

WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. III., No. I.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

(Continued.)

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

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

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

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

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

* Baptismal Registry, p. 288.

‡ Mrs. O'Donnell's Account.

† Bap. Reg. p. 305.

§ Bap. Reg. p. 323.

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

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

* Baptismal Registry, p. 318.

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

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

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

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

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

* Philadelphia Aurora.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"die 5 iobris a. R. R. H. Conwell, Epo. Phae.	}	Cornelius Steel, filius Jac. et Elizae. natus Philadae. Septembris die 20. Susceptus fuit a Sara Bowles Sola. †
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Poor Bishop Conwell! his was an eventful life. When he was appointed Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Armagh, he thought his ambition satisfied, but when offered the Bishopric of Philadelphia, though at an age when most

* Baptismal Registry, p. 330.

† Bap. Reg. p. 332.

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

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

* Mrs. Nicholas Donnelly.

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

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

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

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

* Bap. Reg. p. 339.

† Do. p. 340.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* Bap. Reg. p. 390.

† Do. p. 2.

‡ Do. p. 81.

§ Do. p. 86.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* Bap. Reg. p. 14.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In cujus rei fidem subscripsi.

✠ HENRICUS CONWELL,
EPISCOPUS PHILADELPHIAE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

* Bap. Reg., p. 160.

† Catholic Church in America, p. 233.

‡ Rev. Joseph Felix Barbelin, S. J.

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

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

✠ FRANCISCUS PATRICIUS,
Epus. Arathensis et Coadj. Phil. *

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

✠ FRANCISCUS PATRICIUS,
Epus. Arath. et Coadjutor Phil. †

* Bap. Reg. p. 168.

† Mar. Reg. p. 280.

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

* Bap. Reg. p. 229.

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

(Continued.)

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

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

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

"Where sleep its sainted dead."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Listening still they seemed to hear."

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

* Pope's Iliad, Bk. xvii. l. 647.

The original has simply:

ἀζόντισε δούρι φαεινῷ. l. 574.

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

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

“What he greatly thought, he nobly dared.”

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

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

* Louisville Advertiser: apud Daurignac's Hist. of the Soc. of Jesus Vol. 2. p. §14.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* R. Bolton, Jr. History of the County of Westchester, vol. ii, p. 331.

† WOODSTOCK LETTERS, vol. i, No. 3, p. 202.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Why should it not be so? when on innocent man

"all things smiled :"

and when around Adam and Eve

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

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

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

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

led by the breeze,

The vivid verdure runs,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* Thomson’s Seasons—Summer, li. 481.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“O. A. M. D. G.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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


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

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

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

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

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



SKETCH OF THE EARLIEST MINISTRATIONS OF THE SOCIETY IN BALTIMORE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LETTER FROM A SCHOLASTIC IN TEXAS.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS,

OCT. 16th, 1873.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In union with the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary,
 In Xto. Servus,
 Ralph S. D., S. J.

INDIAN MISSIONS—THE SINPESQUENSI.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY,

YOKAMA CO., OCT. 4th, 1873.

REV. AND DEAREST FATHER IN XT.

P. C.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In union with your holy prayers,

I remain yours truly,

U. GRASSI, S. J.

LETTER FROM CINCINNATI.

ST. XAVIER'S COLLEGE, OCT. 1873.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

T. H.

LAST DAYS AT THE GESU.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

D. O. M.