins, S. J. Ad primam editionem exacta, quæ nunc prodiit auctior quibusdam ex opere Patrum Bollandistarum excerptis.

**Stonyhurst College.**—During a recent meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Manchester, there were present of members and associates 3,882. By permission of Rev. Fr. Rector, fifty from amongst this number visited Stonyhurst College.—On the members' arrival at Whalley, they first visited the parish church, which dates from A. D. 596; and the ruins of the abbey founded in 1296 by Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln. Thence they drove to the college where, in the sacristy, were

shown the hat and several personal ornaments of the Blessed Thomas More; the relic of the crown of thorns given by Mary Queen of Scots to Thomas Percy, Earl of Northumberland; and the leg bone of St. Thomas de Cantelupe. Amongst the relics were several of those of our English martyrs. There were some vestments of English fifteenth century work; and one set which belonged originally to the chapel of Henry the Seventh at Westminster. Another set was attributed to the handiwork of Catharine of Aragon. Some silver candle-sticks, two large monstrances and the statues of SS. Thomas and Augustine, brought by the college from Liège, are still preserved in the sacristy. In the library, the visitors were shown a variety of finely illuminated manuscripts. The earliest of these was a copy of the Gospel according to St. John, which dates from the seventh century. It was taken from the tomb of St. Cuthbert nearly eight hundred years ago. Probably the most admired of printed books was the prayer-book used on the scaffold by Mary Queen of Scots. Many other valuable books were seen, for example, the folio *Shakespeare*, examples of the early printers, a Sarum Missal by Pynson on vellum, examples of modern *éditions de luxe* and of rare bindings. The collection of prints comprised many of the master-pieces of Albert Dürer on copper and wood, and etchings by Rembrandt. Here were the cases of birds collected and stuffed by the famous old Stonyhurst scholar Charles Waterton; the nucleus of a collection of British birds commenced this year; and the very complete collection of reptiles made by Dr. Miwart. The collection of coins, and the museum wherein the various branches of natural history are so well represented, are worthy of note. In the observatory, the different self-recording meteorological and magnetic instruments were examined with great interest. As the day was fine, the great telescope with spectroscope attached, was pointed to the sun, and the Hilger solar eye-piece fixed to the finder, giving the visitors an opportunity of observing both the solar spectrum, and details of the sun's surface. The drawings of the sun were admired. The school-rooms, likewise, play-rooms, study-place, dormitories, academy-room, etc., received their due of praise.

**Troy, N. Y.**—Our Fathers in Troy will soon have two new school-houses. One, for girls, is already in use. The Sisters of St. Joseph attend it. The building is of brick, two stories high with a turret at each corner. It is 114 by 52 and contains 8 large class-rooms 44x24, and a corridor 10 feet wide extending through the length of the building. Stair-cases at each extremity. The other school, for boys, is nearly completed; it is on a similar plan but somewhat smaller. It will be opened in January.—The anniversary of Fr. Jogues' martyrdom was celebrated very quietly at the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, at Auriesville. Three Fathers and a few of the laity attended.

**Turkey.**—The funeral services of Very Rev. Fr. Beckx were celebrated at Constantinople, with the greatest pomp. Besides several Prefects Apostolic and superiors of the religious orders, there were 5 Bishops present. Both the Chargé d'Affaires and the Consul of Belgium were present. The English Ambassador occupied the place next to Rev. Fr. Rector. Mgr. Rotelli officiated and also gave the last absolution. After the services a large number came to offer to Rev. Fr. Ferrante their sympathy and condolence upon the loss the Society had sustained.—*Letters of Jersey.*

**Washington, D. C.**—The *new pastoral residence* adjoining St. Aloysius' Church, has been occupied by the community attached to Gonzaga College and St. Aloysius' Church since the middle of August. The *Washington Capital* describes it as follows: "The main entrance forms a connecting link between the house and the church. There is on the south side a circular bay window of 6 feet radius, reaching up through all the stories, a distance of 61 feet from the sidewalk, and capped by a conical slate roof, surmounted by a Keltic cross, the top of which is 91 feet above the basement floor. On the south-west corner is a rectangular bay, 16 feet wide, forming a sort of truncation to the natural angle formed by the lines of the south and west fronts. This square bay is carried up through two stories, and forms at the third story a balcony crested with an ornamental railing. The introduction of different forms of moulded brick, and the attention paid to the frequent use of contrast lines, give to the entire front an air of endless variety that is really astonishing, when we remember the want of variety in the materials of which it is composed. Even the grouping of the windows was so disposed as to con-

tribute to the variety which is always so pleasing and reposeful to the eye.' We would only add to this that the interior is in keeping with the simple elegance here described. The community chapel with its marble altar, stained glass windows and frescoed walls is at the same time elegant and devotional.

**Worcester, Mass.**—*Holy Cross College.* Fr. Samuel Cahill, the new rector, has solved the long-standing and baffling problem of supplying classroom accommodations for the steadily increasing number of students. The transfer of the library to the rooms formerly occupied by Fr. Rector, provides a large and elegant class-room. The actual attendance on Nov. 1st was 185. Of these, about 35 are day-scholars. The four higher classes average 30 each. The class of poetry numbers 40. The students' offering for the Pope's jubilee was \$52.18. The \$1,000.00 lately given by the Governor of Mass., has been applied to found a scholarship for a Worcester boy.

**Home News.**—*Ordinations.* The annual ordinations to the priesthood took place on Aug. 27th, Cardinal Gibbons officiating. The following were ordained priests on that day:—FF. James W. Collins, Timothy Brosnahan, Cornelius Gillespie, James Wellworth, William B. Brownrigg, Arthur J. McAvoy, George A. Fargis, Joseph Zwinge, Raphael V. O'Connell, Michael P. Hill, John F. Lehy, William Quigley, Francis X. McGovern, Anthony Maas, Francis Barnum, William H. Morrison, and William J. Kevill—of the Maryland-New York Province; Fr. John B. Kokenge of the Missouri Province; and Fr. Augustine Laure of the Mission of California. Twenty nine scholastics received tonsure and minor orders on the 25th. The 'Greeting to the newly-Ordained' was given on the lawn south of the college and was witnessed by the relatives and friends of the new priests. The programme was neatly arranged and well carried out; and by no means the least of its charms was its brevity. It consisted of a congratulatory address by Mr. J. H. O'Rourke and short poems by Fr. Van Rensselaer and Mr. J. J. Wynne, interspersed with four selections well rendered by a double quartet. Those of the newly ordained who have since left us are:—Frs. Collins, Gillespie, Quigley, and Morrison, who are now at Georgetown College; Fr. Lehy, who is now at Worcester, Mass.; Frs. McGovern and Barnum, who have gone to Troy, N. Y.; Fr. Wellworth who is at St. Thomas'; and Fr. Kevill, who is at St. John's College, Fordham.

Some changes affecting Woodstock have been made since the departure of Rev. Fr. Provincial for Ireland: Fr. Racicot has been appointed Vice-Provincial and has been replaced here as Rector by Fr. W. Pardow. Two new professors are on the staff this year, Fr. Peter Finlay from the Irish Province teaching the evening dogma class, and Fr. Worpenberg of the Missouri Province teaching the 2d year of Philosophy.

The *New Raccolta*, published by order of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, has just made its appearance. Owing to the omission of prayers that were found in former translations and the introduction of prayers indulged by Pius IX and Leo XIII, it has become necessary to issue this *new translation*. This edition has been approved by the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences in a decree issued at Rome on April 21st, 1887. An *appendix*, containing prayers for Mass and Vespers, has been added, making this edition a complete Prayer Book.—Published by P. F. Cunningham and son, 817 Arch St., Philadelphia.

*Fr. R. J. Holaind's book* is just out; it is entitled: '*Ownership and Natural Right*—An examination of the land theories of Messrs. Herbert Spencer and Henry George.' We give a summary of the contents: (1) Socialism and Communism; (2) Statement of the Question; (3) Natural Law—Jus gentium—Positive Law; (4) The Right of Ownership demonstrated by Deduction; (5) Ownership demonstrated by Induction; (6) Abstract and Concrete Right; (7) What can we Own?—Occupancy vs. Labor.—Increment. (8) Ownership in Land; (9) The Statics of Mr. Spencer; (10) Absolute or not Absolute; (11) Can the State grant a Deed? (12) Abuse and Remedy; (13) Land Tax; (14) Objections drawn from Political Economy; concluding with an Appendix, on Church Decisions. The work is published by Hill and Harvey, Baltimore and New York. Price 50 cents.

*Fr. U. Heinze*, has an article in the October number of the *Catholic World*, on 'Galileo and McGlynn.'

*Fr. P. Finlay* opens the first number of the *Lyceum* with an article mentioned elsewhere; the title is: 'Mr. Mivart and Moscs.'

Fr. Piccirillo, assisted by one of the theologians, has begun to make a collection of objects illustrating the lives and labors of Ours in this country from the earliest period. The articles already gathered are exhibited in a case on the third corridor and have attracted the attention of the *Baltimore American*, which has given accounts of them in its issues of August 26th, and October 6th 1887. Our thanks are due to Frs. Harpes, Gaffney, Pye Neale, Renaud, Hayes and Barnum for contributions to this collection. Among the relics already gathered, is a volume of the Douay Bible, used by Fr. Joseph Greaton, founder of the mission in Philadelphia, with annotations in his own handwriting. This volume was printed by 'Laurence Kellam, at the sign of the holic Lambe, Doway, M. DC. X.' We have also a manuscript copy of the Roman Missal, one of the two copies written by the hand of Fr. Theodore Schneider for use in his missionary journeys through Pennsylvania and New Jersey; one of these copies was presented to Georgetown College by Fr. A. Bally, the other remained at Goshenhoppen (now Bally, Berks County, Pa.) until the beginning of the present year, when it was sent to the Woodstock collection by Father Harpes. The Georgetown copy is mentioned by Col. Campbell in his 'Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll,' as a proof of the extreme poverty in which the missionaries lived. The Woodstock copy has been photographed at the request of Dr. J. Gilmary Shea, and a picture of it will be given in the second volume of his 'History of the Catholic Church in the United States.'

Some familiar names were recalled recently by a note in Dr. O'Reilly's 'Life of Leo XIII,' now being read in the refectory. The note reads as follows: 'In the United States very many among both the clergy and laity will remember some of Vincent Pecci's schoolmates at Viterbo, and later at the Roman College. The venerable Fr. Tellier, S. J., who died not many years ago in Montreal, Superior General of the mission in Canada, was by his exquisite taste and the finished literary excellence of all his compositions, a not unworthy rival of him who was destined to produce the encyclical *Immortale Dei*. Another classmate was the Very Rev. William S. Murphy, S. J., whose memory still lives in New York, New Orleans and St. Louis. A third was the Rev. Paul Mignard, S. J., of St. Francis Xavier's, New York. These men never ceased praising the enthusiastic love of study with which their masters inspired them.'

Fr. Hedrick of Woodstock and Mr. O'Sullivan of St. Francis Xavier's attended, during the past summer, the school of Geology in connection with Harvard University. The work of the school was principally the study of geological formations in the field. The session lasted six weeks. The localities visited were Boston, New Britain, Conn., Catskill, N. Y., and North Adams, Mass. At Boston, the matters of study were the glacial deposits, the igneous rocks and dikes of the coast, and ocean action. At New Britain, the Mesozoic sandstones and included trap sheets, among which was a bed of volcanic ash. At Catskill, the Silurian, and at North Adams, the Taconic rocks.

Frs. Brett and Conway are this year studying at the University of Innsbruck, Tyrol, 8 Universitätsstrasse. Last year there were 32 American students at this University.

# Colleges of the Society

IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

PLACE	NAME	PROVINCE	1886-87		1885-86	
			STUDENTS	GRAD. A. B.	STUDENTS	GRAD. A. B.
Baltimore, Md.....	Loyola College*.....	Md. N. Y.....	120	5	148	3
Boston, Mass.....	Boston College*.....	".....	287	16	297	9
Buffalo, N. Y.....	Canisius College.....	German.....	306	5	278	7
Chicago, Ill.....	St. Ignatius' College*.....	Missouri.....	301	5	274	8
Cincinnati, O.....	St. Xavier College*.....	".....	323	9	293	11
Cleveland, O.....	St. Ignatius' College*.....	German.....	75	...	...	...
Detroit, Mich.....	Detroit College*.....	Missouri.....	287	10	243	...
Fordham, N. Y.....	St. John's College.....	Md. N. Y.....	269	16	230	12
Galveston, Texas.....	St. Mary's University*.....	N. O. Mission.....	100	...	...	...
Georgetown, D. C.....	Georgetown College.....	Md. N. Y.....	189	10	207	10
Grand Coteau, La.....	St. Charles' College.....	N. O. Mission.....	91	...	94	...
Jersey City, N. J.....	St. Peter's College*.....	Md. N. Y.....	108	...	104	...
Las Vegas, New Mex.....	Las Vegas College.....	Naples.....	223	...	215	...
Milwaukee, Wisc.....	Marquette College*.....	Missouri.....	181	5	162	...
Montreal, Canada.....	Collège Ste. Marie.....	Miss. of Canada.....	368	...	351	...
Morrison, Colorado.....	Sacred Heart College.....	Naples.....	50	...	31	...
New York, N. Y.....	St. Franc. Xav. Coll.*.....	Md. N. Y.....	379	9	398	15
New Orleans, La.....	Imm. Concept. College*.....	N. O. Mission.....	383	10	363	6
Omaha, Nebraska.....	Creighton College*.....	Missouri.....	196	...	178	...
Prairie du Chien, Wisc.....	College of S. Heart.....	German.....	130	...	103	...
St. Boniface, Manitoba.....	College of St. Joseph.....	Miss. of Canada.....	109	2	105	4
Santa Clara, Cal.....	Santa Clara College.....	Turin.....	237	1	254	...
San Francisco, Cal.....	St. Ignatius' College*.....	".....	857	4	841	2
San Jose, Cal.....	St. Joseph's College*.....	".....	117	...	97	...
St. Louis, Mo.....	St. Louis University*.....	Missouri.....	314	5	344	5
St. Mary's, Kansas.....	St. Mary's College.....	".....	264	...	288	4
Spring Hill, Ala.....	St. Joseph's College.....	N. O. Mission.....	119	6	119	13
Washington, D. C.....	Gonzaga College*.....	Md. N. Y.....	129	...	118	...
Worcester, Mass.....	Holy Cross College.....	".....	172	15	151	15
TOTAL.....			6684	133	6287	124

\* Day Schools.



Ministeria Spiritualia Provinciæ Marylandiæ Neo-Eboracensis, a die 1<sup>a</sup> Julii 1886 ad diem 1<sup>am</sup> Julii 1887.

DOMICILIA, Etc.	Baptizati	Hæret. convers.	Confess. partic.	Confess. gen.	Commun. extra T.	Commun. in T.	Matrim. benedic.	Matrim. revalid.	Extreme Unction.	Catecheses	Parati ad 1 <sup>am</sup> Commun.	Parati ad Confirm.	Exhortationes	Conciones	Execr. Spirit. Sacerd.	Execr. Spirit. Relig.	Execr. Spirit. Stud.	Execr. Spirit. priv.	Mission. (per hebod.)	Novene	Tridua	Visit. Xenod.	Visit. Carcer.	Visit. Infirm.	Sodalitates	Sodales	Pueri in schol. paroch.	Puellæ in schol. paroch.	Schol. Domin.
ANDRIA .....	72	10	10484	85	144	10284	26	...	57	137	44	.....	37	71	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	41	.....	435	4	446	75	130	230
IMORE .....	35	7	57235	342	1320	36490	14	1	23	267	72	.....	156	277	3	12	7	..	13	..	9	245	327	141	4	2161	.....	420	
MIA .....	16	3	1420	19	193	839	4	..	5	182	34	99	.....	102	9	..	..	..	3	7	5	670	.....	480	9	2580	.....	1200	
ON COLLEGE .....	..	53	77500	700	14500	68540	..	1	293	223	250	150	215	190	..	5	8	..	4	..	7	460	468	850	6	3500	800	750	250
ST. MARY'S .....	315	18	91700	2900	870	8500	97	35	650	110	415	186	35	411	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	29	2	603	6	3203	208	216	..
HOLY TRINITY .....	283	4	22416	338	280	18200	67	..	95	454	80	.....	90	73	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
MISSIONARIES .....	19	58	91091	14050	85000	.....	10	51	401	777	1489	11010	980	1	7	..	..	..	76	..	8	6	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
WAGO .....	135	6	23956	130	7424	35988	28	..	56	401	82	.....	150	233	..	..	..	..	..	9	3	.....	.....	170	6	1205	346	328	120
HAM .....	58	..	19723	189	3153	13269	19	..	43	230	300	190	146	78	1	3	..	..	..	..	40	.....	.....	92	5	206	.....	190	
ERICK .....	87	34	10100	175	230	17224	17	4	44	268	117	40	99	130	4	2	..	..	..	3	1	54	18	764	5	205	69	60	250
GETOWN COLLEGE .....	18	12	14693	38	18353	720	5	1	16	106	22	8	24	383	4	7	2	..	..	..	2	6	2	.....	29	2	103	.....	.....
HOLY TRINITY .....	214	12	21900	41	119	.....	30	8	47	102	103	.....	139	89	4	1	..	..	..	..	6	.....	.....	1512	2	695	125	160	670
ENHOPPEN .....	50	2	9500	13	57	10000	12	1	18	104	54	.....	92	71	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.....	163	1	200	115	.....
Y CITY .....	382	14	39301	1405	558	39625	76	2	174	128	210	255	169	294	..	5	1	1	8	5	5	75	.....	703	7	960	450	500	1000
ARDTOWN .....	337	20	14632	42	574	12624	57	2	218	239	322	.....	135	165	..	..	..	..	..	3	3	12	5	527	4	210	.....	427	
YORK, ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S .....	309	54	266722	832	8000	102570	122	6	249	290	286	230	206	267	3	11	4	..	..	..	6	100	10	700	12	6000	600	500	800
ST. JOSEPH'S .....	341	..	38874	367	54781	18446	57	5	136	200	60	.....	4	159	..	..	..	..	10	2	6	15	.....	454	4	180	244	215	500
ST. LAWRENCE'S .....	273	20	55000	1500	500	61000	75	5	250	150	240	373	300	60	..	5	..	..	3	..	..	..	.....	1000	7	1000	300	300	1000
ISLANDS .....	800	70	28500	1500	21000	.....	5	3	2467	235	180	.....	800	.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2000	830	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
ADELPHIA, GESU .....	126	23	65011	618	10319	71097	47	20	300	550	159	4	120	119	2	5	1	3	2	3	2	560	245	693	1	431	200	220	800
ST. JOSEPH'S .....	150	43	81645	251	542	48528	46	19	83	270	245	251	170	183	..	1	..	..	2	..	6	21	6	3457	7	2750	120	220	1200
LENCE .....	180	15	25845	208	324	21500	52	..	212	63	130	.....	217	83	..	1	..	..	..	1	2	15	.....	910	8	2668	130	350	650
IGO'S .....	135	11	5000	10	50	2200	23	..	50	2700	200	.....	104	104	..	..	6	4	1	2	2	.....	.....	1	200	40	20	.....	
OMAS'S .....	152	7	5053	66	1247	3000	15	..	40	107	25	.....	113	.....	..	1	..	..	..	1	..	5	6	40	2	130	.....	200	
INGTON .....	327	5	57450	375	.....	7500	52	5	210	50	450	632	315	114	..	1	..	..	..	2	2	110	.....	250	13	3500	550	700	1300
EMARSH .....	225	14	30058	85	2705	3400	43	5	170	56	290	.....	2	76	..	6	6	..	3	3	7	4	.....	974	4	1250	150	450	900
STOCK .....	63	8	6670	92	337	1086	6	1	23	504	20	.....	23	183	..	13	..	..	..	..	3	.....	1	87	3	127	.....	125	
ESTER .....	2	..	7362	198	712	.....	2	..	46	125	.....	.....	44	44	..	4	..	..	2	..	3	.....	.....	2	77	.....	.....	.....	.....

SUMMA

5161 526 1181081 26639 233982 614530 1017 178 5948 8657 5326 3029 14904 5019 14 90 94 8 125 48 74 4464 1027 15100 107 24127 4600 5110 1025





